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A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART
FINANCE

42708

FOUNDED 1865

Burlingame Public Library

VOLUME CI

From July 1, 1915, to December 31, 1915

Section II. Index. January 6, 1916

THE NATION PRESS, Inc.
20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

42708

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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1915

(Nos. 2609-2635)

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, President; JOHN PALMER GAVIT, Sec. and Treas.; EMIL M. SCHOLZ, Publisher.

Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00
Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.
London Office, 16 Regent Street, S.W.

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The Nation

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Summary of the News

Forecasts of the German reply to the American note of June 9 agree in the impression that it will be moderate in tone, and will suggest definite concessions to the American point of view in regard to the conduct of Germany's submarine warfare. It seems to be generally agreed that the note has already been drafted and has been submitted for consideration to the German Admiralty. It is not expected, however, that it will be ready for transmission until some time next week. Confidential dispatches from Ambassador Gerard were received at the State Department on Monday which are said to confirm the general tone of the forecasts of the note cabled by correspondents from Berlin. It is understood, however, that the Ambassador's dispatch contained a statement that the German Government would submit counter-proposals to the suggestions made by the American Government, and it is generally surmised that these proposals will be based on the German contention that passengers should not be permitted to travel on ships carrying arms and ammunition to the Allies.

The suppression, to which we referred last week, of the *Tageszeitung* of June 21, on account of an article by the fire-eating Count von Reventlow, has also been regarded as a favorable sign of the attitude of the German Government. The importance of the bearing of this incident on the negotiations with the United States may, however, be easily overrated, since it appears that if Count von Reventlow's counsels in regard to the American note were the reverse of moderate, the article which caused the suppression of the paper also contained a scarcely veiled attack on Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. Nevertheless, the attitude of Count von Reventlow has called forth severe criticism in the more moderate section of the German press, notably in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. The *Tageszeitung* resumed publication on June 24, signalling its reappearance with an extraordinary article by Count von Reventlow, in which President Wilson was accused of having "closed the Panama Canal to shipping trade in order that transportation of ammunition and other war materials from eastern harbors of the United States to Vladivostok, for increasing the Russian fighting strength, shall not suffer interruption." We comment in our editorial columns on the possible significance of the suspension on June 26 of the Socialist *Vorwärts* for having published an appeal for peace.

Two other diplomatic communications of the past week are the subject of comment in our editorial columns. The text of the memorandum from the British Government, dated June 22, explaining the treatment accorded to American commerce in pursuance of the provisions of the Order in Council to restrict trade with Germany and Austria, was published in the morning papers of June 25. On Tuesday was published the text of the note, dated June 24, addressed by Secretary of State Lansing to Ambassador Gerard for presentation to the German Government, and replying to the German note of June 7 in regard to the sinking of the William P. Frye. The latest American note disputes the German view that the Frye case may properly be dealt with in the Hamburg Prize Court, and contends that the demand of the United States is for an indemnity, on account of the violation of a treaty, not for an indemnity in accordance with a treaty.

Official announcement of the appointment of Robert Lansing as Secretary of State was made by the President on June 23.

On June 24 New York celebrated the 250th anniversary of the establishment of Manhattan as a municipality, with a Mayor and a Board of Aldermen.

Dispatches from Peking on Monday revealed the fact that in the middle of May, during the crisis between China and Japan, an identical warning had been conveyed to both countries that the United States would not recognize any agreement which impaired American rights in China or endangered the policy of the "open door."

There has been no appreciable change in the situation in Mexico, but anxiety was expressed in Washington on Tuesday on account of the fact that no word had been received from Mexico City for a week. Gen. Victoriano Huerta stepped once more into the fierce light of publicity when it became known on Saturday that he had left his home on Long Island and was on his way to El Paso. The confidential agency of the Villa Government in Washington notified the State Department of the reported movement of Huerta and of former military chiefs and officials of his Government towards the Mexican frontier, with the result that on his arrival at a wayside station a little way out from El Paso Huerta was arrested by a United States Deputy Marshal on a charge of violating section 10 of the Penal Code. Gen. Huerta is at liberty under bond, and protests that his intentions have been entirely misunderstood.

The activities of the ex-Secretary of State continue. On the night of June 24 he addressed a plea for peace to a meeting, principally composed of people of German origin, at Madison Square Garden, at which he was welcomed by the presiding officer to "this German atmosphere." To a similar atmosphere in Chicago, apparently, Mr. Bryan was not so welcome, since a meeting of the "Sons of the Teutons" which he was to have addressed on Monday night was postponed, the reason being, according to dispatches from Chicago on Tuesday, that, whereas Mr. Bryan desired to speak on peace, his audience wished to hear about the export of ammunition. Elsewhere we take note of Mr. Bryan's statement, published in Monday's papers, in regard to the wrong impression which he has been alleged to have given Ambassador Dumba of the attitude of the Administration towards the sinking of the Lusitania. The general reception accorded to Mr. Bryan's statement by the press suggests that he has explained either too much or too little.

An important announcement, outlining the policy to be pursued by the British Government to insure an adequate supply of munitions was made by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons on June 23.

The French Chamber of Deputies on June 25, by a vote of 492 to 1, and after a debate in which the Socialists pledged their unqualified support in carrying on the war, passed the bill appropriating 5,600,000,000 francs to cover national expense for the three months beginning July 1.

It was announced on June 28 that Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, had concluded an agreement with Gen. von Bissing, Military Governor of Belgium, providing that the wheat and rye crops in the occupied territory should be reserved for civilian consumption.

Dispatches from South Africa of June 26 told of the conviction for treason of Gen. Barend Wessels, ex-member of the Union Defence Council. Gen. Wessels was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $5,000. At the same time two members of the Legislature were each sentenced to imprisonment for four years.

Considerable excitement has been caused by the alleged interview of a French journalist, Louis Latapie, with Pope Benedict, which was published in *La Liberté* on June 21 and cabled to American papers of the following day. That the interview could hardly be taken as correctly representing the utterances of the Pope appeared obvious, and for that reason we refrained from commenting on it last week. What may presumably be regarded as the official explanation of the Vatican has now been published, in the form of an interview with Cardinal Pietro Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, in the *Corriere d'Italia* of June 28, summarized in the American papers of Tuesday. According to Cardinal Gasparri, M. Latapie was guilty of many inaccuracies and misrepresentations, and broke a promise which he had given not to publish anything without previous authorization.

Whether the relaxation of activity by German submarines during the past two weeks represents the normal period of "respite, respite from Nepenthe," which succeeds strenuous days, or whether, as may be hoped, it indicates an intention on the part of Germany to moderate her submarine warfare, the relaxation has, at any rate, been notable. Since we wrote last week, only twelve vessels have been reported sunk, of which seven were British fishing boats, one a Norwegian steamer, and the other four British ships. It is noteworthy that in one case, that of the Norwegian mail steamer Venus, recorded on June 23, the vessel was stopped at the order of the commander of the submarine, and was allowed to proceed after the greater part of the cargo had been thrown overboard.

The Week

Secretary Lansing's reply to the German note in relation to our demand for damages for the sinking of the William P. Frye by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich is a model of lucidity and directness. The issue does not turn on any broad or indefinite considerations of humanity, or any complex definitions of international law. The most vital point involved is as to whether the German cruiser had a right, in any circumstances, to destroy the American merchant ship. The Treaty of 1799 between Prussia and the United States, says the German note, "reserves to the party at war the right to stop the carrying of contraband and to detain the contraband; it follows, then, that if it cannot be accomplished in any other way, the stopping of the supply may be in the extreme case effected by the destruction of the contraband and of the ship carrying it." But this "follows" only under a view of military necessity which, though extremely familiar in Germany, is not elsewhere regarded as self-evident; and it happens, fortunately for Secretary Lansing's case, that the treaty expressly provides that the neutral vessel stopped for contraband shall not even "be carried into port, nor further detained" if she will "deliver out the goods supposed to be contraband."

It should be remembered that what actually happened in the case of the Frye was that her wheat was not being thrown overboard (even with the assistance of the crew of the German cruiser) fast enough to suit the commander of the Eitel Friedrich; and it is to the undesirability, and possible danger, to that cruiser of any avoidable delay that the German Foreign Minister had reference in speaking of its being impossible to "detain the contraband . . . in any other way" than by the destruction of the vessel carrying it. In the first German note on the Frye case, that of April 4, there is a somewhat more specific reference to the point. "It was not possible," said that note, "for the auxiliary cruiser to take the prize into a German port without involving danger to its own security or the success of its operations." Into the logic of this plea, Secretary Lansing does not enter. How far one might be carried if one were to admit that any means of attaining an object is permissible to the commander of a warship which may be necessary in order to avoid danger "to the success of its operations," it requires no great amount of imagination to realize. But Secretary Lansing's point is that what is here involved is the interpretation of a treaty, and that this is a subject for diplomatic settlement and not for the decision of a German prize court. As for "other claims of neutral and enemy interested parties," our Government, says Mr. Lansing, "does not perceive the necessity for postponing the settlement of the present claim pending the consideration of those other claims by the prize court."

Mr. Bryan's denial that he gave the Austrian Ambassador, and through him Berlin, the impression that the President's demands on Germany were not seriously meant, is one of those denials which unwittingly admit the basis of the charge. No one supposes that the Secretary of State committed himself, much less this Government, in the imprudent way alleged. But he did have an informal conversation with Dr. Dumba. And it is clear that from it the Austrian Ambassador got the idea that the Washington Government would not be averse to applying Mr. Bryan's notions to the Lusitania case. In fact, it was stated at the time of the German reply that Berlin thought it had done a clever thing in proposing a long investigation of the affair. It would be very awkward, it was said, for Mr. Bryan to decline the suggestion. Of course, this may have been only what is called, though not in diplomacy, "taking a chance." And it is reasonable to infer that it was based upon Mr. Bryan's free talk with the Austrian Ambassador. What probably occurred was nothing like an official undertaking by the Secretary, but a little peace oration by him which Dr. Dumba misunderstood, or to which he assigned more importance than it really had. No matter exactly what passed in the interview, we have another cause of relief at the change in the Department of State. That is no place for an impulsive and effusive man who mistakes an Ambassador for a public meeting.

Mr. Bryan gave every sign last Thursday night at Madison Square Garden of being extremely happy at having laid down the cares of office. He had a vast and applauding audience to address, and that alone was enough to warm the cockles of his heart. But more than this, in order to make his happiness complete, he has again got a selfish, subsidized, and wicked "interest" arrayed against him. It is the press of New York, to which he paid his respects as he used to pay them to gold-bug capitalism. Well, the New York newspapers are all miserable sinners, but in this matter they are sinning along with a great company of fellow-culprits. Why single out the press of New York? The newspapers of the whole country have held exactly the same tone regarding the President's note to Germany and Mr. Bryan's resignation. A veteran observer of the American press declares that he never knew a case where the sentiment expressed was so unanimous. Then why did not Mr. Bryan give the newspapers of Oshkosh and Omaha fits as well as those of New York? It can't be that he shrinks from having it appear that his opponents swarm everywhere. His new-found German-American supporters could give him the right motto: "Viel Feind, viel Ehre."

With the main object of this meeting—the laying of an embargo on the export of arms—Mr. Bryan cannot be at all in sympathy. We say this on the basis of the letter which he wrote to Senator Stone on the 20th of last January. This was not one of those diplomatic notes to a foreign country which Mr. Bryan signed, perhaps with many misgivings; it was a direct statement made to a friend in the Senate, representing a State and city containing a large population of German descent. And in it Mr. Bryan took a position flatly opposed to the resolutions adopted by the meeting at which he was the chief figure. Whatever he thinks or says now, this is what W. J. Bryan deliberately wrote on January 20:

> If any American citizens, partisans of Germany and Austria-Hungary, feel that this Administration is acting in a way injurious to the cause of those countries, this feeling results from the fact that on the high seas the German and Austro-Hungarian naval power is thus far inferior to the British. It is the business of a belligerent operating on the high seas, not the duty of a neutral, to prevent contraband from reaching an enemy.
>
> Those in this country who sympathize with Germany and Austria-Hungary appear to assume that some obligation rests upon this Government, in the performance of its neutral duty, to prevent all trade in contraband, and thus to equalize the difference due to the relative naval strength of the belligerents. *No such obligation exists; it would be an unneutral act,* an act of partiality on the part of this Government, to adopt such a policy, if the Executive had the power to do so. If Germany and Austria-Hungary cannot import contraband from this country, it is not, because of that fact, the duty of the United States to close its markets to the Allies. The markets of this country are open upon equal terms to all the world, to every nation, belligerent or neutral.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* lists with a note of triumph the sinking of 111 English merchantmen, displacing 234,239 tons, in the three months following the declaration of

the war zone. There is a naïve contradiction, however, between the statements that the figures may "not seem especially large in comparison with the gigantic number of merchant ships flying the flag of the enemy," and that "the rise of prices, and the paralyzing of great branches of trade that could not occur in an England that really ruled the sea, may be attributed in chief part to this war of the submarines." The total of British shipping in 1914 was about 22,000,000 tons, so that the loss from submarines amounts to little more than 1 per cent. of the whole. That this would paralyze "great branches of trade" is preposterous. Another fruitful comparison is of the loss with the annual additions to the British merchant marine. In 1913 these approached within a few tons of two millions, and in 1914 within a few tons of 1,750,000. If the submarines maintain their activity, and no effective means is found of combating them, they may in one year cause Great Britain to lose half as great a tonnage as she has built within that time. This is hardly likely to cause in English economic life, in the words of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "phenomena similar to those which the English plan for the isolation of Germany aims at."

On the basis of current prices of food, as recorded in official German publications, a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* has calculated that twenty principal articles of consumption in March of the present year show an increase of 49.4 per cent. over a year before. Bread and meat showed an increase ranging from 74 per cent. for rye bread, 72 per cent. for lard, 71 per cent. for eggs, through 58 per cent. for bacon, 44 per cent. for pork, about 10 per cent. for mutton and beef, to an actual decrease of 2 per cent. for veal. But the rise in potatoes was 180 per cent., peas 200 per cent., lentils 174 per cent., and beans 182 per cent. In other words, the food of the poorer classes, which on the Continent comprises a small ratio of meat, had risen anywhere from nearly double to three times the cost of a year ago. Since February, according to the writer in the *Westminster*, there has been another rise of 5 per cent. in the general level, so that food in Berlin to-day would be 55 per cent. dearer than it was in the spring of 1914. In Vienna the increase has been still more marked, though certain commodities, like potatoes, show a smaller increase than in Berlin. That the Teutonic nations are not the only sufferers by the war, however, is well known. In England, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, there has been a rise of about 40 per cent. in the price of meat and 25 per cent. for fish.

Secretary McAdoo's attempt to throw dust about the emphatic vote of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States against any plan of Federal ship-ownership will mislead no one. "The referendum," he states, "was so prepared that no vote was taken upon the plan proposed in the last Congress to have the Government subscribe stock in a corporation which was to operate ships." He goes on to say that there is a wide difference between the Government's holding and operating ships and the Government's becoming such a stockholder in a private corporation. What a mild measure this retrospective view makes of the Ship Purchase bill! Its much-altered provisions were always wrapped in a haze of mystery, but no one before ever thought that its plan for the creation of a holding corporation, in which the Government was to subscribe for a majority of the stock, was tantamount to much less than governmental operation. One part of the referendum, moreover, related to a plan which has clear elements of relationship even to that stated by Secretary McAdoo. Asked if they favored Government ownership of vessels to be leased to private parties or companies, 711 commercial bodies answered in the negative, and 54 in the affirmative—a more decisive vote than that against full purchase and operation by Government. It is clear that these bodies must have felt towards the actual Shipping bill as did the New York and other associations of merchants which sent in protests at the time it was pending. Their heavy vote for a Federal Shipping Board to report to Congress on the navigation laws demonstrates the sentiment for repeal of the present onerous shipping legislation.

It was felt all along that the La Follette Seamen's act would operate against American shipping with greater severity on the Pacific than on the Atlantic Ocean; but the announced intention of the Robert Dollar Company to transfer its boats to the British flag, with Vancouver as a terminus, may seem ominous for others. Are we to expect shifting of transatlantic trade from New York and Boston to Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax? On the Pacific Coast the alternative seems outright sale or British-Canadian registry; and here, too, the effect of the new provisions of the law may be found advantageous to the Dominion. The Department of Commerce, always tacitly hostile to the new measure, is reported now to have an expert commission at work ascertaining its effects, and to have an understanding with the Administration that the findings of this body will receive Congressional attention. No one in shipping circles believes that the action of the Dollar and Pacific Mail lines is insincere or the result of anything but absolute necessity. Their refusal to attempt competition with foreign lines after November 2 next, even under war conditions that mean high freight rates, should convince the Department that nothing less than repeal of at least the clauses as to language and percentage of able seamen will save our merchant marine.

In the obscure and usually uninspiriting pages of the Record of the Constitutional Convention, that has been sitting at Albany, there lies buried a gem of patriotic eloquence which ought to be shedding its rays upon all the people of this commonwealth. How the president and members of the Convention could reconcile themselves to the cold formality of referring to a committee the question of its being put into general circulation, we cannot understand. Yet that is the proceeding that was adopted when Mr. Thomas F. Smith, having presented the memorial of the Society of Tammany or Columbian Order, asked that it be printed as a document. There was one member, indeed, with soul so dead as to move that a copy of the memorial be sent to the Committee on the Relations of the State to the Indians; and the president of the Convention, instead of rebuking this shocking levity, stated that those copies of the Record which are distributed to the Indian tribes would suffice to convey the memorial. These gentlemen may think it very amusing to poke fun at the Tammany sachems; but is such ridicule of the loftiest sentiments to pass without remonstrance? Not if we can help it. See, for example, what the patriots and sages of Tammany have to say on the proposal of an appointive judiciary:

> In the undisguised effort being made to deprive our citizens of the right to be judged by judges of their own selection, we perceive an inevitable return to the days of Jeffreys—those black and despairing times when a favored sycophant passed upon the life and liberty of the masses, at the behest of the power which had selected him to wreak its private vengeance. Substitute for a Jeffreys an unscrupulous attorney selected by an insidious and powerful combination of money and monopoly, the greatest menace of modern society, and you have a possibility of injustice and tyranny which will all too soon ripen into a probability.

Such burning words ought to set the people into a flame of indignation; but instead of that we find—in "this otherwise Excelsior State," to quote a happy phrase of the Tammany memorial—an unaccountable disposition to trêat the whole thing as a joke.

Existence of an almost State-wide machinery for the corruption of municipal elections in Indiana is indicated by the indictment of Committeeman Taggart, Mayor Bell of Indianapolis, and 126 others for ballot offences in Marion County. Two months ago the Mayor of Terre Haute and certain associates were sent to prison for frauds in the same election of November 3, 1914; in Goshen and Elkhart city officials have just been indicted for various offences; in Rockville a court has been sitting upon election frauds in Vigo County; and it is predicted that the present investigation, centring in Indianapolis, will reveal trails leading to Evansville and Gary. It has already been established that repeaters and other "workers" were exchanged last autumn between the capital and Terre Haute. In all this it is hard to hold any one party responsible, for the indictments have included Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives. Inter-partisan combinations, however, have doubtless been made easy by the existence of corrupt party organizations, and it is pleasing to see the investigation reach leaders in the ranks of Taggart and Fairbanks. If it is pushed to completion it may show the ramifications of an intricate web of political intrigue, and deliver the State from iniquities that have been admitted but unpunished for decades. The Terre Haute prosccution was vigorously pushed by Federal authorities; in conducting that at Indianapolis, the State officers have an opportunity to exhibit equal zeal.

The arraignment of Judge Lindsey in the Colorado criminal courts is so certain to set far-reaching precedents affecting juvenile courts that his defence will be followed with wide interest. The matter has arisen from the trial of a Denver woman for the murder of her husband—a murder to which she at first confessed. Within a few days after her arrest, her son of twelve came forward with the story that it was he who had shot the drunken husband, and that his mother had assumed the blame because she was a consumptive with but a short time to live. Judge Lindsey—with what end in view is not clear—examined the boy confidentially in the Children's Court. When the District Attorney attempted to make him repeat the boy's statement before the jury, Judge Lindsey protested that the communication was privileged, that the principle of the Juvenile Court was to lead delinquents to confess their own misdeeds, but to discourage them from turning State's evidence, and that in a case involving the life of the child's mother the introduction of testimony by the child under such circumstances would be outrageous. He was forced to tell the story, but the mother was acquitted, and he is now indicted as a conniver at perjury. The *Outlook*, which reviews the case, hints that politics is again back of the attack. The legal side may be perplexing; but the moral issue seems clearly defined.

Whether Carlyle's remark about the true university being a collection of books be accepted or not, the heart of any educational institution is its library. The dedication of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard on Thursday of last week will have attracted small attention beside the boat-races which closed the week on the Thames, but for generations it will be regarded as one of the important dates in the history of the University. Architecturally, the building will take its place with the Low Memorial Library at Columbia and the Harper Memorial Library at Chicago University. In its elaborate arrangement, its equipment with every device that science and ingenuity can invent for the convenience of teacher and student, there is, as Senator Lodge stated, "no university and scarcely any State or nation" which can show its equal. Its nucleus of rarely valuable volumes will at once invest its newness with tradition and atmosphere. Harvard's collection of two million books and pamphlets has been one of the greatest in America—nearly three times as large, for example, as Columbia's; and scattered among a number of buildings, imperative reasons of economy and efficiency demanded that it have an adequate housing. Aside from this, however, there should be an immense sentimental satisfaction to all friends of a university founded by a gift of books in seeing its library cherished beyond other branches of the institution.

The Italian campaign since the occupation of Monfalcone, on the way to Triest, has made little progress, and the recent official dispatches from Rome speak of the assumption of the offensive by the Austrians. It would certainly seem odd that thus early in the campaign, without any serious reverse to Italian arms reported from any capital, and after long months of preparation by Italy, the initiative should be surrendered to Austria at a time when her main armies are so busily employed in Galicia. Consequently, there may be more truth in the Italian statement that the purpose of the campaign is to let the Austrians wear themselves out in attack than usually attaches to such statements. Caution is the keynote to Italy's movements. In the Tyrol her armies must refrain from shattering themselves against the mountain fortifications. On the Isonzo the battles must be those of artillery. In the meanwhile the full fighting strength of Italy is in the course of development. Nor is it at all improbable that, as has been reported during the past few days, behind a forcible demonstration on her northern frontier, Italy may be gathering an army for service in the Dardanelles, where the Allies still stand to win a greater prize than they can obtain anywhere else by a similar effort.

The new Austro-German objective after Lemberg is apparently Warsaw once more. This would amount to a renewal of the Austrian campaign at the beginning of the war. It will be recalled that the first Austrian movement was an invasion of southern Poland east of the Vistula. It began with an Austrian success at Krasnik, in the province of Lublin, in the last week of August, but was shattered by the Russian victory further to the south at Rawa Ruska, which compelled a precipitate Austrian retreat from Poland. To-day the Teuton armies are in a position to renew the attack in more formidable strength. The ultimate purpose would be to strike north into Poland east of the Vistula and so threaten the fortresses of Ivangorod and Warsaw from tho rear. And it is not unlikely, as is now stated from Petrograd, that the failure of the Russians to hold up the Teuton drive in Galicia may have been due in part to a recognition by the Russian General Staff that such reinforcements as were available might be better employed to guard the positions on the Vistula than to attempt the desperate task of facing the Austro-Germans in Galicia. What the near future may see, therefore, is the pressing forward of a huge Teuton encircling movement against Warsaw from the line of the Narew on the north, from the Bzura, the Rawka, and the hills of Lysa Gora to the west, and from the Galician border to the southeast.

THE ENGLISH BLOCKADE.

In transmitting the latest note of the British Government to that of the United States, Ambassador Page justly remarks that "it is not an answer to the principles set forth" in our Government's protest of March 30. What we have is, rather, a routine account of the steps taken to meet the complaints of American shippers, and to reduce to a minimum the hardships caused to neutral commerce by the English blockade of German ports. As such, the British statement is both friendly and reasonably satisfactory. No one can read it without seeing that the English authorities have been anxious to do as little injury to our trade as was consistent with their main and lawful military object. They have modified their original orders, to our advantage. They have made concessions, on one point and another, and have sought to expedite the settlement of disputed cases in the prize courts, or by private agreement. They have paid more than $2,250,000 to American claimants, and are ready to pay more as soon as the details can be arranged. The net showing is that, at present, only three American ships are detained in British ports, pending inquiry as to "suspicious consignments." The others have been allowed to go forward, or to discharge their cargoes for which the English Government has made full payment.

If this were the whole case, the British Government would be entitled to argue that its conduct had been such as to give no "substantial grievance" to American citizens. But we have an interest which runs beyond the mere procedure of English prize courts, or the buying of our cotton cargoes, or the arrangements to let German goods, purchased by our importers before the blockade was established, come through. All this is well enough and gratifying enough, in its way, but there remains the question of those "principles" to which Ambassador Page referred. This was clearly raised by our Government, both before and after the English blockade was declared. On December 26, the Department of State instructed Mr. Page to communicate to Sir Edward Grey the fact that "this Government is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the present policy of His Majesty's Government towards neutral ships and cargoes exceeds the manifest necessity of a belligerent and constitutes restrictions upon the rights of American citizens on the high seas which are not justified by the rules of international law." This, of course, was before the establishment of the blockade, when it was merely a matter of visiting and searching neutral vessels. It was doubtless the protests of our Government, along with other neutral nations, which in part led to the final decision of England to announce and maintain an effective blockade. But even after that was done, our Government made earnest representations to the British authorities. We did not question the right to declare a blockade. That it might be established in an unusual form, on account of the changes in modern warfare, we freely conceded, so long as it remained effective. But our Department of State strongly objected to a blockade which might become, in reality, a blockade of "many neutral ports and coasts," and insisted that, blockade or no blockade, nothing should be allowed to interfere with the "general practice," under which "innocent shipments may be freely transported to and from the United States through neutral countries to belligerent territory without being subject to the penalties of contraband traffic or breach of blockade."

That was, and still is, the chief point at issue. It is not so simple as some pretend. There can, of course, be no blockade of neutral ports. But when it comes to the question of stopping ships bound for neutral countries whose "destination" is really, or is suspected to be, a belligerent country, we get into a maze of difficulties. The precedents, the chief of which have been set by American courts, are not all on one side. In the letter of our Department of State, last March, the attention of the British Government was called to the case of the Peterhof. In the instance of that ship, the Supreme Court held that a vessel bound for a Mexican port could not be made a prize merely because there was every reason to suppose its cargo to be destined for Texas. But very likely the English Government will remind us of the Springbok case, in which the Supreme Court appeared to lay down an opposite doctrine of "destination." In fact, during our Civil War, ships bound for Nassau were repeatedly captured by the United States men-of-war on the ground that they were virtual blockade-runners. It is a vexed question on which there may be an honest difference of opinion.

When the time comes for the British Government to declare itself on the main principle, there can be no doubt that it will acquiesce in our main theoretical contentions. The high seas must remain free to neutrals. It is only enemy ports that can be blockaded. But the sticking-point will lie in the stopping of shipments ostensibly to neutral countries. In this there is obviously much parlous matter, over which international lawyers may long dispute. For the present, it need only be said that the issue is less definite and far less vital than the one involved in our controversy with Germany; and that, even if the difference becomes irreconcilable, our Government will have no occasion to go further than to reiterate its demand of "reparation" for any demonstrable damage unlawfully done to American commerce.

ORGANIZING FOR MUNITIONS.

The problems with which Mr. Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions, is preparing to deal, under the plenary powers conferred upon him by Parliament, fall under three general heads. There is what may be called the psychological factor, the factor of organization, and the factor of England's actual resources. The first two have been to the forefront. The national temperament has manifested itself in a characteristic failure of the imagination. Englishmen do not foresee; they must be taught by the bitter lessons of experience, and they are slow in learning. The nation at large for a long time unquestionably underestimated the tremendous severity of the test that it faces. The men at the head of affairs have been slow in learning the specific lessons of the war. If the industrial workers have not given their full efforts towards the production of munitions, it is also true that the War Office was a long time in deciding just what kind of munitions the situation demanded. English individualism has reinforced the lack of imagination. On the one hand, the workers' unions have been fearful of the loss of their rights. On the other hand, the employers have had to be taught that they must consent to a limitation of profits for the common welfare. Thus, when Mr. Lloyd George was under the necessity of offering to the labor unions a pledge that the employers would take no advantage of the relaxation of union rules, he was contending both with British individualism and with the lack of British imagination. The labor unions have remembered the repression that followed the Napoleonic wars and have demanded guarantees for the future. It is true that if the nation were in a desperate state there would be no such insistence on individual rights. It is to bring home the needs of the situation to the workers that Mr. Lloyd George is now exerting himself.

The mistakes in organization began with the overconcentration of duties in Lord

Kitchener. That error has now been rectified. Presumably because Kitchener was overworked, red tape came into play. There have been complaints that in the distribution of contracts errors of delay and judgment have occurred. Manufacturers in a position to supply war munitions have failed to get a hearing from the War Office. Contracts, on the other hand, have been awarded to establishments with inadequate facilities. These errors, too, are in the way of being remedied. England will probably be divided into munition areas under the central control of prominent manufacturers to whom will be delegated the duty of portioning out the subcontracts and who will be responsible for the total output. Such dissatisfaction as has arisen over the progress of contracts for munitions in this country is to be dealt with by a special representative of the British Government. Minor but important problems like the shifting of labor from point to point are taken up in the Munition bill. The recall from the front of skilled workers for the factories has been practiced for some time. For just as important as an adequate supply of labor is the utilization of labor economically. The situation is one which calls for men in the field, in the ship yards, in the factories, in the clothing shops, in the food warehouses, and on the farms. In Germany this nice adjustment of forces was undoubtedly worked out with care years in advance.

Once organized, the English industries, according to Mr. Lloyd George, are in a position to equal, and surpass, the output of munitions in Germany and Austria. That output he estimates at 250,000 shells a day. But England must do more than organize for such an output. She has to outstrip the great stocks of ammunition which German foresight had piled up in advance. To overcome this handicap, what are England's resources? We need take only one standard of comparison. In 1911 there were in the United Kingdom about eleven and a half million industrial workers. In 1907 there were in Germany about eleven and a quarter million industrial workers. We may assume that at the outbreak of the war the industrial armies in the two countries were about equal. From their ranks must obviously come the labor for the munition factories. On the basis of mere numbers, therefore, England and Germany should be turning out the same amount of supplies. In favor of Germany are two factors, the accumulated stores of ammunition already mentioned, and the unquestionably superior organization which obtains better results from the same amount of labor. In favor of England, however, is one fully counterbalancing factor. Germany at the maximum of her efforts will be maintaining in the field nearly twice as large an army as England. That must mean a much greater drain on the industrial population. Even German superiority in organization cannot overcome this handicap. The more men the Kaiser places in the field, the more men he withdraws from industry. On the whole, therefore, we may assume that when England settles down to work, she can equal Germany's output of munitions. If we thus check off England against Germany, we have France, Italy, Russia, and the supplies from this country to balance against Austria's contribution; a showing which totals up decidedly in favor of the Allies.

Nevertheless, a task of extraordinary difficulty confronts the new Minister of Munitions. In all discussions of the matter the question is treated as one of shells simply. Lloyd George spoke chiefly of shells. But, however pressing is the need for high explosives, the war will not be decided by shells alone. We know that the Teuton armies have depended chiefly on heavy guns in their victories over Russia, and that the Allies must have heavy guns if they are to break through in the west. But to the careful reader of the war chronicles the importance of other arms has also been apparent. The machine gun has been used by the Germans with extraordinary effect on the defensive. At Neuve Chapelle and elsewhere the Allies lost heavily in the face of small rear guards armed with the automatic gun. Some reports have gone so far as to state that the machine gun is replacing the rifle for infantry action with the German armies. And after shells and machine guns come other factors—traction machinery, chemical supplies, and, by no means least, aeroplanes. H. G. Wells may not be altogether visionary in calling for huge squadrons of aeroplanes for the invasion of Germany. Certainly the effectiveness of the English aviation service has been such as to call for a large increase.

One caution with regard to the state of mind in England it may be well to remember. The anxiety over munitions is not altogether a reflection of the way the fighting has been going against the Allies. It is an indication also that one problem which confronted England has been solved. That is the question of men. The present agitation over shells is a repetition of the earlier anxiety over recruiting. It is certain that Kitchener has obtained nearly all, if not all, of the three and a quarter million men that Parliament has authorized. If England is now muddling with the problem of ammunition, it is a sign that she has muddled through the problem of men.

THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS AND PEACE.

To what extent can the remarkable peace manifesto in the Berlin *Vorwärts* be taken as an index of popular opinion with regard to the chances of a German victory? That obviously is the first meaning for which people will search. Abroad the natural tendency will be to argue that a cry for peace from any important German source is a sign of weakness. The German Government, by forbidding the publication of the *Vorwärts*, apparently recognizes this danger. And yet the fears of the Government may not be so real as its action would indicate. At bottom, no interpretation of the Socialist peace manifesto can leave out of account the circumstances of the Socialist party, not only since the beginning of the war, but before the war; or the consideration that the Socialists of Germany are looking beyond the war to the interests of their own movement.

With the first day of mobilization last summer there came what has been usually described as a collapse of the international Socialist movement. Events must show whether this is so, but on the face of things the spectacle of Socialists rallying without murmur to the colors, voting war credits, and entering into coalition War Ministries, was unquestionably a denial of Socialist pretensions. Because the Social-Democracy of Germany was the oldest and most powerful party in the international movement, its fall from grace was all the more impressive. Yet the German Socialists after a time began to find their bearings. They admitted failure, but not a failure of their fundamental principles. They had over-estimated the strength of international solidarity in the resurgence of national passions, and they had overestimated their own strength when it came to a protest against war. For their justification they described the crisis as one which called first to them as Germans and only secondarily as Socialists. But once they had done their duty to the Fatherland by joining the colors and voting war budgets, they set themselves to the task of keeping intact, in the midst of the storm, the foundations of their Socialist creed. Thus in the act of voting war supplies the Socialists in the Reichstag maintained some connection with their past

by registering a protest against a war of annexation, by demanding that in the midst of war the interests of the laboring classes must not be forgotten in the way of caring for soldiers' families and survivors, food prices, wages, and so on, and by serving notice, repeatedly, that after the war the workers of Germany would expect full recognition of their services to the Fatherland in the way of democratic reform, among other things by the reform of the iniquitous Prussian franchise.

Let us suppose now that a moment came when German prospects of victory were bright, and when Germany might broach the possibility of peace without loss of prestige. From whom would the first intimations of peace come? Obviously, from the Socialists. Self-interest would dictate that. The Socialists have confessed to their insufficient strength when it came to the prevention of war, but they have reasserted their fidelity to their basic principles and have labored to keep the record as consistent as might be under adverse circumstances. As we have said, they have been looking beyond the war to a process of Socialist reconstruction, when past weaknesses and inconsistencies will be forgotten or forgiven. It would obviously be a calamity for the future of the German Socialists if an authoritative voice for peace arose in Germany and it was not a Socialist voice. They had failed to prevent war. For their future existence they must be the pioneers of peace. It was a tactical opportunity which the party must seize; and this it has done in the *Vorwärts* manifesto which is virtually an *apologia* for the party. It restates what Socialists did to prevent war, their fidelity to such Socialist principles as could be maintained under the *force majeure* of the war fever, and their readiness once more to enter on the ways of friendship with their enemies. In other words, if we suppose Germany confident of victory, the *Vorwärts* manifesto would be easily explained. It would simply mean that, with peace in the air, the Socialists were eager to be the first to adopt the issue for their own.

But, as a matter of fact, the spirit of victory does not breathe in the manifesto. Had the Socialists said, "We are victorious, let us now be generous," the heavy hand of the censor would not have fallen on the *Vorwärts*. The Government could tolerate a debate on the question to annex or not to annex, once it is conceded that it was for Germany to decide whether to annex or not. The Socialists may wish to be generous, the Conservatives may clamor for the last ounce of flesh; that is merely academic discussion; the point is, we have won. Had the manifesto been edited in one or two places, the Government might have even welcomed it as a *ballon d'essai*, and waited for the Allies to speak. What the Government could not tolerate was a question like this:

> Must this terrible drama, which has no precedent in the history of the world, go on indefinitely?

Or statements like these:

> If the war is not to go on indefinitely until all the nations are completely exhausted . . .
>
> Upon Germany, which has successfully defended itself against superior forces, and which has frustrated the plan to bring it to starvation, rests the duty of taking the first steps towards peace.

This plainly is no pæan of victory, from the standpoint of Tirpitz, at least. It looks forward to an indefinite war, and to exhaustion. It evidently assumes that a successful defence against starvation and dismemberment is all Germany can hope for. It makes havoc of the standard argument that the unity and confidence of the German people must bring victory; for now it is shown that there is no such unanimity of confidence. Balancing those features of the manifesto which might indicate a belief in Germany's triumph against the very explicit phrases in which doubt and weariness are expressed, the result shows a state of mind in Germany quite different from what the Government would have it after the victories of the last two months. The *Vorwärts* manifesto is not an endeavor on the part of the Socialists to be first in announcing Germany's success. It is rather a confession of deadlock.

A NON-POLITICAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

President Wilson's decision to appoint Robert Lansing Secretary of State seems as natural as it is praiseworthy. Mr. Lansing's competence is unquestioned; he has the advantage of having all the threads of pending diplomatic negotiation already in his hand, so that there will be no break or pause in the policy of the Department; and the feeling is general that the new Secretary has earned his position fairly and will adorn it. His designation as acting Secretary was a convenient mode of bridging over the resignation of Mr. Bryan, at the same time that it gave the President opportunity to decide at leisure what was the best way of filling the vacancy permanently. Every President has to be, in the big matters, his own Secretary of State, and Mr. Wilson will undoubtedly continue to determine for himself the main features of our foreign policy; but he is to be congratulated upon having so able and so acceptable a coadjutor as Robert Lansing.

The appointment is plainly non-political. It is made even in the face of certain political objections that might be urged—that are, indeed, said to have been urged. With two Secretaries from New York already in the Cabinet, it might be thought politically inexpedient to name a third. The States are proverbially jealous for their "quota." Besides, Mr. Lansing will bring no purely political strength to the Administration. He has never been known as even a local party leader. It was doubtless with this fact in mind that some of the President's advisers besought him to look about and select some Democrat with large political influence, who was at the same time skilled in diplomacy, to take charge of the State Department. Perhaps Mr. Wilson found such a combination difficult to discover. Democrats of that description are not as thick as blackberries. At all events, the President fell back upon an appointment which has nothing to do with politics, in the party sense. In the higher sense, the selection of Mr. Lansing may prove to be the best kind of politics.

Thus in the third year of his Administration President Wilson is enabled to do what has been permitted to almost no President at the beginning of his term. The usual rule is well understood. Presidents-elect feel compelled to offer the State Department to some man powerful in the party, often to one who had himself been a formidable candidate for the Presidency. The Secretary of State is sometimes called the "Premier" of the Cabinet. His office comes to him as a sort of grand consolation prize. Yet even in recent years the practice has not been invariable. Hamilton Fish was, to be sure, a well-known Republican, but had not been a moulder of the destinies of his party even in his own State when Grant called him to the State Department, where he served so long and, on the whole, so satisfactorily. When President Hayes made Evarts Secretary of State it was personal ability, not political weight that was the deciding thing. Cleveland's choice of Gresham was, indeed, political, but it was a case of politics reversed, since Gresham had been a Republican.

The most striking instances, during the last generation, of non-political appointments to the Department of State have occurred under circumstances very like those of Mr.

Lansing's. They were, that is to say, *ad-interim* or mid-term appointments. In such cases, the President may feel at liberty to disregard politics and look chiefly to personal and professional attainments. This was partially true of President Arthur's selection of Frelinghuysen as Secretary of State, to succeed Blaine. Frelinghuysen had, indeed, been prominent in New Jersey politics, but at the time of his entering the Cabinet was at such an age, and so situated politically, as not to be able to do much to help Arthur to reëlection. In fact, he died almost immediately after the expiration of Arthur's term. Much more notable was President Harrison's summoning of John W. Foster to the Department in 1892—again to succeed Blaine. This was as nearly a strictly diplomatic appointment as ever had been made before the similar honor which has now come to Mr. Foster's son-in-law, Robert Lansing. John Hay's first appointment was made by McKinley, after the break-down of his political nominee, John Sherman, and the resignation of the makeshift, Day. In Hay's case it was certainly the diplomat who towered above the politician. His retention by Roosevelt even into his second term, and until Hay died, was a clear recognition of the value of special training and peculiar aptitudes in the conduct of the Department of State. John Hay, like Robert Lansing, did not carry many "votes" in his pocket, but he did a great deal to add to the prestige of the Presidents under whom he served.

GROWTH OF PROPERTY AND OF TAXES.

The United States Census report, issued a few days ago, on "Assessed Valuation of Property and Amounts and Rates of Levy," presents some very striking figures. What first catches the eye in the leading table is the tremendous increase, in the ten years from 1902 to 1912, in the total assessed valuation of all property subject to *ad-valorem* taxation; an increase throwing completely into the shade anything that was shown in earlier periods. The total assessed valuation in 1912 was (we use the nearest billion throughout) 69 billion dollars, as against 35 billion in 1902, an increase of very nearly 100 per cent. The same thing is true of the assessed valuation of real property and improvements subject to taxation, which advanced from 26 billion dollars to 52 billion. In both cases, to get a total which should be to that of 1912 as that of 1912 was to that of 1902, we have to go back to 1880, when the assessed valuation of all property and of real property and improvements, respectively, was 17 billion and 13 billion dollars. That is, it took twenty-two years to do the doubling, starting from 1880, whereas ten years sufficed, starting from 1902.

It is very much to be wished that the Census Bureau should devote more effort—and a corresponding space in its publications—to the analysis and discussion of phenomena of this kind. Considering the striking character of the figures we have been referring to, the comment made upon them in the introductory remarks is far from satisfying:

> There are many considerations which may be advanced in explanation of the sudden and unprecedented increase in the amount of the assessed valuation [from 1902 to 1912], the principal one being, undoubtedly, the actual increase in the value of real property throughout the country, the value of farm land alone having increased 118.1 per cent. from 1900 to 1910, while the value of all farm property, including buildings, implements and machinery, and domestic animals, but not including the value of crops, increased 100.5 per cent. during the same period. It is a safe assumption that the value of other property has increased at approximately the same or even a greater rate during this period, the smaller increase in the assessed valuation being accounted for by the fact that in only a part of the States is property assessed at the full value. In some States, notably Ohio, the increase is due in a large measure to a change in the basis of assessment from about one-third the actual value to the actual cash or sale value of such property.

This is on its face very inadequate—which is not saying that it is incorrect—as related to the increase from 1902 to 1912, taken by itself; and it fails altogether to look into the question of the "unprecedented" character of that increase. Even if it be granted that the 100 per cent. growth is to be looked upon almost entirely as a growth of actual value, and not as due in any great measure to changes in the basis of assessment, the question remains as to what happened in this respect in previous decades. Thus the decade 1880 to 1890 shows an increase of only 46 per cent. (from 13 to 19 billion dollars) in assessment of realty, or less than half the rate from 1902 to 1912; is that a fair reflection of the relative growth of actual money values in the two periods? Turning to a former census bulletin, dealing with estimated valuation of actual wealth, we find the value of realty in 1890 set down as 20 billion dollars, and in 1900 as nearly 36 billion, an increase not of 46 but of 78 per cent. And between 78 per cent. and 100 per cent. there is no startling difference. Moreover, if we were to allow for the fall in the purchasing power of money (a factor common to both periods, but far greater in 1902-1912 than in 1880-90) it is possible that the difference between the two periods in the rate of growth of the value of real property would be completely wiped out, or perhaps even put into the opposite scale.

Great as is the increase of assessed valuation for the country as a whole, the increase for some of the large geographical divisions is decidedly greater—the West South Central division and the Pacific division showing nearly 200 per cent. increase—while in some individual States the increase is, on the face of the figures, startling. This last is especially true of Kansas, whose assessed valuation, both for all property and for realty, increased by about 650 per cent. between 1902 and 1912—namely, from 363 million dollars to 2,747 million for the total, and from 242 to 1,798 million for realty. That this cannot be accounted for without a great change in the method of assessment, every one would take to be a matter of course; and in point of fact, in the statements relating to methods of assessments, etc., in the several States, we find that in 1908 "the basis of assessment was changed from about one-fifth to about four-fifths of the true value."

The per capita figures for assessed valuation show similar divergences; but in the tables of the per capita *levy* there is a much nearer approach to uniformity. The levy is the real thing—how much per head have the people been paying in the shape of *ad-valorem* property taxes? For the country as a whole, the per capita levy has been as follows (the 1870 figure being on a gold basis):

1860	1870	1880	1890	1902	1912
$3.00	$5.87	$6.26	$7.53	$9.22	$13.91

and the upward trend in the great geographical divisions, and in the separate States, parallels fairly well that shown by the whole country, except where reasons such as the effect of the war upon the Southern States, or the peculiar conditions of California in its earlier history, account for a marked difference. Thus the per capita property tax in Kansas in 1880, 1890, 1902, and 1912, was $5.00, $8.94, $10.14, and $16.55, respectively; a course which, it will be seen, presents no remarkable divergence in character from that of the figures for the whole country. As for these latter, the salient fact is that the average American in 1912 was turning over to his State and local governments, in the shape of property taxes, 50 per cent. more money than he was in 1902; and it seems pretty certain that something like that rate of increase has been maintained since 1912.

Foreign Correspondence

MR. BRYAN'S RESIGNATION—THE NEW ALLY—ZEPPELIN RAIDS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, June 11.

Under European conditions the resignation of an important Cabinet Minister at the very moment when a decision of the highest significance was pending, on the relations between his own country and another, would be ominous indeed; hence the perturbation with which the news of Mr. Bryan's letter to President Wilson was at first received here was natural enough. It was soon realized, however, that American conditions are by no means on all fours with those of Europe in such an emergency, and that Mr. Bryan's disappearance from official life does not really mean any serious division of forces in the face of the enemy. Mr. Bryan, by resigning, it is now believed here, has really strengthened the hands of President Wilson. The news will undoubtedly greatly flutter the dove-cotes of Berlin, where, it is understood, the belief in Mr. Bryan's ascendency over Mr. Wilson was accepted as a dogma. The stock of President Wilson is still steadily mounting in the British market, and this not because we expect to receive material assistance from him, but because we hold him to be more and more in the attitude of vindicating the best traditions of the great nation to which we feel ourselves most closely akin. We seem to see good evidence that the people of the United States are firmly and overwhelmingly behind their President.

Those of us who have resigned themselves to the belief that this great struggle *must* be carried on to the bitter end, realize that war is hell, just as much as do the most extreme of the academic pacifists; but we also realize that there are many circles in the inferno, and that the gap of relative evil between the highest and the lowest of these is certainly greater than that between a just war and a disgraceful peace. Those who see little moral difference between the sinking of the Lusitania and a fair fight between bodies of armed men, inasmuch as both are parts of the unspeakable horror of war, are in this matter less, rather than more, moral than those who clearly appreciate the difference. Their trouble is that a long-continued obsession by a contemplation of the blessings of peace has atrophied the tract of their moral consciousness not immediately concerned, and has rendered it unable to react to the stimulus of the rare but (alas!) still possible moment when the sagest and most righteous of men have to own that there is something still more precious than peace. They do not recognize the logic of fact. As M. Ostrogorski puts it: "Mieux vaut mourir en combattant que vivre en mourant."

The entrance of Italy into the war has been a great satisfaction to the British anti-military (or unmilitary) supporters of this war, because, after all necessary deductions, it is believed that her action was to a very large extent moral and idealistic. A striking symbol of the present unity of the Italian nation is the report from Rome that, during the National Fête celebrated there last Sunday, the Italian tri-color was hoisted over the Jesuit University, for the first time since the downfall of the Temporal Power forty-five years ago. The sympathetic coöperation of the Pope and Church (though not yet, perhaps, of the Cardinals) with the state, is of good augury for future developments in Italy.

The Zeppelins do not allow us to forget them. So far as I can make out, the general attitude is one of a kind of resigned annoyance. If Germany is to win in this war (which we hope is practically impossible), it does not seem to matter much whether her acts of wanton destruction are committed now or a little later. If we are victorious (which we hope is highly probable), the repeated Zeppelin raids will only swell the account against Germany. The item, xy, in our claim for damages (x Zeppelin raids at £y per visit $=$£xy) will simply be so much the larger. Up to the present moment the Zeppelins have slain about fifteen people in England, all non-combatants, and most of them women and children, while Flight-Lieutenant Warneford alone, by his feat of June 7, has permanently deprived the armies of H. I. M. the Kaiser of the services of twenty-eight fighting men. While we cannot confidently hope that the balance will continue to be so decidedly in our favor, we do not despair even of that; and if worse things befall us, we shall accept them as the fortunes of war.

It would be easy to go on writing indefinitely about the myriad organizations for woman's work in war time, but I must regard that part of my task as closed for the moment, and finish my references to feminine activity with a simple enumeration of a few of the cases where the ordinary citizen now personally encounters women or girls where he formerly saw men or boys.

The demand for women teachers has been very great, and many boys' schools (preparatory, grammar, etc.) are now almost wholly staffed by women. Proficiency in outdoor games is considered a strong recommendation. At least one head mistress of a private school has, to my knowledge, offered her services as an ordinary board school-teacher, in order to let a young man enlist. No one can pass through Victoria Station without marvelling at the beehive activity of the women's free buffet for soldiers on their way to or from the front. The special constable who turns out for night patrol duty may now quit his home side by side with his wife on her way to an all-night shift at the tea and coffee canteens in the arms factories of Woolwich and Enfield. Women "drummers" are making a distinct success by their tact, industry, keenness, and economy. We are now quite accustomed to buy our suburban railway tickets from, and have them clipped by, smart looking young women. The first station, however, to be entirely staffed by women is the Tube Station at Maida Vale—a choice made in all probability by a wholly unconscious humorist. The male traveller with luggage is here, and at the Grand Central terminus, exposed to serious clashes between his gallantry and his convenience. A few women tramway conductors have also made their appearance. The Athenæum was the first club to introduce waitresses into its sacred halls, but its example has been freely followed in less venerable institutions. Many hotels and restaurants have also replaced waiters by waitresses. The London authorities have not yet allowed any women to qualify as taxi-drivers, but women are now not infrequently seen in control of the business vans and automobiles of Whiteley's and other stores. My butcher now calls for orders in the form of a smart girl on a bicycle. Riding mistresses are busy preparing young officers for the mounted services. Hairdressing seems a natural enough field for feminine skill, and the hardy may even (I understand) expose themselves to the risks of a feminine razor. The number of women employed in filling cartridges, in making fuses, and in other departments of ammunition works is steadily growing. The papers contain many advertisements for girls to act as messengers, book-stall attendants, "office boys," and elevator attendants, and for women as gardeners and even as coachmen.

Since the above was written, President Wilson's second Lusitania note has been published. The general impression here is that never was the steel hand so well velveted; never was so long and so silky a rope uncoiled before the eyes of a potential suicide. If Germany lets herself be entangled in this noose, America's conscience will be clear. We find it rather hard to understand why the Mr. Bryan who swallowed the last note finds it impossible to digest this one. The brew seems as stiff, but no stiffer. Mr. Bryan must be an invincible doctrinaire.

GLEANINGS, FRENCH AND BELGIAN.

PARIS, June 12.

"Lean over, shut up, and follow!"

For the first time, you are going into the trenches. It is black night, and your feet catch in roots and on sticks and stones. Suddenly a fusee bursts in the sky, falling in red and white or green or blue lights, bringing out bushes and trees and distant hills. You do your best to lean over to the very ground, while machine guns begin crackling and balls whistle too near your head. You shut up and follow quick—very quick!

You get into a trench and keep leaning over and shutting up. And you listen. Night intensifies the least noise. You can distinguish the rolling of the provision trucks over beyond the enemy's lines; the rumbling of the ambulances picking up the wounded, railway metals dropped where the enemy is laying a track—and balls that pass too near overhead. And you perceive that there is a firing at regular intervals, and that there are balls fired irregularly. Every minute, from nightfall to morning, there is a German rifle fired in among the bursting of bombs and the hiss of shells in air. It is like the tick-tack of a clock going on for weeks and weeks.

In this endless siege war, in which the enemies work in trenches often not a hundred yards apart, the action of artillery, light and heavy, to prepare and accompany infantry attacks, is of prime importance. An advance of half a mile along a front of three miles is nowadays a famous victory. The battle of Arras, long in space and time, inaugurated at the beginning of May new tactics of the French army after eight months of this siege war. The intention is to blow down the enemy's trench defences by artillery fire, and then to attack by an infantry bound forward—and to keep the ground which is thus sure to be won at the start.

The whole front of this battle of Arras was nine miles, along which the French had more

than one thousand "firing mouths." On May 9, for the attack on Carency, a village in which the Germans had intrenched themselves formidably, the French artillery began at seven o'clock and kept up a showering fire of more than 20,000 shells for three hours. At ten, when it was thought the parapets of the enemy's trenches had crumbled sufficiently, the infantry leaped across the slope into the first line of German trenches, almost without loss. It was the winning of the second and third lines which was murderous. All the next day they were occupied in storming a ravine to the west of the village.

Carency itself still had its strong works, prepared through months of toil by the German invaders. The French commander began finally investing the village at one o'clock of the 11th, and at five the defenders, seeing their retreat cut off, surrendered. The next day the Germans abandoned Ablain, a neighboring hamlet, after setting fire to it. On May 13 the prisoners of war began their movement through the French lines towards their captivity. The morning was gray, with a fine drizzling rain; but French hearts were beating high. Along the Arras road a French general witnessed the filing off, at parade step, heads left, of Baden guards, Bavarian chasseurs, Saxon foot, with their colonel at the head.

On the same May 9 and the days after, the English line attacked to the north of Arras. They had not enough shells to do as the French did and prepare their infantry attack. "Our men went courageously forward to attack the trenches—and found the barbed wire defences untouched, while mitrailleuses well hidden swept our ranks." And that is why Lloyd George is preaching to British workmen that, without shot and shell, there is no salvation now.

These mitrailleuses have grown greatly in power and less in compass since the American Gatling invented something of the kind in 1862, during our fighting among ourselves. Two other Americans, Maxim and Hotchkiss, are chiefly responsible for the present form. The Belgian army still uses Hotchkiss guns; but the French for the most part have an improved and simplified model of their own. Whole and entire, with exchange piece, telemetre, carriage, and all, its weight is less than 265 pounds, the normal charge of a beast of burden. These guns sweep a distance from 500 to 1,600 yards. A French infantry regiment has three mitrailleuse companies or sections, with two guns for each; and each cavalry regiment has one section. A section has a lieutenant with his under-officer at its head, three brigadiers, and twenty soldiers, each with his own technical work to do. And for every infantry section there are nine horses or mules of burden and four draught horses. A cavalry section has for its service fourteen draught-horses and twenty-one saddle-horses.

The German service of such pieces is heavier and not nearly so manageable, as this new phase of the war may show. They use a heavy gun-carriage, which passes with difficulty where the draught horses rush forward. With their prodigality of men, they have for every section of six pieces four officers, thirteen under-officers, and sixty-four men, of whom eighteen are conductors; and these have twenty-six horses, with officers riding on four. Russians and English have similar detachments, and Belgians are particularly strong in this branch. So is Austria-Hungary—only the Servians have captured their mitrailleuses by dozens and turned them against their owners!

Whosoever shall write a true history of this world-encircling war must inform himself in this use of mitrailleuses and aeroplanes and automobile transports.

A Belgian officer explains what is going on at their end of the long battle line, now that this new phase of the war has begun:

"For us the evil hour passed with the retreat from Antwerp, the first battles of the Yser, and the endless winter in rain and freezing mud. Since we have held out in such wretched conditions, we shall still hold out and without too much trouble. We are inured to war, and our army has been reconstituted, stronger and more confident than ever. Our troops are much superior to what they were at the beginning. We never lacked courage, but now we know all the tricks of the trade. Yes, we are old troopers, *vieux de la vieille.*

"Not only are the Germans excellent soldiers, but they are also incomparable teachers—and we hope and even we are sure we shall soon show them that their lessons have not been lost. They may be proud of their pupils when we start the campaign in Germany. For to Germany we must go—that is the dream, the aim, of all of us. We feel the need of a field of application for the knowledge we have acquired so dearly!"

Georges Batault, the Swiss neutral who was listening, observed that all these Belgians have now a very decided feeling of superiority over their adversary. They say the German troops of the spring of 1915 cannot be compared to those of August, 1914. The enemy gives signs of wear, however tenacious he may be and though he is still to be feared; but now that his most desperate efforts are always in vain, he is practically conquered.

"All the German attacks since the month of October have cost us dear, but they have been his ruin. Some of the fighting, in which the Germans were engaged in unfavorable positions, was a veritable butchery. It seems to me"—a Belgian sergeant was speaking—"that we should have revolted against our commanders if they had dared to send us so cruelly to our death. We should not have had confidence in chiefs who counted our lives so cheaply.

"Thank God that is not the way with us! That which gives the Belgian army its unity to-day is the feeling that, throughout this frightful war, we have always been considered from the first to the last as men—and not as cannon fodder. With us, it is not a blind people fighting for its Emperor; it is a king fighting with his people and for his people. We are all free men who fight for freedom. It is the nobility of our King that, by courage and greatness of soul, he is truly —the first of all the Belgians!"

As the under-officer spoke all the soldiers standing near bowed their heads gravely in approval.

Meanwhile some one is paying for a peace propaganda in Paris and through France. In an entrance to the subway where countless people pass, some one has thrown handbills addressed to French working women and demanding instant peace. Other such are left at porters' lodges or sent like shop prospectuses by mail. And it is not the French who are paying for it. "One can make war, but it takes two to make peace," says Senator Clemenceau in the name of France. S. D.

A French Poet of Yesterday

By STODDARD DEWEY.

It is scarcely necessary to explain Henri de Regnier to America, where he long ago gave university lectures and where, long ago, too, his principal poems were analyzed. For his poetic production lasted little longer than twenty years from his first fluttering attempts as a college boy in 1885; and his prose, which has since been published in considerable quantity, is not particularly likely to attract American readers. He was easily first of the poets of his time—and Rostand, who came after and sang to the people at large, is not, like Henri de Regnier, a poets' poet. His was the poetry of yesterday—of the time of dilettante lassitude and art for art's sake and life for the sake of living which went before the present rude awakening, just as Louis Quinze art went before the great Revolution.

No French poet is more decorative, more vocal of a life that Tanagra figurines and Florentine pages might have led in mythology quite modern around some Greek vase. His "free verses," in reality, are only lawless Alexandrines. No one can distinguish if echoes of English poets sound through his verses, but he fell early under the influence of Mallarmé, who was most comprehensible when speaking of the English he taught. Something he certainly owes to the writer of a single book of sonnets highly wrought—José Maria de Heredia, whose daughter Henri de Regnier was to marry. The poet himself is fond of his heredity from forefathers who were "brigadiers" or Chevaliers of the King when Watteau and Boucher and Fragonard painted.

In any case, his poetry is his own, no matter how many or what centuries end in him. Luckily, as is common in later days, he is conscious and articulate of his art—and he is worth hearing now that France and the nations have slipped a cog in the revolving wheel of time. We still have timely interest in such Poets of Yesterday.

Perhaps the most characteristic work of Henri de Regnier—highest in imaginative composition, kindliest in its far-away touch of emotion, most like the winding procession of a Greek vase, yet so unlike that of Keats—is a Twilight Scene in the "Poèmes anciens et romanesques," dating shortly before and after 1890. A literal and line-to-line translation, even of a considerable fragment, can hope for little more than to keep some of the quick rhythm of thought. Those who can appreciate the French text will not soon forget the haunting pulses of the original verse. It takes its motto from a line of Heredia: "Too soon the Night comes on; thy hope is vain":

Going toward the City where they sing upon the terraces
Under trees in flower-like brides' bouquets,
Going toward the City where the pave of public places
Is thrilling to the blue rose eve of dances tired and still,

There we met the maidens of the plain
Coming to the fountain,
Coming on out of breath,
And we passed by.

Living in their sad eyes was the sweetness of clear skies,
Birds of morning sang in their voices sweet,
Oh, so sweet with their eyes of the way that is good
And so tender with voices of doves that show the way!
Down they sat to see us, sadly and sage,
Their joined hands seemed keeping their hearts in a cage.

Dancing girls then crossed our paths
And we followed their paint and their laugh and tambourines—
To lose them in the evening dusk at the turning of the way.
. . . . . .

A few years later (1897), in a book of "Rustic and Divine Sports," the poet sang of his own peculiar art in an *odelette:*

A little reed's enough for me
To set a-tremble the high grass,
All the meadow,
Gentle willows,
And the brook a-singing, too;
A little reed's enough for me
To make the forest sing.

Passers-by have heard it
When the eve was deep in their thoughts,
Through silence or wind,
Clear-toned or lost,
Near or far away . . .
Passers-by, in their thoughts,
Shall listen in the deep of themselves,
Shall hear it again and shall hear
That still it sings on.

'Twas enough for me—
This little reed I cut
At the spring where Love came
On a day to look
At his face so grave
And a-weeping—
Enough to make passers-by weep
And grasses tremble and waters thrill;
And. with my breathing in a reed,
I made all the forest sing.

In the same volume was "The Vase," which also tells of art—and is chosen by the poet's admirers as his masterpiece. "The Strayed Reveller" of Matthew Arnold—whom Henri de Regnier must not know—stands in Circe's palace to get a somewhat like view with gods and bards who "see, below them, the earth and men":

My heavy hammer sounded in the light air,
I looked to river and orchard
And meadow and on to the wood
'Neath a sky bluer hour by hour,
And then rose and then purple in twilight;
Then I stood upright,
Stretching happy from the task of the hours,
Stiff from stooping from dawn to the twilight
Over the marble block, cutting its sides
To the vase still in the rough, which my heavy hammer,
In rhythm with morning clear and good daytime,
Struck rejoicing to sound in the light air.

The vase took birth in the fashioned stone.
Slender and pure it grew,
Unformed still in its slenderness,
While I waited,
Hands idle, disquiet,
Days together, turning my head
Left, right, to the lightest noise,
The curved side unpolished, not lifting my hammer.
The water
Ran in the fountain as if panting.
In the silence
I heard, one by one, 'mid the trees of the orchard,
Fruits falling from branch to branch;
I breathed the messenger fragrance
From far-away flowers on the wind;
Often
I believed some one spoke low
And, one day, as I dreamed—unsleeping—
I heard beyond meadows and river
Flutes singing. . . .
One day again,
'Twixt the leaves, ochre, and gold,
Of the wood I saw, with his legs yellow-haired,
A Faun dancing;
And I saw him, too, another time,
Come from the wood
Along the way, and sit on the bound
To catch a butterfly on one of his horns.

Once yet again
A Centaur crossed the river swimming.
Water dripped from his man's skin down on his furred hide:
He came a few steps among the reeds,
Scented the wind, neighed, and recrossed the water;
The morrow I saw the print of his hoofs
Marked in the grass. . . .
. . . . . .
—The orchard vast and the wood and the plain
Trembled to a noise that was strange, and the fountain
Ran quicker with a laugh in its waters;
—Three Nymphs upstanding by three reeds
Took hands and danced; from the wood
Red Fauns came in troops, and voices
Sang beyond the orchard trees
With flutes awake in the light air.
The ground reëchoed to the gallop of Centaurs;
They came from the depth of the sounding horizon,
And I saw seated at bounding croups,
Thyrsi atwist and bottle-bellied,
The halt bee-stung Satyrs,
Hairy-mouthed, crimson-lipped,
Kissing in measureless, frantic round,
Heavy hoof and light foot, hairy croups and tunics
Turning mazily around me who, gravely,
As they passed carved on the vase's swelling sides
The whirl of the forces of Life.
. . . . . .
My delirium died with the task that was done;
And at last, on its pedestal, from foot to handles,
The great Vase rose bare in the silence;
And, spirally carved on the living marble,
The scattered round to a feeble air
Bringing an echo of noise that was over
Turned with the goats and the Gods and nude women,
With Centaurs leaping and Fauns alert,
Silently rounding its surface—
While, alone evermore, in the sombre night
I cursed at the dawn and wept toward the shadow.

Surely, it is this which Matthew Arnold saw of his own art in the dreams of the youth who drank in the cool night-wind from the bowl of Circe:

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labor,
O prince, what pain!
. . . . . .
But I, Ulysses,
Sitting on the warm steps,
Looking over the valley,
All day long have seen,
Without pain, without labor,
Sometimes a wild Mænad;
Sometimes a Faun with torches;
And sometimes, for a moment,
Passing through the dark stems
Flowing-robed—the beloved,
The desired, the divine,
Beloved Iacchus.

So the immortal Paganisms are prolonged; and very likely, when the present fever of Action and War sinks into convalescence, Dionysus and his art will reappear in English parks and French gardens. In one of his most profiting volumes, "The City of Waters," Henri de Regnier shows himself conscious of this eternal musical moan through the ages:

The wave sings no more in thy thousand fountains,
O Versailles, City of Waters, Garden of Kings!
—Enough that thy waters, unbroken, unfestive,
Rest in their order and tranquillity
Though nothing remains in their noble defeat
Of all that was show and enchantment of yore;—
Provided that weak, low, uncertain in shadow,
From the depths of the green grove she takes for her tomb,
I hear long and slowly the last of thy fountains
Weep o'er thee, City of Waters, Versailles!

"The Winged Sandal," which, in 1905, seems to have signed the close of the poet's inspiration, has a few parting verses of grave philosophy as well as art. It is his "welcome" to two young admirers who have climbed the hill to the poet's little house:

Both looked at me, surprised to see
One who was other in their thought's belief
Rise up to welcome them
In gray gown and bare head—
And not as in their thinking,
Purple-draped and crowned with gold.
. . . . . .
If some day,
Coming back whence now you go,
You should meet on this same way,
Between the barley and the wheat,
A troop of men
Climbing hither, palms in hand,
Tell them well
That, if you follow, you'll not see me
As to-day in my gown of wool,
Hole at shoulder, rent at arm,
But draped in haughty purple
Mayhap—and dead
And crowned with gold!

Book Notes and Byways

DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND FRIAR BACON.

EXAMPLES OF THE SUPERMAN THEN AND NOW.

By FELIX E. SCHELLING.

When London was new to the young Shakespeare, two plays of devil-lore and magic, "Doctor Faustus" and "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," were holding the public stage; one the work of the great Christopher Marlowe, the other that of the popular writer of stories, Robert Greene. Both were based on old-world stories, even then as familiar almost as the folk-lore of the countryside; and one, the story of Faustus, was destined to inspire the best poetic and musical genius of at least three modern nations. The German "Faustbuch," whatever the intermediate channel, was the source and inspiration of Marlowe's "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," precisely as an old English chapbook, "The History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," was the original of Robert Greene's comedy of that title. One play was written in rivalry with the other, the "white magic" of Friar Bacon answering the "black magic" of Faustus; and both have this in common, that each concerns the life, the art, and the fate of one whose ambition it was to transcend and dominate his fellowmen in the brief world in which he lived, and that this ambition led him to pawn his soul to the Prince of Evil thereby to attain that unhallowed end.

There is no need to repeat the familiar story of Doctor Faustus, "his damnable life and deserved death," as the title of the old English "Faust Book" has it, his conjuring of the devil, his deadly compact sealed with blood, his throes and agonies, as the spirits of good and evil wrestle in his heart for the possession of his soul. This is not the masterwork of cosmopolitan Goethe, who raised the old legend of mediæval deviltry to the fourth dimensions of modern speculative philosophy and, after bringing the gins and snares of the cleverest of devils to an overthrow of the virtue of one poor little maiden, transcends time, fate, and eternity in his stupendous second part to the outfacing of God as well as to the outwitting of the devil. More real, more pathetic—dare we say more dramatically effective?—is Marlowe's broken torso of a complete statue, with its cheap mediæval *diablerie* and its simple, poignant scenes of the agony of an average human soul in straits to pay the penalty of his own folly.

Faustus has pledged his soul, and to what end? That he may box the ears of the Pope in "his Holiness' privy chamber" and outwit a jockey in the sale of a horse! To such ashes turn the fruits of Sodom on the lips of the sinner whether of to-day or of yesterday. Verily the old tragedy belonged to an age of greater faith than ours, an age—dare we call it of deeper superstition? There is a curious old anecdote extant of a contemporary performance of Marlowe's "Faustus," in the provinces somewhere apparently, and with the limited scratch company of actors that trapesed out of London in time of plague and "carried their fardels a pick-a-back," as the old phrase goes. They had reached the scene in which the Seven Deadly Sins file by in order before Faustus and Mephistopheles, each discoursing on the quality of his peculiar wickedness, and the stage direction—not designated in the old quartos—called for a dance of these deadly visitors. As they were whirling about without the magic circle which Faustus had drawn about him with his sword for his protection, he and his fellow actor of Mephistopheles looked, and behold there were, not seven devils, but eight. Now the company was all accounted for, for the actors were few in number and the parts were doubled and doled out even threefold. So the actors of Faustus and Mephistopheles as well—sadly forgetting their parts—fell on their knees and cried upon God to forgive them their sins, for there was a real devil among them. And players and auditors stampeded from the stricken place. The thing is ludicrous, but it represents an honest faith in the presence of evil among men, the deterrent, we may well believe, of many a robust sinner, possibly a deterrent sadly to seek in this our day.

"The History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" is less universally known. It has been a moot question, even among scholars, as to whether there was ever a Johann Faust; or, if there were, whether he was in any wise the travelling scholar and tamperer with forbidden studies that the figure of Faustus represents. No such doubt hangs about Friar Bacon, who is referable to no less a person than Roger Bacon, the famous scholar of thirteenth-century Oxford. Bacon, it will be remembered, was a man of some substance and station in his time, however his family had become impoverished in the feudal wars of King Henry III. Bacon gave such wealth as he had, his health, his life, to scientific study and investigation, and this in an age when the theology of scholasticism had engulfed nearly all learning in its thirsty and barren quicksands. Seeking peace in the Franciscan brotherhood in despair of his long struggle to acquire learning, Bacon was forbidden to write on pain of forfeiture and penance; and only the intervention of the Pope made possible the publication of the admirable "Opus Majus" and its successors, wherein we find Roger Bacon anticipating his namesake Francis by four hundred years in a daring attempt to reform the crude philosophizing processes of his time, to open up new sources of knowledge, and to point forward the way to the enfranchisement of learning. In the comprehensive review which Roger Bacon gave the sciences of his day, grammar, philology, textual criticism, music, mathematics, nothing is forgotten, and he passes on to treat of geography, chronology, hydropathy, astrology, and optics (this last his special study), with a suggestion of improvement for each and a recognition for all in his comprehensive scheme. It is not to be wondered that, in an ignorant age, a haze of popular myth should soon have gathered about so remarkable a genius. Later times assigned to Bacon the discovery of gunpowder, the invention of the telescope and the *camera obscura;* and other inventions were his. As to his own age, tradition made him a conjurer whose dealings were with the powers of evil whereby he made many "wonderful inventions of art." Among them were "Instruments of navigation without man to row in them, and they sayle," says the narrative of these wonders, "far more swiftly than if they were full of men." Also chariots that shall move with an unspeakable force without any living creature to steer them; flying engines, and an instrument of three fingers high "by which a man may rid himself and others of imprisonment, and whereby a man may virtually draw unto him a thousand men, will they nill they." But the greatest of Bacon's mechanical ingenuities, according to popular tradition, was the creation of a brazen head which, the incantations complete, was to have had the power of speech. To the consummation of this great work Bacon and his assistant adept in magic, Friar Bungay, labored long, and at last, by the conjuration of the devil and their compelling power upon him, their task was finished save for the crowning achievement, the utterance of human speech. It was then that their familiar spirit reluctantly warned them that "with the continual fume of the six hotest simples (the brazen head) should have motion and in one month's space speak; the time of the month or day he knew not; also he told them that if they heard it not before it had done speaking all their labor should be lost."

Now Faustus, "glutted with conceit" (that is, in the old tongue, busied with the imaginative construction of air castles), and in the ecstasy of his dreams of power, demanded of his familiar, supernatural attendants many selfish things: "gold fetched from the Indies," "orient pearl," "pleasant fruits and princely delicates"; for his was the ambition (of the overman) for world power, a world-wide commerce to bring him the products of strange lands to the end that he might have dominion and the means of luxurious living. There was, however, among his behests to his familiar, one, which, if not less selfish, was at least less apparently personal, and that was his desire:

> I'll have them wall all Germany with brass.

So, too, Friar Bacon's avowed purpose in the contriving of the brazen head was

> . . . by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
> . . e'er many years or days be past,
> To compass England with a wall of brass.

The assumption of superiority to one's fellowman involves inevitably a barrier against his resentment of that assumption. And in conceiving of that barrier as compacted of metal and of that metal as brass our ancient storytellers may be said verily to have builded better than they knew. Of the project of Faustus we hear no more in the old story. It fell through before more immediate and trivial things; having been once foretold, it was left, if I may so put it, in the forward and abysm of time, for the future to bring forth. Unhappily, too, for the English project of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, the two friars at last, worn out with constant watching for the promised moment when the miraculous brazen head was at length to speak, entrusted their weighty charge to a foolish servant named Miles. Miles was to watch while they slept and wake them at the supreme moment. Let the old book tell the story:

> [Now] after some noyse the head spake these two words, TIME IS. Miles, hearing it to speake no more, thought his master would be angry if hee waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleepe, and began to mocke the head in this manner: "Thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all these paines about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, TIME IS? If thou canst speake no wiser, thou shal sleepe till doomes day for me: TIME IS!" . . . After halfe an houre had passed, the head did speake againe, two words, which were these, TIME WAS. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better words, and have such a tutor as his master. . . . Thus Miles talked and sung till an-

other halfe-houre was gone: then the brazen head spake again these words, TIME IS PAST; and therewith fell downe, and presentiy followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare. At this noyse the two Fryers awaked, and wondred to see the whole roome so full of smoake; but that being vanished, they might perceive the brazen head broken and lying on the ground. . . . "Out on thee, villaine!" said Fryer Bacon; "thou hast undone us both; hadst thou but called us when it did speake, all England had been walled round about with brasse, to its glory and our eternal fames."

In these two old tales, as the dramatists, Marlowe and Greene, treated them, there are several passages remarkably pertinent, if not prophetic, of the straits in which the world lies struggling to-day. What a superlative overman is Faustus and how admirably he voices the Hohenzollern ambition—if we are to believe that the Hohenzollerns have ever been ambitious—for world empire:

O, what a world of profit and delight
Of power of honor, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces
Nor can they raise the wind, nor rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.

Again:

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please
Resolve me of all ambiguities
Perform what desperate enterprize I will?
. . . . . .
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
[Could the Nietzschean philosophy be better designated with its novel ethical code?]
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings
[The admirable German system of espionage in foreign countries has been unequalled in the history of the world];
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass
[It may be doubted if a nation has ever been better prepared for war than the Germany of to-day],
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring
And men in armor shall appear.
[Germany's military system is based on wide commerce and subtle finance]
And reign sole king in all our provinces.
[Prussian political preëminence.]

Yea stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel of Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.
[The supremacy of the Krupp gun is foretold.]
I'll be great emperor of the world
And make a bridge thorough the moving air
To pass the ocean with a band of men
[Even the promised Zeppelin invasion of England is here foretold and in what follows the ever-present help of the Almighty];
Having thee [the God of the overman] ever to attend on me
To give me whatsoever I should ask
To tell me whatsoever I demand
To slay my enemies and aid my friends
And always be obedient to my will.

Friar Bacon was less the overman. In the play, it is true, he is victorious in a match at magic with one Vandermast, a rival in his art. Vandermast conjures Hercules to appear in person before the assembled court; but Friar Bacon constrains Hercules by his superior power to carry Vandermast home on his back to Vandermast's native Germany. My powers of vaticination do not enable me to figure forth the meaning of this. Perhaps it has to do with commercial jealousy, or English objection to German patent medicines in England. It is notable that Bacon is a humane magician practicing white magic for the welfare of mankind (a clear allusion to the white man's burden) and, when at last his meddling with forbidden things causes evil and his "glass prospective worketh many woes," he abjures his art and "pyromantic spells," and so cheats the devil. None the less in the days when he too was "possessed" Bacon leaves us in no doubt of the precise nature of his political ambition.

I have contrived and framed a head of brass
. . . . . .
And I will strengthen England by my skill
That if ten Cæsars lived and reigned in Rome [here read Berlin]
With all the legions Europe doth contain
They should not touch a grass of English ground.

And now let us leave these old wives' tales and curious parallels of a forgotten lore. I should not have called them forth were it not that, try as we may to turn our backs on this burning world of ours, we cannot take our fascinated and wearied eyes off its intolerable glare. As Americans it is not for us to take sides, for the blood of most of the combatants is flowing in our veins and we are like children distraught in the discord of their own parents. The attitude of the unthinking patriot who cries "My country, right or wrong," is an attitude comprehensible and even commendable in its crude way. The project of conquest to the end that all men shall be of one type, is a thought abhorrent to any liberal mind. He is a strong idealist who can find in broken treaties, desecrated colleges and churches, and the sufferings of thousands of innocent women and children any trace of the glory or the glamour of war. And he is an unhappy reactionary who does not deplore the mediævalism that makes the ambition of one man, or of any group of men, the absolute arbiter of the lives and deaths of thousands of his fellows. One of the saddest things in connection with this war is the failure, in this material age, of the old generosity of a magnanimous foe. Worse than the paralysis of the ordinary activities of life, the destruction of property, worse than the carnage itself, is the envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness in which this war was begotten, and the malice and barbarity with which it has been waged. *Væ victis;* but no less is there everlasting woe to the victor, be he who he may, whose iron heel has trod out the light of civilization, when all is said, only too feebly aglimmer in this world.

The modern overman is a disappointment as we compare him with Faustus, with Prometheus, with Machiavelli in his theories, and with the practices of the Cæsars, Napoleons, and some of the Popes. These devotees of might as the god over right were honestly consistent, treading with ruthless heel on guilt and innocence alike. Never did one of them look backward or downward at the bleeding forms which their victorious tread had marred from the likeness of men; their pitiless eyes were ever forward for new foes or upward in adoration of the terrible god of carnage that led them, whether his name was Moloch, Ares, Mars, or Thor. Our modern overlords are weak in the knees, unstable in faith of their own gods, explanatory in printed books and documented excuses, concerned about the opinion of the brute multitude that happens as yet to be out of the reach of their guns. Marlowe's Faustus, having had his will, took his medicine of damnation like a man; Goethe's Faust contrived by the sinuosities of metaphysics and the admirable quality of his Welt Kultur to have both his will in this world and his salvation in the next. Can it be that our modern evangelists of a higher civilization at the cannon's mouth are not really overmen at all, but only of our own paltry stature, masquerading in the regalia and the pomp of the old heroes of Walhalla?

Correspondence.

THOSE TERRIBLE ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The people of the United States having perhaps by this time become conscious that their country is not a British colony, I venture to ask whether it has not occurred to some of them that the sinking of the Lusitania was regarded with complaisance if not actual joy by the English naval authorities. It would have been so easy to protect her—a torpedo boat or two, or even an armed cruiser. And then splendid chance of drawing America into the conflict!

Lest you think this suggestion a monstrous one, I beg you to reflect upon these remarks of Professor Cramb:

"Do we imagine that the other Powers of the Continent see England exactly as England sees itself? England! the successful burglar, who, an immense fortune amassed, has retired from business, and *having broken every law, human and divine,* violated every instinct of honor and fidelity on every sea and on every continent, desires now the protection of the police! . . . So long as England, the great robber state, retains her booty, the spoils of a world, what right has she to expect peace from the nations?"

And Professor Cramb was an Englishman: The italics are my own. Jacques Mayer.

Munich, May 30.

"MAIS ICI . . ."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Boston *Transcript* of May 15 there appeared some fragmentary verses in French "found scribbled on a blood-stained scrap of paper in a dead soldier's hand" in a trench, and left unfinished. These few lines seemed to me so genuine, so good, that I attempted to render them into English. Here they are:

BUT HERE . . .

A shrapnel struck me with a mortal blow
And in the mud I lie, awaiting death.
Oh, I had dreamed to breathe my dying breath
In a more beauteous way, but fate not so.
In a mad charge beneath the sun's glad rays
And filled with glory I'd have liked to fall,
My blood tinging with red my soldier's pall,
My heart with wind of victory ablaze.
My casque and cuirass would have been my shroud.
The rush of horses my funereal dirge,
But here . . .

"Mais ici . . ." then hand and heart failed and the unnamed poet-soldier died.

Though much is naturally lost in the translation, let me point out that the spirit of these lines is exactly that of the most popular literary hero of modern France, Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac, who, in Act 5, Scene 6, says:

"D'un coup d'épée,
Frappé par un héros, tomber la pointe au cœur!" . . .
—Oui, je disais cela! . . . Le destin est railleur!
. . .

Is it that Rostand embodied in his Cyrano so much of the real Frenchman's heroic idealism, or that the obscure French soldier dying in the muddy trench had some vague reminiscences of his "Cyrano"? And is it not a thousand pities that one who could, with such touching simplicity, voice what must be the feeling of thousands, should, like

his English brother Brooke, perish as cannon-fodder? RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI.

Cambridge, Mass., June 3.

THE FALSE DAWN IN EUROPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A naïve optimism concerning world politics obsesses us. Since last August we have heard many high promises for the future from the belligerents: this was to be the war that would end war, give a check to militarism, and lift from the peoples the burden of armaments. A new international order was to arise out of civilization's wreck. Many sanguine Americans have accepted these handsome promises at full face value, apparently, and have looked forward to a purged and pacific Europe. There are not lacking prophets in this country who talk largely of a Universal League of Peace, and a Concert of the Powers, and an International Police Force.

Of such stuff are dreams! It is time we turned aside from beguiling mirages and faced the facts with a candid and, if need be, a cynical eye. It is time we contrasted fair words with deeds. Has either side during these nine months respected any international convention or law when it conflicted with one of its own military projects? Has a single neutral or belligerent right been safe unless defended by force or threat of force? Have terms of peace been hinted at in any Chancellery which promise the healing of old sores or abstinence from the inflicting of new? Is there anything in the temper of either statesmen or public opinions in Europe which foreshadows a settlement wrought in a spirit of forbearance and conciliation rather than in a spirit of self-aggrandizement and revenge? Without qualification, no. The drift of affairs is plain; only an unreasoning partisanship or a fatuous optimism can obscure it.

The actual issue of the conflict does not matter. Neither antagonist can be annihilated, although a decisive defeat is within bounds of possibility. Imagine a battered and exhausted Germany forced to accept the Allies' terms. The text of these terms will be the history of the next half-century. If dictated in good-will and generosity they would form a constitution for world organization. Germany would be placed back within her borders. She would be made to indemnify Belgium, and compelled to sign a new and more definite guarantee of Belgian neutrality. Then she would be invited into a Concert of Europe. But she would not be humiliated or despoiled. The Allies would treat her as a wise father treats a headstrong child who needs to be shown the folly of depredations and fisticuffs. Such a peace might endure.

Precisely such a peace, unless every sign fails, will not be made. The terms, by whichever side imposed, will be as harsh as can be secured. A beaten Germany will be stripped of her colonies. Alsace-Lorraine will be used once more as an international football and snatched from one hand to another without regard to the wishes—now unknown—of the inhabitants. Austria will be left to smart from the loss of a number of provinces. Germany will be compelled to pay a "crushing" indemnity—as futile an instrument for crushing as the indemnity imposed on France after 1870. And all this to what ultimate end? That Germany arm afresh. That Russia continue to marshal and drill her millions. That England seek to perpetuate her world-dominant navy. That Europe remain an armed camp.

Many Americans shrink from so pessimistic a forecast. The greater will be their disappointment in the event! But if, wrapped in a mist of illusory hopes, we cannot bear to contemplate an evil outcome, we should at least understand that just this evil outcome is anticipated by some of the better minds in the Old World. In the March issue of *War and Peace*, an outspoken and able English periodical, this statement is found:

> We started upon the war fully persuaded that its object was to put an end to militarism in Europe, to build up a system of European governments based upon the coöperation of the governed, to establish a society of nations rooted in real law. Any one who cares to watch the development of opinion during six months will see that day by day this ideal has been steadily undermined; writers and public men who first advocated it we now find expressing the purest Prussianism. . . .
>
> Such matters as the claims of Russia at the end of the war, her presence in Constantinople, her control of the Dardanelles, her annexation of Austrian provinces, her failure to give any evidence of the reality of the Liberalization that we had all hoped (it is since the war that the Russification of Finland has been proceeded with, trade union leaders arrested, Bourtseff sent to Siberia, and so forth), the growing likelihood that France will adopt a policy of vengeance in Alsace, the steps that Japan has already taken to establish almost a suzerainty over China, the demands America will undoubtedly make for a greater internationalization of the working of sea power—these and a score of like questions we know nothing about, our public opinion is absolutely incapable of dealing with them. We actually boast that "the nation is of one mind" on all this. But to say of fifty million people on such questions as these that they are of one mind is to say that they are mindless. And in the end our destinies in these and other matters will be settled by a dozen diplomats acting in secret; the future of millions, the issues of civilization for a generation or two, will either be settled over the heads of those concerned as much as though they were cattle upon a farm, or by a wave of popular feeling, provoked fortuitously by some momentarily dramatic incident.

A permanent peace in Europe cannot be wrought by the sword. So long as the Allies seek, as at present, to extort as much from their enemies and cajole as much from each other as possible, all talk of a Concert or a League is merest moonshine. National self-interest is not a strong enough cement to bind together Russia, England, and France for long. And a Concert of Europe which left an armed Germany and Austria outside its pale would be a farce. There can be no happy family if two big brothers are outlawed.

It is difficult, moreover, to see how Germany could be brought into an entente with her opponents. We know clearly enough on what conditions she would insist. Even though in the dust she would demand two assurances: an effective guarantee that she would not be attacked by Russia, and an effective guarantee from England that the seas be neutralized and capture of private property at sea forever be abolished. Public opinion in Germany sounds no ambiguous note. To the accomplishment of these two objects the Teutons have consecrated themselves almost to the last unit. However much more they may desire, they never will be satisfied with less.

This determination will dictate the diplomacy of Germany's statesmen at the settlement. With England she will be implacable. We have heard within a few weeks assurances from high German authorities that she would gladly withdraw from Belgium were England already dealt with—but not otherwise. Belgium as a German province would be a political and economic liability. But Antwerp is a trump in any future game with England. And should the fortunes of war make Germany a partial master of the situation, Antwerp will be retained.

In a word, it will be a *military* settlement. Ethical considerations will be subordinated and even economic interests sacrificed to strategy. Naval bases, coaling stations, fortresses, railway centres—these will be the stakes asked and bargained for. Each nation will play for position in the armed truce which is to follow. It has been well said that this is a "war of mutual fears." Fear, which precipitated the collapse, will write the terms of peace.

All historical prediction is contingent. But unless we love delusion we must face frankly the possibility of a worse Europe rather than a better. This conflict has ruptured a thousand ties of friendship and good-will, and aroused strong and savage passions. Why should any one expect good out of evil—international figs from national thistles? We have been misled by outbursts of energy in single countries into generalizing about Europe as a whole. Any one nation, or indeed each of them, may experience a literary renaissance or a political liberalization after the war. But it does not follow that each national culture will not be embittered or that Europe will not be riven by new hatreds.

World politics distinctly has retrograded. "War," said Disraeli, "is never a solution, it is an aggravation." Only strife is bred from strife. Peace can be prepared for only in times of peace. ROLAND HUGINS.

Ithaca, N. Y., May 5.

ENGLISH IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 22, p. 431, you refer, in a brief editorial paragraph, to the measure recently adopted by the Harvard faculty for the, or a, solution of the English problem. Your words are:

> "A standing faculty committee is to be appointed, and 'instructors in all courses will be urged to send to the committee any examination book, thesis, or other piece of work which has demonstrated the writer's inability to express his thought.' The committee will thereupon prescribe additional work in English for the delinquent students."

So far as I can judge the new Harvard plan from the above meagre outline, I venture to say that it is at once unjust and unwise. Perhaps the philosopher will say that the unjust is always unwise and the unwise always unjust. Still, even according to that view, we may distinguish injustice and unwisdom as separate manifestations of one and the same radical evil.

First, for the injustice. The Harvard faculty of English, like its compeers throughout the country, is already worked to death. Now, after it has done its best in the line of personal conferences, blue pencillings, rewriting of themes, etc., it is to be required to do the work all over in a quasi-supplementary course. The department, having already failed, not through its own fault, but through the thick-headedness of the student, is to be required to "try it again," perhaps to keep

on trying. In all this there is fine irony, which doubtless the reader will detect.

Worse, much worse, however, is the unwisdom of the proposed method. For that method—in fact, every method at present employed for the teaching of English composition in school and in college—is based upon a fatal misconception, namely, that by selecting a few teachers you may throw upon them the whole responsibility for correct normal English expression. The misconception is harmful in two directions: it restricts the work instead of making it universal; in the next place it begets and encourages in the student mind the belief that good English is of use only in the English room, but does not count outside.

Until this misconception is eradicated and a true working principle adopted and enforced, there will be the same tiresome waste of time and effort, the same pitiful sloppy sentences and uncouth diction, whether the writer be in Public School X or Harvard X.

The only true and rational principle is this: Good writing is the business of *every* teacher, instructor, professor. It is his duty to require his students to write adequately in the subject which he teaches, to make them feel that the correct use of words, the writing of clear sentences, is of the very essence of that subject.

For example, a professor of chemistry once said to me: "I'm deadly tired of reading papers that misspell *gass*." To this I answered briefly: "Why pass the papers? Put negatively, why not *condition* them? Why not post a list of the more usual chemical terms and announce that those terms at least must be spelled and used correctly under peril of failure?" My advice seemed to him preposterous; he was professor of chemistry, not of English; his sole concern was with H_2 O_2, NO_5, and the like. And the professor of physical geography complained that his students, after they had, through much toil and tribulation, learned to speak and write of a *crater*, proceeded to discourse of a *strater!*

Every department employs terms peculiar to itself, yet every department is equally concerned in the unity and clearness of sentences. Is the English department the only one qualified to teach unity and clearness? Apparently it is, if I understand the Harvard plan and bear in mind many ludicrous and many painful experiences at Cornell. Let me cite only one. Ten or twelve years ago I had, in my most advanced class, a young woman who was an uncommonly clever writer and thinker. Her expression was, in truth, faultless. After getting the first degree, she became a graduate student, and in three years was Ph.D. Her graduate study was technical. The professor in charge, knowing my strong personal interest in her, let me read her doctoral thesis. I was overwhelmed. The substance was doubtless scientific enough, but in place of lucidity, ease, direct force, all was what I venture to call "technical mush." Yet the professor is a man of rare literary gifts, clear, witty, even brilliant, a man whose company is a pleasurable tonic.

My readers may draw their own inferences; I merely throw out a suggestion in the form of a question: Why this cumbersome plan of a faculty committee to which a department, or an instructor, say in history, shall appeal for a decree prescribing *additional work* in English? Rather, so it seems to me, the instructor should reject the paper on his own responsibility and require rewriting. Thus each department would sweep its own doorstep.

J. M. H.

Cincinnati, April 26.

LIGHT UPON THE WIND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 25 P. E. M. has this to say of Tennyson's poetry: "Once upon a time there occurred to me the pretty thought, which I no doubt printed somewhere, that Tennyson's world was peculiarly characterized by his use of the word 'wind.'" This is supported, he thinks, by the references to the word in the new Tennyson *Concordance*, in which he finds "some three columns of quotations listed there from the Poems, with about half a column from the Dramas." But is this new doctrine of wind justified of itself?

It will be evident, I think, that only by comparison of one poet with another can we arrive at a true evaluation in such a matter. Comparison, too, is easily possible with some of the more important poets. Tennyson uses the word *wind* 237 times in poems and dramas. We naturally do not expect to find a considerable number of references in the older poets, since theirs was not so largely poetry of the external world. Yet even Shakespeare uses the word 217 times. The natural comparison, however, is with Wordsworth and Shelley, both mentioned in a general way by P. E. M. In Wordsworth there are 180 uses of the word *wind*, or 76 per cent. as many as in Tennyson. If we count compounds, as west-wind, of which none are so written in Tennyson, the number is 185, or 78 per cent. But Wordsworth wrote a smaller body of verse than Tennyson, and any exact comparison should take this into account. This may be done in a fairly accurate way, since both poets are printed in the same type in the Macmillan edition, the old "Globe." The volume of Tennyson contains 878 pages of verse, that of Wordsworth 796. From the former we must subtract some ten pages of notes or title-pages, and from the latter some twenty pages of prose introductions. This leaves 868 pages for Tennyson, and 776 pages for Wordsworth, or 89 per cent. of the former. If, therefore, Wordsworth had written as much verse as Tennyson, and had used the word *wind* as often in proportion as in his present lines, he would have used it 207 times, or within 12 per cent. as many times as Tennyson. It is a question whether 12 per cent. more uses of a single word, as *wind*, can constitute a poetic "world."

But a more striking comparison may be made with Shelley. The Shelley *Concordance* shows 201 examples of lines with the word *wind*, or 89 per cent. as many as in Tennyson. If we add compounds like *wind-built*, as we should, the number is 216, or 91 per cent. But Shelley wrote a much smaller body of poetry than Tennyson. In the "Globe" Shelley there are 684 pages from the first poem to the Notes, with full sixty pages of introductions and notes by Shelley himself or Mrs. Shelley. This leaves 624 pages of verse, or 72 per cent. of Tennyson's. If, therefore, Shelley had written as much verse as Tennyson, and had used *wind* as frequently in proportion as in the verse which he wrote, he would have used the word 300 times, or 26 per cent. oftener than Tennyson. In other words, granting that he did not confine his use of *wind* to certain periods of his poetic life, Shelley did use the word 26 per cent. oftener than Tennyson in the same body of poetry. In proportion to his verse Shelley is, far more than Tennyson, a poet of the "wind" world. It might be contended, perhaps, that Tennyson used the word *wind* in different senses or in different relations from those of other poets, but not more frequently than Shelley, or much more frequently than Shakespeare or Wordsworth.

More important than this however, is the interpretation of Tennyson's expression "O light upon the wind" ("Passing of Arthur," line 46), in which P. E. M. is almost certainly in error, as is the Baker *Concordance*, in placing the quotation under *light*, the noun. The careful punctuation of Rolfe in the Cambridge edition (1898), "O, light upon the wind," must be correct, at least, in showing that the address is not to *light*, but to *Gawain*. "Light upon the wind" modifies Gawain, and refers to his coming as a ghost "blown upon a wandering wind," or possibly relates to voice, a reference which would not materially alter the meaning. The former seems to have been understood by Sir Bedivere, who says a little further on:

> Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
> Was Gawain, for the ghost is as the man.

In either case the word *light* is not the noun, and so far as this passage is concerned Tennyson's world cannot be "the land of the 'light upon the wind.'"

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

Western Reserve University, May 15.

Notes from the Capital

AN EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Every crisis in a country's history brings its own problems. The threat of a breach with Germany raised in every one's mind the question of the sufficiency of our defensive armament on land and sea. The approach of the war with Spain in 1898, however, even with the enemy in possession of an important base within a stone's throw of our coast, aroused not nearly so much apprehension about our forts or munitions or available men, as about our ability to finance a serious struggle without temporarily dropping to a paper or at least a silver basis. At the psychological moment, Secretary Gage advertised a bond issue of $200,000,000, insisting, against the judgment of some of his Cabinet colleagues, that the loan should be floated by popular subscription; and, though the interest rate offered was the lowest then known, more than half the amount of the loan was subscribed in sums of $500 and less, while the total subscriptions amounted to nearly a billion and a half of dollars, or seven times as much as the Secretary had called for. Of course, the currency bogeys melted at once into thin air, and the moral effect produced all over the world by this bit of strategy would be hard to describe. The author of it now lives in retirement in southern California, but comes from time to time to Washington, where the recent tension of relations with Germany has revived the memory of his master-stroke.

It was quite in keeping with his general attitude towards himself and his work that Mr. Gage should have declined a gratulatory dinner tendered him by his Chicago friends on the announcement of his having been ap-

pointed Secretary of the Treasury—not because he was unappreciative of their courtesy, but because he felt that their testimony to his qualifications would have more value after his pubic service had ended than before it had begun. Life had taught him this. He had earned his own living ever since his schoolboy days; and when, at nineteen, he quitted his old home in central New York to seek his fortune in the West, he invaded Chicago with only a few dollars in his pocket and not a single friend who could help him to a start. Having once worked for a while in a small country bank and liked it, he sought employment in the banks of Chicago; but, as it became plain that nobody wanted him, he took a iob in a lumber-yard, and was highly delighted when his apprenticeship at loading logs and feeding saws won him promotion to a night-watchman's place, and his success there led to a bookkeeper's desk. It was on the strength of his proved capacity in handling the accounts of the lumber-yard that he was presently offered a similar position in a bank at five hundred a year. The rest is history, all pointing to his conclusion that the best kind of advertising is a record of actual achievement.

There was a great contrast between Mr. Gage and his immediate predecessor at the head of the Treasury. Mr. Carlisle wore the absorbed air of an unworldly student who had been pitchforked into a post of authority in which he found no satisfaction except on its philosophic side; Mr. Gage was the man of large affairs who moved deliberately only because he could accomplish more in that way, and with whom philosophy was more of a pastime than a tool of his trade. Both men were approachable: Carlisle, because it seemed to him a matter of course that he should be, and because, with his natural gentleness, he would not have known how to go about driving any one away; Gage, because publicity acted on him as a tonic. Carlisle was so unsuspicious by temperament that he trusted nearly every one to do what was right, and was often deceived. Gage had the self-confidence that comes from long acquaintance with a world in which the chief end of one man is to get the better of another; and, though he would trust a borrower further on his own judgment of human nature than on the best rating of a commercial agency, he was rarely imposed upon.

As a phrase-maker, Mr. Gage was among the notable men of his day in Washington. Once, it is recalled, when the New York banks threatened to rebel against some official ruling he had made, he took the matter good-naturedly, chuckling softy as he reassured a timorous inquirer with: "Oh, they may wander about a little, just to show their independence; but don't be alarmed—they won't stray so far as to get out of hearing of the Government's dinner-horn!" He was never at a loss for a funny story or a homely simile with which to enforce a point in an argument, and his gestures were quite as characteristic as his remarks, always following rather than accompanying the phrases to which they were to be attached. Describing, for instance, the difficulty of procuring exactly the right man to fill a particular office, he might put it like this: "You can easily find a man who can saw wood"—a brief pause, and then, with the two hands, the motions of a wood-sawyer—"or play the piano"—another pause, and then the imitation of striking chords and running scales on a keyboard—"or copy figures into a book"—a third pause, followed by the up-and-down motions of an accountant's hand wielding a pen—"but it is quite another thing to find one who can" perform such-and-such duties satisfactorily.

To this day, Mr. Gage retains the half-shy manner which has always distinguished him from the "climbers" in public life who are aggressively sociable for the purpose of courting popularity. Many persons, meeting him for the first time, mistake this manner for coldness, and show more or less resentment at it. No man was ever less cold by nature than he. On the contrary, he has the kind of affectionateness which binds to him with hooks of steel all those who prove worthy of his confidence and are ready to exchange friendship for friendship. But there never was any shyness about his anger with any one, big or little, famous or obscure, who dared to abuse his good faith.

VIEILLARD.

Literature

THE VATICINATIONS OF PROFESSOR USHER.

Pan-Americanism: A Forecast of the Inevitable Clash between the United States and Europe's Victor. By Roland G. Usher. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

It is in the prophetic vein that Mr. Usher most abounds; his "Pan-Germanism" has given him a wide popular reputation as a seer in the domain of *Weltpolitik*—a reputation only imperfectly justified by recent events—and he has lost no time in again ascending the tripod. The present volume is expressly announced as a prediction of "what is most likely to happen to America after the war." Neither the author on his title-page, nor the publishers in their advertisements, have left anything undone to produce the impression that the prophecy is both definite and sensational: there is to be an "inevitable clash" between the United States and the Power which emerges triumphant from the present war. It is the Monroe Doctrine, one is given to understand, which is to involve us in this conflict. The reader, therefore, naturally begins the book expecting to find it offering evidence for the conclusion that some European country has designs of territorial expansion in South America. And this is quite unequivocally the conclusion which Mr. Usher at the outset indicates that he proposes to establish. It is with the "doctrine" by which "the United States obligates itself to preserve intact the Western Hemisphere from European aggression," that "the victor will inevitably clash" (p. 6).

Yet the principal argument of the volume follows a wholly different course, though nominally to the same conclusion. The occasion of our future war with "Europe's victor" is to be quite other than has been predicted by imaginations less ingenious than Mr. Usher's. No European Power, he repeatedly contends, has any adequate motive for seeking territorial gains or political dominance in Latin America:

> The political independence of South America seems as well assured as that of the United States, and as little in danger from Europe. The South Americans do not dread any such eventuality (p. 399).

Even in his chapter on "Probabilities of German Aggression" Mr. Usher takes pains to explain that "no conquest by arms would be desired" by Germany, "no military rule of any sort would be expedient"; her only aspiration would be for some kind of preferential tariff "which would be as profitable to South Americans as to Germans." How, then, the reader asks, can the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine require us to fight a nation so innocent of aggressive purposes?

The answer is to be found in Mr. Usher's singular conception of the "true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine." He assures us that—though he scarcely tells us why—that doctrine is synonymous with expansion, militarism, and imperialism (pp. 402-3):

> Its prerequisites include the establishment of our independence of the sea power, both in the Atlantic and the Pacific, by the development of a great navy and a great merchant marine, the one large enough to terrorize England, Germany, and Japan, the other sufficient to transport the whole volume of our foreign trade. . . . A further indispensable military measure would be the occupation of Mexico and Central America, in order to assure ourselves of the land approaches to the Panama Canal (p. 403).

In other words, to uphold the Monroe Doctrine will compel us to "quarrel with our best friends in Europe," in order to render to the Latin-Americans a pretended assistance which they neither need nor desire. In short, "it means only one thing: war with Europe's victor in the first place, and with South America in the second place." And this last will involve us in "a series of campaigns requiring years for completion," for the purpose of "subduing each of the Latin states separately." Thus, war will come, not because we are compelled "to defend the Western Hemisphere against European aggression," but because Europe will feel compelled to defend the rest of the Western Hemisphere against *our* aggression! "Far from its being true that Pan-Americanism is in danger from Europe, the probabilities seem to indicate that it is the United States which is about to be assailed by Europe in the interests of Latin America" (p. 316).

Such are the singular premises through which Mr. Usher reaches his most alarming prediction. But it is sufficiently manifest that these premises can justify such a prediction only with the aid of a further but tacit premise: that our people and Government may be expected to embark upon a career of military adventure and reckless expansion which would in the maximum degree combine folly with unscrupulousness. The conflict which Mr. Usher proclaims as inevitable, he at the same time seeks to show to be not even probable, unless, indeed, we all go mad together. For his language

frequently indicates that he himself regards the strange programme which he labels "the Monroe Doctrine" as both impracticable and morally repugnant.

It is true that the author also declares that the Monroe Doctrine must be maintained; "its fundamental principles we cannot abandon without sacrificing all that is vital to our national integrity and our national honor" (p. 395). But this is merely a manifestation of a distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Usher's method, whether as prophet, historian, or publicist. He is wont to affirm equally categorically both alternatives upon most of the questions which he discusses. Few writers have attained so remarkable a complacency in self-contradiction. There is room for only a few additional examples. On page 136 the reader learns that "the military and naval probabilities indicate" as the outcome of the war "a naval victory over England," and "a qualified victory on land and sea by Germany and Austria, sufficient to compel their enemies to conclude peace on terms favorable to Germany." But thirty pages later, when Mr. Usher is engaged in dressing up the hobgoblin of a possible war with England, it is apparently Great Britain which figures as "the power most likely to be the victor in this war." On the former page, again, we are told that the qualified German triumph which is to be expected will "be the very situation which the United States has most to fear"; on page 410, however, we are more consolingly assured that the partial victory which will probably end the present conflict will produce no "situation dangerous to the United States." On page 7 Mr. Usher dilates upon the Quaker-like rôle of America among the nations: "the foundation of our wealth and greatness lies in no sense in aggression, conquest, or spoliation." But in a subsequent chapter he recognizes that the war through which we obtained an empire exceeding in extent and value the territory of Germany, England, France, and Austria-Hungary combined, was an "aggression" inspired by "the insatiable demand for new land."

Mr. Usher seems not unaware that his reasonings usually come to no unambiguous issue; but he pleads in extenuation that he holds no brief for any conclusion with respect to the questions raised, and he begs his readers not to tax him with inconsistency until they are sure that the conflicting statements represent his own views. But the fact is that he gives the reader, as a rule, no means of judging what his views are. He apparently makes one side of a contradiction as much his own as the other side. What for the most part he offers is, not a critical comparison of considerations *pro* and considerations *contra*, but a series of dogmatic and seemingly equally conclusive affirmations which are in blank opposition to one another. With historians, and with writers who desire to influence public policy, this method is unusual; but with prophets it does not wholly lack precedent. For it is a way of insuring a sort of prophetic infallibility. Whatever the future may bring forth, it is unlikely to bring forth anything which Mr. Usher has not somewhere "forecast."

Clearly, it is scarcely a fair game which Mr. Usher plays with his public. He permits his book to be advertised in the most sensational manner as containing explicit and startling predictions; he himself incorporates such predictions in his title and chapter-headings; yet, in fact, he for the most part avoids choosing between alternative possibilities, and for nearly every event that he prognosticates, prognosticates also its opposite. He has apparently been desirous of performing simultaneously the rôles of Cassandra and Gamaliel.

The sort of elaborate irrelevancy which has been seen illustrated in Mr. Usher's discussion of the Monroe Doctrine—which in his hands becomes a policy that no sane person now supports or is ever likely to support—is also exemplified in the disquisition on "Pan-Americanism" which forms a large part of the volume. The Pan-Americanism in question is purely and avowedly a figment of the author's imagination; it consists in a scheme for a single Federal Republic of North and South America, which (pp. 212-217) it is admitted that nobody proposes or desires to realize—"the possible creation of something which never existed and which does not now exist," and which, it must be added, almost certainly never will exist. Yet Mr. Usher gravely proceeds to point out at length the "fallacies" of this non-existent project. Upon this matter, however, he at least takes a single and definite position; and in the course of his argument he says some pointed things concerning the assumption of a unity of interests between the Americas, as against Europe.

Contemporary history Mr. Usher continues to write with a bold, free hand, untrammelled by any feeling of obligation to support his statements with evidence; but there is nothing in the present book equal to the mare's nest of an Anglo-American alliance, his discovery of which was reported in "Pan-Germanism." We are, however, told with considerable detail of a definite agreement or bargain by which England "handed over to the United States the actual control of American waters, and, in particular, of the Gulf of Mexico," in exchange for "an understanding as to the ways in which the United States should use its control of American waters and for an amicable agreement which would probably lead to close economic relations with the United States." Is this merely a "heightened and telling way" of summarizing the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, or is it the disclosure of another of those diplomatic secrets which are known to Mr. Usher alone?

Yet—be it said in spite of all this—the book is one which most Americans may read not without profit. For it does, after all, convey with effectiveness something that the average American lacks, but will hereafter greatly need—a lively sense of the interdependence of the fortunes of various nations, of the interlacing of their political and economic problems, and of the impossibility of understanding either the past or the present history of America without some acquaintance with the larger workings of international forces.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Scarlet Plague. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. London has several times, in "The Iron Heel" and elsewhere, dealt in that sort of novelized prophecy (for even prophecy is novelized in these days, on its way to "the pictures") of which "Looking Backward" is the great original. Mr. Wells has taken his brilliant turn at it; indeed, it has been so thoroughly "exploited" in various quarters that we ought to be able by now to demand special cause for further use of it. There are really only two things which the prophetic romancer can do with the future. He can show humanity advanced to Utopia or lapsed to barbarism. Mr. Wells chooses, for the most part, the former vision. Mr. London chooses the latter. In "The Iron Heel" he pictures an America ruled by a brutal and pitiless oligarchy, shaken from time to time by bloody insurrections of the enslaved people, but avenging itself by slaughter on a vast scale, and keeping the whip-hand by power of wealth. In the present tale he has one new idea—that of a method by which even the power of brute wealth may be brought to naught. This would be by the development of some totally new germ, deadly beyond precedent, and so quick in its action as to defeat science. The germ is isolated and a serum found, but not in time to save the world. The tale is told by one of the few who, for cause unexplained, have been immune to the disease. In the space of sixty years they have lapsed into savagery, so that the story-teller's skin-clad grandchildren are incredulous of his account of a civilized world. The narrative has, as it were, a sort of off-hand vividness; the writer himself is not particularly interested in it, and, indeed, it lacks even such human quality as belonged to "The Iron Heel." It is bad enough to be called upon to follow a long series of events in which society is the loathed villain; it is next to impossible to warm to the dastardly work of a microbe, though the idea, as an idea, is amusing enough.

The Miracle of Love. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"You've neither of you run straight for nothing," cries horsey Aunt Emily, in triumph, at the end of this tale. "'You've brought about the altogether unexpected, and your reward is in having each other. I've had a present of money from the man whose wife I'm going to be that I've put into the family. There's no longer any need for you to sell yourself. You're your own master.' . . . Clive turned, gave a hungry cry, caught Helena into his arms, and in the midst of the unseeing crowd . . . held her against his heart and kissed her soul."

The Clive who performs this uncommon

feat is a duke. Helena is a duchess. They have been wedded before God since the beginning of time, or somewhat earlier, but unluckily, when they meet in the flesh, Helena has been sold by a mercenary father to the wrong duke, one of those debauchees so frequently to be encountered in ducal circles. The noble pair of lovers struggle against their passion, but are on the eve of flight together when the death of Clive's older brother, which is arranged by motor, makes Clive a duke, and endows him with a Duty. This Duty, which nobody challenges, is to marry for money and restore the fortunes of his impoverished house. He tries for an American heiress, whose father is a fine fellow in Mr. Hamilton's eyes, and who is quite willing to sell his daughter to a duke. But Clive has a fishy eye for all but Helena, and the heiress does not care for fish. Nevertheless, when she has broken off the affair, though Helena's original duke is now handily dead, Clive is in no better case. Helena has been disinherited, and is therefore not eligible for a duke with a Duty. He is about to have another look in the matrimonial market, when the arrangement outlined by Aunt Emily in the passage quoted above clears the atmosphere for love, duty, and the voice that still breathes o'er Eden. Than this plot, it will be perceived, there is nothing more British in Trollope. A modern note is introduced in various episodes presenting passion as she is made in post-Victorian England.

Mary Moreland. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The American business woman grows in favor as romantic heroine. In bald terms, this is the familiar story of the business man who falls in love with his stenographer. Mary Moreland, to be sure, is beautiful and virtuous beyond the stenographic average. The employer, Maughm, is unhappily married to one of those little tin Hedda Gabiers who throng the pages of recent fiction, and whom one sometimes almost meets in real life. Maughm longs for children, but she cares only for bridge, cigarettes, and the proper thing. So at least it appears; though she is understood by the author to be desperately in love with the husband she flouts and opposes at every turn. So, after Mary Moreland has been in his employ five years, Maughm, in his loneliness, turns to her for consolation. She, for her part, has long loved him, without knowing it. His declaration opens her eyes, and for a moment she is tempted to meet his desires. But she is not that kind of a girl, and is then and several times later saved by some inner resistant force from herself and her lover. Finally the wife is converted from her selfishness by Mary's magnanimity, and atones by the death of a martyr; which leaves Maughm and his Mary free to become all they should be to each other. Whatever tinge of power the story may have lies in the portrait of Mary—a species of twentieth-century Clarissa, rewarded for her virtue in due season as all Clarissas be.

The Lady Aft. By Richard Matthews Hallet. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Whatever of story and incident may be lacking, there is certainly salt of the sea in this volume. A young lawyer's clerk, carrying marine affidavits down Dover Street, smells it, and the whiff thereof so goes to his head that incontinently he ships as able-bodied seaman aboard an ocean-going hooker. Whither the hooker is bound neither he nor the crew knows, and at the end of the book the reader is left in equal innocence. That, however, does not particularly matter, nor does the fact that the "stiff" (so in the parlance of the sea are described young men who may be able-bodied but are not seamen) and the "Lady Aft" are left on the last page embracing rapturously in an unknown latitude and longitude. Nor yet are we more than faintly moved by the mysterious "man in the forepeak," who was in love with the "Lady Aft" and chose to demonstrate his affection by leading a precarious existence as a stowaway. What holds the interest is the realistic chronicle of life in the forecastle of a hooker—the conversation of the crew, their quarrels, their grumblings, their fatalism, their proneness to obsessions of one kind and another. There is little of the romance of the sea here presented, and the picture is for the most part an unlovely one, though the narration is extraordinarily vivid and interesting; and while the "stiff" was apparently rewarded for his aberration of intellect by the love of a beautiful lady, his experiences are not such as to encourage other lawyer's clerks who happen to grow tired of marine affidavits to emulate his example. Besides, a "Lady Aft" is not part of the complement of every hooker.

THE DRIFT TOWARDS THE NEW REALISM.

American Thought: From Puritanism to Pragmatism. By Woodbridge Riley. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Riley writes as a professor in an American college, much concerned with the guerrilla warfare that is going on among the various sects in our philosophical faculties, to their own great satisfaction, and as a wholly or half-convinced partisan of the youngest and most obstreperous of these sects. From that position much of the good and much of the inadequacy of his present work may be explained. One would expect from such a writer fully adequate insistence on those elements in American thought in the past which lead directly to the particular battle in which he is engaged; one would expect comparative neglect of all movements which, in appearance at least, do not contribute to the immediate questions at issue in the American Philosophical Association; one would expect to find some great men of the past treated cavalierly and some small men of the present treated very generously; one would expect to meet with a keen destructive analysis applied to all but one of the modern sects, with, at the same time, full recognition of their importance in the actual field of interest; finally, one would expect to see this critical faculty suddenly sinking into complete abeyance when the favored sect is approached. And all these things are patent in Mr. Riley's book. The scientific activity of this country in so far as it leads up to the present position of pragmatism and realism is followed lucidly and learnedly. The great religious questions, which have engaged so many of the strongest minds of America, are treated scantily and, one is tempted to say, with scant knowledge. More space is indeed given to Jonathan Edwards dead than to Professor Pitkin living, but in the realm of significant thought the former, if one judged from the drift of this history, is less important than the latter. The romantic idealism of Royce, and the various pragmatism of Peirce, Dewey, and James, are discussed at length and searchingly, the strength and final inadequacy of each system being exposed with something like masterly skill. The record ends with this panegyric of the programme of the favored sect:

> We leave the new realism in this its hopeful state. Its motto might be this: New worlds for old. In place of a disheartening idealism, which makes things in themselves undiscoverable, unless by the aid of an Absolute, it puts a world of actuality. In place of those speculative mountain peaks covered with the fogs of the phenomenal, it points to valleys of decision, whose soil is deep and whose crops are rich.

So. Not a word as to the palpable absurdities and easily detected evasions in the programme of the six rebels and their new realism. Considerable space, for instance, is given to Professor Marvin's attempt to emancipate metaphysics from epistemology, yet nothing is said to indicate that this boasted emancipation rests on so bald a sophistry as the substitution of increase of knowledge for explanation of the nature of knowledge. These qualities of Mr. Riley's work are typical, we are bound to add, of much of the philosophical instruction in American colleges. It is (largely, not entirely) a kind of game of words kept up among a certain group of scholars for their own amusement.

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.

Meanwhile, one quality of Mr. Riley's book might not be expected from these conditions. He has read widely in old American journals, and gone carefully through the works of such ancient worthies of science as Dr. Benjamin Rush, with the consequence that he is often able to give life to a question or discussion which for most of the world is dead and forgotten. Notable in this respect is his treatment of the Scottish philosophy so long regnant at Princeton, and his discrimination of the currents of thought that flowed to the North and to the South in the revolutionary era.

In dealing with Emerson he is sympathetic, but his generalizations are here not always perfectly clear and convincing. "Transcendentallsm," he says, "summed up in itself the marks of all three centuries—the faith of the seventeenth, the reason of the eighteenth, the feeling of the nineteenth." That is a pretty generalization, but fanciful at bottom, and the space given to expounding and justifying it might well have been spared for a more careful exposition of the relation of the movement with New England theology. If, however, Mr. Riley leaves something to be desired here in his treatment of sources, he is admirable in his discussion of the relation of New England transcendentalism with its German kin. We think he is right in seeking the origin of the movement mainly in old and new springs of thought in England, though possibly, in his zeal for the actual document, he a little underestimates those elusive forms of influence which passed from German romanticism to England and even to this country before the recipients were themselves aware of the fact. For the strong and direct infiltration of Kant's and Hegel's ideas into American thinking Professor Riley looks to the St. Louis school of Brockmeyer, Harris, and Snider, to whom he gives certainly all the credit due to their somewhat amorphous labors.

Probably to most readers the really valuable portion of the book will be the chapters on Royce, Peirce, Dewey, and James. In particular, we do not remember to have read anything better on the pragmatists, to whom the author stands close enough to be appreciative and from whom he is distant enough to be critical. But his treatment of this theme is already condensed and would suffer greatly from further condensation in a review. It is a pity the volume did not close on this critical note.

COLOSSAL BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet. With Their Ancestors and Immediate Family. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. Two Vols. New York: The Emmet Press. $10 net.

The movement for freeing Ireland from political control at Whitehall and Westminster was continuous from the American Revolution to the outbreak of the present war. It began in 1781, with the successful agitation led by Grattan for the repeal of Poynings's law, and went on with an occasional short interval until the act for restoring the Irish Parliament, on a new model, received the royal assent on September 18, 1914. Until Parnell came on the scene in 1875—in fact, until Parnell reached his greatest power in 1886-1890—no names in Irish history, not excepting either Grattan or O'Connell, stood out more distinctly or were more venerated by Irishmen in Ireland and the world over than those of Robert and Thomas Addis Emmet. The position of both these men, of whom Dr. Emmet has written the most elaborate and detailed biography ever issued from an American or an English press, was due not so much to what they directly achieved, as in the case of Grattan and O'Connell, as to what they were in character, what they attempted, and what they sacrificed for the Irish nationalism to which they were committed. It was the inspiration the Emmets gave—and this is especially true of Robert Emmet—to three generations of Irishmen of the Nationalist movement that explains much of their abiding fame; for both the Emmets were active in Irish revolutionary politics for singularly short periods. With the exception of Allen, Larkin, and Gould, whose fame rests solely on the Fenian outbreak at Manchester in 1867, the Emmets were actively prominent in Nationalist politics for a shorter time than any other men of the movement whose names are enshrined in Irish tradition and Irish history.

The elder Emmet, who was born in 1764, was not admitted to the Irish bar until 1790. His public political life can scarcely be said to have begun until October, 1792, when he associated himself with the committee in Dublin that was agitating for Catholic enfranchisement. He was of the rebellion of 1798, and was arrested for his part in it in March, 1798. A year later—March 30, 1799—he, with other state prisoners, was transferred from Kilmainham jail to Fort George, Scotland. He went as an exile to Brussels, and thence to Paris in the summer of 1802, and reached New York, where he lived for the rest of his life, in November, 1804. His active political career in Ireland consequently extended only over a little less than six years.

The younger brother, Robert Emmet, had a public political career in Ireland that was even shorter than that of Thomas Addis Emmet. He was only twenty when imprisonment ended the Irish career of his brother; and Dr. Emmet, in his fifty years of painstaking research, has found no evidence that Robert Emmet was connected with the rebellion of 1798. He was in attendance at the last sitting of the Irish House of Commons; but in 1801-1802 he was in Switzerland and France. It was October, 1802, before he left Paris for Ireland; and it was March, 1803, before he was engaged in active preparations for the abortive rising out of which his world-wide fame developed. The rising, remembered to-day chiefly for Robert Emmet's prominent and responsible part in it, for the quite unprovoked and brutal murder of Kilwarden, and for the part played by government spies, came on July 23. From that day until August 25 Emmet was in hiding and deep in the romance with Sarah Curran which was to do so much to keep Emmet's memory green with Irishmen and with all lovers of the romantic. He was examined at Dublin Castle on August 20, tried at Green Street Court House on September 19, and executed at the scene of the assassination of Lord Kilwarden, in Thomas Street, on September 20, 1803. Less than a year had elapsed between Robert Emmet's departure from Paris and his execution.

The services of the Emmet brothers in Ireland to the Nationalist cause did not extend altogether over more than seven years. Two quarto volumes, one of 589 pages and the other of 644 pages, seem more than ample as biographies of men whose actual political services, however stirring, were comprised within such a short period of time. Morley's Life of Gladstone is only about half the length of these biographies of the Emmets; and the Monypenny-Buckle Life of Disraeli, when complete, is not to be much longer than Morley's Gladstone. But neither of these English biographies was written by a man who was in any way related to the subjects of them, and it is obvious all through these minutely detailed biographies of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet that family history and tradition, and pride in family achievements and fame, have greatly influenced the length and detail of Dr. Emmet's colossal work.

The standpoint from which Dr. Emmet approached what to him must have been a congenial and absorbing task is made clear at several places in the historical preface, as well as by the aphorisms, printed in heavy-faced type, which are scattered through the two volumes with a profusion that is almost distracting. A quotation from the preface will serve to indicate Dr. Emmet's point of view, and will also show where, in the long struggle between Ireland and England, the sympathies of the biographer of the Emmets lie. "The author," he writes, on the opening page of the preface, "as an American of Irish descent, offers no apology for the views he expresses in this work; his convictions are as of the warp in the construction of cloth; the fabric would be worthless were it omitted. He claims little originality and no responsibility for the views held by him, bred as they are in the bone. His utterance of them is but a reflection of what would be said by his father, grandfather, great-uncle, and great-grandfather were they living."

Elsewhere in the preface Dr. Emmet shows plainly his hostility towards England, an attitude that is frequently manifested as he tells the stories of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet. Many students of Irish history, even those who are drawn towards the Emmets, and who sympathize with the movement with which their names will always be associated, will object to Dr. Emmet's point of view, and to his conception of England's attitude towards Ireland and the rest of the world during the last half-century. To some students also there are conclusions arrived at by Dr. Emmet which will be as difficult of acceptance as his conception of British policy. But students for whom Irish revolutionary history has a fascination will not object too strenuously either to the personal and topographical detail, or to the enormous volume of documentary data which characterize the biographies of the Emmets. Much of the detail is undoubtedly interesting, when one becomes accus-

tomed to the framework; and the completeness with which Dr. Emmet has done his work is in keeping with his zeal for the Irish cause, and with his pride in the achievements of the first two members of the family who made the name of Emmet famous outside Ireland.

A PRUSSIANIZED AMERICAN.

The European War of 1914: Its Causes, Purposes, and Probable Results. By John William Burgess. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1 net.

For Professor Burgess the causes of the war are perfectly clear. "They are . . . the determination of Russia to dominate the Balkan lands and to extend her empire to the Bosphorus, the Ægean, and the Adriatic; the determination of France to make conquest of Elsass-Lothiringen, and the determination of Great Britain to repress the political, industrial, and commercial growth of Germany." There is a promise that these statements will be demonstrated. The demonstration consists merely in manifold reiteration of the accusation. Or perhaps Professor Burgess asks us to take the Kaiser's word for it. The Kaiser has entered upon the war "under the firm conviction that Great Britain, France, and Russia have conspired to destroy Germany as a world power. . . . For seven years I myself have witnessed the growth of this conviction in his mind and in that of the whole German nation."

Throughout the book one is asked to accept the state of mind of the German nation, its estimate of the intentions of other Powers as incontrovertible fact. This attitude is pardonable in an eager partisan. What is not pardonable in a scholar is the suppression and perversion of available evidence. Not infrequently Professor Burgess's special pleading takes this ugly form. He actually leaves the impression that the Anglo-Prussian *ad interim* agreement of 1870 annulled the treaty of 1839 concerning the neutralization of Belgium, whereas, on the contrary, the temporary agreement expressly reaffirmed the old treaty. He holds that the military conversations between England and Belgium concerning a possible aggression by Germany prove that Belgium was false to her neutrality. The evidence of Belgium's entire correctness in this negotiation has been published, but Professor Burgess has not seen fit to retract a suspicion prematurely asserted, on incomplete evidence, as a fact.

Professor Burgess is as tortuous as he is dogmatic. By a marvel of mystification he represents the British Parliamentary rule as something like an absolutism, while in comparison the German Imperialism is relatively restricted and liberal. Naturally the reader gets no hint of the impotence of the Reichstag, nor yet of the expedients by which the Kaiser controls the all-powerful Bundesrath, nor yet of the electoral system in virtue of which Prussia, ruled by a small percentage of her wealthier citizens, virtually rules the Empire. Such serious and discreditable suppression of essential evidence is characteristic of the entire work. There is nothing of disinterested scholarship in it, just a shrewd and lawyer-like plea. Since the author is after all a distinguished scholar, his derogation must be painful and humiliating to his colleagues.

The reason for such a phenomenon may be divined from a mere stylistic analysis of the passage we have quoted. For Professor Burgess Alsace-Lorraine is Elsass-Lothiringen, and the French aspiration thither is "to make a conquest." His vocabulary is as Prussian as his thinking. His mind has palpably been remade in Germany, to what advantage or disadvantage the reader may judge.

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

The French Revolution in San Domingo. By T. Lothrop Stoddard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

In the year 1789 the western third of the island of San Domingo formed the most prosperous and precious of the overseas possessions of France. The greater part of its rich soil was covered with huge plantations, which were worked by slave gangs and supplied half of Europe with sugar, coffee, and cotton. Its wealth was rapidly increasing with the inflow of French capital and under intelligent French administration. It furnished three-fourths of the 218,000,000 livres of imports into France from her American colonies. It had the predominant share in maintaining the fleet of a thousand ships and fifteen thousand French sailors trading with the colonies. It had a busy population numbering nearly forty thousand whites, ten times that number of slaves, and some twenty-seven thousand "free people of color," mostly mulattoes. Well might the French of that day praise it as "La Reine des Antilles." By 1804 all this was changed. The white population had been wiped off completely in a series of massacres of indescribable ferocity. The barren Black Republic of Hayti had succeeded the fruitful French colony of San Domingo. The old prosperity was gone never to return. Half-civilized Africans (more than half the negroes in San Domingo in 1789 had been born in the wilds of Guinea or the Congo), under a burning sun, and without any of the needs and desires of Europeans, could not be expected to be as industrious as were those in the old régime.

The story of the fifteen years which witnessed this transformation is excellently told by Mr. Stoddard. His book shows something of the feeling for the picturesque and the dramatic which made his father's lectures so famous. He has fingered some of the manuscripts in the French archives which deal with this period, but he is able to rely mainly on good French and German monographs which have appeared in recent years. The value of his book is that it is the only constructive account in English which describes the complex structure of the old colonial society, bound by custom and caste, and then shows how blind and hopeless was the attempt of the Jacobin theorists at Paris to introduce liberty and equality. It is a clear but sad narrative of one of the first great conflicts between the ideals of white supremacy and race equality. It is an episode in the problem which the twentieth century still has before it in some parts of the world. In the case of San Domingo, be it said, the planters were partly to blame in bringing misfortunes on themselves. When the Revolution broke over the mother-country the planters clamored for representation in the National Constituent Assembly, and so brought colonial questions to an issue in Paris and roused a bitter and disruptive clash of opinions in San Domingo itself. Mr. Stoddard believes that if the great planter aristocracy had held together and consistently backed the Government, it could certainly have kept the island peaceful. With no news from San Domingo to excite discussion, in the tumult of great events at Paris, colonial questions would probably have been overlooked or hushed up by a little clever manipulation. As a matter of fact, a policy very like this was actually carried out by the colonists of Ile-de-France and Bourbon, with the result that these colonies escaped the woes of the West Indian islands.

Of Toussaint Louverture, says the author, "extremely little first-class material exists, and practically everything written about him is of such doubtful value that his figure seems destined to remain forever shrouded in the haze of legend and tradition." Certain it is, however, that he was a full-blooded negro with no trace of white or mulatto blood. He learned to read and to write Créole French, though so imperfectly as to be scarcely intelligible to Frenchmen. Soon after the outbreak of the great slave uprising in August, 1791, Toussaint, being then nearly fifty years old, entered Spanish service, became the leader of several hundred well-armed and fanatically devoted negroes, and fought against the soldiers of the French Republic. Then, in April, 1794, with the extraordinary duplicity which was the most striking trait of his character, he suddenly massacred all the Spanish soldiers under his orders, and, with fervent professions of Republican faith, led his four thousand blacks over to the side of the French. Mr. Stoddard then shows how he bound the other black chiefs to his cause, duped the French civil commissioners who tried to dupe him, and gradually succeeded in eliminating all French power from the island. He was just beginning to restore some semblance of order and authority when Leclerc descended with twenty thousand French troops to execute Napoleon's will. Leclerc has been much blamed for failing to reëstablish French control; but when one sees Mr. Stoddard's picture of the yellow fever, of the anger caused by Napoleon's decision to re-impose slavery, and of the difficulties described in Leclerc's own luminous dispatches, one wonders that he did as well as he did.

Notes

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Complete Jujitsuan," by W. H. Garrud; "The Tollhouse," by Mrs. St. Ledger, and "From the Shelf," by Paxton Holgar.

"Michael O'Halloran," by Gene Stratton-Porter, will be published on August 17 by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The following volumes are announced for publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons: "An Art Philosopher's Cabinet," by George Lansing Raymond; "The War of 1914," by Emil Waxweiler; "Zoölogy," by A. E. Shipley (third edition, revised and enlarged).

In "The Monroe Doctrine: National or International?" (Putnam; 75 cents net) Prof. William I. Hull, of Swarthmore, collects three addresses delivered within the past two years. They involve a certain overlapping and repetition, but their theme is one. It is that the Monroe Doctrine has become a perilous development for the United States; and that, as there is no likelihood of its being cut down or abandoned, the true American policy is to seek to give it an international status. That there are great difficulties in the way of this, Professor Hull is fully aware; but to his mind it is the only sure solution of a problem which he is confident will become increasingly acute. In his preface he links the matter with the present war and its possible outcome, affirming that in the coming world-state it will make for "the promotion of peace and justice" if the United States will "convey to the representatives of the family of nations the rights and duties pertaining to the Monroe Doctrine." This is confessedly a long look ahead, but Professor Hull treats the subject in a way that is not the less suggestive for his brevity.

Mr. Alexander Mackintosh's "Joseph Chamberlain" was first published in 1906. He now publishes a new edition (G. H. Doran Co.; $3 net), with added chapters covering Mr. Chamberlain's last years and death. He rather aggressively calls his book "An Honest Biography," but by this he means only that he presents fairly the various stages of a public career that had at least the charm of being a puzzle in its contradictions. As these were manifested in Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, Mr. Mackintosh exhibits them to the reader in a topical series of opposite utterances. But their author never cared a snap of his finger for consistency. He gloried in wreaking himself upon the thing in hand with slight regard to what he had said or done in the past. His immense energy and wonderful organizing skill he put at the service of different causes and parties, caring little how one could be made to dovetail with another. He was a great elemental force in English public life, and it is open to his friends to maintain that the end would have crowned the work had not a long and disabling illness thrown his final hopes and plans into the shadow. For his full biography—if not for a satisfactory clearing up of his motives and purposes in all that he did—we must wait. His relations with Gladstone, which John Morley in the Life of that statesman touched with discreet hand; his real connection with Parnell and Irish Home Rule, as to which only fragmentary glimpses have been given by Barry O'Brien and Mr. Labouchere; the whole truth about his negotiations with Kruger, and the inner history of his surprising campaign against English free trade—for light on all these things we must look to the future ransacking of official archives and the publication of Mr. Chamberlain's political correspondence.

"The Modern Army in Action" (McBride, Nast; $1.50 net), by Major-Gen. J. F. O'Ryan and Capt. W. D. A. Anderson, is frankly what the French call an *ouvrage de vulgarisation*. The authors tell us in their introduction that it has been written at the request of the publishers to meet "an intelligent and widespread public demand for a work of this character." If this be true, the sign should be welcomed, for certainly if there is one subject of which the American public is to-day crassly ignorant, that subject is the modern army. Of necessity untechnical, this book undertakes to give the every-day reader a plain and simple explanation of the expression that forms its title. This is no easy task. The modern army is a complex organism; hence, the need in the present case of avoiding technicalities on the one hand, without falling into spineless generalities on the other, imposes conditions all the more severe because we may not take for granted in our land that general knowledge of armies which is common property in Germany or France. Capt. Anderson is responsible for four of the sixteen chapters, those describing the German and the British systems of training and the fundamental subjects of mobilization and transportation. The main part of this book is therefore due to Gen. O'Ryan, who opens with a chapter, not on strategy, but on the genesis of strategy. We take it that in doing this he has a moral purpose in view: to suggest that the ultimate cause of war lies in the primal instinct of self-interest. The reader must draw his own conclusions. An international court of arbitration is repudiated as a "dependable agency"; for, even if created, an international force could not be trusted to execute its decrees. Ground less debatable, perhaps, is occupied in the exposition of war and preparations therefor; the possibility of war once admitted, the most sincere pacifist must agree with the really significant passages of this portion of the book: for example, that "an aggregation of individuals hastily organized into military units, and later grouped into large commands," cannot be seriously regarded as an army. The average citizen will find in Capt. Anderson's four chapters an elementary, but nevertheless adequate, summary of two "systems" regarded as typical.

The text carries us on to strategy and to the subjects of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, and the auxiliary services, among which very properly the author places aerial reconnaissance. If we have any fault to find with these chapters, it is that they are, if anything, too untechnical; for example, under infantry, some description of the magazine rifle might well have been given, and so of the shrapnel under artillery; pictures of Germans under cover, of Highlanders in a skirmish line, could have given way, if necessary, to diagrams of the essentials just mentioned. Illustrations of technical equipment are not lacking, but they are chiefly of novelties, such as, for example, the Loiseau mount for an aeroplane gun. In general, however, a good selection of illustrations has been made, but we must remark on the omission of cavalry and field artillery from the list. A chapter on Security and Information leads the way to the "combined arms in action," in which the substance of the preceding pages is, as it were, quickened into life, and we follow the operations of a division from the moment it leaves camp until success crowns its efforts. The choice of so small a unit to illustrate principles is wise: a larger unit might have obscured the end sought. Against this little book, no charge of militarism can lie; in spirit it is almost as free from any such coloring as though it were describing the march of the Ten Thousand. And yet it deals with a subject of which no considerable nation can afford to be ignorant; a national realization of the meaning of its title implies some realization of the effort demanded by modern war.

Some errors ought to be corrected: Von Moltke never was Minister of War (pp. 44-75); on page 49, the entire field artillery of the German army has been omitted from the list of men furloughed after two and three years' service, respectively; the 150 (p. 82) railway trains needed to move a corps become 160 on page 92; the 10 for a regiment of infantry (p. 83) grow to 12 on page 94. The incorrect total given as the peace strength of the British army (p. 62) has been inadvertently taken from page 69, where the numbers are correct. The assertion (p. 233) that "the signal corps of an army . . . is charged with the maintenance of communication between the various units" is true enough if by "signal corps" is meant technical troops, usually engineers. Otherwise the statement is true only of our own army.

It is desirable to distinguish between some things in Horace J. Bridges's "Criticisms of Life" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50 net) which we like very much, and some things which seem rather muddled in thought and futile in purpose. To begin with the latter, it does not appear that Mr. Bridges, as a leader in the Ethical Society, has quite cleared up his position in relation to orthodox Christianity, or quite sees the difficulties of his own doctrine. His first essay, nominally on Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," is in reality a sermon on William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," with the intention of showing that definite creeds are secondary, and that "the spiritual experience testified to in 'The Hound of Heaven' is possible to all men, whether they be Catholic, Jew, Buddhist, or Agnostic." There is a certain latitude in such a statement; it is likely that Huxley, for example, as the creator and type of agnosticism, would deny any such inclusion of his own sect with the Catholic. But let that pass. The similarity (we would not say identity) of religious experience is no doubt a psychological fact, and the aim of Mr. Bridges and his Society is to present this naked experience to the world, freed of extraneous myth and formula. It is a hope, noble in itself, that has often haunted the speculative mind. But we find a certain inconsistency in Mr. Bridges's attitude towards those who cling to what he would call the mythology of the church. On one page he makes Christianity the cause of the "all-prevailing illiteracy"

which gives scope and power to pseudo-philosophers like Haeckel; and again he associates Haeckel with Augustine and Calvin (in itself a logical absurdity), and declares baldly that the Christianity of the Western world has always been "materialistic." So far we understand him, whether we approve or not. But how does he reconcile this position with the sentiment of his essay on Winston Churchill's "Inside of the Cup"? Here the early church is the patron of art, "the prophetic soul of the world dreaming on things to come," whose collapse is "the direct cause of the spiritual chaos which prevails in the world to-day." He is ready to justify Mr. Churchill's skeptical priest for abiding in the church, and regards the Ethical Society as only "the advanced party" in the movement which is working for religious unity.

It is not easy to see how Mr. Bridges would explain this discrepancy away, nor do we think he has really discerned the difficulty of giving wide and permanent efficiency to a worship which shakes itself free of the mythopoetic power of the imagination. But when he touches on questions of ethics or literature, he generally moves in a surer atmosphere. His respectful but crushing refutation of Ellen Key's theories of free love, his ridicule of Haeckel's absurd monism (which, indeed, scarcely needs to be ridiculed outside of the Rationalist Press Association to which Mr. Bridges belongs), his pricking of Sir Oliver Lodge's bubble-logic on immortality, his exposition of H. G. Wells's self-complacent shallowness, his meditations on the great deeds and words of Capt. Scott, his characterization of Maeterlinck's thought, at its best, as "but Emerson-and-water"—these and other things of his volume are soundly argued and handsomely written. And the spirit of the book is always good.

Whoever Mr. Edward Edgeworth, the author of "The Human German" (Dutton; $3 net), may be in the flesh, he is intellectually and spiritually the descendant of Heinrich Heine—that is to say, the Heine of the "Reisebilder," not of the "Buch der Lieder." There is some direct evidence in the book of his interest in Heine, but more important is the indirect testimony of his whole manner. The reader will discover the same wit and irreverence, the same worldly wisdom and cosmopolitan tolerance, the same fondness for epigram and paradox, and the same skilful skating around the skatological. Persiflage is the author's persistent note, and, being a fellow of infinite jest, he runs the gamut of fun from pungent irony to rollicking and very juvenile puns. If the *amari aliquid* of Heine is lacking, there is frequently a sub-acid flavor which the experienced palate will at once detect. Though Mr. Edgeworth is genial and indulgent by nature, a certain *malice* (in the French sense of the word) appears at times, as, for instance, when he insists upon coupling "the mentality of Helmholtz and the æsthetic sensibility of Kaiser William II." Like the good journalist that he is (note again the kinship with Heine, the super-journalist), he is acute rather than profound. His information about Germany is both wide and accurate; yet his book can hardly be called informational. The countless amusing side-lights never blend into a full picture; indeed, are not meant to do so. Therefore, he who expects a delineation of modern Germany or even of Berlin, the writer's focal point, will miss his account sadly.

Mr. Edgeworth merely endeavors in eighteen chapters to illumine the modern German from the point of view of the Nietzschean *Menschliches, Allzumenschliches.* Each chapter is devoted to a human somebody or something—maid-servant, bureaucrat, warrior, professor, Kaiser, world-city, state, etc. While all of these are abundantly entertaining in their several ways, the shrewdest judgments are perhaps to be found in the chapters on women and on the Emperor. The author tilts at the old and rather unwinsome German ideal of the Hausfrau, and avers that "domesticity is the cancer of love." At the same time, he notes the emergence of a new and, to him, more congenial type of woman. Of William II, whom he calls the "Kino-Kaiser," he has this to say:

> He is a foil to Germanism. Germany's plague is dull, full men. William II is neither dull nor full; he is bright and shallowly all-knowing. Germany is plagued with experts and specialists, who have studied it all their lives; but Wilhelm II has not studied it at all and his fulness of inspired error spurs dull men to motion. Germans are deeply ignorant in their knowledge, but Wilhem II is catholically, comprehensively, œcumenically learned in his ignorance.

All of this has to do with ante-bellum Germany, and, though there is one slight indication that the book was written, at least in part, after the outbreak of the war, the author, who proclaims himself British, has neither bias nor rancor. The book may be cheerfully recommended as summer reading of a diverting and not too exacting kind to all those who, weary as they may be of Germany's diplomacy and militarism, still retain an interest in the very human raw material out of which the mighty mechanism of that state is built. Some misprints have been noted: "haste" for "hate" (p. 225) completely spoils the sense of the passage; German words are irresponsibly spelled, which is a pity, for the author really knows the language; on the other hand, surely no mere printer is responsible for "pie" where "pi" is obviously meant (p. 275).

That economic cycles are caused by the cyclical movement of the rainfall is the thesis of Prof. H. L. Moore's book on "Economic Cycles" (Macmillan; $2). The steps in his argument are briefly as follows: The rainfall in the great cereal-producing States runs in two cycles—one of thirty-three years and one of eight years. The yield per acre of the more important crops is closely correlated with the rainfall. The increase in the yield causes an increasing demand for producers' goods, *e. g.*, pig iron, with a consequent increase in the prices of such goods. Conversely a decreasing yield causes a decreasing demand for such goods and a decrease in their prices. Professor Moore's thesis is by no means new. Jevons, in 1875, at the meeting of the British Association, presented a paper in which he showed that the price of wheat in England from 1259 to 1400 followed a cycle of eleven years. He suggested that this cycle was connected with the sun-spot cycle, and that economic cycles were in turn connected with variations in the price of wheat. This paper was not published in the transactions of the Association, because after further investigation Jevons was unable to find a periodicity in the price of wheat in modern times. In a second paper, published in 1878, he fell back on his well-known theory that the English economic cycle is caused by cyclical variations in the Indian crops. Several writers since Jevons have investigated the periodicity of yield of various crops, and others have studied the relation of the crop yield to general business activity. The novelty in Professor Moore's treatment of the subject is the use which he makes of statistical methods which have been developed within very recent years. These methods are peculiarly appropriate to the problem, and it seems clear that it is only by their use that any advance can be made in its solution. The available data are, however, by no means as extensive as is desirable for a final conclusion, but it can be safely said that Professor Moore has established a strong presumption that the rainfall cycle is at least an important cause of economic cycles.

Miss Freda Du Faur, the author of "The Conquest of Mount Cook and Other Climbs" (Scribner; $4.50 net), is a product of the Australian bush country, and her brief story of her childhood in the wilds starts the imagination off in the direction of Camilla, the wildwood Volscian maid of the Æneid. Fortunately, however, the spirit of Diana has drawn her into no more dangerous contests with men than those of muscle, nerve, and brain as applied to the challenging slopes and peaks of the New Zealand Mountains. According to her own belief, the mental temperament that conditions the successful mountaineer is a matter of birth, not of subsequent manufacture. Physical fitness she sought by the path of intelligent preparation, and certainly obtained. Her ascent of Mount Cook, 12,349 feet, broke the best of the few previous records by two hours' time, and her whole experience in New Zealand indicates that her vague ambition some day to try the higher and more difficult ascents of other lands is not unreasonable, so far as her own ability is concerned. She climbs with her eyes open, and, while she has no especially distinctive gift of style, her narrative is lucid and interesting. She does not deny a certain pride in showing that a woman can achieve feats of mountain-climbing worthy of admiration wholly apart from the fact of her sex, and yet the reader feels that her dominant motive is always a genuine love for the mountains in themselves. The volume should by all means have been provided with a good map or two. The reader cannot gather from the text the geographical relation of the mountains ascended to one another, and the maps ordinarily accessible give little aid. Miss Du Faur confesses herself not a photographer, and in photographic illustration the book comes far short of such a work, for instance, as Howard Palmer's volume on the Canadian Selkirks, reviewed in these pages some months ago.

A score of colleges and universities figure in "Representative Phi Beta Kappa Orations," a collection made for the United Chapters by Clark S. Northup, William C. Lane, and John C. Schwab (Houghton Mifflin; $3 net). The addresses included begin with The True Wealth or Weal of Nations, given by Horace Bushnell at Yale in 1837, and Emerson's The American Scholar, delivered at Harvard the same year, and end with Paul Shorey's The Unity of the Human Spirit, Oberlin, 1910. The special interests of scholarship are evident in most of the titles, but not in all, as Elisha Benjamin Andrews's The Social Plaint, New

York Alumni, 1892, and Andrew Dickson White's Evolution vs. Revolution in Politics, which has the distinction of having been delivered thrice as a Phi Beta Kappa oration, not to speak of other occasions. In this latter respect, however, it does not approach George William Curtis's The American Doctrine of Liberty, which, spoken first as a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard in 1862, was repeated forty times during the following year in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. It is no depreciation of the value of the collection to say that its historic interest is perhaps as great as any other. Unlike most organizations, the Phi Beta Kappa can afford to take the risk of publishing twenty-six out of the hundreds of addresses made under its auspices in less than three-quarters of a century. There is a frontispiece from a crayon portrait of Emerson.

The discarding of formal rhetoric in college writing receives one more shove in Prof. Maurice Garland Fulton's "College Life: Its Conditions and Problems" (The Macmillan Company; $1.25). His volume, like Steeves and Ristine's "Representative Essays in Modern Thought" and Foerster, Manchester, and Young's "Essays for College Men," aims to present a selection of essays that will stimulate the college boy to think, after which it will be easy enough for him to present his thoughts in elegant form. But Professor Fulton has gone about the matter from a different conviction. He does not, however, specialize in literature as Professor Cady does in "A Freshman Course in English" or Professor Aydelotte in his system of correlation. An investigator of origins would at once point to the modest compilation of Professor Lockwood, "The Freshman and his College." That book was not, in conception, a basis for composition. With a wistful earnestness the editor endeavored to help the youth pass through his first year without ignorantly and idly wasting time and opportunity. But its usefulness in English classes was so obvious that it was soon found extremely practical. With the practical use directly in view, Professor Fulton holds that the boy is ignorant of the purposes of the college life and education upon which he has entered, and that he will find the most juicy mental pabulum in that circle of ideas. He has consequently, with a wider fling of the net than Professor Lockwood, drafted into his boat a large number of college presidents, from President Wilson down. They discourse on every phase of the youth's new environment, from "What is College For?" to "The Political Duties of the Citizen." At the close of each selection topics for discussion are suggested, and a large number of subjects for essays are grouped at the close of the book. No kind of opportunity is omitted to stimulate the freshman into some kind of reaction. But this latest product of the ferment that is leavening the teaching of English will interest not merely the undergraduate. Even those alumni long out of college and many persons who take a purely professional interest in education will pronounce dull few of the exceedingly various pages in this substantial volume.

"A Woman in the Sahara" (Stokes; $1.50 net), by Helen C. Gordon, has been unfortunately named, for its title inevitably suggests either the literature of feminism or the words of the Psalmist in affliction: "I am a pelican in the wilderness; I am an owl in the desert." Yet it is in reality an unassuming and spirited account of the author's experiences in some of the little-travelled districts of Northern Africa. With an artist friend, Miss Gordon passed a winter at the 'Place of Happiness" (presumably Bou-Saâda, a favorite resort of artists), about one hundred and fifty miles southeast of Algiers. In the spring she went alone with her guide towards the south as far as Ghardaïa, visiting en route, or from there, the other confederated towns of the M'Zab, notably Lagouat and the Sacred City, Beni-Isguen. In the summer she took her way to the north, to the Zaccar Mountains, where she stayed for some time at Miliana, southwest of Algiers, and afterwards went to Michelet, in the Great Kabylia. In the autumn she went from Michelet by way of Maillot and Sétif to Constantine, and from there she took the difficult and fatiguing journey to El-Oued, the capital of the northern offshoot of the eastern Sahara, known as the Souf. Here we leave her, riding among the sand dunes on her way back to El-Oued, after a visit to the neighboring oasis of Guémar. This itinerary, which involves journeys of wearisome length and transportation by varied means of conveyance, ranging in swiftness from automobiles to mules, the author pursues with the zest of an intrepid traveller, but she never tinges her narrative with startling sensationalism, and, considering that she was performing a highly unusual adventure in travelling as a lone woman in the regions where she elected to go, she is delightfully free from the self-consciousness that too often mars similar books of travel. This, however, should hardly be classed as an ordinary book of travel. It does not pretend to be a systematic or instructive account of the author's wanderings; it is merely a series of informal and pleasantly written sketches of the places, the scenery, the people, the customs, the superstitions of a land still primitive and comparatively little worn by the feet of tourists. The book contains many errors, which should doubtless be laid at the door of the proofreader. Such, for example, are *première danseuse* (p. 226), bye your leave (p. 83), and 1913, an evident error for 1912, on page 17. Let us hope, too, that the proofreader is responsible for the new version of Gray that we meet in the first paragraph of the book, "far from the *maddening* crowd," and for the transformation of our old friend, *facilis descensus Averni* into *facili decensus Avernus,* which comes upon us with a shock on page 128. Throughout there is great inconsistency in the italicizing of foreign words. There is a glossary of the many Arab words in the text, and the meaning of each word is usually (but not always) given in a footnote to the page on which it occurs for the first time. This arrangement, which at first sight makes the glossary appear a needless duplication of labor, in reality adds somewhat to the convenience of the reader, though, unfortunately, it is not complete (see *eûcha,* p. 80; *basours,* p. 91). We should like, also, translations for the formulas of good-bye given on p. 41. There are a few instances where the definitions are not beyond criticism; for instance, "the national dish" is no more sufficient as a definition of *couscous* than it would be of *porridge* in a book about Scotland, or of *bouillabaisse* in a book on Provence. The volume has a frontispiece in color and sixteen rather attractive monotone illustrations from photographs.

We are watching the throes of the latest convulsions in eastern Europe; in "The Life of Saint Severinus by Eugippius," translated into English for the first time, with notes, by George W. Robinson (Cambridge: Harvard University Press), we have the simple story of a witness to the Germanic cataclysm which closed the Roman epoch in Austria 1,400 years ago. Some time between Attila's invasion and the fateful date of 476, a missionary named Severinus came to the Roman outposts near the Vienna of to-day, and so identified himself with Austrian Christianity that he became a patron saint of the Dual Monarchy. An ascetic who went barefoot the whole year through, he was nevertheless so liberal and practical that he kept on good terms with the heretic invaders, won many who were heathen or Arian over to orthodoxy, and either cheered up his fellow-Romans in their hopeless resistance, or gave them the sensible advice to retire while there was yet time. One of his enthusiastic pupils, Eugipius, felt that the record of such a life should be preserved; and as his account, however credulous, is our only ray of light in a dark but important period, we feel indebted to Mr. Robinson for this scholarly and trustworthy translation. Mommsen gave us an excellent Latin text, in the valuable collection (not so well known in our universities as it should be) of the "Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum in Usum Scholarum"; the reviewer has found this and other volumes of the series, notably Einhard's Life of Charlemagne, relished by college students. Mr. Robinson bases his translation on this text, incorporates in his excellent notes the discoveries of numerous German scholars, and adds some acute observations of his own; in fact, he has on several occasions to correct the Cambridge Mediæval History, Bury, or Pflugk-Harttung. The translation is no easy task; but though it is occasionally awkward, it is faithful. He includes the letters to and from Paschasius, and the hymn on Severinus (text and translation), which is probably not much later than the saint's time. There is a full bibliography and an excellent index; the book is admirably printed. In an era when modern pedagogy is filling our colleges with teachers of history who can neither read Latin nor write English, it is a relief to pick up Mr. Robinson's solid achievement.

Of English translations of "Beowulf" there must now be little short of a score. The most recent is in verse, by John R. Clark Hall (Cambridge University Press; 65 cents net), whose prose version, particularly by virtue of its illustrative matter, has for a dozen years been indispensable. The present rendering adheres closely to no single text, but finds its account where it can over the whole range of modern interpretation. In style it is faithful and, except in a very few cases, eschews archaisms. The line generally shows four beats, but no attempt is made to reproduce the alliteration. The rhythm that seems to prevail is "Then the powerful sprite who abode in the gloom," which, in spite of trochaic substitutions and feminine endings, grows a little monotonous; to vary it short paragraphs like the following are from time to time introduced:

soon was ready,
fierce and raging;
henchmen thirty;
home, rejoicing

The wight of ruin
grim and greedy
took while resting
then departed
in his booty. . . .

A sound but not a distinguished performance.

Science

HYDRAULIC ENGINEERING.

The Control of Water as Applied to Irrigation, Power, and Town Water Supply Purposes. By Philip A. Morley Parker. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $5 net.

The title of this book is somewhat out of the ordinary as indicating to a large extent at least a treatise on hydraulics. It is not, however, a misnomer, for hydraulic engineering is nothing if not the science and art of controlling water for definite engineering purposes. The author does not establish the fundamental formulæ of hydraulics. Indeed, he states frankly in his preface that "this book is essentially the product of actual engineering experience. . . . It must, therefore, be regarded not as a textbook, but rather as a manual for engineers in active work." Nevertheless, it is a work of wide scope, covering in a reasonable manner a number of the most important fields occupied by the civil engineer engaged in hydraulic practice.

There lies at the very foundation of hydraulic investigation the necessity for reasonably accurate means of gauging the flow of water in streams or other channels. This may be accomplished by accurately formed weirs or notches or, in the case of natural streams, such as the largest rivers, by the employment of a great variety of means. The last vary from the simple surface float, giving only the surface velocity, and the immersed rod, giving a sort of average velocity in a limited vertical line, to such a mechanism, on the one hand, as the sensitive current meter which measures the velocity of water at a single point, and, on the other, the Venturi meter, which gauges the entire discharge of a pipe, large or small. There have been, as might be expected, many differences of opinion in regard to the degree of accuracy attainable by these various means, and the author does not hesitate to add his expression to those of others. He states in his preface and indicates elsewhere his disbelief in the supposed law on which such standard and long-used weir formulæ as those of Francis and Bazin are based. At the same time he uses these formulæ, as do all hydraulic engineers, for the simple reason that there are no others available.

There is also included the method of chemical gauging, the latest procedure employed for measuring the flow of water in a channel. This interesting process consists of injecting continuously in the stream a chemical at a uniform known rate. This chemical, such as salt, will produce a solution of intensity or strength depending upon the volume of water which receives it. A calculation, therefore, of the amount of the chemical in a given volume of the solution will at once determine the relation between the volume or weight of the chemical itself and the volume of the water throughout which it is distributed, the latter being the volume of flow of the stream or channel for the time during which the chemical was injected.

One of the most important subjects with which an engineer has to deal in the general control of water for a great variety of objects is the rainfall on and run-off from a given territory. The proper treatment of all engineering questions of this kind requires the accumulation of rainfall and related data for the district in question covering the longest practical period of years. All this requires an extended series of observations with rain gauges, and proper gauges suitably placed to determine the convenient flow of streams from one season to another, covering years of both low and high rainfall. The discharge or run-off of a stream is affected not only by the amount of rainfall or precipitation on the area which feeds it, but also by the character of the sub-surface material which affects the ground storage. Where the sub-surface material is relatively open, like sand or gravel, large quantities may be stored during and after a rainfall, which prevents large and rapid flood discharges of streams; whereas in a district of close, clayey material or with big areas of exposed rock the streams will be subjected to large and rapid flood discharges. Furthermore, the volume of water available for a given drainage area will depend materially upon the evaporation, which is generally far greater than is commonly supposed.

All these elements of the general conservation and use of water naturally vary somewhat in different countries and climates, and the author's discussion covers data both from British countries and from the United States. It includes also the loss due to absorption in the growth of vegetation, which in some localities should not be ignored.

After devoting one chapter of the book to the important question of floods and their control, the author turns to an extended consideration of the construction of dams, especially of masonry dams. The design and construction of these has been brought to a state of excellence attested by such structures as the new Croton Dam and the Ashokan Dam in the water supply system of New York city, which are among the largest structures of their kind ever built. The author's treatment of this class of structures includes the most modern theories. Indeed, he sets forth the rather startling views of the English engineers, Pearson and Atcherley, especially the latter, who about ten years ago reopened some questions regarding the stresses of dams which engineers in general had accepted as closed and who asserted that masonry in some parts of dams as at present designed is subjected to tension. These views have been discussed and apparently credited by a considerable number of engineers. Although the author does not accept them in their entirety, he gives them a well-considered and comprehensive discussion based upon existing successful structures, but calls attention to the relation of these theories to the failure of other structures.

The section of this book devoted to irrigation of arid and semi-arid districts is necessarily large. Although the considerations set forth are devoted more specifically to Egyptian and Indian experiences than to American, the data recorded are based to a considerable extent on American practice. It is interesting to note that irrigation channels, including both the main and branch ditches, exhibit a system of streams along the side hills and ridges of the irrigated district which is precisely opposite to that of the drainage streams of the same area, the latter naturally running along the lowest lines of the valleys. In other portions of this comprehensive work questions connected with town water supply, movable dams for canalized rivers and other purposes, hydraulic machinery, including turbines and centrifugal pumps, as well as concrete, hydraulic, and other constructions, are treated with equal thoroughness and fulness of detail.

The fundamental laws of hydraulics and the abundant mathematical analysis required in the application of those laws to engineering problems have long been given by mechanicians and engineers. Any really new developments of an analytical character, therefore, are likely to be realized but slowly. There is, however, a large field of engineering practice in which the general laws and principles so long established find new applications and take their place among the essential features of quantitative results of engineering practice. This book is a well-considered and carefully written volume of the latter character, and will undoubtedly take its place among the more important recent works in hydraulic engineering.

It is a question whether many of the recent textbooks on economic or commercial geography should not be called geographical economics. One of the latest is "Economic Geography," by John McFarlane, of the University of Manchester (Macmillan; $2.25 net), where economics naturally has more attention than geography. True, it gives greater attention to "natural regions" than many books of its class, but like most of its predecessors it gives little space to their description; so little, indeed, that students who have not already learned their natural regions can get only an elementary knowledge of them here; that is, however, no great drawback to the use of the book, because in the economic pages that follow only an inconsiderable knowledge of geography is demanded. The introduction of these brief geographical descriptions is geographically a disadvantage, because it will suggest that such a book may be used by students who have no other knowledge of geography than the little which they may here add to the little they bring from early schooldays. Much more space is given, properly enough, in a book of this kind, to products than to the lands that produce them, and for that reason the volume might fittingly bear the title, "Geographical Economics." The book is a good one of its kind; but if its kind is really to be geographical, a stronger geographical foundation should be provided for it. It has eighteen outline maps, a three-page list of "works consulted," and a thirty-page index.

Drama and Music

THE REPERTORY THEATRES — TWO PREPOSTEROUS WAR PLAYS.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

London, June 10.

When the theatrical history of our time comes to be written, it will probably be recognized that the great movement of the past fifteen years has been the decentralization of the drama. The repertory theatres of the provinces have been but struggling efforts financially, but wherever they have been established they have set free the dramatic impulse of the locality in a remarkable fashion. Twenty years ago, even after the dramatic revival had unmistakably set in, we were all complaining that the British drama was a London drawing-room drama and nothing else. One would have supposed that, for theatrical purposes, the whole of England was summed up in its peerage and baronetage, and that the middle and lower classes had no more drama in their lives than the beasts that perish. The dramatist, in Gilbertian phrase, took no notice of any one beneath the rank of a stock broker. The life of workingmen, of provincial cities, and of the rural districts was left contemptuously to the cheap melodramatist. Now what a change of scene! We have Irish drama, Scotch drama, Welsh drama, Manchester and Liverpool drama; and if Ireland alone has produced anything great and original, all the other localities have at least brought to the study of their own conditions and character an intelligence and technical skill which, a quarter of a century ago, it would have been hard to find among the three or four leading dramatists of the London stage. It should be noted that this is something quite different from a mere reversion to the old "stock company" system. The stock companies which flourished down to 1870 or thereabouts were valuable schools of acting, but they did scarcely anything in the way of developing local authorship. They were as dependent upon London for their material as are the "touring combinations" of our own day.

These reflections are suggested by the visit to London of the Irish Players, of the Liverpool Commonwealth Company, and of Mr. Milton Rosmer's company, an offshoot (more or less) of Miss Horniman's Manchester Repertory Company. The most interesting of these, for the moment, is the second in order. When the war broke out, the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, always rather a struggling institution, was on the point of throwing up the sponge, when two actresses, Miss Madge McIntosh and Miss Estelle Winwood, conceived the idea of reorganizing the company on the old theatrical system of the "commonwealth" —the system of Shakespeare's theatre and of the Comédie Française. The actors and staff of the theatre all came in on half salaries, and were entitled to share proportionately in the profits after all expenses had been paid. It happened that Miss McIntosh was a capital organizer and producer, and the company has, in fact, been more successful under this system, during the past winter, than it ever had been before. They played Wilde, Shaw, Ibsen, Galsworthy, Hankin, Besier, Hubert Henry Davies, etc., as well as pieces by a couple of local playwrights. Among other things, they produced a delightfully witty "Revue of Revues" by a Liverpool author, Mr. Ronald Jeans. It was called "Hullo Repertory!" and was at once a burlesque of the great medleys known as "Revues" at the variety theatres, and a travesty of the chief plays of the company's own season. I saw it on its native heath, at Liverpool, and was delighted not only with its genuine wit, but with the excellent idea of proving, by means of a little gay banter, that the company did not take itself too seriously, but could do intelligent work without being pompously "high-browed."

The Commonwealth Company's visit to London was signalized by the production last week of a new play by Mr. Galsworthy, entitled "A Bit o' Love." It is a poignant little work, full of Mr. Galsworthy's intensely humanitarian spirit. It sins against the Aristotelian canon that the misfortunes of an entirely good man are no fit subject for tragedy; but then it does not profess to be tragedy; it is only a painful episode of Devonshire village life, which compensates for its pain by its underlying beauty and by its demonstration of the evils wrought by callous stupidity. Certainly it is impossible to find any *tragische Schuld* in the Rev. Michael Strangway, unless it be supersensitiveness and too hot an indignation against cruelty. He is a man with something of the St. Francis about him, which is entirely unappreciated by his Devonshire parishioners. With some he is unpopular because he protests against their treatment of animals—overworking horses, for instance, and caging larks. Others despise him as an ineffectual nincompoop; scarcely any one has real sympathy for him. The crisis comes when his adored wife, after living abroad all winter, returns only to tell him that she loves another man, to whom her heart had really been given before she made the mistake of marrying Strangway, and to implore him not to ruin the career of her lover by dragging him into a divorce suit. Unfortunately, this painful explanation between them is overheard by a malicious village girl, and presently the whole countryside rings with the scandal. The curate, in consenting not to punish his runaway wife, is held to be condoning sin and failing to play the part of a man. His parishioners gather in the churchyard and hoot and hiss him after evening service, and he is almost driven to suicide, when his hand is stayed by a charmingly conceived little incident, and he determines to go on living in and loving a world which has only resentment for his love and pity for it. Though certainly gloomy in the main, the play is lightened by many delectable touches of rustic character, and there is a scene of a village meeting, paralyzed by its notions of parliamentary procedure, which is a bit of pure humor.

Mr. Milton Rosmer's company, above mentioned, has given us a new comedy, "The Hillarys," left unfinished by the late Stanley Houghton (author of "Hindle Wakes") and finished by another Manchester playwright, Mr. Harold Brighouse. It is a pure comedy of a quite unpretending kind, but saved from triviality by its clever character-drawing and the vivacity, without artificiality, of its dialogue. Its theme is a little like that which "Robert Browning, writer of plays," considered "a subject made to his hand"; but it is treated in an entirely un-Browningesque spirit. The boy heir to an ancient baronetcy falls in love with his sister's governess; his uncle, an amiably cynical man-about-town, is called in to free him from the toils of the supposed adventuress by proving her worthless; but the Don Juan is himself enslaved, the uncle and nephew become bitter rivals, and in the end the governess, who happens to be a young woman of great good sense and dignity, declines to marry either of them. I cannot but foresee a fourth act, a year or two later, in which she marries the uncle; but the ending Mr. Brighouse has chosen is doubtless the right ending for the moment, though I think he makes the lady misrepresent her motives. She declares, before going off, that she really loves the nephew; but I cannot believe that this was what Mr. Stanley Houghton intended to convey to us.

The Irish Players have given us (I think) only one novelty, "Shanwalla," by Lady Gregory. Shanwalla is a racehorse; two rustic villains succeed in hocussing it and throwing the guilt upon the trainer, and their plot is in the end baffled only by the intervention of the ghost of the trainer's young wife, who wanders around, unable to make her presence felt by any one but a blind beggar. There are touches in the play which remind one of "Peter Grim," but the whole thing is simple, primitive, unelaborated to an almost incredible degree. The helplessness, the disdain of anything like structure, which is a note of the Irish manner, is here carried altogether too far. There is no reason why a story, however simple, should not be told with some approach to art and with a reasonable eye to effect. Even the writing, though often imaginative and characteristic, seemed to me too obviously inspired by Synge.

Mr. Martin Harvey has produced, under the ominous title of "Armageddon," a "modern epic drama" by Mr. Stephen Phillips, which admirers of that poet—I can speak for one of them—will make all possible haste to forget. It is inspired, not by any high sense of the historic crisis, but simply by the common catchwords of the war. It

does not stimulate thought or purify emotion, but merely gives violent utterance to the sentiments of the man in the street—just sentiments in many cases, but made no juster by being bellowed through a megaphone. The episodes are bracketed between a prologue and an epilogue in Hell. The prologue shows us Satan in council, on the Miltonic model, dispatching the spirit of Attila to earth to attempt a new conquest of the planet. Here and there Mr. Phillips hits upon a fine line in something like his old manner; but there is too much mere rant after this fashion (the speaker is Moloch):

Rise, Madness! Mother that didst bring me forth
In pangs before the making of the world,
While Famine, like a midwife, eased thy throes.
Arise now, Massacre! Thou favorite daughter,
Got in adultery 'neath a moody moon;
Awaken to the smell of infant-blood!
What matter now the cause so ye be loosed?
Here have I space at last and boundless field!

What good purpose can be served by this sort of thing it is impossible to divine. Equally unfathomable is the reason why Famine should ease the throes of Madness; while the idea of Moloch braving the danger of the divorce court and begetting Massacre, in defiance of the prayer-book, is surely as nice a piece of bathos as was ever perpetrated. Since when has the sacrament of marriage been acknowledged in Hell?

The first of the episodes shows us (of course) the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral, in spite of the pleadings of a saintly abbé, with many other horrors of war. It ends with the instant and painless annihilation of a roomful of German officers by a French asphyxiating shell—an incident which, if it were not melodramatic nonsense, would justify the German contention that the French led the way in the use of poisonous gases. Then we have a scene in which the death of an officer at the front is announced to his lady mother and his betrothed—a scene as unreal in form as it is painfully, intolerably real in every-day fact. It seems inconceivable that any one should want to make cheap theatrical sentiment of the bleeding wounds of ten thousand hearts and the agonized apprehensions of ten thousand more. Then we have a farcical scene in Wolff's Bureau—though the memory of our own "Russian" myth might have tempered Mr. Phillips's scorn for people who feed themselves with lies. And, finally, there is a scene at Cologne, which is saved from the fury of the Allied armies by the intervention of a vision of Joan of Arc. This is, in itself, the most sensible and dramatic scene in the piece. One might even take some pleasure in it if the Allied armies were a little nearer Cologne.

Another preposterous war play is Mr. C. B. Fernald's "The Day Before the Day" at the St. James's. It deals with the doings of a gang of Prussian spies whose business it is to deceive the British fleet as to the intended locality of a raid upon the British coast. Like all plays of its class, it attributes to the German spy a weird mixture of miraculous cleverness and childish imbecility. I fear that the popular imagination even of wartime is not credulous enough to make the play a success.

A piano teacher who does not think he knows better how things should be played than the great pianists do is somewhat of a curiosity. Charles W. Wilkinson is such a teacher. He has heard the principal pianists, from Rubinstein to the present day, and what he has learned from them he has embodied with his own ideas on interpretation in a book which must be highly commended to all students of the piano: "Well-Known Piano Solos: How to Play Them with Understanding, Expression, and Effect" (Charles Scribner's Sons). In a compass of 288 pages the author considers 110 pieces, among them such favorites as Paderewski's Minuet, Rubinstein's Melody in F, Grieg's "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen," Rachmaninoff's popular Prelude, Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," Liszt's "Waldesrauschen," MacDowell's "To the Sea," pieces by Chopin, some of Beethoven's sonatas, and so on, all the music chosen being good as well as popular. One wonders that no one had thought of writing such a book before, and one feels glad that the task fell into the hands of a teacher whose good taste and catholicity equal his knowledge and his skill in imparting it in a telling way.

Art

A book of ready reference, designed "to tell the reader what he wishes to know and *all* that he needs to know in order to identify and classify any piece of period furniture, whether original or a reproduction," is "The Practical Book of Period Furniture" (Lippincott; $5 net). The authors, Harold D. Eberlein and Abbot McClure, are frequent contributors to journals of architecture and home decoration. Without adding much to the total of knowledge concerning English, French, and early American furniture (for they freely acknowledge their evident indebtedness to Lockwood, Cescinsky, Macquoid, and Foley), they have written a comprehensive, accurate, and readable volume. An illustrated chronological key, to aid "in identifying the period of any particular piece of furniture," should be valuable to amateur collectors. Tolerant of all the styles extant before the great decadence of the middle nineteenth century, the writers say a good word even for "American Empire." "Under one phase or another," they indicate, regarding the vogue of a manner derived from the French, "the fashion lasted until about the middle of the century, but its last decadent stages, dating from a time when all artistic appreciation was sinking to its lowest ebb, were clumsy and graceless in the extreme, with large vulgar and meaningless scrolls highly suggestive of the convolutions of fat, squirming earthworms. The bulk of the Empire furniture that came between these two extremes had much to commend it. Though there was no longer the airy lightness of the painted satinwood creations of an earlier style and the brilliancy of finely grained, light-colored veneer, there was a good deal by way of compensation. The rich coloring of the mahogany that was almost invariably used, relieved by the brass mounts and occasional brass banding or gilded carving, made a most impressive and agreeable contrast. Not a little of the carving was vigorous in conception and excellent in execution."

The book loses its catholicity as it comes down to recent fashions. The rôle of the furniture designer, henceforth, it would appear, is to reproduce, not to invent. We learn that "the decorative bent of our day demands good reproductions. This is true because there are no worthy new styles that can at all fill their place." Here are particulars: "Some depressing new styles have, indeed, been concocted from time to time, as the result of conscious effort, but they are stilted and affected and are evidently the product of a tenuous invention painfully striving for something it could not attain. There was, for instance, the Eastlake mode of Victorian days, there were the various manifestations of the *art nouveau*, with its grotesque and tortured forms; nearer our own day there is the Mission style, and several others might be added—all of them so awkward, self-conscious, and so evidently betokening origin from a diseased and wofully jejune imagination that we naturally feel disposed to mistrust the latest phase of style creation evidenced in the tendencies of the Vienna school." It may be questioned if this repressive attitude cannot be held too tenaciously and if the newer needs of business and domestic life do not justify serious and well tempered efforts to invent suitable new modes in furniture as well as in architecture.

The title of "Pottery, for Artists, Craftsmen, and Teachers," by George J. Cox (Macmillan Company; $1.25), accurately indicates the field of usefulness of an explicit little manual. It is not a book for the general reader, though the introductory Historical Summary contains information that is universally interesting. The author, who is instructor in pottery and modelling at Teachers College, Columbia University, imparts much technical lore in a small compass: on the working of clays and pastes; building shapes by hand and on the wheel; moulding, casting, and pressing; jigger and jolley work; tile-making; glazes and lustres; modelling and glazing of figurines; construction and management of kilns, and other similar topics. The various operations are illustrated with Mr. Cox's pen drawings, made and hand-lettered in the rather black manner of the English "arts and crafts" school—a mode which the printer has more or less successfully followed in the style of his type printed on a coarse buff stock. The influence of William Morris and Fabian socialism is observed whenever the author generalizes concerning the present situation in the pottery trade. He is hopeful. Since the "eighties" the craft, he believes, has shown "signs of a renaissance in æsthetics." A further awakening may be predicted. "Tradition, except the traditions of flawless glazes, certain soulless results, and commercial cheese-paring, seems dead, perhaps, but it will surely come to life again. To see the potter 'thumping his wet clay,' and seated at the wheel of ancient lineage, conjuring forth a wealth of gracious shapes, is to renew one's faith in the ultimate survival of simple, honest handicraft even in this machine-ridden age. Masterpieces were never conceived in factories, and

when we make pots primarily for love of them, not to sell them, we shall begin to beat back the manufacturer of debauched 'art' pots into that domestic and hygienic realm wherein his efforts are particularly admirable and effective. A craft that teems with such an endless variety of beautiful objects for such countless uses can never remain for all time a hand-maiden of commerce."

Finance

MARKETS AND THE BRITISH WAR LOAN.

The first comment of the financial markets, after Great Britain had announced its new $1,250,000,000 war loan with an interest rate of 4½ per cent., was that this meant formal recognition of a rise in the price of capital, and that therefore all other new securities issued anywhere must pay a higher rate of interest than before, and that prices of all outstanding bonds ought logically to decline. The next comment was, that the economic strain on Europe must be approaching unbearable severity.

Undoubtedly, the terms of the loan denote a rise in the price of capital. Those terms are more unfavorable to the British Government than any which that Government has accepted in a hundred years. In November, when the first British loan of the present war was made, a price of 95 was fixed for 3½ per cents; making the net yield, allowing for redemption at par in 1928, about 4 per cent. The last previous occasion of extensive "war borrowing" by England was during the Boer War. In March, 1900, a special issue of £30,000,000 "war stock," bearing 2¾ per cent. interest and maturing in 1910, was sold at 98½. In April, 1901, £60,000,000 of 2¾ per cent. consols were sold at 94½; again, a year later, $32,000,000 of the 2¾ per cents were sold at 93½. During the Crimean War, England's debt was increased by £30,000,000, but borrowing was then effected when the open market was offering a price averaging 90 for 3 per cent. consols. To encounter a rate equivalent to the present 4½ per cent., one would have to go back to 1815.

It might be inferred, then, that the rate of interest on all other new securities must be raised, and (what is really the same thing) that the price of all other outstanding bonds must fall. But this does not follow. The Exchequer has made no new discovery. France has been selling Government bonds on a 5½ per cent. basis, Germany at nearly as high a rate. New York city this week issued 4½ per cent. bonds, but whereas the British Government has offered the same security at par, an appreciably higher price was received at the public offering of the New York loan on Tuesday. Except for the fact that England is engaged in an immensely expensive war, the higher price for bonds of an American city would be absurd. The truth is, that the market for Europe's war loans is governed by conditions peculiar to itself.

This consideration leads to the second question—how long can such borrowing as this of England's continue? The British funded debt, when the new $1,250,000,000 loan is floated, will be double what it was last July. Germany has nearly trebled her Imperial funded debt by the two billion-dollar war loans; the $1,400,000,000 war borrowings of France have increased her already huge public debt by 50 per cent. Can this sort of thing go on indefinitely?

The only answer possible to make is, that the same question has been asked on previous similar occasions, when the result proved that such borrowings could go on. In the earlier part of the war with France, between 1793 and 1801, England borrowed $1,672,000,000—a prodigious sum in those days—and had eventually to sell its bonds at such a discount that the cash proceeds of the above total issue were barely $1,000,000,000. Yet $1,500,000,000 more were sold in the next dozen years, and not, as a rule, at any worse prices.

Other governments have had the same experience. In 1862, after a year of war loans in unheard-of sums, Secretary Chase believed himself to have discovered that United States bonds "could not be disposed of to capitalists in amounts sufficient for prompt payment of the army and navy"—the language is from an official Treasury report. He employed Jay Cooke as the Treasury's "general agent," allowed him a commission, and set him at work with an army of 2,500 canvassers. The Secretary declared to Congress:

> Under this plan, bonds to the amount of nearly $400,000,000, in denominations of $50, $100, $500, and $1,000, were distributed throughout the whole country not controlled by the rebellion, and among all classes of our countrymen.

Later in the war, the same energetic agent sold $830,000,000 more United States bonds in a similar way, and within four months. Before Cooke tried his experiment, nobody imagined that any such sum of available money existed in such quarters.

This is the kind of achievement which England apparently means to try, in the new plan for offering the 4½ per cents at every post office, in denominations as low as a $25 bond, and with the further privilege to the little investor of buying five-shilling interest-bearing "vouchers," and turning them into a 4½ per cent. bond when $25 worth have been purchased. It is impossible to say what the result of such an experiment, in so thrifty a community as Great Britain, may not accomplish.

No doubt, as the war goes on, we shall get many new impressions and learn many new lessons. But even regarding the strain on Europe, people who draw conclusions should make sure they understand what are the real resources of the world's capital in an emergency. Macaulay has a striking passage on the unfulfilled predictions of economic ruin to England, on each successive expansion of her public debt in war-time. It was easy to prove, at the end of the eighteenth century, that England could not possibly raise and spend on the war with France what she did raise and spend in the subsequent fifteen years. Any one who had predicted in 1861 our own Civil War loans of the next four years would have been laughed out of Wall Street. "Thinking in hundred millions" came into very practical fashion in America in 1901, exactly five years after the financial world had pronounced the country's financial capacities nearly exhausted. We are now beginning to learn how to think in thousands of millions.

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FICTION.

Barney, J. S. L. P. M. The End of the Great War. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Bredenbek, M. The Ingrate. Cheston Publishing Company.
Lincoln, J. C. Thankful's Inheritance. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Lorimer, N. On Desert Altars. Brentano's. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Francke, K. A German-American's Confession of Faith. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Routh, J. The Rise of Classical English Criticism. New Orleans: Tulane University Press.
White, B. Letters from Prison. Boston: Badger.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Clarke, J. C. C. The Making of Christianity. Alton, Ill.: G. P. Clarke.
Hodge, R. M. Historical Geography of Bible Lands. Scribner.
Kent, C. F., and Jenks, J. W. The Testing of a Nation's Ideals. Scribner.
Rhodes, F. A. The Next Generation. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.
Sanders, F. K. How to Study the Old Testament. Scribner.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Ashworth, J. H. The Helper and American Trade Unions. Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins Press.
Chesnais, P. G. La. Le Groupe Socialiste du Reichstag. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Dewey, J. German Philosophy and Politics. Holt. $1.25 net.
Savoy, I. G., and Teck, M. O. The A B C of Socialism. Boston: Badger. 50 cents net.
Thompson, W. S. Population: A Study in Malthusianism. Vol. LXIII. No. 3. Longmans, Green.
Tweedie, Mrs. Alec. Women the World Over. Doran. $3 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Alexinsky, G. La Russie et la Guerre. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Baty, T., and Morgan, J. H. War: Its Conduct and Legal Results. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Bédier, J. How Germany Seeks to Justify Her Atrocities. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Cahall, R. DuB. The Sovereign Council of New France. Vol. LXV, No. 1. Longmans, Green.
Russell, E. B. The Review of American Colonial Legislation by the King in Council. Vol. LXIV. No. 2. Longmans, Green.
Stowell, E. C. The Diplomacy of the War of 1914. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
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POETRY.

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Fuller-Maitland, J. A. The Consort of Music. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

Gorki, M. Submerged. Boston: Badger. 75 cents net.

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ART.

Neuhaus, E. The Art of the Exposition. Paul Elder.

JUVENILE.

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TEXTBOOKS.

Allen, P. S., and Schoell, F. L. French Life. Holt.

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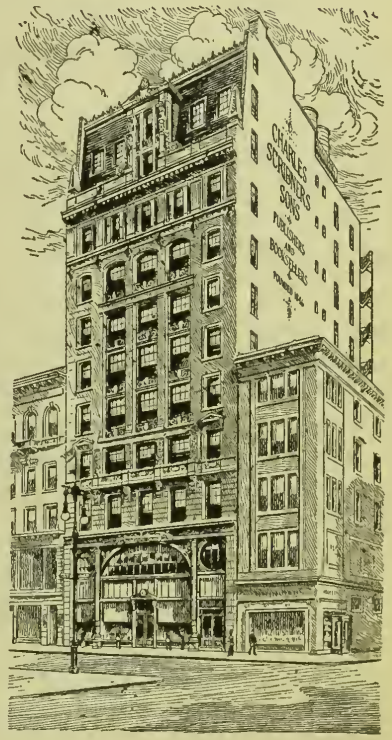

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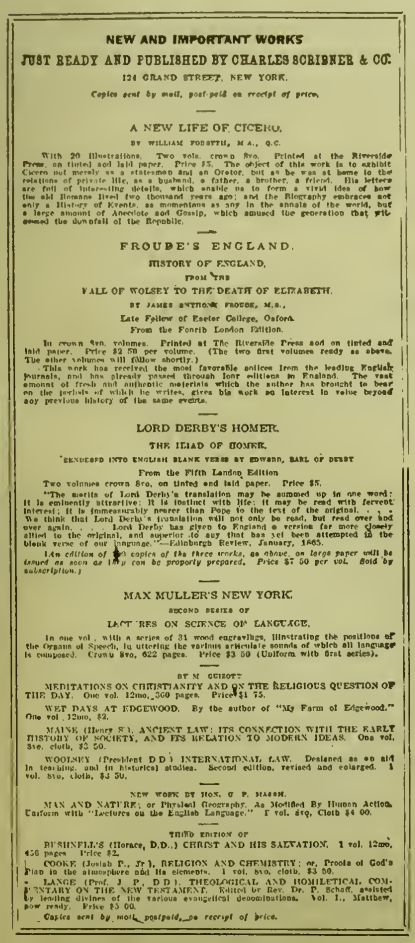

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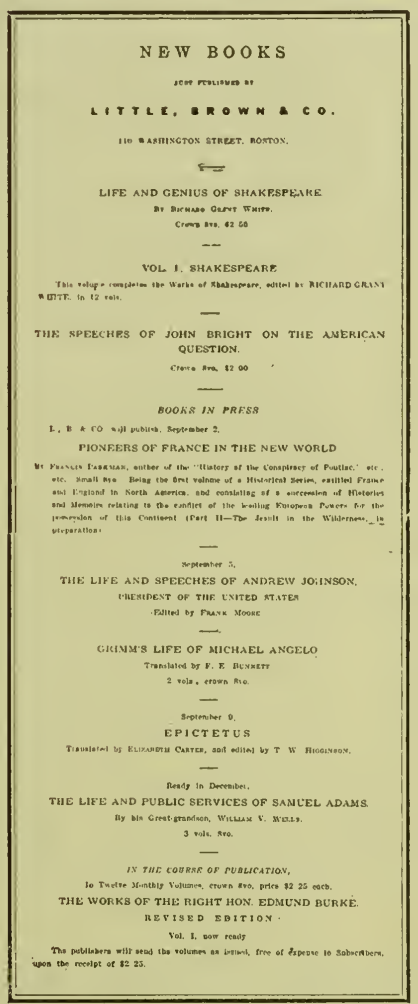

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1915.

Summary of the News

The German note on the submarine question, the receipt of which had been expected this week, has been again delayed. Dispatches from Berlin of Monday's date declare, though on what authority it is not stated, that the substance of the proposed note has been made the subject of preliminary diplomatic exchanges between Berlin and Washington. In both capitals a general impression seems to persist that the contents of the forthcoming note will open a way to an understanding on the questions at issue.

J. P. Morgan was shot in two places, but not, happily, seriously injured, at his country place at Glen Cove, on Saturday morning by a man who gave his name as Frank Holt. The man is a former instructor in German at Cornell University, and is apparently a pro-German in conviction. It seems probable, however, that he is simply an individual fanatic who acted entirely on his own responsibility, and was inspired to his deed by the propaganda for prohibiting the export of munitions from this country to the European belligerents. His purpose, the man declares, was to induce Mr. Morgan to use his influence for the stopping of this traffic. Physicians on Monday pronounced Mr. Morgan to be out of danger.

The night before the attack on Mr. Morgan an explosion caused by a bomb wrecked the east reception room on the main floor of the Senate wing of the Capitol building. The damage was not particularly serious, and no one was injured. Since Holt's arrest he has admitted that he was responsible for this outrage also, giving the same reason as for his other crime, that he did it as a protest against the export of munitions. The identity of the criminal was first suspected on account of the similarity of his statement before the justice of the peace after the shooting of Mr. Morgan and of four letters which were sent to the Washington papers by the perpetrator of the outrage at the Capitol. Subsequent investigation has led to the suspicion that Holt may also be identified as Erich Muenter, the Harvard professor of German, who disappeared from Cambridge in 1906, after the death of his wife from poisoning, and for whose arrest a warrant has been out ever since. Still another bomb explosion, the source of which has not, as we write, been traced, occurred at Police Headquarters in New York on Monday evening. No one was hurt, but a considerable amount of damage was done, although the structure of the building remained uninjured.

News received on June 30 that the Leyland liner Armenian, carrying a cargo of mules from this country to England, had been torpedoed off the coast of Cornwall, with the loss of a number of American citizens, occasioned the fear that the incident might still further aggravate relations between the United States and Germany. That fear, however, was dispelled by later reports, which made it clear that the Armenian had been challenged by the submarine and ordered to stop. Only when the order was disobeyed and the vessel attempted to escape did the submarine open fire with shrapnel. It was under this bombardment that most of the lives were lost. The chase lasted an hour, the submarine all the time gaining on the Armenian. After the captain had surrendered his vessel, he and his crew were allowed time by the commander of the submarine to leave the ship, whereupon she was sunk by torpedoes. Clearly, then, the submarine in this instance acted in strict accordance with international law, and the principal significance of the incident is that it disproves the German contention that submarines, in the nature of the case, are unable to obey the ordinarily accepted rules of warfare. The fate of the Armenian demonstrates that the new large type of German submarine, mounting guns, can fulfil the function of a commerce destroyer almost as effectively as a cruiser.

The Armenian case and the practice recently adopted in other cases by German submarines of giving warning to those whom they have intended to destroy were hailed in many quarters as significant of Germany's purpose to change the whole manner of her submarine warfare so as to bring it within the recognized limits of international law. That impression, however, was dispelled by an inspired notice which appeared in the German press on July 4 explicitly denying that any change was contemplated. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to note that the majority of ships reported sunk since we wrote last week received warning, and that the crews were permitted to escape. Refreshed by their visit to their bases, the submarines have, during the past few days, returned to the attack with renewed vigor. In addition to the Armenian, twenty-five vessels have been reported sunk. Of these seventeen were British, six Norwegian, two French, and one Belgian. One British vessel, the Anglo-Californian, by fine seamanship on the part of her captain, and, after he had been killed by a shell, of his son, the mate, managed to elude the attacking submarine after a stern chase. The incident was reported in Tuesday's papers. On the same day appeared a statement by the French Ministry of Marine recording the probable sinking of a submarine by a French light squadron in the English Channel.

In the British Parliament the final reading of the Munitions bill was passed in the House of Commons on July 1. The bill went to the House of Lords and was passed in all its stages on the following day. Introducing the bill, Lord Curzon announced that the response to Mr. Lloyd George's appeal for volunteer munition workers had resulted during the first week in the enrolment of 46,000 names. The bill authorizing the compilation of a national register of all persons in the United Kingdom between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five has aroused a good deal of opposition in the House of Commons as savoring too unpleasantly of conscription. The bill, however, will apparently be pressed. The Cabinet, it was stated in debate, was absolutely unanimous on it, and Premier Asquith informed the House that the Government did not contemplate any change under the terms of the bill involving forced labor or conscription.

In view of the international situation, President Wilson, it was announced last week, has definitely abandoned his intention to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

According to dispatches from Washington on Monday, analysis of returns, not absolutely complete, indicated that total receipts from corporations and individuals under the income tax for the fiscal year ended June 30 amounted to $79,828,675, as against $71,000,000 for the previous year. Of this amount the individual income tax was $41,011,402, and the corporation tax $38,817,273.

Statistics of the Department of Commerce, published in Washington on July 2, showed the extent to which the United States is feeding the world during the present war. Exports of foodstuffs from this country for the eleven months ended May 31 amounted to $724,000,000, while the total exports of food for the same eleven months of the previous year amounted only to $443,000,000.

Gen. Porfirio Diaz, former President of Mexico, died in Paris on July 2. So far as the situation in his native country goes, there is little change to record. Gen. Pascual Orozco, who was arrested and detained in El Paso with General Huerta, on Saturday succeeded in escaping across the Mexican border, and it is reported that he is to head a new revolt. In consequence of the escape of his lieutenant, General Huerta is now guarded in jail.

Announcement was made on July 4 that Admiral Lord Fisher, who recently resigned the position of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, had been appointed chairman of the "Inventions Board," which is being formed to assist the British Admiralty in regard to naval requirements.

The Russian Government, it was announced on Tuesday, has apologized to Sweden for its violation of the latter's territorial waters during the sea-fight in the Baltic Sea on July 2, on which occasion the German mine-layer Albatross, badly damaged by Russian fire, was run aground near Henviker. The inadvertent violation of Swedish neutrality, the Russian statement explains, was due to the fog that prevailed at the time.

The French Government last week issued an appeal to the public to turn in its private hoards of gold so as to strengthen the national reserve. According to dispatches from Paris on Tuesday, the appeal has met with a ready response.

Official contradiction was made by the French Ministry of War on July 1 to the monotonously reiterated German plaint that brave German soldiers are being slaughtered in their thousands by American shells. According to this statement, no shells manufactured in the United States have been used by the French army at any time since the beginning of the war.

The Week

In regard to the sinking of the Armenian, with a reported loss of Americans among the crew, we now see how well advised was President Wilson in waiting to ascertain the exact facts. Only after they were known could it be possible to reach a sound judgment, or decide on the action that should be taken. The precise status of the ship was in doubt. Whether she had due warning, and whether, after it, she sought to escape, the early dispatches did not make definite. But later we got a great deal of new light on what really occurred. The mere fact that the Armenian had contraband on board furnished no warrant whatever for her being sunk by a German submarine on sight. President Wilson made that clear in his first Lusitania note. In it he laid down the general principle, which he repeated almost in the same words in the second Lusitania note, that "the lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman." In the second note the phrase was made "unresisting merchantman." It now seems evident that the Armenian was not unresisting. There remains the sharp issue between the United States and Germany, and to it the German Government is expected to address itself in its forthcoming reply to the American protest. The sinking of the Armenian, even if it had been wholly unwarranted, would only have been a fresh illustration of a policy in naval warfare against which the United States had lodged solemn objection. The new offence is not of a nature to heighten the old, though it serves to call vividly to mind the great crime which was committed when the Lusitania's passengers were murdered.

One of the most interesting outgivings that have come from any high German quarter since the sinking of the Lusitania is the article by Admiral von Truppel, at one time Governor of Kiao-chau, which appeared in the *Tag* on Monday. That it represents the sober thought of a large section of opinion in Government circles at Berlin there can be little question. Very quietly, but none the less impressively, Admiral von Truppel points out the two vital elements in the situation concerning the American protest, as viewed from the standpoint of German policy. In the first place, he tells those who imagine that a rupture with the United States would do Germany no serious harm that they are grossly underestimating the injury which such a rupture would inflict upon the German cause. And secondly, he asks this simple and pregnant question:

> Can we hope, so far as we are able to foresee, to force England to its knees through submarine warfare against her commerce?

To leave this question unanswered is, so far as its practical effect is concerned, much the same thing as to answer it in the negative. Indeed, it may be more effective through the suggestion of the negative than it would through the direct assertion of it; for assertion provokes contradiction, while the unanswered question suggests thought, and it takes nothing more than cool thought to see what the true answer is. And, apparently as an encouragement to the thinker, the Admiral points out various effective uses to which the submarines might be put in real warfare if they were withdrawn from their attempts to scare British commerce off the seas.

Germany's Military Governor of Belgium does no more than he should in guaranteeing the entire grain crop in the occupied zone to the civilian population; but the action is none the less another evidence of the diligence and tact of the American Commission for Relief. The Imperial forces had no more right to levy upon the production of the year than to take toll of the supplies shipped in by foreign charity, and while they may have accepted this principle as a matter of course, it was no doubt rendered plainer to them by the thoroughness of the Commission's organization for making national use of every source of supply. The relief authorities have themselves provided the seed and supervised the sowing, and they are to take possession of the crop and distribute it in monthly fractions, supplying the deficiencies it leaves. In their pleasant relations with both conquered and conquerors, their entirely trusted position, and their control of perhaps the larger part of the civil activities of the population, they are constantly reporting achievements of which their countrymen may well be proud. The announcement of the Commission apropos of Gen. von Bissing's order reveals how rapidly it is perfecting all food arrangements for the future. What fighting Belgian territory will see throughout the summer, no one can tell, but we may be sure that Chairman Hoover and his associates will attempt to minimize its effects on the non-combatants.

It did not require the official statement, issued by the French Embassy at Washington last week, to dispose of the extraordinary assertion in regard to American shells made by Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria in his recent interview. The absurdity had already been pointed out of his allegation that 50 per cent. of the shells used by the French against the Germans under Prince Rupprecht's command were of American make. From the plain facts known on this side in regard to the shipment of shells, it was clear that either none at all, or so few as not to be worth noting, had been used in any of the European operations up to the present time. The French official statement is absolute that "France has bought no shells of any sort in the United States since the beginning of the war." American shells will undoubtedly in the future play an important part in the great war; but in the eleven months that have thus far passed, they have played almost no part at all.

The point has a two-fold interest and importance. It is important first as bearing on the preposterous claim that the war would have been over long ago—over, of course, through a decisive victory for Germany—had it not been for American munitions of war. Munitions of certain kinds have, of course, been going to the Allies from this country; but neither in quantity nor in kind such as to have been of vital consequence. Moreover, the battle of the Marne, which turned the tide of German conquest, was fought when the war was only a month old and when, consequently, American supplies had not begun to arrive even in small quantities. But even more interesting than its bearing on the facts of the war is the reminder that this incident furnishes of the appalling unscrupulousness of German assertions relating to the vital facts of the situation, in all directions. Any guess, any shred of "evidence" however untrustworthy, any rumor, seems to be regarded by the highest of the German authorities as adequate ground for unqualified assertions of fact, and this without any regard to their inherent improbability or even absurdity. The Belgian conspiracy against Germany, the "armed" Lusitania, the American shells mowing down the Bavarian troops—these are all of a piece; and it is a piece which stands quite by itself, a piece that can no more be matched in any of the other warring nations than can the superlative efficiency and completeness of Germany's military preparation.

For a truly patriotic view of the Fourth of July, commend us to the New York *Staats-*

Zeitung. If a nation is degenerate and contemptible, the best service that can be done to it is to tell it so, and that is what is done to the American nation in an article prominently printed in the issue of Sunday. "For the Fourth of July. A sermon for the times, by Dr. G. C. Berkemeier"—such is the heading. And its chief point is that the American people are held in subjection to their "hereditary enemy," their "arch-enemy," England, through the influence of a servile and venal press. "The greater part of our press is subsidized, inspired, edited, from London," exclaims this German-American patriot. It requires a little thought to appreciate fully the courage required to make this assertion. Most Americans will be inclined simply to smile at it as an absurdity; but it is something more than that. For it is an assertion the like of which could not conceivably be made concerning the press of any other great nation by its bitterest enemy or its most shameless calumniator. If "the greater part of the American press"—and the man might well have gone farther, while he was about it, for substantially the whole American press is anti-German—if practically the whole American press is "subsidized, inspired, edited, from London," this country is not merely in a condition of degradation, but in a condition of unparalleled degradation. The man Holt was doubtless crazy; but what is the word to apply to the condition of mind of this writer, or of the editor who sees fit to publish his rubbish as one of the conspicuous contributions to the celebration of the Fourth of July?

One war myth has been pretty thoroughly disposed of. The great numbers of "war babies," actual or expected, in England do not exist. In addition to other refutations of the wild stories on this subject which were current a few weeks ago, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has made an elaborate investigation into the facts, throughout the United Kingdom, and has reported that there was no foundation for the original charges. No perceptible rise in illegitimacy is to be discovered. Inspectors ran down tale after tale, and rumor after rumor, as affecting various localities, and found them all to be false. In no place were the stories verified. Thus passes this aspersion on the character of the soldiers and the women. No one will regret this, except perhaps that New York editor who wrote in dithyrambic praise of the splendid patriotism and the superhuman virtue of those who were responsible for the leaping up of bastardy in England.

The Supreme Court's decision annulling the "grandfather clause" has been received by the Southern press very much as a matter of course. The *Virginian-Pilot* remarks: "We do not see how the Court could have arrived at any other conclusion unless prepared to set aside the Fifteenth Amendment as invalid and inoperative." But this does not mean that the Southern white man now welcomes his black brother to the polls. North Carolina newspapers point out that the "grandfather clause" in that State expired by limitation six years ago, and remark that there are plenty of ways left of politically restricting the negro which are not open to legal objections. Even if literacy requirements were impartially enforced against both races, the lack of negro schools would give the white man an advantage. The imposition of poll taxes also has the effect of keeping many negroes away from the polls. The Columbia *State* shows its usual frankness by saying:

> The negroes were ready to quit voting whenever the white people showed them plainly enough that they were not desired as electors. The negroes are not such fools as most people give them credit for being. They . . . see which side their bread is buttered on. They know that, at this juncture, it is not buttered on the political side.

The Charlotte *Observer* declares that the grandfather clause has been a stimulus to education "because colored youths became ambitious to learn and illiterate white people were spurred by this rivalry to greater efforts." This is a tribute to negro ambition which would seem to deserve a better fate than to be warned not to utilize the hard-won education.

The close of the fiscal year finds the Treasury belying the prediction of empty vaults, although to date the Government has paid out approximately $90,000,000 more than it has collected. On June 22 the Department announced a balance in the general fund of $27,375,000. Eight days later it was known to be not less than $38,000,000, and it was predicted that when returns had been received from internal revenue collectors regarding the day's payments of income tax, it would be found to have stood at about $50,000,000. That such a cash balance is possible when disbursements have exceeded collections is, of course, due to surplus accumulations from previous years. At the same time, it is to be pointed out that $90,000,000 is not actually a just estimate of the year's discrepancy between receipts and expenditures. Income taxes will continue to be paid into the Treasury until July 10, at the rate of several millions a day, and the total, including the forty-three millions already collected, should reach a figure above eighty millions. Counting this entire sum as of the last fiscal year, and subtracting the similar late payments for the year 1913-1914, the deficiency would be reduced by perhaps half. This sum is no more than was to be expected from the falling off in customs revenues and from the loss in internal revenue from tobacco and liquors, resulting from prohibition and the social tendency to economy.

William Allen White's reply to Mr. McHarg's appeal for a union of the Progressives with the Republicans makes what Horace Greeley was accustomed to call "mighty interestin' reading." And what makes it so interesting is not so much the snap that Mr. White puts into his writing, but the practical conclusion that it naturally suggests. "Our real issue is to beat the Democrats," says Mr. McHarg; and substantially that is all he says, though he backs up his appeal with a quotation from Lincoln, whose only relevance is that the words "the real issue" occur in it. Mr. White, however, has no use for this issue; he absolutely refuses to acknowledge that "the chief end of man is to lick the Democrats and enjoy their offices forever." He does admit that two million or more of the Progressives have gone back to the Republican fold; but these were the men who didn't really know why they were Progressives. The other two million, who stood by the colors last autumn, did know. They will stay away, says Mr. White; there is nothing whatever in the Republican party as at present constituted that appeals to them, and they "don't care whether the Republicans whip the Democrats or the Democrats whip the Republicans in 1916."

Now, there is no doubt that this statement by one of the most notable of Western Progressives represents pretty accurately the state of mind of a large fraction of the Progressives of 1912, though it may not be as much as half. And how will those men who followed the Roosevelt banner in 1912, in a flame of enthusiasm for a programme of Progressiveness, and who now "don't care whether the Republicans whip the Democrats or the Democrats whip the Republicans in 1916"—how will they act in the coming Presidential campaign? They are not going to stay away from the polls; they will vote against the side they dislike the most or in favor of the side they like the most. And the consequence of this upon the arithmetic

of the campaign will be important. Those who have been imagining that in case there is no Progressive ticket in the field the Republicans will have a walkover had better be doing a little revision of judgment. Supposing, for example, that Wilson was the Democratic candidate and that the Republican party presented a decidedly Bourbon aspect, it is quite plain that the true-blue Progressives of Mr. White's classification would vote pretty solidly on the Democratic side. And, since each of these votes would count twice as heavily against the Republican candidate as would a vote cast for a Progressive, it is plain that the failure of the Progressives to run a ticket of their own would be a very doubtful blessing for the Republicans.

If the exaggeration of social abuses may possibly be condoned, this is because it sometimes obtains a hearing which the sober facts would not get. Though Chief Bills of the Porto Rican Bureau of Labor condemned in a letter to the New York *Times* the inaccurate testimony of insular labor leaders before the Commission on Industrial Relations, he suggested that this extenuation exists. "The fact is," he remarks, "as Mr. Traneso stated to the Commission, that Porto Rico has a big and difficult problem in bettering the conditions of its laboring masses." While he denies peonage, he admits the existence of thousands of landless people as a direct heritage from times when peonage did obtain, and the housing of the majority of sugar-field laborers in buildings owned by their employers. He states that the prevailing rate of interest asked for money is from 8 to 10 per cent., which is distinctly higher than that in our Southwest. Sanitary conditions are still to be bettered, education improved, and also agrarian measures devised. The great objects in calling these facts to American attention are to enlist a stronger public sentiment behind the act granting citizenship to Porto Ricans, and to stimulate the investment of capital in a land of rich but undeveloped resources. The passage of the new organic act, at least, should not long be delayed. It has been waiting two years, and in giving Porto Ricans at once a greater degree of self-government and a closer connection with the United States, it will facilitate the reforms so evidently needed.

A short time ago, an atrocious murder was discovered in London. On Thursday of last week, a jury, after twenty-two minutes' deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty against the perpetrator. The judge promptly sentenced him to be hanged on July 27. Thus the whole interval between the discovery of the crime and the final disposal of the wretch who committed it will be only a few weeks; for the probability of any interference with the sentence by way of appeal is almost *nil*. The contrast between such expeditious and decent dispatch of criminal business and what we are familiar with in this country is painful. We say "decent," because the meaningless and frivolous delays which so frequently drag out the processes of justice in America are really as much of an offence against decent standards of fitness as against efficiency. If the cumbrousness and dilatoriness of our ways were calculated to effect more exact justice, the case would be altogether different; but nobody pretends that we can lay claim to any such superiority. Our shiftless toleration of all sorts of triflings with what ought to be the stern and vigorous operation of the machinery of justice means a gross waste of time, money, and energy, with no other result than that of reducing to a deplorable minimum the impressiveness and the deterrent efficacy of the working of the criminal law.

Chicago's epidemic of labor troubles is continued by the lockout which began last Thursday in the building trades, throwing 200,000 men in the city out of work, and affecting 300,000 more in the neighborhood. The lockout is the direct sequel of a long-continued strike by 6,000 carpenters, who have recently all but won their demand for an increase from 65 to 70 cents per hour. Over 1,800 independent contractors have agreed to the advance, and the associated employers who are fighting it and who have demanded arbitration have induced the lumber, brick, and cement companies to declare a sympathetic lockout of all their men to bring the carpenters to terms. Upon the merits of the quarrel it is hard to pronounce, but one fact is clear—the injury done to Chicago by these recurrent industrial disputes. "Affairs are in such a state," remarked the head of the builders' and contractors' organization, "that something must be done to insure security of investment. Capital has become afraid of investments here." The thing to be done is apparently to make the present useless State Board of Arbitration one of conciliation and arbitration, and greatly to broaden its powers.

The death of the aged Porfirio Diaz has, of course, no direct bearing on the posture of affairs in Mexico, yet lovers of coincidence will endeavor to make one out. It may be said, at any rate, that the passing of the famous "strong man" of Mexico comes to reinforce the belief that Mexican salvation is not to be worked out on any Carlylean theory. The strong man was in power for a generation, but left only chaos behind him. Some contend that this was only because he overstayed his time. Had he quietly retired before his last seizure of the Presidency, it has been argued, a successor could have been found to carry on his work in his own spirit. But there is no proof of this. All the evidence is that it was Diaz's plan that had overstayed its time. And those who now see no solution of Mexico's troubles except in the appearance of a powerful and unscrupulous ruler should be asked to fix their minds upon exactly what happened in 1910. Absolute rule broke down absolutely. Arbitrary government lapsed into anarchy. Nobody that we know of has a guaranteed scheme of salving Mexico. Seemingly, the work must be done, if done at all from the inside, by groups and parties rather than by a single, dominant individual. At all events, the plan which Diaz instituted died along with Diaz.

German arms have certainly been triumphant during the fighting of the past few weeks. While the Galician campaign has not broken up the Russian armies, or inflicted disproportionate losses upon them—the German losses have not been made public, but must have been very great—the success attained has been conspicuous and dramatic. Russia is now pushed back virtually to her own soil; and a powerful movement against Warsaw is plainly under way. That at the same time the German General Staff should be assuming a strong offensive against the French, is at once a testimony to the military resources upon which it can depend, and to the audacity of the high command. There is no likelihood of any considerable transfer of forces from the eastern theatre of war to the western. But Gen. Joffre is reported to be making preparations to beat off an assault in great strength. To take the offensive on both fronts at the same time was not the German plan of campaign of last year. It would be to violate the Napoleonic maxim which warned a commander not to seek to be strong at all points at once. But the German strategists have considered Napoleon obsolete. They prefer to follow Clausewitz, whose theory of war was to bring great masses of troops together, like two heaps of gunpowder, and see which side would have something left over after the conflagration.

THE "NATION'S" JUBILEE.

Those to-day responsible for the conduct of the *Nation* look back to its fifty years of life with a kind of proud humility. The secure past is not theirs, yet they, as inheritors of a high tradition, must not discredit it. As they think of the men who conceived the *Nation* and nourished its early years—both editors and contributors during the time when its fame was solidly built up—the sensation is like that of one walking through a gallery of the portraits of his famous ancestors. They are his, yet not his—his, if he lives worthy of the name they bequeathed to him; not his, if he fastens disgrace where they stamped only honor.

Of *Nation* personalities in the earlier day, we must leave others to speak. They have done it in this issue richly and with grace and justice. Over the still recent and still mourned loss of Mr. Hammond Lamont, we could not pass in complete silence. His was a very tragedy of premature death.

> Early didst thou leave the world, with powers
> Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
> Firm to their mark, not spent on other things,
> Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt.

Tributes to Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison finer than those paid elsewhere, no friend and admirer of theirs could desire. There is perhaps room for a word on the felicitous way in which the two supplemented each other in their joint work. Mr. Godkin's was the greater elemental force. He had an impetuous rush. But sometimes the mighty flood of his argument, surcharged with humor, was in danger of overflowing its banks. He occasionally needed a dike-builder. It was a piece of rare good fortune for him that he had at his elbow a man of the coolest judgment, of accurate scholarship, willing and pleased to wreak himself upon the perfecting of the smallest detail. In Mr. Garrison's hands, verification was as a religion. Even punctuation became to his pen a fine art. His patient labor behind the curtain was not of a kind that the high gods of literature delight in, yet it was indispensable to the rounding out of the *Nation*. No one was quicker to perceive this than Mr. Godkin. He once wrote to Mr. Garrison, after years of associated endeavor: "If anything happens to you, I shall retire into a monastery."

No one has ever written comprehensively of the place of the *Nation* in the intellectual life of the United States, or, more particularly, of its true position in the history of American journalism. The hints, the echoes, the scattered individual testimonies, the treasured memories, abound. We have the letters of Lowell and Norton. We have the men of sixty whose hearts still burn within them as they recall what the *Nation* was to them in the years when their minds were expanding to the light. In the colleges it was a power with the choicer natures; on more than one farm it was a college to awakening intelligences denied a college education. Not long ago, a man who had spent forty-five years in the service of a railway, rising from train-hand to conductor of a trunk-line express, spoke simply of the *Nation*, which he had read for all that time, as "the only university I have been able to attend." No doubt, the new weekly of 1865 fell happily upon the period. America was still very provincial-minded, more than a trifle crude, afflicted with Chauvinism. Yet there were stirrings of a new life, gropings after more severe standards, an increasing perception that American achievement must submit to the test of the best that had been done or written. Then along came the *Nation* to express trained and cosmopolitan judgment of books and men and movements. To many a youth—and his elders, too—it was like the opening of a new world.

The *Nation's* influence in shaping the American press was out of all proportion to the mere number of its readers. It did not strive nor cry. The effects it wrought were subtle and insinuated, never clamorous. A virtue went out from it which was unconsciously absorbed by many newspaper writers. They could scarcely have said where they got their new impulse to exercise a judgment independent of party. All can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed. To-day the most powerful newspapers in the United States are those which have the reputation of being always ready, on a question of real principle, to snap the green withes with which politicians would bind them. But until twenty years after the *Nation* was founded, how few they were, how sneered at, how disliked! The steady light which Mr. Godkin burned in the *Nation*, and later in the *Evening Post*, had its slow but cumulative radiations. Not merely did it become impossible to employ, with a grave face, the partisan shibboleths which he was continually holding up to ridicule, but it was made easier for editors to refuse to give up to party what was meant for country. In this way, the *Nation* was as leaven in the lump of American journalism. Its primary appeal was to "the remnant." Yet those whom it taught and inspired were all the time going out to teach and inspire others. Thus the result was like a geometrical progression. The *Nation* reaped where apparently it had never sowed. And in the whole matter of unbiassed and informed comment upon great affairs, it gradually became a sort of external conscience to other publications. They waited to see what it would say before finally committing themselves. Coming down to a later period, that of Mr. Godkin's larger identification with the *Evening Post*, we have the remark of a veteran Western journalist, in reply to some one who was lamenting the fact that such a paper had not a larger circulation. "You idiot," he exclaimed, with profane emphasis, "don't you know that there isn't a decent editor in the United States who does not want to find out what it has to say on any subject worth writing about, before getting himself on record in cold type?"

We would not end on a purely commemorative note. The past of the *Nation* ought to be a pledge for the present and a guarantee of its future. Walter Bagehot chose a newspaper as a good illustration of the doctrine of persistence of type; and no one connected with the *Nation* could escape, if he would, what the years have wrought into it. If it has seen many of the causes advocated by it come to triumph, there are others still to be struggled for. If it drew to itself rare spirits in a day that is dead, it will continue to invite the best thought and to seek to secure and express the soundest verdicts on literature, science, politics, life. This number of the *Nation* is largely given up to memory, but hope is interfused. Coming days are to be fronted bravely. An institution like the *Nation* is self-renewing. The spirit of youth is forever interpenetrating it. So that there is the more reason for confidence as it grows old, since, with Rabbi Ben Ezra, it may hope that the best is yet to be.

Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Godkin, on the occasion of the *Nation's* quarter century, reviewed the tendencies and developments, good and bad, of the period. His conclusion from the whole was one of reasoned optimism. He believed that not even the most pessimistic observers could discover real ground for despairing of the republic. In words which we may make our own to-day, he said: "After they have collected together all the most depressing facts in existence, they are sure to find mixed up in them a bushel of reminders that, in the

Western world at least, after all action comes reaction, after the flood comes the ebb, and that in politics, as in private life, people often make a ladder of their vices to rise to higher things."

THE "NATION" OF THE PRESENT.

The war has been productive of few benefits, but one of these has been acutely felt by the *Nation*. The war has partially restored a valuable condition of the *Nation's* early years. Always having drawn largely upon the universities for contributions, it once had the advantage of scholars who could write upon pressing fundamental issues. The back files show that neither Norton nor Lowell, to mention no more, was content to be confined to his special field, broad as it was compared with the limits prescribed for most scholars to-day. Both men were deeply concerned about the politics and culture of the country at large, and conceived it their duty to speak out. In recent years the *Nation*, though still enlisting the services of foremost scholars, has found it increasingly difficult to draw from them any broad expression of their views. Partly, the trend of scholarship towards specialization was responsible for this; partly, it was because they preferred to leave general statements to representatives of certain newer departments of the university to which generalizing is the breath of life; but mainly it was because they had been confronted by no public issue of supreme importance.

Fortunately for the *Nation*, the war has changed all this; it has made the secluded study no sufficient abode, and nas moved some of this country's most distinguished scholars to assail the ready arguments which have threatened us all with confusion. That, though trained in the German system, they have found their quarry to be chiefly eminent German professors, has added zest as well as irony to the onslaught. To those who have followed the *Nation's* correspondence columns and its special articles on the war during the past year, it must be evident that the American professor has aided materially in the cause of clear thinking, and that much may be expected from him on other issues, provided he can be induced to speak. Now it is the intention of the *Nation*, in so far as it may, to prevent the study from becoming an ivory tower. For we are convinced that our staff of contributors, selected, in the main, from the academic world throughout the country, have a peculiar opportunity just at this moment. The scholar's discipline, directed by well-tried principles, may yet make the sway of the great god Change less easy. In accordance with its traditional policy, the *Nation* will continue to point out the danger of innovations which do not stand the test of rational criticism.

We are glad to announce that in the autumn we shall print a series of articles, written by some half-dozen distinguished scholars, on as vital an issue as exists to-day. To say that it is at the root of the war would be no exaggeration in the judgment of some; it is, at the least, a question whose ramifications reach to all spheres of life. We mean the New Realism. There could be no better time to examine the pretensions of this growing attitude, for by its very immensity and revolutionary character the war has set the whole world to questioning what this reality is which is worth such a cataclysm as we are witnessing to-day.

So long as realism, so called, meant that photographic attention to details which for a time infected the drama it did little harm. Even though its votaries pictured by preference the life of the slums, including the brothel, there was the conviction that the public would tire of an art which stifled imagination. What it actually did was to increase the run on the "movies," which were seen to be more exact illustrations of things as they are. But the new realism has been turned into something much more subtle, and has pervaded all the arts, as well as philosophy, education, business, and politics, passing in the case of the last three under the name of efficiency—that prince of corrupters! Yet it is in the spheres of painting, poetry, and philosophy that it has flourished most spectacularly. To explain its peculiarities in one sphere is to come near explaining them in all; and though we cannot undertake to give here an analysis of the new movement, some of the lines may be indicated which the symposium in the autumn will follow.

The new realism, as the *Nation* apprehends it, is in brief a variety of naturalism disguised by a veneer of science. In its desire to break through the monotony of the conventional it has been constrained to do away, in large measure, with the rational as well. The movement is also prompted, let us admit, by the higher motive of arriving at truth, which it is felt has been befogged by a silly adherence to the traditional; habits of thinking have come down to us from ages past which do not keep pace with the vast changes of modern life. Yet to throw over the intellect would be to put reliance entirely upon the emotions and to bring in a new brood of romanticists. In such a pass the alternative is to turn to science, the guiding spirit of the times. This is, in fact, what has been done, whether we look at the preponderance of mathematical formulæ in the new philosophy, at the pretentious accuracy in details of the new poetry, or at the elaborate, smooth-running machinery of modern business. The desire is to make automatons of us all. The intellect, if we examine the movement on the philosophical side, is to be exercised in applying the exact truths of mathematics, and the higher truths, those usually arrived at by a rational synthesis, are to be reached by means of the "instinct." It will be noted that this element of instinct is in reality the determining factor, even though so much is made of the safeguards of science, and that it thus relates the new school with the old one of romanticism. The one is but the inverse of the other. Whereas the romanticists created the universe out of their souls, the new realists admit a universe existing independently of them, but bring it into their ken, when science will not suffice to do so, by means of their emotions.

When William James, by his alluring definition of pragmatism, put a modicum of philosophy into the hands of the people, he could not have realized how eagerly they would embrace it, nor that to them pragmatism would soon be identified with efficiency —the thing which brings results, "delivers the goods." Neither could he have foreseen that the methods of modern business would tend to direct the minds of some of his philosophical disciples. Yet this seems to be what has happened. The new realists will have their philosophy as practicable as James's. They must organize and create a machinery as scientific as a Steel Trust's. They must be efficient by forestalling the waste occasioned by old-fashioned mental concepts; knowledge is to be conveyed much more directly. For their symbolic logic, which they have adapted from Mr. Bertrand Russell, read business organization, and for their "instinct" read "hunch"—that frequent court of appeal with the man of affairs—and you see how closely adjusted is their philosophy to everyday conditions of modern life.

It should be tolerably plain, we think, after a systematic examination, that the body of doctrine which is the basis of efficiency is also to a large extent the basis of the new realism. If so, this will mean that the

arts and philosophy are coming into close touch with actual life; it will also mean that the limitations of efficiency are likewise those of the new realism.

GERMAN-AMERICAN "MISUNDERSTANDINGS."

Dr. Meyer-Gerhard, who was sent to Germany by Ambassador Bernstorff to set the Government and people right about American sentiment, has already begun his work. The long article which he wrote for the *Tag* has been summarized in cable dispatches. Its burden is that the stress of war has led to misapprehensions on both sides. Americans have not understood the German position, and Germans have not been able to comprehend the American attitude. It is Dr. Meyer-Gerhard's mission, as he evidently conceives it, to act as a skilful intermediary and conciliator between the two. He begins with the German public; and it may be taken for granted that what he writes guardedly in a newspaper he will state more explicitly and emphatically in his confidential interviews with the officials of the Foreign Office.

It must be conceded that he sets about his difficult task in friendly temper and with a fair measure of adroitness. One must bear in mind the inflamed state of opinion in Germany which he is addressing and endeavoring to soothe. It would not do for him to tell bluntly the whole truth—supposing that he knows it—about American feeling regarding the raping of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania. He has, as it were, to break it gently to German readers. And he does it, with some degree of cleverness, by explaining that Americans did not "understand" the "German idea of the real conditions" which compelled the violation of Belgium and the destruction of women and children at sea. From this it is easy to pass to a warning to the German public not to make the mistake of supposing that there is not real and wide indignation in the United States at these acts in Germany's conduct of the war. The implication is rather subtle, and had to be deftly conveyed. But that the desired impression was made is indicated by the comment of the *Lokal Anzeiger*—the newspaper, it will be remembered, which has lately been preaching that Germany must do everything within reason to keep on friendly terms with this country. It remarks of Dr. Meyer-Gerhard's article that it ought to give a new point of view to "those circles which heretofore have been inclined to make light of our differences with America as being utterly unimportant." Whether Mr. Bryan did or did not give Berlin to understand that the diplomatic notes of our Government meant nothing in particular, it is plain that Dr. Meyer-Gerhard is reporting that they were wholly serious.

If he gives but a pale reflection of the antagonism which Germany has aroused in this country, it is also true that he seeks to understate the bitterness with which Germans have expressed themselves against the United States. This is consistent with the rôle which he has assumed of amiable go-between. His aim is to get each of the two nations to believe that the other is really a good fellow and a true friend, and that the differences which have arisen are due wholly to failure on either side to understand what the other was driving at. This is tactful and may be helpful up to a certain point; but obviously it cannot go very far. Despite all the bland words that can be used, there remains a clear and sharp issue, a question between the two countries to the merits of which Dr. Meyer-Gerhard's conciliatory methods do not and cannot go. And it is Germany's official position on that question which we are now waiting for her to make known, and which will be decisive of her relations with the United States.

On one point, Dr. Meyer-Gerhard touches rather gingerly. This is the American sale of arms and munitions of war to the Allies. He considers this "regrettable," and to that opinion he is entitled. But when he adds that a "large part" of the American people disapproves of it, and that "a popular vote" would show "a considerable majority" against it, one feels like asking him for his evidence. On the question of the legality of the practice, the record is perfectly clear. The German Government has itself officially admitted that it has no ground in international law for complaining of the purchase in this country of shells and other war material. The position of our own Government was laid down plainly in the note to Ambassador Bernstorff. And Mr. Bryan committed himself up to the hilt, in his personal letter to Senator Stone, to the view that our sales to the Allies were both legal and proper. His words on that subject, it is worth noting, he has thus far refused to retract. Recently, he was to have addressed a meeting of German-Americans in Chicago. But they demanded that he come out squarely for an embargo on the export of arms. As the *Fatherland* maintains, this is the "pivot" of German-American sentiment at present. But Mr. Bryan declined to turn on that pivot, and so his Chicago speech was cancelled. The thing passed without causing a ripple of excitement. That could hardly have been the case if a "considerable majority" of the American people were of the mind that war supplies to the Allies, to be used against Germany, ought to be stopped.

Most Americans will respond heartily to the statement of Dr. Meyer-Gerhard that friendship between two nations such as Germany and the United States ought not to be lightly thrown away. But a good test of friendship is to be able to endure the truth from a friend. And the truth which Germans have now to bear from their American friends is that the course of the German Government in this war has deeply alienated American opinion. There is not so much "misunderstanding" as Dr. Meyer-Gerhard chooses to allege. We in this country understand only too well what happened in Belgium, and what was done to the Lusitania. And if Germany really wishes to retain and to deserve our friendship, she now knows what just demands of this nation she must first grant.

THE ENGLISH WILL TO CONQUER.

Taken in connection with the well-defined reports of a considerable growth of peace sentiment among the German Socialists, on which we commented last week, the short shrift given at a recent meeting of British trade unionists to the proposal that a vote of sympathy be passed for their fellows in Germany is not without significance. "Drop such sentimental bosh," was the contemptuous exclamation of that stalwart labor leader, Ben Tillett; and we are told that "loud cries of 'Next business!' buried the proposal." The temper of the British trade unionists thus revealed is significant principally because it is on a revival of the international sentiment among the workers of the various countries at war that recent expressions of hope for an early peace have been largely based. Despite the far more efficient control of the press exercised in Germany than in England, and despite the greater difficulties of communication with the former country, we have seen that in Germany there are signs of such a revival. That similar influences are at work in England to any considerable extent there appears to be so far but the most meagre evidence. On the contrary, the response to Mr. Lloyd George's appeal for volunteers to carry out the provisions of the Munitions Bill would seem to

indicate that whatever indifference to the war there may have been among the workers of England is in a fair way to being dissipated, and that in its place is crystallizing a determination to prosecute to a finish the business in hand.

Among the phenomena that distinguish this war from any in which England has engaged during the last hundred years not the least remarkable is the almost total absence of a "peace party." By this we do not mean any lack of those who, amid the horrors of war, continue to work faithfully for an ultimate solution of international problems which shall in the future eliminate the waste and futility of armed strife. Of these there are, happily, plenty. We mean that in England to-day the small but powerful minority which openly disapproves a particular war on the ground that it is unjust and unnecessary is all but non-existent. This was not the case even during the Napoleonic wars, in the early stages of which the Government was regularly called to task by an Opposition in which figured such men as Fox and Grey and Sheridan, and when there were not wanting British subjects, like Sir Roger Casement in the present war, to give comfort to the enemy in his own stronghold. The oppposition of the "Little Englanders" to the South African War is fresh in the memory of all but the youngest, and it is significant of the changed temper of the land that to-day the man to whom England looks to make provision of the munitions necessary to a successful prosecution of the war is the same man who, fifteen years ago, as a rising young statesman, jeopardized his future career by fearlessly denouncing the Boer War as unjust and unnecessary.

To-day those Englishmen of any prominence who have expressed open opposition to the war may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Lord Morley and John Burns resigned from the Cabinet at the outbreak of the war, but they have kept guard over their tongues, although Mr. Burns's famous statement, long ago proved apocryphal, is still quoted with satisfaction in Germany. Ramsay MacDonald, the labor leader and member of Parliament, is the one man of prominence in public life who has not hesitated to voice his opposition to the war, his conviction that England's participation in it was utterly unnecessary. That his views are not popular in his constituency of Leicester is evident from an editorial in the Leicester *Daily Post*, a Radical organ, in which the writer comments unfavorably on Mr. MacDonald's recent article discountenancing the tales of German atrocities, in the Swiss review, *Les Documents du Progrès*. Of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the author of "Commonsense About the War," it is hardly necessary to speak. His natural disapprobation of the war and his inherent mistrust of his fellow-countrymen seem to be mingled with a curiously romantic satisfaction in the spectacle of the "Lion's last fight." Besides, Mr. Shaw is one of those who never follow anything that other men begin.

Perhaps the most interesting of the small group of English dissenters is Prof. F. C. Conybeare, of Oxford, whose mental process since the war began has been kaleidoscopic in its variety. Beginning as a well-known pacifist convinced of the justice of England's cause—on which subject he contributed a number of letters to the *Nation*—he gradually veered round to the opposite position, which he stated in a private letter to a friend in America that was published in the *Vital Issue*. This document, on which we published a letter with brief editorial comment in our issue of May 13, was remarkable for its vitriolic attack on Sir Edward Grey, whom the writer described as a "sinister liar" and whose ultimate fate, it was prophesied, would be to be sent to the gallows by the House of Commons which he had "utterly hoodwinked." Mr. Asquith, it was hinted, might be expected to share the fate of his Foreign Minister. Naturally, Professor Conybeare's diatribe has been widely circulated by German sympathizers. Now comes the professor's recantation, in the form of a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, cabled to this country last week. A further study of the official documents has convinced Professor Conybeare that he was "quite wrong" in attributing to Sir Edward Grey the motives that he did and that "I ought to have set down to the awful contingencies with which he [Sir Edward] was faced, many passages which I was guilty of grossly misinterpreting. . . . I deeply regret that I misunderstood his aims, and in my endeavor to be fair to the enemy was grossly unjust to him." Professor Conybeare concludes: "I am only anxious to undo, if it be still possible, some of the harm which my hasty judgments and intemperate language have caused."

In the fulness of his repentance we suspect that Professor Conybeare overestimates the harm that he has done, which is chiefly in the sorry exhibition—not unlike that made by his academic brethren in Germany—of the disastrous effects exercised by the present cataclysm on a mind that should be trained to clear thinking. The point, however, which is emphasized by Professor Conybeare's recantation is that by his defection the very small group of Englishmen who have regarded the war as unnecessary and found fault with Sir Edward Grey's part in it, is deprived of one of its principal spokesmen. Clearly the sentiment in England in favor of an early peace on the basis of the *status quo ante* seems to diminish rather than to increase. It might even not be putting it too strongly to say that the "will to conquer" appears to-day to be more widespread in England than in Germany.

KEEPING OUR HEADS WITH ASSASSINS ABOUT.

When Vaillant threw his bomb in the French Chamber, twenty-two years ago, the presiding officer quickly recovered his poise and called upon the Deputies to proceed quietly with the public business. It was a fine way of testifying to dynamitards that they cannot frighten civilized people out of their senses. Yet of this truth it seems necessary to remind some civilized people as often as the assassins. We have just had a succession of shocks. The wrecked room in the Capitol at Washington, the attempt to kill Mr. Morgan, and the explosion of a bomb at Police Headquarters in New York are events which, treading so closely upon one another's heels, cannot but try our nerves. They are also a test of what we carry about in our heads. However greatly we may be startled and horrified by such mad acts, we must make it our business to look calmly at their causes, and to make a note of what can be done—and what cannot be done—to prevent their recurrence, as also to protect individuals and society from miscreants of this kind.

After every sensational occurrence of the sort there is invariably an outburst, greater or less, of hysteria. It was so when Guiteau shot President Garfield. It was so when Czolgosz killed President McKinley. We were told that these crimes proved not only the weakness of our laws and the need of making them vastly more comprehensive and more severe, but the folly of allowing so much free discussion in this country, with its effect of putting wild ideas into unbalanced brains. Not much talk like this, we are glad to say, was set loose by the effort to murder Mr. Morgan. Some newspapers went to the hasty extreme of making the pro-Germans in the United States directly responsible for the crime, but they were so far out-

done in this regard by the English press that they soon gave up the competition. The London *Standard*, for example, declared that the attempt on Mr. Morgan's life was presumptive evidence of "a German blackhand conspiracy in the United States." Trying to improve on itself, it went on to say that "it is becoming clear that the German Embassy at Washington is the headquarters of a criminal organization." This is going it far too strong for American editors to hope to keep up. They have had to content themselves with pointing out the danger of inflaming minds like Holt's, or whatever his name is, and with suggesting various precautions and punishments that might be adopted.

It is a problem with which civilized nations have been wrestling for at least thirty years. No complete solution has been found. None is to be looked for in the near future. We shall have to get on with whatever safeguards or palliatives can be devised. The risk, especially for public officials and for men prominent by reason of great wealth, will remain. As our pioneer ancestors were subject to the peril of venomous reptiles and wild animals, so we of to-day seem to be compelled to reckon with the possibility of dynamite explosions or lurking attempts at assassination. We must do our best to guard the classes particularly exposed; we must make penalties exemplary; we ought to seek to remove every removable cause of such outrages—so far as this can be done consistently with what is more precious than life; but when all is done, the hazard will long continue to exist, for all that we can now see. It is, as King Humbert put it, one of the hazards of the "trade" of monarchs. And we see how it inevitably attends others. They may be carefully guarded. Presidents and Governors and Mayors should have the best protection that the detective service can furnish. But, as Mr. Wilson observed, at the time when Col. Roosevelt was shot by a crazy man in Milwaukee, it is not possible absolutely to prevent homicidal maniacs from getting access to American public men. The danger can be kept small; it cannot be wholly eliminated. The risk is there, and the only question is how we are to face it.

The concrete case just now is that of Mr. Morgan's assailant. He appears to be of unsound mind. He may fall within the legal definition of sanity; that is for the courts to decide; but he betrays unmistakable symptoms of brain disturbance. Now, it must be granted that the particular obsession under which he labored was intensified, if it was not immediately provoked, by things the assassin had read in the newspapers, or had heard people say, on the question of the sale of American munitions of war to the Allies. So far as any motive can be made out in the murderer's mind, this was the substance of it. If he is really insane on this subject, his malady was doubtless heightened by publications and speeches. But are we now to rush off and say that all such agitation must be suppressed? Most of it is, in our opinion, very foolish, and a good deal of it is malicious; we can also readily imagine that some forms of the outcry, reaching brains already on the verge of losing self-control, might set them to brooding over criminal thoughts. But shall we, on this account, forbid German-Americans, or German sympathizers, or mistaken sentimentalists, to say the thing they really believe, so long as it is legitimate agitation, and not a direct incitement to violence? We all know that this is impossible. If a law were passed this year to effect it, it would be repealed next year. You cannot repress pro-German discussion without also ruling out anti-German. The principle was pretty thoroughly threshed out at the time of McKinley's assassination. Only then it was "anarchy," not protests against the shipment of ammunition, which nobody was to be allowed to whisper about. Suppression was found to be impossible then, and it will be now. We have to take the drawbacks along with our free institutions. And we must keep our heads even when assassins are about.

ABOLISHING THE STYMIE.

Mr. John G. Anderson, well known as both a skilful player and an intelligent writer on golf, has been boldly advocating what many will think nothing less than a revolution in the game. He would have the United States Golf Association courageously take the stymie by the horns and legislate it out of existence. In the very phrasing of the proposal there is a consciousness of challenging the long British tradition of golf. America got the game, with its rules, from England, yet we have shown a certain degree of independence in setting up American variations. We have legalized the Schenectady putter, still anathema across the water. We have slightly modified the rules for a lost ball and a ball out of bounds. Why not, asks Mr. Anderson, issue another Declaration of American Independence, and abolish the stymie in this fair land?

It is admitted that Britons will never, never cease to be slaves to the stymie. They would no more consent to its abolition than they would to the taking down of the images of Gog and Magog in the Guildhall. Any American who ever played golf with an Englishman, and who politely offered to lift his own ball so that his opponent might have an unobstructed putt for the hole, knows what is the astonished stare with which the proffer is refused, and the conclusive reason given: "It isn't done, you know." The question often heard as two American players start from the first tee, "Shall we play stymies?" would be profanation on a British links. As well ask whether strokes were to be honestly counted! So that it is a case for an American secession, if the thing is to be done at all.

Yet if we are to set up for ourselves in this high matter, a decent regard for the opinion of mankind requires us to give our reasons. They are stated in the usual form by Mr. Anderson. Match play at golf should be purely a test of skill. The man who gets into the hole in the fewest number of strokes wins. Yet he may be robbed of his deserved victory by an unforeseeable stymie. He gets on the green, four feet from the hole, in three, while his opponent requires four, yet the latter's ball is directly in line of the former's. Thus two strokes are necessary where only one would have been needed but for the stymie. What could be more unfair? Is it not obvious that the rules should be changed so as to do away with this unjust penalty?

Those who argue on the other side have something to say for themselves. They would distinguish between the stymie that is an accident and the one that is deliberately "laid." The latter is not met with so often as some suppose. A player who in cold blood tries to stymie his opponent is apt to meet with a good many cold glances, not to say cold shoulders. Besides, the thing is not so easily done. If a player can hit his ball with such delicate accuracy that it comes to rest on the precise spot, to a hair's breadth, where it blocks the line to the hole, why not expend that preternatural skill on holing out, and be done with it? It is doubtless true that a player sometimes has the thought in the back of his head, when essaying a long and difficult putt, that, in case he misses, it wouldn't be a bad thing if his ball stopped so as to stymie his opponent. But both this idea and the execution of it are rare. Nine stymies out of ten are pure luck.

All the more reason for abolishing them, maintains Mr. Anderson. Get the game

down to terms of pure skill. But that is easier said than done. Lucky chances often happen on the links; but no player is expected to refuse what the kind fates throw into his lap. If Hilton's ball bounded back from a rock upon the green and won him the American championship, he was under no obligation to refuse to profit by the fluke. And accidents are all the time occurring to get the better, temporarily, of skill on the links. These "rubs of the green" are exasperating, but we have to take them as they come.

Not all is plain sailing for the reasoning in behalf of the stymie. What about the six-inches rule? If your opponent's ball is within six inches of yours, you may ask him to lift. What becomes, then, of the theory of a rub of the green? Of course, the answer is that there is no desire to make stymies absolutely impossible of negotiation. Obviously, there is material in the entire controversy for much profound debate. For our part, we do not venture to take a firm and decided position in the great dispute. The only rule that could give complete satisfaction to all concerned would be one providing that your opponent should never be permitted to stymie you, and never be allowed to object when you stymied *him*.

Foreign Correspondence

WATERLOO—THE COALITION CABINET—A FRENCHMAN ON ENGLAND—WOUNDED OFFICERS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, June 18.

To-day is the centenary of Waterloo, and even the most unsentimental can hardly refrain from animadverting on the similarities and contrasts of the situations then and now. Superficially, the contrasts are immense. Our enemy has become our ally; our most efficient ally has become our terribly efficient foe. But the similarities are really greater than the differences. Once more we are fighting with a European coalition against an antagonist bent on universal conquest, or at least on European supremacy. Our ideas of democracy, liberty, and national independence have developed and strengthened since 1815, but then we honestly believed (as we believe now) that we were fighting in their behalf. Looking back from this vantage point, we can easily descry mistakes, weaknesses, vacillations, hypocrisies—if you will, even crimes—in England's conduct in diplomacy and war; but we contend unhesitatingly that she was right, on the whole, and that her action was eminently serviceable to the cause of civilization and human progress. How far this was due to the happy accidents of geography may be a matter of discussion; but the fact remains that the very existence of the far-flung British Empire may be taken as a proof that it has performed a function regarded by the other great Powers as, in the main, useful and beneficial. If we can hereafter look back on the results of the present war with equal self-justification, we shall be proud indeed. And we pray that, whatever faults we have committed in the immediate past, we may be able to resist the temptation to use the force of circumstances for our own profit, rather than as Europe's trustee. "Our business," to use Lord Castlereagh's words, "is not to collect trophies, but to bring back the world to peaceful habits." It is, too, to be hoped that the plenipotentiaries who try to inaugurate a new Golden Age, after the cataclysm of 1915, will be more happily inspired than the unimaginative diplomatists of the Congress of Vienna. They must clearly understand that they are acting for humanity, or at least for Europe as a whole, and not in the interests of ancient dynasties or individual privileges. If a repentant and regenerate German people were to give us the opportunity, we should be as glad as we were in 1815 to treat our triumph as won over the principle of militarism rather than over a nation or country.

The Coalition Ministry has not yet had much opportunity to show how well fitted it is to carry out the gigantic task that faces it; but so far the indications are favorable. The great problem is the efficient organization of our military and industrial forces and, with that, the reconciliation of our traditional clinging to voluntary service with the urgent need of the moment. We realize that Germany is formidable, not on account of her poisonous gases, Zeppelin raids, sinking of trawlers, and other evidences of what seems to us a somewhat petty malignity, but on account of her virtues—her discipline, her devotion, her endurance, her admirable and far-sighted coördination. We have little or no desire to emulate her in the first field, but in the second we are quite willing, *ab hoste doceri*. It is of the essence of a free and independent country that opinions should differ as to how the difficulty is to be met. Coleridge has emphasized the enormous difference between those who possess an idea and those who are possessed by it; and it is between these two classes that this conflict arises. Just as the extreme pacifists are so possessed by their idea that they cannot see there is a moment when its ventilation may be unseasonable, so the enthusiasts for individual liberty of action are loath indeed to believe that a juncture may come when even that has to be temporarily sacrificed for a higher, or at least a more urgent, good. On the other side, we have a somewhat noisy, but perhaps not very large, band who are so impressed by the German virtues that they believe there is nothing for it but to adopt their programme *en bloc*. The way of safety lies, doubtless, in the golden mean of compromise. It is possible that compulsory conscription, in either the military or the industrial sphere, might produce moral harm that would more than offset its superficial advantages. The moral pressure to enlist is steadily making itself more and more felt by all those of military age. The recent advance of the recruiting age to forty has distinctly increased the discomfort of the unmarried slackers between twenty and thirty. No doubt there are a certain number who are "waiting till they are called upon"; but it is not yet certain that this "call" need be more than some such measure as a national registration of the militarily fit.

In the industrial sphere, the scheme of our new Minister of Munitions seems a fairly good shot at the bull's-eye of compromise. On the one hand, there has been a very strong and persistent cry for the suspension of all trade-union regulations in restriction of output. On the other, the equally obvious conviction has ruled that it is impossible to exact forced labor that might conceivably inure to private profit. Mr. Lloyd George's proposals attempt to meet both these difficulties. The temporary suspension of the trade-union rules must be accompanied by a temporary limitation of profits in munition and armament works. In the "controlled establishments" there will be special provisions in reference to strikes, lockouts, mobility of labor, compulsory arbitration, the infliction of fines, and so on. Those who are willing to work in such establishments are to sign a declaration valid for six months. It is not, apparently, intended to put the ammunition workers into khaki (like the Liverpool dockers), or to submit them to anything that could fairly be called military discipline.

The reality of Zeppelinism has lately been impressed on Londoners by the issue of official instructions from Scotland Yard as to what households should do in the event of a raid. The effect on the British people may, perhaps, be summarized in the words of M. Jean Cruppi, formerly French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who recently visited London, and is publishing his impressions in the *Matin*. He writes: "Our English friends are not troubled with an excessive gift of imagination. Hard facts are needed in order to bring them to a sense of realities. In this present war it has taken them some time to realize that the superb effort represented by the British navy on sea had to be supplemented by a supreme effort on land. Under the impulse of men like Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener, this effort is being made to the full. After ten months' war, the visitor to England is surprised less by what remains to be accomplished than by the work already done. Everything had to be created, both the man and the gun. . . .

"Englishmen of all classes and creeds are one in an inflexible anger, in the implacable determination to lavish blood and treasure until Germany has been beaten to her knees. . . . Never before have the irresistible forces of the United Kingdom appeared to me so full of energy and so imposing. These forces are in full operation, and they are marching forward to their goal."

Yesterday I visited two young officers in hospital. One, a Canadian, had been struck by shrapnel in three places, had had a bullet through his arm, and had suffered three weeks from gas-poisoning. A pleasant recompense for these evils had just reached him in the shape of a captain's commission, at the age of twenty-one. The other youngster (nineteen) had undergone an operation, and had been gratified by receiving as his first visitors, on emerging from his chloroform-sleep, the King and Queen of England. King George and Queen Mary are, I understand, quite unwearied in their work of visiting the wounded, often seeing two or three hundred officers and soldiers in a day, and exchanging a few personal words with every one of them. And the nurses in charge allege that they show no evidence whatever of being bored!

PARIS AND MUSIC—A PROGRAMME OF GOOD WORKS—A CRITICISM OF GERMAN MUSIC.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 19.

Among the multitudinous good works to which the needs of this cruel war have given birth, one of the most curious is the "Aide Morale" in Paris. The moral aid which is given is an hour or two of free entertainment for the people on Sundays. It is intended to cheer and encourage, as well as to inform; and it is given at the *mairies* (ward halls) of the populous quarters. There, indeed, the civil life of the people centres—their marriages and registration of births and deaths, and all the rest.

First, there is a little talk, usually by some one who is somebody—to keep up faith in the outcome of the war. Then there is a concert, with recitals, also by somebodies; and each number is explained to these listeners, unused to theatrical art, by one who acts as the chairman did in the old-time music-halls of London. In a few words, he presents each singer or actor or performer, and tells just what the song or recitation or music means—which might often be done profitably for more pretentious audiences.

During the seven months the work has been going on 112 such moral-aid entertainments have been given, with the help of 250 singers, musicians, and actors, poets, historians, and even savants. There have been more than 100,000 hearers—enough to leaven well the popular lump.

The halls, of course, are free; but the total expenses, which have to be met by personal contributions, include another good work or two. One is the helping out of theatrical *artistes* who are so commonly without employment now that war has stopped the city's regular amusements. All told, a little over $3,000 covers expenses so far.

A side work which dovetails in with the rest is supported differently. This is the "Vestiaire des Artistes"—to supply necessary clothes and gowns and such like. For this, women of fashion are asked to contribute their passing dresses, which are not precisely fitted for the poor and refugees. One of the successful cartoons of this extraordinary season has been a sister of charity looking glummish at a canary-headed lady, who offers her a fossilized slit skirt. But to these *cigales*, whose habitual flow of fine dresses stopped

Quand la bise fut venue

such toilet materials are a godsend, enabling them to continue earning their legitimate living. This part of the work has grown far beyond these city-hall entertainments; and it is estimated that gifts have been received to the value of $15,000. The well-known social worker, Madame Moll-Weiss, has organized this combination of practical aids, moral and magnificent. She also has a "mothers' school"; and she has found time to occupy herself with another phase of real art—the making of "fruit briquettes," a sugared dried-fruit paste cut in squares handy for soldiers' eating.

For the benefit of a similar war-charity—free meals for impoverished *artistes*—a more elaborate entertainment, somewhat difficult on the artistic side, has been successfully realized by Madame Felia Litwinne. She has long been a beloved *prima donna* in France, and her native patriotic feeling has helped her out. At Nice and Monte Carlo, and now in the immense Trocadéro Hall of Paris, she has given a short, varied, characteristic programme of song, chorus, and dance music, representing "scenes of Russian popular life." She has had the practical sense to arrange the scenes without theatrical complication, so that they can be produced in ordinary concert halls.

Even without artists of such original quality as Madame Litwinne has found for the purpose, beginning with herself, her programme is an easy model for musical entertainments, intended to instruct and impress as well as amuse. For the intellectual element is also easy, just as the music is delightful.

Pierre Lalo, the battling musical critic of Paris—he is a son of the composer of "Le Roi d'Ys"—has been writing characteristically of "German taste and Italian taste":

"It is true that, during 150 years, Germanic countries produced a great number of magnificent musical geniuses, and that during those years no other country could rival them. But it was only during that period; in the middle ages music was Italian, not German; at the Renaissance, it was French and Flemish; in the seventeenth and to the middle of the eighteenth century it was sometimes Italian and sometimes French. It is only with Handel and Bach that the greatness of German music begins—and it has ended with Wagner. . . .

"For twenty years my professional duties have taken me each year to Germany, and I can say without exaggeration that I know the country well. I have many and many a time had occasion to verify and to say, 'The German people, among all the peoples of Europe, is one in which the worst musical taste is found.' No doubt, it is a people that makes a deal of music, and it has an animal need to hear much, just as it has to eat and drink much; but all music is good to it, and it makes no difference between the better and the worse. In numberless concerts which swarm in every German city, the public takes as much pleasure in hearing some *pot-pourri* of the leader of the orchestra as in one of Beethoven's symphonies. The programmes of German lyric theatres form an extraordinary mixture of classic masterpieces and horrible productions, which no other country in the world has been willing to stand for half a century.

"The choruses which their choral societies sing, and which are now sung by their regiments—and which are given us as a sign of German artistic superiority—'sound well,' maybe, in the open air, as evening falls; but—by themselves—they have no musical value. No, there is no comparison between the material faculty of singing in parts, which implies no refinement of feeling or mind, and the proofs of taste and delicacy given every moment, at every street corner and turning of the ways, by the peasants of Tuscany and Umbria."

M. Lalo concludes by asking: "What, in comparison with such marvels, can German towns and country teach their inhabitants? Only ugliness and coarseness. Between the Italian mind and the German mind there can be no agreement."

It may be as well to add that no one has criticised more savagely the "music-hall" quality of recent Italian compositions than M. Lalo, who thus appreciates popular Italian taste.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT AND THE LAW OF GUARANTEES.

By HOMER EDMISTON.

MILAN, June 14.

The question that was so much discussed before Italy's declaration of war against Austria, as to what would be the effect of such a declaration on the relations of the Holy See with Austria and Germany, has been answered in a way that, in part, had been foreseen by many. It was hardly to be believed that in this event the presence of the Prussian, Bavarian, and Austrian Ambassadors to the Vatican would be tolerated in Rome. But the prediction that the Pope would ask the entire diplomatic corps to absent itself during the war, has not been verified.

During the agitations that preceded the declaration of war, certain Austrian and German prelates and laymen in Rome exerted all kinds of pressure, direct and indirect, upon the Vatican authorities and upon the Pope himself to induce him to transfer his court to some neutral country, preferably Switzerland, on the ground that his own liberties and those of the Church would be violated if he stayed in Rome. But the Pope, too fine a diplomat and too good an Italian to be imposed upon by such ingenuous manœuvres, gave his zealous and disinterested counsellors to understand that they had exaggerated the dangers of his position.

On May 23, the day that war was declared, the Italian Government issued the following declaration:

"A statement has been published in regard to the intention of the Italian Government, in case of war, not to allow the diplomatic represenatives to the Holy See of those states with which Italy should go to war, to remain in the country. This statement is without foundation."

From this it was inferred that the Government had been assured that the departure of the diplomatists in question had already been determined, and that it maintained the Law of Guarantees, because it was under no necessity of doing otherwise.

On May 26 the *Osservatore Romano*, the official mouthpiece of the Vatican, denied the report that the Pope had requested the sovereigns of the countries at war with Italy to retire their representatives at his court. But it did not deny that he had prevailed upon the Ambassadors themselves to go. The same paper contained a mild allusion to the restricted liberties of the Sovereign Pontiff in his dealings with foreign countries. But it is to be observed that the Pope's letter, to which I refer below, made no mention of this subject.

The German and Austrian press, being filled during the next few days with violent diatribes against the Italian Government for its alleged violation of the Law of Guarantees, the Ministry was constrained to issue the following second declaration (May 31):

"With regard to the permanence in this country of the diplomatic representatives to the Vatican of those states with which Italy is at war, or has broken off diplomatic relations, certain German newspapers allege that the Italian Government not only has neglect-

ed to guarantee the safety of the said representatives, but has also announced through its official press that the Law of Guarantees would temporarily be suspended if they should not voluntarily hasten their departure.

"This statement is in every part of it false. The truth is, on the contrary, that in reply to a number of questions put by the German Embassy to the Foreign Office, it was said that the particular sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff being guaranteed by our laws, the Italian Government is determined to maintain it in all circumstances and in strict conformity with the requirements of these laws. The additional assurance was given that the Ambassadors of foreign Powers to the Holy See might in any event freely reside in Rome, and that the Italian Government would take all possible precautions to insure their safety."

Thus were the provisions of the most competent and moderate observers completely nullified. As I have already remarked in my letter of May 1 (*Nation*, May 27, p. 593), so eminent an authority as Professor Scaduto, of the University of Rome, is of opinion that at the time the Law of Guarantees was passed it was the understanding of both Chambers that in case of war the Government, by act of Parliament or even on its own responsibility, could suspend the immunities of ambassadors accredited to the Holy See by Powers at war with Italy. It was also generally expected that the present Government would adopt this course. But Salandra and Sonnino, in spite of the very real dangers of the presence in Rome of Austrian and German ambassadors, with permission to correspond in cipher with their home Governments by mail and telegraph, preferred to maintain in their strictest interpretation Italy's pledges to the Papacy. It may, of course, be conjectured that Sonnino, whose good faith nobody at least in Italy dares to impugn, may have been reasonably certain, in giving his assurance to the German Embassy, that he would not be called upon to fulfil it. But with or without such reasonable certainty, a man of his high and austere rectitude, if convinced that his country's faith was plighted in this sense, would have kept it whatever the consequences.

Only a few days ago the Italian Consul in Zurich was compelled to deny officially some statements of Austrian papers about violations of the Law of Guarantees on the part of the Italian Government, which he did in these terms:

"The Pope continues to exercise his apostolic mission with every possible liberty. The Law of Guarantees remains in full force, and the Pope sends his dispatches in cipher now as before the war, while his diplomatic couriers travel with sealed envelopes without being subjected to the slightest censorship."

A few days after the declaration of war, Benedict XV, in place of an Allocution to a Consistory which he had hoped to call, addressed a letter to the Sacred College through its Dean, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli. Several of its members, that is, Italian bishops and archbishops, had already pronounced patriotic discourses from their pulpits, and, of course, no such utterance was expected of the Pope. But the letter contained two noteworthy passages. He lamented that "our beloved Italy" had been drawn into the conflict, and also that "on land and sea means of offence have been adopted that are contrary to the laws of humanity and to international law." As to the first expression, no Pope had said anything like it since 1870; as to the second, the allusion was clear to German methods of submarine warfare, to the use of asphyxiating-gases, and to other barbarities in France and Belgium.

In my letter to the *Nation* of December 10, I mentioned the case of Father Semeria, the famous preacher and liberal theologian, who had been expelled from Italy by Pius X. He has just been appointed chaplain to the general headquarters of the Italian army. This means not only the rehabilitation of a learned and enlightened priest, but also, along with other similar instances, a complete accord, that is, in matters of administration where they have a common interest, between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Perhaps the most significant circumstance of all is that the Pope has given permission to the Marchese Patrizi Montoro, an officer in his household, to volunteer for service in the Italian army.

Notes from the Capital

PRESIDENTS AND THEIR PREMIERS.

We have heard so much, during the international complications of the last few months, about what would have happened if Taft or Roosevelt had been elected President in 1912, that it may be of interest to look back at recent Administrations which have had threats of war dinned in their ears, and see what happened. We need revert no further than to Benjamin Harrison's term, when some of the seamen from the U. S. S. Baltimore were maltreated by a mob in the streets of Valparaiso, and the Government of Chili was called upon for reparation. Chili had, just then, enough troubles of her own to excuse, in her opinion, a little delay, even if no account were taken of the local *mañana* habit. Harrison, however, was a man of peppery temper; he was also painfully conscious that his Administration was far from popular at home. To embarrass the situation yet more, he had for his Secretary of State Mr. Blaine, of whom the Chilians, justly or unjustly, had grown suspicious, and between whom and the President had sprung up a perceptible coolness, due originally to essential differences of temperament, and increased by the activity of sundry political mischief-makers. Then came a dramatic climax.

The President, weary of fruitless negotiation with Chili, allowed a hint to escape from the White House that he should cut short her dilly-dallying by a given day. On the morning stated, nothing satisfactory having eventuated, the press was duly warned that an important special message would be read in Congress at noon. It was: a message which sounded so jingoistic a note as to startle the country. But that night the further news leaked out that Mr. Blaine had had at his Department, at the very hour the President's message was leaving the White House for the Capitol, an official dispatch from Chili announcing the willingness of her Government to meet ours on a friendly footing for an adjustment of differences. Of course, the whole matter soon reached a peaceful conclusion; but the rift between the President and his Premier widened thenceforth till it became an absolute breach. Blaine's sponsors always contended that the reason the news of Chili's pacific attitude was not disclosed in time to prevent the sending of the message to Congress was that the dispatch was in a cipher which took long to translate, and that Harrison, meanwhile, was in a hurry to head off anything which might rob him of his laurels as a theatrical champion of American rights. Harrison's defenders retorted that Blaine had deliberately held back the amicable dispatch, being eager to see Harrison exhibit himself in a ridiculous light before the country.

When Cleveland was faced with a possibility of war, in consequence of his message to Congress calling attention to British aggressions in Venezuela, he had for Secretary of State Richard Olney, a lawyer and student of world-politics, who ranked in the Democratic party of that era about as Elihu Root ranks in the Republican party to-day. Olney was not only an eminently capable adviser, but truly loyal to his chief, whether agreeing with him in all particulars or not. That cloud was dissipated by the good statesmanship then in control in England, and the rights of Venezuela were ascertained and conserved by a course of moderation reflecting the highest credit upon all parties to it.

The position of President McKinley, when he had a like problem to deal with, differed from that of either of his immediate predecessors. The Cuban rebellion had reached, as has the current strife in Mexico, the proportions of an international nuisance. It had, however, the marked difference that, instead of being largely a squabble among a few factionists ambitious of power and wealth, it was the effort of a subject people in America to free themselves from a European despotism. This idea stirred up a pugnacious element among our citizens, especially in the West, till they forced the President's hand. McKinley, who was a man of peace, found himself plunged into a war he had striven hard to avert, and with a Secretary of State at his elbow whom he had placed there, as President Harrison is known to have placed Blaine, and as President Wilson is assumed to have placed Bryan, as a concession to temporary political expediency. Poor John Sherman had been, in his day, a power to be reckoned with—a lawyer of note, a financier, a party leader of nearly the dimensions of a statesman; but the burden of years had brought on a dotage in which feebleness of body was combined with a shattered memory and a loss of the faculty of concentration. Fortunately, before the last stages of negotiation with Spain had passed, the old gentleman came to realize his inadequacy for the work which was falling to his lot, and retired to private life, never again to emerge.

Certain experiences Mr. Wilson has passed through during the twenty-eight months he has filled the executive chair can be guessed only from the phenomena which, in spite of his reticence and his desire to avert gossip, have reached the people's eyes and ears. With a Secretary of State whose one real forte was emotional oratory, who was neither a lawyer nor a diplomatist, and who had already, before the culmination of the Lusitania episode, made himself the chief target in Washington for tolerant raillery from all over the country, the President was evidently preparing to make the best of a thoroughly uncomfortable situation, when relief came in an unexpected form. It remains now to be seen whether Bryan will follow the prudent aftercourse of Sherman or the suicidal aftercourse of Blaine.

VIEILLARD.

Two Editors

RECOLLECTIONS OF E. L. GODKIN AND W. P. GARRISON.

By VISCOUNT BRYCE.

In 1870, when I first visited the United States and made the acquaintance of Edwin L. Godkin (to whom I had been introduced by Leslie Stephen), the New York *Nation* was still in the freshness of its youth. It was, to the best of my recollection, the only weekly journal of political importance in the Atlantic States, and its type was a new one in the country. Its founder had no doubt been influenced by the example of two weeklies that were then playing a great part in England. The *Saturday Review*, established in 1855, was for the first ten years of its life, and to a less degree for the first twenty, the most brilliant journal that England had known, commanding the pens of an extraordinarily large number of men of first-rate literary talent. It was, however, much stronger on its literary than on its political side, for in politics it was always critical rather than constructive, having no positive views to advocate, and influential chiefly by its keenly destructive cynicism and air of intellectual superiority—attributes which made John Bright call it the Saturday Reviler, and provoked Thackeray into dubbing it the Superfine Review. The *Spectator* was a very different sort of organ. Unlike the *Saturday Review*, in which all sorts of different minds and casts of opinion were visible, the *Spectator* was written almost entirely by two men, Richard Holt Hutton and Meredith Townsend. Hutton was the greater of the two, and indeed one of the best English public writers of the nineteenth century, but Townsend's vivacious and almost reckless audacity in stating his views, always ingenious and often paradoxical, helped to give the paper a distinctive character. Down till 1886, when it parted from Mr. Gladstone on the question of Irish Home Rule, it was a bulwark of the Liberal party.

The *Nation* resembled the *Spectator* in devoting its opening pages to comments on current events, and also in the definiteness of its political programme, while it recalled the *Saturday Review* in the pungency of its tone as well as in the excellence of its literary criticism. It was, however, no mere imitation, either of those journals or of any other, but a new creation which brought new elements into the American press. The American journalism of those days had plenty of vigor. Horace Greeley was perhaps the most conspicuous single figure, but there were plenty of other strong men. The style of writing was, however, as a whole (for there were exceptions, such as Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*) less polished in style than it has since become, and based on a less solid foundation of knowledge than public writers in the first rank are now expected to possess. Literary criticism in particular was at a rather low ebb. For careful reviews of books by competent scholars it was generally necessary to go to the few monthlies, and even there such reviews were not always to be found. One of the commonest complaints made was that there was little discrimination in literary appreciations. The *Nation* had from the first three distinctive merits. It was brilliantly written. It was full of wit. It was conspicuously independent and individual. Though it started as a definitely Republican organ, it never obeyed any political leader, never laid itself out to defend any party platform, and always presented a definite set of doctrines or principles, as those which the editor held with full personal conviction. These principles reflected Mr. Godkin's mind. He was a stringent economist of that old orthodox type which has gone so much out of favor in the present century. No reader could ever doubt either his clearness or his courage. The paper was the man, and the man was the paper. This individual strain helped to give interest, and with interest, power, to the *Nation*, for we are all interested by a strong individuality, even if we do not wholly like it.

E. L. Godkin was stringent in his criticisms, and as he made many friends (for he was a charming companion and a loyal comrade), so he made a good many enemies. The fiercest of these enemies were to be found among those Tammany leaders whom he incessantly assailed. But even with men who had the same aims as his own and were working honestly for them, he sometimes dealt rather hardly. I used now and then to suggest to him that he did not make sufficient allowance for the difficulties in which honorable and public-spirited men are placed by the exigencies of practical politics. They must now and then consent to compromises. They have to work along with persons whose ideals are lower than their own, and cannot always say all they think about such persons, nor pursue the course which they personally prefer, when it becomes plain that success cannot at the moment be attained. It was the rigidity of the standard he applied that made his judgments severe, not any personal bitterness, still less any disappointed ambitions, for he had no axes to grind and never sought anything for himself. He was not, as some people thought, a cynic, for the cynic, taking the world as he finds it, applies a low standard. Mr. Godkin was rather to be called austere, because he applied a high standard. He worked constantly and earnestly for righteousness, and did a great deal through his newspaper to stimulate patriotic efforts for reforms in government, especially in municipal government, in days when reform was by no means so popular as it has happily become within the last fifteen years.

When he assumed the editorship of the *Evening Post* he wrote there with his usual force and boldness. But he seemed to me to be less in his element in a daily paper than he had been in a weekly, for his gifts had fuller play in what may be called the political essay than in the leading article. The admirable quality of his style was seen to better advantage when read leisurely once a week, for the fineness of the diction and the sparkle of the wit could be better appreciated. One can keep a file of a weekly journal, but in these days it is impossible to file a daily paper with any hope of being able to turn back to the articles which attracted one by their literary brilliance.

When Mr. Godkin took up the *Evening Post* he left the book-reviewing department of the *Nation* to his fellow-worker, Wendell P. Garrison, who carried on that work till failing health compelled his retirement some eight or ten years ago. The reviews of books had been a strong point with the *Nation* from the first. Mr. Godkin wrote a good many himself, and his wide acquaintance with learned men enabled him to enlist many eminent contributors. At least two of these (I mention only those who have since been lost to us), Goldwin Smith and Charles Eliot Norton, were among the most famous writers of their time. A better literary editor than Mr. Garrison it would have been impossible to find. He wrote very little himself. I remember no book of his except his life of his father, William Lloyd Garrison. But he was an excellent judge of good writing, and took endless pains always to search out not only the most accomplished writers, but the men most competent to deal with any particular subject. His standard of excellence was as high as that of the best literary journals of Europe. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any of those journals maintained so uniformly high a level. The book notices for which he was responsible as editor were free from bias, were replete with knowledge, were thorough and discriminating in their treatment. Whoever will look through the files of the *Nation* will find cause to admire the care Garrison took to secure the best kind of work; and one reason why he got such work was because those who wrote for him appreciated his own zeal, and liked to do their best for one who felt that no trouble was too great to make sure of getting the best. I will not venture to assert, but I may be permitted to suggest, that among the influences which have raised literary criticism in America so much above the level at which it stood fifty years ago, the example set by the *Nation* under the two men I have mentioned may be reckoned.

The fame of journalists is apt to be fleeting, because it is not preserved by such monuments of positive achievement as commemorate the labors of great officials or legislators or party leaders. It is therefore all the more fitting that tributes should be paid by those who knew them to the memory of these two men. Differing in many ways, they were alike in their independence, their public spirit, their high sense of duty. Warmly attached to one another, they did good work for their generation, and they did it in an unselfish spirit, valuing the best traditions of their profession.

The "Nation" from the Inside

AN INTIMATE STUDY OF "THE CHIEF" AND HIS DEVOTED LIEUTENANT.

By W. C. BROWNELL.

Crossing Beekman Street some time in 1879 from the old *World* office to the old *Nation* quarters, and establishing myself at the third desk in the editorial rooms of the latter, was to me an event of more moment than if I had changed hemispheres. It was, of course, much more than graduating from daily into weekly journalism, though that in itself was desirable enough in the case of one whose first eight years out of college had been an experience of much variety and interest, no doubt, but one containing an element of drudgery that had finally lost any disguise of novelty. Moreover, the *World* office was no longer what it had been in the days of Mr. Marble, most appreciative of chiefs and most captivating of men. And the weekly in question was the *Nation*, association with which would have been the acme of any newspaper man's ambition who had distinctly literary predilections. It was certainly undreamed of by me when the good Stedman, always on the lookout for opportunities of beneficence, hearing Mr. Godkin speak of a vacancy in his office, introduced me to him, and so paved the way for me to, if not paradise, at least a veritable Land of Beulah.

To me, at any rate, the *Nation* had always worn a halo. I used to read it in college—what it contained that I was up to—and try unavailingly to think the *Round Table*, a short-lived Democratic venture, a real rival to it. Then in early Park Row days I had known Dennett, who was an intimate of some of my own circle on the *World*. And Dennett was from a literary point of view the most remarkable talent New York journalism has ever had; see Mr. Godkin's memorial of him in "Reflections and Comments," in which he speaks of Dennett's death as being an irreparable loss to the *Nation*. Acquaintance with Dennett would have keyed up any young writer's standards. His articles were fluid rather than articulated, and perhaps they would have gained in effectiveness if they had had more "argument." But his genius, which was unmistakable, was wholly untinctured with ambition, and he wrote as if to please himself, though he could have had no severer critic. Of course, the substance of what he wrote was commensurate with his rare capacity and solid attainments; it is hard to hold one's hand in speaking of these. But his form was dictated mainly by fastidiousness. I remember his following a proof once to the printing-office to change "cheerful" into "cheery" as the epithet for some rascal or incompetent he had been writing about. What could be "neater" than his article on "Knickerbocker Literature," whose writers "we remember as forgotten"? In brief, the opportunity of following in his footsteps, however *longo intervallo*, was so stimulating as almost to overcome the diffidence it inspired.

The moral atmosphere of the office was ideal. I mean more in the extended, and not alone in our specific English sense, though in the latter it was perhaps even more marked. There was not only no temporizing, compromising, compounding with candor, in either major matters or in trifling; there was no partiality or ingenuity or bland indifference by which the devil may be, and so often is, whipped around the stump. There was in the *Nation's* field and conception of its function no temptation to anything of this sort, to be sure, which consideration may conceivably qualify its assessment of merit on the Day of Judgment—a day when we may hope the sins of daily journalism will, in consequence of the same consideration, be extended some lenieney—but certainly cannot obscure the fact of its conspicuous integrity. There were people then—as now—that complained of its fairness; which involved, to my mind, the most naïve attitude imaginable, since it was the *Nation's* practice that had provided the objector with his criterion of fairness in journalism. Of course, he might assert that this was only a way of saying that the paper made extraordinary claims which in his estimation it failed to justify; but this was verbiage, the fact being as I have stated it.

But I also mean by moral atmosphere the peace, the serenity, the gentleness, the self-respect, the feeling of character, that pervaded the office. We seemed, to my sense, so recently filled with the reactions of Park Row phenomena, "to lie at anchor in the stream of Time," as Carlyle said of Oxford—which, actually, we were very far from doing; there was never any doubt of the *Nation's* being what is now called "a live wire," especially among those who took hold of it unwarily—as now and then some one did. Mr. Garrison shared the first editorial room with me. Mr. Godkin had the back office. The publication offices were in front, occupied by the amiable Mr. St. John and his staff, which included a gentle and aristocratic colored bookkeeper who resembled an East Indian philosopher—plainly a Garrisonian protégé. The silence I especially remember as delightful, and I never felt from the first the slightest constraint; Mr. Garrison had the courtesy that goes with active considerateness. The quiet was broken only by an occasional interchange of conversation between us, or by the hearty laugh of Mr. Godkin, whose laugh would have been the most noteworthy thing about him, if he had not had so many other noteworthy characteristics; or by a visit now and then from Arthur Sedgwick, in my time not regularly "on" the paper, who always brought the larger world in with him (the office *was* perhaps a little claustral as a rule), or the appearance of Earl Shinn with his art or dramatic criticism—both the best written, if not also the best, we have ever had in this country, and the latter, I think, so distinguished as to be unique.

Of course, there were visitors, contributors and candid friends, but mainly we worked in almost Quakerish tranquillity five days in the week during my incumbency. Naturally, after amalgamation, some years after my advent, with the *Evening Post*, the pace quickened, or seemed to. I remember I began at that time the Summary of the News—the first routine, strictly to be so called, connected with my not inactive service on the paper. Spontaneity so largely prevailed as to seem the actually prescribed rule of the office. One followed one's own initiative, though naturally within individual lines. The tone of the office unified everything, at least to an extent that permitted this. And I may note the significant and extraordinary circumstance that though there was little or no explicit direction, we all three proof-read the entire paper, and each "corrected" on occasion the editorial as well as the contributed material in ultra-democratic fashion. "We are perfectly free with one another's copy," said Mr. Garrison to me when I came and showed some embarrassment at this arrangement. He was an incarnation of the democratic spirit, and the notion of permitting susceptibilities to interfere with possible improvement in either accuracy or eleganee would have been as foreign to him as any other form of littleness. He was somewhat hard on the conventional at times, but it was because he conceived it as littleness.

"How do you stand on politics?" Mr. Godkin asked me when I came to the paper, adding with a smile, "You know, we are accused of being too Democratic as it is." In view of the *Nation's* experience over the Tilden-Hayes election, it seemed to him a little humorous to be taking over a member of the *World's* staff, in however modest a capacity. I could conscientiously answer that I stood with the *Nation*, practically, though I had reached the position from the opposite direction. In the late seventies, in circles of any political detachment, it was quite true, as I remember Mr. Sedgwick saying, that "to call oneself either a Republican or a Democrat" was "slightly ridiculous." All the same, I confess there were times when I felt a shade out of tune in the office, owing to those obscure sentimental survivals that are sympathetic rather than rational. "You must be one of those old Jeffersonian Democrats," Sedgwick once jocularly remarked to me. The fact that nine-tenths of the American people were inveterately guided by feeling rather than logic, of itself, restricted the eminently "utilitarian" *Nation's* support to the "Remnant"—or what the editor of an evening newspaper of the day stigmatized as "a damned small crowd." Its occupancy of a different, rather than, as was so often supposed, a "superior," plane (with corresponding manners!) preserved it from the popularity for which, of course, it never made the smallest bid. An obituary notice

in a Kentucky paper that created merriment in those days remarked that "while the late Colonel Yell, of Yellville, left his official accounts in some confusion, his heart always beat warmly for his native land." The latter consideration was generally regarded as an important one, and people in general looked for more protestations to that effect than the *Nation* (whose establishment itself was evidence enough, could they but have realized it) condescended to make.

Mr. Godkin had the detachment towards American feelings of this strictly irrational order of a native Englishman—which in spite of his Irish birth he eminently was, and, as Thackeray said of Swift, no more an Irishman than a man born in Calcutta is a Hindoo. Mr. Garrison had the Garrisonian detachment—than which nothing could be more complete in the matter of prejudice between our organized parties. It was occasionally a little difficult to attain this serenity and consider only ideals and causes apart from traditional sympathies of one sort and another. But it was a great education. The first lesson was avoidance of the vague, the loose, the sprawling vein always encouraged by the invasion of the emotions into the field of the intellect. The country at that time had no real politics. Rational reform—*imprimis* civil-service reform—was necessary before our system could be brought to bear on our problems. To this end the *Nation* was devoted in a spirit of high consecration—to use language it would have regarded as inflated. And of the educational movement that has since accomplished very considerable results towards that end it was the herald, the standard-bearer, and the protagonist.

It was markedly, even sharply, critical, but it was certainly constructive enough. No one had any doubt where it stood even in days when independent journalism was scouted by the old school of editors, in the words of one of whom "the people like a paper to stand for something"—meaning to back one's own side through thick and thin like a paid attorney. Its body of doctrine was plain, and, quite reasonably, it took its readers' familiarity with it for granted, and was not everlastingly expounding it. Its principles formed the basis, and not the burden, of its discussions. When it did lay down the law—as it occasionally did!—it rather pointedly neglected the view of persuasion taken by Matthew Arnold (whom Mr. Godkin thought, quite justly, I had a tendency to overwork), in calling it "the instilment of conviction." No doubt it often convinced, but it never instilled. The tone was rather that of President Seelye, who remarked to his students, "I do not ask you to believe, but defy you to deny." It plainly had the justification that the current political phenomena were not differentiated enough to need any formal application of its principles, being rarely up to its standards, or indeed to any other.

The result was, accordingly, not the exposition of the doctrines of Bentham or the "Manchester School," or any other doctrinaire propagandism, but critical controversy conducted with reference to the dictates of culture and common-sense. And controversy of this kind was Mr. Godkin's natural element. Retrospectively, one may feel that, considering his opponents, he had it all his own way. At the time, at any rate, it was chiefly notable that he had few to help him—nobody certainly at all comparable to him. The polemic that he waged every week with such zeal, such zest, such gayety, combined with such fundamental seriousness and formidable power, was backed by an equipment that was an unequalled arsenal of resources. If we had no real politics, real politics had been the study of his life, and he brought to bear on material that superficially hardly seemed to merit it the treasures of a mind stored in history and economics and statecraft, as well as trained by systematic reflection. This opulent mental furniture and these remarkable powers were, however, so much at his command as instruments that he could utilize them to their utmost in work which, as I say, would not naturally be deemed consonant with their befitting exercise, but which was performed with far more effectiveness and to far better purpose by their aid. This was because he humanized them so perfectly. There was in the first place simply no element of pedantry in his composition. Pedantry in others was favorite game with him, and he divined and discovered and derided its rather subtly varied manifestations with a delight far beyond the capacity of the crude to experience. In the next place, *quicquid agunt homines* and —oh! especially—the men themselves interested him inexhaustibly. But any one can readily see the advantage from a literary and, so to say, settled point of view of a fundamental article on Roscoe Conkling, for example, consisting of a sustained parallel between that eminent commander of henchmen and a Renaissance condottiere, compared with an "editorial" discussing his chances of reëlection. Such treatment it was which, continued week after week, with no let-down of any kind whatever, made literature of the *Nation's* customary two leaders. Of course, one should add in fairness, success in this particular kind and to this degree is to be looked for only in a weekly; but there are weeklies and weeklies.

There were few anywhere at that time comparable with the *Nation*. The English weeklies equalled it in reserve and authority, perhaps, but not in force. Certainly not in humor, which in Mr. Godkin's composition was the quality that gave edge to all his others. No journalist of his seriousness ever had so much or used it better to serve his seriousness. It was not ironic, but partook rather of his fundamental heartiness. How had I ever before meeting him prefigured him as probably "donnish"! I don't mean that personally he was exuberant or expansive, or that shyness did not struggle with cordiality at times in his general personal relations outside the circle of his intimacies. But in his writing his abounding humor was precisely to be described as hearty in the sense that it was spontaneous and in no degree studied. He eschewed sarcasm, and his method of dealing humorously with a subject—preferably a personality, of course—was a frank assumption of its belonging in the category of the comic, where he had great fun with it. The method is less obvious than it sounds. In his hands it was as subtle, at any rate as unexpected, as it was effective. It was especially effective in the controversies conducted in the *Nation's* own columns, where—a solecism in the journalism of the day—every opportunity was extended to an opponent. I remember one with Dr. James Freeman Clarke over "Non-sectarian Theology." Mr. Godkin had asserted there was no such thing. Dr. Clarke wrote voluminously, mixing up theology with religion and giving what he called a *résumé* of the *Nation's* position. Mr. Godkin printed the protest and began his brief rejoinder with something like: "The *Nation* did not say what Dr. Clarke says it did, and his saying so makes us think that he is not good at *résumés*." Once one of the perky Boston purists wrote to explain, in justice, he said, to himself, an error into which he had fallen in attacking the *Nation*. To which the editor replied that the *Nation's* columns were not the proper place for his apologies to himself. Also I recall a delicious incident in connection with the Rev. Henry M. Field, our neighbor of the *Evangelist* next door, who brought in a protest against our having, in an article on the egregious Talmage of Brooklyn, interfered with what he called "the broodings of the Spirit." "Take it back," said Mr. Godkin pleasantly, "and boil it down If I printed it as it is, I should bowl you over too easily." Dr. Field did so, but was bowled over, all the same, in great shape. Nothing, however, would be more misleading than to imply that Mr. Godkin was in the least at the mercy of his humor. His forte was argument, and he used humor as an adjunct.

Again, Mr. Godkin's style was beautifully adapted to his powers, and, equally with them, a native gift. It was so easy, such a triumph of simplicity, that his sentences seemed to come directly into his mind, and thus, never at the pains of deliberating, he wrote with great rapidity—so rapidly, indeed, that his handwriting—real caligraphy to look at—was often illegible, and the expert Garrison had to come to the printer's aid. "There is always the right word," I remember his saying once; "there are no synonyms." "'Reliable' and 'trustworthy,'" observed the scrupulous Garrison. "Well, 'reliable' is shorter anyhow," he retorted. Perhaps he did have a weakness for conciseness. The copious elephantine precision of Fitzedward Hall, probably our greatest linguistic savant, irritated him acutely. I remember witnessing with joy his reducing by half one of Hall's interminable and intricately correct articles, out of sheer exasperation. Garrison, who was never exasperated, looked at the proof rather ruefully.

He probably had to explain to Hall, who was, besides, one of his pets, and, being an unimpeachable authority, of real value to the *Nation*, of course.

Copiousness was naturally interdicted to the *Nation* in any case. Its field was universal, and its space was limited. Brevity was, therefore, a necessity, and yet the essay-like character of much of its matter tended to fulness. Mr. Garrison circumvented this with positive genius, and, though never interfering with their freedom of opinion in any task he had assigned them, with what probably seemed ruthlessness to those contributors who needed room to turn around in. But it was Mr. Godkin's own writing that set the standard and made all kinds of empty elaboration seem out of character. He never had the illusion that a newspaper article can achieve absolute comprehensiveness, and he had the wonderfully simplifying method of making his points and leaving them, without considering all conceivable objections and qualifications. And, of course, his example as to avoiding the vague, the general, the sentimental, and sloppy fringe of the subject was as marked in the purely literary as in the political field. For it would be a great error to think of his work as political only. He wrote also book reviews of importance and social articles (what we used to call "breviers"), and both better than any one else. He had eminently the light touch. As he wrote of Dennett, in words that were wholly applicable to himself, "he was a man to whom the ball of conversation was really a ball, and not an anvil or a barrel of flour."

I have spoken of him and of the *Nation* interchangeably, I perceive, and it is true that in a real enough sense he *was* the *Nation*. Mr. Garrison would certainly have said so. In the latter's later years it was a genuine grief to him, I think, that the fact was occasionally lost sight of. No chief ever had a more devoted, more admiring, lieutenant. For several years I was an almost daily witness of an attitude on his part which, given his own worth in every respect, constitutes the highest affirmation of Mr. Godkin's claim to the position he has been accorded by all competent judges. Yet it is also true to say that without Mr. Garrison the *Nation* could hardly have existed. He not only kept all its machinery going, but kept it working smoothly and in strict correspondence with its exacting standards. These could be followed more or less automatically in the office—with attentive effort! But consider the heterogeneity of its contributors—the impressive list, with inevitable changes, is still published, I believe—and the task of inducting them into conformity, especially when, as I say, he carefully studied their individual independence. His success was due to his character. To an extremely fastidious, even rigid, literary scrupulousness, he added a conscience that marched with it. Every one must have felt that whatever he did was inspired by a sense of justice, but one inveterately accompanied by a kindliness distinctly and actively friendly. He had the tolerance of innocence itself for the unfortunate, the neglected, the perverse, the queer. He lived habitually on a plane where precedent and convention had in themselves no sanction, no meaning. And the columns of the *Nation* in many subtle ways were infiltrated with his moral independence and ideality. He dispensed the books and selected the reviewers—always waiting till he got just the right man, sometimes long after publication. He wrote much himself, always with a certain crystalline distinction, but his chief work was the highest form of "editing," through which the reputation of the *Nation* was secured in only a less degree than it was by the writing and general direction of its chief.

The Founding of the "Nation"

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "FAIRIES" THAT ATTENDED ITS BIRTH.

By HENRY JAMES.

My recollections of the very early life of the *Nation* should fall by their slight intrinsic weight into a clear enough form and make a straight and simple story, and yet to take them up in the portentous light of our present public conditions is to become aware at once of a danger which ought perhaps to stay my hand. That danger, I feel, is the exhibition of a complacency out of all proportion to the modest little facts themselves, such light matters of history as they must assuredly appear. My difficulty comes from the sense that to turn from our distracted world of to-day to the world of the questions surrounding, even with their then so great bustle of responsibility, the cradle of the most promising scion of the newspaper stock as that stock had rooted itself in American soil, is to sink into a social lap of such soft, sweet material as to suggest comparatively a general beatific state.

The whole scene and the whole time flushed to my actual view with a felicity and a unity that make them rather a page of romance than a picture of that degree of the real, that potentially so terrible truth of the life of man, which has now learnt to paint itself with so different a brush. They *were*, they flourished, they temporarily triumphed, that scene, that time, those conditions; they are not a dream that we drug ourselves to enjoy, but a chapter, and the most copious, of experience, experience attested by documents that would fill the vastest of treasure-houses. These things compose the record of the general life of civilization for almost the whole period during which men of my generation were to know it; an immense good fortune to us, since if the backward vision feeds upon bliss by the simple fact of not being the immediate, the importunate, or the too precariously forward, this bliss naturally grows with the extent of the pasture. I measure the spread as that of half a century—only with the air turning more and more to the golden as space recedes, turning to the clearness of all the sovereign exemptions, the serenity of all the fond assurances, that were to keep on and on, seeing themselves not only so little menaced but so admirably crowned. This we now perceive to have been so much their mistake that as other periods of history have incurred, to our convenience, some distinctive and descriptive name, so it can only rest with us to write down the fifty years I speak of, in the very largest letters, as the Age of the Mistake.

That title might, of course, be blighting to retrospect if one chose to take it so; it might present the whole time as too tragically stupid, too deplorably wasted, to be lived over again critically without sickness and shame. There is, however, another way of taking it, which is to live it over personally and sentimentally, exactly to the sought confusion and reprobation of the forces now preying upon us, exactly to the effect of saving it at least for the imagination if we may not save it for the reconciling reason. To look at it in the light of its good faith is to measure the depth of its delusion, not to say the height of its fatuity, but the good faith may nevertheless figure for us, it figures at least for the author of these remarks, thanks to its vast proportions, the inattackable sphere of romance, all at one with itself—and this, too, while remembering that the romantic condition does involve certain dangers and doubts, if only for the thrill of tilting at them and knocking them quite over. We had that thrill in ample measure, and our difficulties went down before us. To think of all this is to cultivate the complacency into which such a trivial fact as that I contributed, in my young innocence, an "important" article to the first number of the enterprise is capable of beguiling me; the fact tastes so, to memory, of our innocence; our innocence tastes so of our confidence, and our confidence of the appearances that crowded gracefully about it. These might have been the very fairies themselves, the invoked and approving godmothers who surround in any proper legend the earliest pillow of the new-born great, a group with no interfering "bad" fairy in this case, or none worth speaking of now. I might recall an influence that would serve indeed, a hand stretched out to rock the cradle, by the apprehension of most of the company, quite with the wrong violence, and in that manner gain credit as one of the very few witnesses now left so to testify; but I prefer to retrace the fashion after which I seemed to see the very first and greatest blessing possible flutter down upon the infant scene.

This was in the course of a visit to Shady Hill, at Cambridge, where my admirable friend, the late Charles Eliot Norton, spoke to me of his having just returned from New York, whither he had gone, as he smilingly said, on affairs of the *Nation*—the freshness of the joke was, of course, fleeting. The light that was so to spread and brighten then first

broke upon me, as I had also never heard before pronounced the name of E. L. Godkin, with whom I was soon to begin to cherish a relation, one of the best of my life, which lasted for long years. He "sounded" at that hour, I remember, most unusual and interesting, his antecedents being not in the least commonplace, as antecedents went with us then; and memory next jumps for me to the occasion of a visit from him in Ashburton Place (I then had a Boston domicile); where, prodigious to consider, he looked me up, in the course of a busy rush from New York, for the purpose of proposing to me to contribute to the weekly journal, for which every preparation—save, as it were, that of his actual instance!—had been made, to all appearance, most auspiciously, and of which he had undertaken the editorship. The verb to contribute took on at once to my ears a weird beauty of its own, and I applied it during that early time with my best frequency and zeal; which doesn't, however, now prevent my asking myself, and with no grain of mock humility, little indeed as humility of any sort costs at my age, what price could have seemed to attach to antecedents of mine, that I should have been so fondly selected. I was very young and very willing, but only as literary and as critical as I knew how to be—by which I mean, of course, as I had been able to learn of myself. Round *my* cradle, in the connection, the favoring fairies, and this time with never a wicked one at all, must have absurdly elbowed each other. That winter of Ashburton Place, the winter following the early summer-birth of the confident sheet, fairly reeks for me, as I carry myself back to it, with the romantic bustle of getting my reviews of books off.

I got them off, bustle as I would, inveterately too late, it seemed, for the return of a proof from New York; which is why there also lives on with me from those so well-meant years the direst memory of a certain blindly inveterate defacement of what I was pleased to suppose my style, a misrepresentation as ingenious as if it had been intended, though this it was never in the smallest degree, and only owing its fatal action to its being so little self-confessed. I was never "cut" that I can remember, never corrected nor disapproved, postponed, nor omitted; but just sweetly and profusely and plausibly misprinted, so as to make a sense which was a dreadful sense—though one for which I dare say my awkwardness of hand gave large occasion. The happy, if imperfect, relation went on, but I see it as much rectified during the winter and spring of 1875, which I spent in New York, on a return from three or four years of Europe; to the effect of my being for the first time able to provide against accidents. These were small things, and the occasions of them small things, but the sense of those months is almost in a prime degree the sense of the luxury of proof. The great thing really, of course, was that my personal relation with Godkin had become in itself a blest element.

I should like to light a taper at the shrine of his memory here, but the altar is necessarily scant, and I forego the rite. I should like also, I confess, to treat myself to some expression of my sense of those aspects of my native city to which I then offered their last free chance to play in upon me; but though such a hint of my having on the occasion had to conclude against them does but scant justice to the beautiful theme—I really should be able, I think, to draw both smiles and tears from it—I find myself again smothered. I had contributed, on one opportunity and another, during my stretches of absence in Europe, just as I had done so during '67 and '68, the years preceding my more or less settled resumption of the European habit, and just as I was not definitely to break till this habit had learnt to know the adverse pressure that '76, '77, and '78, in Paris and in London, were to apply to it. I had ceased to be able to "notice books"—that faculty seemed to diminish for me, perversely, as my acquaintance with books grew; and though I suppose I should have liked regularly to correspond from London, nothing came of that but three or four pious efforts which broke down under the appearance that people liked most to hear of what I could least, of what in fact nothing would have induced me to, write about. What I could write about they seemed, on the other hand, to view askance; on any complete lapse of which tendency in them I must not now, however, too much presume.

A Young Man's Oracle

THE EDITOR OF THE "UNPOPULAR REVIEW" RECALLS HIS RELATIONS WITH THE "NATION" IN ITS EARLY DAYS AND HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH E. L. GODKIN.

By HENRY HOLT.

The editor of the *Nation* has asked me to write of its early relations to the publishing trade. I told him that I could not write of the *Nation* and confine myself to that, without mixing in my personal recollections of its great founder and one of its literary editors, any more naturally than I could write of the Heaven now before me, by Lake Champlain, and confine myself to the region's production of potatoes and fish. Perhaps I could so write with an effort and many excisions; but I don't believe the result would be as satisfactory as it would if I write without restraint, and give the whole of the matter as it was related to the whole of me, and few things in my long life have related to so much of me. That last fact is, of course, worth mentioning only by way of explanation.

The *Nation* was hardly started when Godkin, though personally unknown to me, became my infallible pope, and it had not been going long before he became my friend; and for several of his later years he was my next neighbor in the country, with the houses so situated that we often met several times a day.

Then, during the brief career of Dennett, one of the first literary editors—a genius, who, at the start, did perhaps even more than Godkin to make the paper known, though not to give it weight—Dennett and I were intimate friends.

After all this was premised with the present editor, one night at the Century, he got to reminiscing, and I told him some of my recollections of the early days of the *Nation*. Then he found that he wanted "anything *but*" that I should confine myself to its relations to the publishing trade, but that he still wanted me to *begin* on them. Well, I will; but I am a very old man, writing about the best days of his youth, and I'm going to write as I please, and the editor has even been reckless enough to tell the very old man to write as *much* as he pleases; but I have told him to cut out as much as *he* pleases.

My recollections of the relations of the early *Nation* to the book publishers are inevitably mixed with my recollections of the relations of its editors to *this* book publisher, and I think the present editor will get out of me more of what he wants if I don't try very hard to disentangle them.

The *Nation* was started in July, 1865, and after a little preliminary skirmishing in connection with that model publisher, G. P. Putnam, I began the publishing business with my present house, in November of the same year. I believe we have had an advertisement in every number of the *Nation* during the virtually fifty years since, unless one or two may have been omitted by accident.

I still vividly remember my surprise and enlightenment when Dennett happened into my office just as the first volume of Taine's Italy came in from the binder, and I handed him a copy, and he said: "Let me see! To whom shall I send this for review—who knows Italy?" And after a little reflection he decided to send it to Howells. Now, so far as I know, doing this as a matter of course was something new in American journalism. It must have been done exceptionally and spasmodically by two or three of the heavier periodicals, such as the *North American* and the *Atlantic*, but the general habit was to turn everything over to a "book reviewer"—a "literary gentleman," such as one newspaper about that time complacently assured the publishing world, by circular, it had added to its staff. This novel course by the *Nation* gave it an authority looked upon by those as ignorant as I was with almost superstitious awe, and it was a very short time before its favorable verdict was accepted by everybody as final; and its unfavorable verdict, by everybody but the interested parties—and poor young me.

I recall an illustration. Some time in the late sixties appeared in the *Nation* an unfavorable review of Miss Yonge's "Landmarks of History," which we had just published. We wrote asking to be put in communication with the author of the review, with a view to getting him to revise the

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book, which, by the way, he did. Soon after we sent our letter, tne *Nation* had a paragraph on the matter, saying that our course was strangely unprecedented—that the publisher's natural course under such circumstances was to complain and withdraw his advertising, or withdraw it without complaining.

The publishers didn't know what to make of the *Nation's* strange ways, nor, for that matter, did many people know what to make of the *Nation* generally. It had to educate its constituency, as genius proverbially must. The publishers had been used to having everything that was not glaringly ignorant or immoral gently treated, if not praised. Dennett had no mercy for ignorance or stupidity or affectation or quackery, and very little reverence for tradition. Moreover, he was a generalizer as well as a fighter. Works in pure literature, not calling for special outside knowledge, he often reviewed himself, and if a publishing house was much addicted to the goody-goody and namby-pamby or the merely ponderously respectable, he, although honest, was very apt to let the house's general character affect his impressions of its new books. One very respectable publisher indeed asked me if I knew why the *Nation* never gave anything of his a favorable notice. I've told you, but I didn't tell him.

Dennett's pitching into the Knickerbocker School, in the number for December 5, 1867 (Vol. V, p. 459), set the whole literary and publishing world by the ears—and gave the *Nation* a great advertisement—and added, of course, to its reputation for originality and irreverence and ill-nature and all sorts of things. Since I've known more of the journalistic world, I've wondered if there was not a good deal of deliberateness about this policy of "attack"—one well recognized as effective in building up a circulation, and successfully followed not long after Dennett's death by the new management of an old daily. But that daily attacked, as the *Nation* never did, conspicuous people who did not deserve it, and to a degree that, despite that paper's having changed hands several times since, makes its name offensive to-day in the nostrils of not a few of us old people. Well, whatever the motives, the early *Nation* unquestionably did more than all other influences to raise the standard of our literary criticism, and, as I stick to my last, to educate the publishing trade. It has been a good while since any of us were apt to assume, when a book was pitched into, that it was because of any personal feeling regarding the author or the house. And yet one of the owners of the daily to which I have referred actually told me, in the presence of other men at the Century, that he supposed his paper had taken sides against us with a house with which we were quarrelling because they advertised with the paper and we did not. When I told him why we did not, I was slapped on the back by the most eminent man present. The *Nation* was among the leaders in the policy of without fear and without favor.

Perhaps it was consciousness of his friendship for me that made Dennett stand up so straight that he leaned backwards, and let him into one of the few big blunders of his career, in writing sarcastically, in the number for December 19, 1867 (Vol. V, p. 502), of the first book of poems by Sill. We published it, and he knew that I had a special interest in it because Sill and I were classmates and close friends. And perhaps his passion for rectitude was over-stimulated by my youthful enthusiasm and indiscretion permitting me to try, very argumentatively, to influence him in advance.

Dennett was a complex genius, lately graduated from Harvard, recommended to Godkin by Lowell or Norton, and with a make-up foredoomed to unhappiness and early death. Yet he was physically a big, strong fellow. And such a jaw!—not prognathous, but firm, and very broad at the angle. Whitelaw Reid had one like it. Dennett was perhaps the wittiest man I ever knew, though Godkin himself was a close second, if a second. Dennett's wit was very much *sui generis*, and apt to be paradoxical. Once he and I were lunching with Bobbie Weeks, another classmate and dear friend of mine, whose poems Dennett used to print in the *Nation*. Bobbie said something about the anxieties regarding a future life. This Dennett met with: "I trust you're not so lost to decency as to be anxious about the salvation of your soul?" I didn't ask, and have often wondered during the nearly fifty years since, whether Dennett meant that such anxiety was indecent, or deprecated on Bobbie's part a modest doubt of his own deserts that would have been very characteristic of him. Within a few years after, to my lasting regret, the main question was settled for them both.

It is very doubtful whether any journalist but Horace Greeley ever had so enthusiastic a group of such adoring followers as Godkin's. His group never was as large a percentage of the public as Greeley's, and of course was a different set of people, from the opposite pole. How he did make the Philistines squirm, and how they did hate him! But no editor of my time has begun to have the authority among educated people that he had. I doubt if any editor of any time has had as much.

Why, among many men who were young when the *Nation* was young, Godkin was little less than the object of a cult. And I am now meeting middle-aged men in his own field who never knew him! I believe the present editor did not, and I'm not sure that even Paul More, his immediate predecessor, did; and I meet young people who never heard of him. When people talk that way, I feel as if they had told me that they had never heard of the equator: for I am far from sure that Godkin was not our greatest man since Lincoln.

Yet he was one of the best hated men in the country. Though his greatest mistake was advocacy of the ballot for the negro, the time came when the mossback Republicans hated him worse than they hated anybody else, and Tammany for a time hated him just as badly. At a gathering somewhere in the nineties, I think, where a lot of us gave him a loving-cup, he told us that Mrs. Godkin had once, unknown to him, kept him followed by detectives to protect him from Tammany. Probably there never was a just and upright man hated by more kinds and sorts of people, or better entitled to be "loved for the enemies he made." Yet probably no private citizen, if an editor is a private citizen, ever had a following more to be desired.

After some time worshipping him as an unseen god, I think I first saw him at a church that then stood on Fortieth Street, near Sixth Avenue, opposite the Park, where O. B. Frothingham, with great eloquence and self-devotion, and a moderate sprinkling of the other kind of "devotion," used to dispense to more or less "brainy" people—who then stuck to the church habit more than they do now—what, as it had to have a name, was called Unitarianism. In the congregation, my attention was attracted to a rather thick-set man of about thirty-five with dark hair, moustache, and imperial, who was accompanied by a tall, brown-haired, singularly elegant and beautiful woman. It was among the fortunate circumstances of my life that I soon came to know them well as Mr. and Mrs. Godkin. She died not many years later—a great loss to her friends, and to him an ineffable one. He could not then bear New York without her, and went to Cambridge for some years, but kept up his editorship by mail. After considerable time, he married a woman of a contrasting type, but talented and devoted to him. She did not long survive him.

Very early in our acquaintance—perhaps before we were personally acquainted at all—I used, with a very young man's ignorant enthusiasm, to regard him as the *fons et origo* of all wisdom. Of course, I don't so regard any one now, but still think he was as near it as anybody I have known.

Now for a few little personal reminiscences. He had a knack of putting in a phrase the key to some wide subject that the average man could think about a good deal without really getting into. For instance, once when I was bemoaning "the law's delay," he said: "Of course, you can't get quicker justice without more courts." That's a very large part of the truth, but there's a good deal of it in the slow procedure of nearly all of the existing courts.

So early in our acquaintance that Godkin was probably greatly surprised, I went to him for advice regarding working to help an educational institution, some of whose peculiarities I disapproved, and knew he did, and which we had both criticised (I only by letter) in the *Nation*. He broadened my vision, as he always did, by saying, substantially: "Of course! They need help and, in spite of all their shortcomings, deserve it."

I cannot fix the date, but very early in my acquaintance with Godkin, though obviously after we had become rather intimate, we were

walking home one night from some dinner, and I told him that I was thinking of getting up a syndicate to buy and carry on the *North American Review*, then for sale by J. R. Osgood & Co., who succeeded Ticknor & Fields, and preceded, with an intervening change or two, the Houghton-Mifflin Co. I proposed that he should edit it (it was then only a quarterly) in connection with the *Nation's* machinery, and my house should publish it. He said he was ready, and would help to raise the money. Soon after we went together to talk it over with a friend of his given to writing, *and* possessing money. While the syndicate was under way, I met Osgood one night at the Century, and he told me that he had just sold the *North American* to Allen Thorndike Rice. The price, I think, was four thousand dollars; but we wanted much more to boom it. I thought I had an option on the *Review*, but Osgood thought differently. And that is how near Godkin came to being editor of the *North American*, and, what is of more importance, how near the *North American* came to having Godkin for its editor; and (the suggestion seems to me very funny) after he gave up work, probably another man who a dozen years later started another *Review*, very different from the *North American* of then or now.

As bearing on a present-day discussion, I remember that, although Godkin married in New Haven, and visited there not a little, he told me that he could not send his boy to Yale, because he would not on any account subject him to the danger of a religious revival. I thought that danger outgrown when, some fifteen years later, I sent my first boy there.

I was too young, and too ignorant, as I am now, to know whether Godkin invented the use of quotation marks in sarcasm, or the "deadly parallel" column, but he at least gave them a new efficiency. I'm confident that he brought "cussedness" into general use, and also "a felt want." He got it off the last time I remember seeing him, after his first "stroke" had affected his speech.

I yield to the temptation to give here a strange thing which he said to me once as we were riding together on the Riverside Drive. The public has a right to it as coming from a great man. We both had heavy reason to discuss the questions of immortality, and he, with the ponderous superiority to the emotions he really felt but disregarded in settling any general question, said: "I would compromise on annihilation." In such a matter, he was not a man with whom one could go farther into detail. I doubt if any question regarding anybody's state of mind ever puzzled me as long and as often as that, and yet as I've thought it over during a couple of days since I wrote the sentence, I believe I have the solution, and it is a very interesting, though a very simple, one. I think the statement was merely a piece of heroic fealty to the philosophy of the time—the typical frame of mind among men who had minds, in the period between the appearance of "The Origin of Species" and a decade after the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research—the period when, as Godkin himself once phrased it to me, when we were discussing the falling off in literature, "Science killed the imagination," and with it smothered, for the time, not only literature, but art, religion, and all consciousness of the immensity that surrounds our experience, except as a field for mechanical discovery, with its resulting worship of material things. With that consciousness went the highest of the hopes and inspirations that humanity had cherished longest and most widely.

For some twenty or thirty years, about then, under the influence of Spencer's "First Principles" and sundry of Huxley's works inspired by Spencer, the best minds shut themselves up like clam-shells to all these influences. I have heretofore thought Spencer himself the most striking illustration of this that I have personally known, but now that strange icy thing at the bottom of Godkin's heart caps the climax, and throws a flood of light on the negative side of his character and his influence. The world regarded him and his paper as "cold." Those who knew him intimately, or even merely socially, knew that that was not the whole truth, and yet knew that there was a grain of truth in it—a mighty big grain in public questions where the emotions were concerned. He made it a virtue, and, in its place, it is a great virtue, to settle all questions with the intellect alone. His mistake was in applying it rigidly to *all* questions—to the very biggest. Why, even the mechanics of the starry heavens contain no questions as big as some in the little human heart.

I wonder if Godkin's strange and almost fatal recoil from the emotions resulted in any degree from their having caused his greatest professional mistake, almost at the outset of his career, in advocating the ballot for the negroes—a mistake whose terrible effects needed for their offsetting his arduous, brilliant, and beneficent success in reforming the civil service. He owned up to his mistake like a man, but I suspect that it always weighed heavily on his conscience, and helped the influences of the time to narrow his philosophy. But I'm not taking upon myself to blame him for his philosophy: it was for too long a time my own, and I think that he partially outlived it.

You didn't want my long episode on that philosophy, Mr. Editor, when you asked me to write about the *Nation's* relations to the publishing business, and I had it no more in mind before my paper was nearly done, than you did; but it has more to do with the *Nation's* relations to the publishing trade, and to everything else, than all the other things that I, or anybody, can say.

Godkin's advocacy of negro suffrage was by no means the only case where he owned up. His enemies used to say he never did. The files of the *Nation* prove the contrary, though he seldom had occasion to. Here's another case where he did.

Some time about the late sixties, the *Nation*, in criticising somebody, said, substantially: "It's Herbert Spencer's reputation over again: each authority considers him an authority on all subjects but the authority's own"—as if a philosopher were to grub his own facts any more than a cook to grub his own potatoes. Youmans, Spencer's great apostle in America, for whom I had sometimes swung the censer, came to me with: "That must be answered. I'm not *persona grata* at the *Nation:* they think I'm so prejudiced on this subject that they won't take anything from me" (I think he was mistaken), "but they'll take something from you. I'll give you the facts, and you send them a letter." "The facts" were testimony from several great specialists (Hooker is the only one I remember) virtually declaring Spencer one of themselves. Later, by the way, Darwin was quoted, in the "Life and Letters," as saying: "We all bow the knee to Spencer." Well! I wrote the letter, and we had quite a nice little shindy, the *Nation*, of course, having the last word. I'm telling all this because, some time later, Godkin came to me one night at the Century with: "You remember your controversy with the *Nation* over Spencer's reputation? Well, I've just read his 'Philosophy of Style.' I don't know anything about the topics in dispute between you and my contributor, but I do profess to know something about English style. Spencer's work on it is a masterpiece, and, judging what I don't know by what I now do know, I am ready to presume that all you claim for him is well founded."

By that time our little controversy had become ancient history, so I didn't even suggest his reviving the subject in the *Nation*.

This country has had no journalist to equal Godkin, unless Franklin was a journalist. America did not produce him to the same extent that it produced Carl Schurz: for Godkin developed younger. Schurz, I think, came here younger, and, as we all know, to escape governmental tyranny, and Godkin, I have always suspected, came to escape social tyranny. He could not brook social inferiority, or even the ascription of it. Had he been born in the peerage, or near it, I believe he would have stayed at home. His enemies called him a snob. He cared as much for social position as for intellectual position, and, happily, he achieved it. Few other journalists, if any, were ever so thoroughly at home in the very best American society. I believe that he never went back to Europe until he had made his great place here, and then he was made much of in the really best English society. But even there he had to go in to dinner behind my lord duke, even if my lord duke was but a foolish boy; and here he did not have to go in behind anybody, though he was very apt to go in last, but with the hostess on his arm.

Being in temperament a thorough aristocrat, of course he could not make a popular paper, and did not care to. Though he was the greatest journalist we ever had, "the people" never knew even his name. Yet his influence was probably greater than Greeley's, because it was greater on people of

influence. He was an authority with authorities. During his best period, not a few of the great Boston group were still alive, and it was to them he went when a great affliction had made New York intolerable to him.

I may have known men of wider knowledge than Godkin, though I doubt if I ever knew one as well equipped for Godkin's specialty, and I may have known men of greater intelligence and greater wisdom, but I doubt if I ever knew one whose knowledge, intelligence, and wisdom were better balanced, or added up a bigger total, and I have known not a few of whom others would have said the same thing.

I cannot recall at the moment that any great journalist ever left a great book, unless we include Addison and Steele and Franklin among the journalists, which they certainly were not in the sense that Greeley or Bowles or Godkin was. But I long thought that Godkin could write a great book. His knowledge of history, economics, jurisprudence, and statecraft was all up to the expert grade. He agreed, as early as '76, to write, for the American Science Series, a work on Government. We often talked about it, and he often told me: "Now I'm going to do it." He would have done it if he had never taken up the *Evening Post*. I think it must have been before he did that that he told me he had written probably a third of the book, but after he had been on the *Post* a good while he admitted: "I am overcome by the journalistic habit." And yet, even after that, I think, there were times when, for a week or two, we were writing and talking about it. I vividly remember once meeting him on the street and his opening the subject and proposing to come to my office "Tuesday" for a long talk about it. But he never came—at least for that purpose. My favorite saw with the writers of that series was : "For a non-technical book, you need ignorance as much as knowledge: come to me for the ignorance." Well, regarding his *magnum opus*, Godkin came to me for lots of it, but my recollections are mainly of talks on the street or in the cars. He was too busy to come to my office much, and at the club or at home we talked of other things. I never saw the manuscript of even the "third" of his book. I don't recall that I ever made a real effort to, though since his death I must have said something about it to his wife or his son.

He did leave a couple of volumes, compiled at somebody's instance, perhaps by somebody, from his editorials; and they illustrate, on the *lucus a non* principle, what a great journalist he was. I used to tell him jokingly that if he didn't hurry up his work on Government, I'd cut him out with one I was writing. While I was making that humble work, which might perhaps have amounted to something if he had not broken down before it could be submitted to his criticism, I turned with hopes of help to his books, but I got very little from them. They were "works of occasion." His great power had used his great knowledge for daily exigencies, and with great effect, but had not put it in a shape for permanent use.

I think I'll try to get a look at that manuscript of a third of his contemplated book on Government. It is too pathetic that so great a man should survive to mortal sight only in the recollections of a few friends who themselves cannot long survive—to mortal sight.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian

THE APPOINTEE OF LINCOLN TO A JUDGESHIP OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS AND AN EARLY EDITORIAL WRITER ON THE "NATION," JUDGE NOTT, NOW IN HIS EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR, TELLS OF HIS INTIMACY WITH GODKIN.

By CHARLES C. NOTT.

It would give me great pleasure to contribute reminiscences of my connection with the *Nation*, were it not that I have played editor for the *Nation* so much that I am afraid I may feel bound as such to reject my own contribution.

I had a club acquaintance with Mr. Godkin before the *Nation* was established, and had reviews in it almost from the beginning. In 1871, as the great conflict was approaching for the overthrow of Tweed, I wrote an editorial intended to accompany the meeting at Cooper Institute which began the campaign. Mr. Godkin accepted it for that purpose, and gave it its title, "The Bottom of the City Difficulty." A few weeks later Mr. Garrison wrote asking me to contribute an editorial every fortnight, and thereby alternate with Mr. Godkin in the leading editorials.

This went on for several years. Mr. Godkin and I were in close agreement, such close agreement that it was not necessary for us to confer by writing to each other. Occasionally an editorial was tentative, *i. e.*, it was written some time before its publication, where there was a doubt in my mind as to the course the paper would take. The only one I can recall at the moment is the one on the Second Presidency of Gen. Grant, published immediately after his reëlection. The *Nation* had been handling his first Administration without gloves for some time, but with his reëlection there came a belief and hope that he would be less under the control of his "wicked partners." The difficulty with me was to say all that the paper could say, and at the same time not say too much.

Once in a while Mr. Godkin or Mr. Garrison would telegraph a request that I furnish the editorial on some unexpected subject: and sometimes the subject was one which I did not feel equipped for. The editorial on the death of Mr. Sumner was such a one. I knew that my own admiration for Mr. Sumner was not as warm as Mr. Godkin's, and very far below Mr. Garrison's; and I knew that the *Nation* could not go off in bursts of laudation, as some papers would, but must present Mr. Sumner to its readers for what he was worth. Yet this editorial, which I did not wish to write and which I thought would disappoint both Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison, was, I think now, the most successful editorial I ever wrote.

But the close accord in which Mr. Godkin and I were editorially prevented the accumulation of material for biography. When Mrs. Godkin was collecting material for his Life, I was obliged to tell her I could find but two letters, and they were unimportant. The *Nation* in those days was at war: war against slavery; war against the reconstruction iniquities; war against the Freedmen's Bank robbery; war for civil-service reform; war against the District of Columbia ring; war against the Republican bosses; war against the Democratic party; war against the abuses in the departments. There were battles all the time, and the paper stood unsupported and almost alone, an authority among the intelligent few, and an influence among newspapers, but without a powerful circulation or a remunerative advertising patronage. I wonder now, more than I did then, at the unswerving resolution with which Mr. Godkin could break with anybody, even with men who had helped to establish the *Nation*, and hold unswervingly to his own course. But with all the warfare and doubts and difficulties, there was little correspondence. In all these years I can recall but three letters relating to my part of the work. In one he said briefly that an unexpected editorial upon a department abuse had been a bomb in the enemies' camp. In another he said that a review of a horse book (Col. Dodge's "Many Riders in Many Lands") had made him laugh so that he had to hold his sides. In a third letter he said that an article of mine, a letter on an economic subject, "A Good Farm for Nothing," was so pathetic "that it brought the tears into his eyes." The horse review had not been intended to be humorous, and the farm letter I regarded as strictly economic, and it puzzled me why they affected Mr. Godkin as they did, and so much so, that he took the trouble to write and tell me.

In 1884 I was driving from Washington to Williamstown. In a remote part of Pennsylvania, I ran into a wayside telegraph office to inquire whether the Republican Convention had nominated its candidates. On returning to the wagon I asked Mrs. Nott to guess who they were. She said that she could not; I told her to guess the two men whom she would regard as the worst possible candidates, from the *Nation's* point of view. She promptly replied, "Blaine and Logan"; and they were the men. A few days later, on a Saturday afternoon, I drove up to Minnewaska Lake and found that the new hotel had been opened only two hours, and that there were only two guests in it. At the supper table we confronted those two guests across the table and found that they were Mr. Godkin and his bride.

Mrs. Nott's guess of the Republican candidates was, of course, told to Mr. Godkin. We laughed, but it brought up what was a sore subject to him. The next day Mr. Godkin and I spent together in the surrounding woods. We were uninterrupted for hours in our communings, as we had never been before and were never to be again. After talking over the new discord of Blaine and Logan, Mr. Godkin reverted to the many discords which were behind us, to the constant warfares in which we had been compelled to fight. Each of us, he said, was by nature inclined to be constructive rather than destructive, to build up rather than shoot down. He spoke sadly; he had been hoping for better things, but it seemed to be his fate that he must always fight something, and that the *Nation* must always be on the negative side, and that now, after all these years of effort, the best we could hope for, and the thing we must fight for, was the success of the Democratic ticket, which was something we did not wish for.

After many hours spent together in the summer day, and a long tramp in the wild woods, we returned to the hotel "late for supper," *i. e.*, our wives had finished theirs. Mr. Godkin was in fine appetite, notwithstanding our political disaster. The young lady of the mountains, who waited on the table, happened to come to him first. He gave his well-considered order with clearness and emphasis. "Tell the cook," he said, "that I want a porterhouse steak; tell him I want a good sized one, rather thick if he has such a one, and not overdone; to be careful not to overdo it; and I want——" and he ran on with his wants. My eye had chanced to fall on the young lady when Mr. Godkin said "tell the cook"! She was rather small; rather a pretty girl, bred in the free air of the mountains, and "as good as anybody." I saw a happy, disdainful smile light her face as she stood there, with her head cocked a little on one side, and (as she would have said) "let him talk all he wanted to."

When Mr. Godkin had talked all he wanted to, and his order was as complete as good English could make it, the young lady spoke.

"No cooking in this hotel on Sunday after two o'clock, except tea and coffee," she said. "No, you can't have an egg cooked, nor bacon, nor nothing. No cooking in this hotel on Sunday after two o'clock, 'cept tea and coffee."

This was the only time in our long acquaintance when I ever saw Mr. Godkin quail. He gave up the fight, the only fight I ever knew him give up. But his defeat did not take away his appetite; he had a good manly appetite, which could make a good supper on cold roast beef and hot English breakfast tea; and he did. But the next morning he told Mrs. Nott that he thought that the most virtuous half hour of his life was the half hour at the supper table last evening.

The memory of that girl comes before me now as a picture. She was a little thing, pretty, and tricked out in her Sunday finery. Her day's work was over, and in a few minutes her beau would be there. She was a picture of feminine superiority as she looked down on Mr. Godkin and "let him talk"; and she brought out her, "No cooking done in this hotel on Sunday after two o'clock, 'cept tea and coffee," with oh! such a triumphant air! Oh, if she had only known who the man was that she was putting down, how the little minx would have disdained all men.

The Hazards of Reviewing

THE FOUNDER OF THE "AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHILOLOGY" RELATES THE INNER HISTORY OF REVIEWING FOR THE "NATION."

By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.

Fifty years ago the *Nation* was born. It bore a prophetic title. The nation was not yet. What purported to be the nation stopped at the Potomac, for those of us who lived south of the river refused to recognize in our hearts the "wards of the nation" as fellow-citizens. We were conquered provinces governed in large measure by persons whom in our pseudo-classical Southern style we called "satraps." We were living among the horrors of the reconstruction period, of which no true American nowadays can think without a blush of shame or a flush of resentment. The editor of the *Nation* was an alien critic of American life and institutions, a man of rare powers, of singular charm to those who were admitted to his intimacy. The early contributors bore famous names, names that abide among the glories of American literature, but they represented then for the most part the advanced school, the advocates of the liberation of the slaves, triumphantly anti-Southern.

Among the Southern men there were those who had been trained in the best Northern schools, in the best European schools. They did not recognize any hopeless mental or moral inferiority to the men of the new order, and they set to work to create a Southern literature, to make textbooks for the rising generation. It was, as we look at it now, a pitiful business. We were a breed of politicians and fighters. Of professional literary men there was but a handful, and there was a sting in the story—a pure invention—that at a meeting in Charleston a resolution was passed that the South have a literature of its own, and that the Hon. William Gilmore Simms be requested to produce that literature. A Northern business man who had published an *Army and Navy Journal*, or something of the sort, during the war, when he found his occupation gone, tried to exploit the local patriotism of the South by getting up a series of Southern textbooks, with results that will not be forgotten by those who invested their money or their time in the venture. Magazine after magazine was started. For some of them I myself worked diligently. We indited scathing reviews of bad Northern textbooks. We should have been better employed in improving our own. But the new generation of Southern men recognized the true state of things. To win a hearing among our own people, it was necessary to seek a wider public. It was not until Southern men with a turn for literature invaded the North and began to contribute to Northern magazines that the South became a factor in the literary life of the country.

Whatever we Southerners might think of the politics of the *Nation*, the high literary standard it set up, the excellence of its reviews, could not be denied; and my first connection with the *Nation* began in an attempt to gain access to the columns set apart for Notes and Correspondence. It so happened that in the early seventies I received from the publishers an edition of a famous Greek author, at that time not overedited, an especial favorite of mine, an admirable test of one's appreciation of what may be called the lean beauty of Greek. The editor, a pioneer, transcended everything that I had ever known or imagined in the way of incompetence. Up to that time I had emitted my growls at our American performances in local journals, but this time my indignation rose to a white heat, and I prepared what I considered a blasting review for publication in some periodical of wider circulation. I bethought me of some English weekly, but finally I determined to send my performance to the *Nation* as a test of its impartial attitude towards the great universities of the North, into which, according to the publishers, this scandalous manufacture had been introduced as a textbook—"which supplied a long-felt want." But a counter-blast was not long lacking. The Grecians who had heedlessly accepted the book rejected it with scorn. The publishers took alarm, and asked me to return my copy, to be replaced by a revised edition; and when I declined to relinquish the precious document, entreated me at least to surrender the title-page, which I weakly did, and so robbed myself of a priceless unicum. Meanwhile I received a letter from Mr. Garrison—a charming letter—in which he informed me that the book had been withdrawn, and expressed the hope that my ire had been sated, so that the publication of the review would not be necessary.

This was the beginning of my correspondence with Wendell Phillips Garrison. The combination of two such names as Wendell Phillips and Garrison was not calculated to make music in the ears of an old-fashioned Southerner, but of all the many things that I have missed in my long life I shall never cease to regret that I was not privileged to know personally the literary editor of the *Nation* of my time. That time was not very prolonged, nor were my contributions to the *Nation* very frequent. The establishment of the *American Journal of Philology* in 1880 made heavy demands upon such time as I could spare from my exacting duties as a teacher. Sometimes I could manage to di-

vide the matter of a review between the *Nation* and the *Journal*, as in my reviews of Robinson Ellis's "Ibis" and Riemann and Goelzer's "Syntaxe Comparée," the technical part falling to the *Journal*, the wider aspect being represented in the *Nation;* but it is many years since my name figured in the list of contributors, and I was surprised at the reminder of the present editor that I belonged to a significant past, the formative period of the *Nation*. I cannot take credit to myself for any notable contribution to the good work—the great work, as it may be called. In earlier days I used to keep an account of my little articles as they appeared in newspapers and magazines, but I have no record of what I have written for the *Nation;* and I must trust to a faulty memory for details. In one of his essays, Philip Gilbert Hamerton dwells on the artistic value of forgetting. As an etcher he knew the meaning of shade and shadow, and so I am going to jot down the history of some of the articles that I can recall, and proceed to verify if I can, for verification is part of my profession.

In the main I kept to my special line of study, and can barely recall one or two little things outside the classical domain. The first important commission I received from the *Nation* came, I believe, from Mr. Godkin himself. In 1880 I went abroad for the summer, and sent to the *Nation* an account of my visit to Mill Hill, the seat of the scriptorium presided over by Dr. Murray—now Sir James Murray, as our English friends never fail to add. It was the first account published, and as a trip to Mill Hill was in the nature of a pilgrimage, I was heartily welcomed by the illustrious editor, who accompanied me on my way to Hampstead, where I was to dine with another celebrity, Sweet. As we walked across fields, Dr. Murray (now Sir James) confided to me that the only people that took an interest in the English language were Scotchmen and Americans. Twenty-five years afterwards the Scotchman and the American were to meet at Oxford as old friends. While I was at Oxford, in 1880, I witnessed the performance of the "Agamemnon" at Balliol College, of which I volunteered a report to the *Nation*, and this led to the commission just mentioned, to give an account of the Harvard "Œdipus" (1881), an account which was afterwards reproduced in the volume dedicated to that performance. The preliminary article—there were two—was prepared at leisure. The report proper was written at finger-speed on the Fall River steamer, to catch the day of publication. I have had some little experience as a writer for the newspaper press—scarcely any as a reporter. To write under pressure is exciting for a novice. The result is not necessarily slipshod. The best words often come to the front, if one has any best words, and generally it is a wholesome exercise for a scholarly man to face in imagination an audience that will not tolerate what has been called the worst of styles—the allusive style. One may flatter one's self that it is perfectly legitimate to use a phrase that makes absolutely clear sense in itself, while it conveys to those who know the Free Mason sign an esoteric meaning. But no average reader is fooled by that process, and the resentment abides, as I have learned from an experience of many years. The world insists more and more on being born anew every day, according to Goethe's dictum; and no range of literature is supposed to be familiar to anybody. Academies are set to preserve such traditions, but academicians themselves, if they wish to reach a wider public, must forget their academic business. I have often meditated on the future of traditional culture, but as anything I might write on the subject would be interpreted as a plea for the classics, I am content to die in my nest.

Whatever may be the fate of the classics, Greek plays have of late years developed a remarkable vitality, of which the Berlin "Antigone," the Balliol "Agamemnon," and the Harvard "Œdipus" were the harbingers. Sophocles interpreted by Mounet-Sully, Euripides as rendered by Gilbert Murray, hold the stage, and that masterpiece of art and indecency, as it has been called by a French scholar, the "Lysistrata," has proved to be a success in France, Germany, and England. The eternal human in Greek cannot die. Far less ambitious than the Harvard "Œdipus" was the Philadelphia performance of the "Acharnians" of Aristophanes (1886), in anticipation of which I prepared a rather hasty outline of the play for the *Nation*.

A diligent search through the tablets of my memory might reveal other contributions of similar compass, but it seems rather egotistical to call especial attention to things that were expected to perish with the using. If in any degree I have done my part as a specialist to prepare the way for other and more elaborate performances, I have had my reward. Nothing that I have written for the *Nation* deserves reproduction, and I am more than willing to pronounce on all my contributions the doom with which a critic in the *Nation* recently dismissed a little volume of lectures entitled "Hellas and Hesperia," as utterly unworthy of preservation in book form: "These lectures seem, on the whole, hardly to present the 'fresh aspect' of the subject which the terms of the foundation lead the reader to look for; nor do they possess as a series the unity that under these terms would entitle them to publication in book form." In the eyes of that Rhadamanthus no plea for mercy availed. No such combination as confession and avoidance existed in his vocabulary. The tone of the notice is in striking contrast with the *Nation's* many kindly appreciations of my later work, and I cite it to show that there is no favoritism in the court of America's chief critical review. Every old slave of the press knows how what may be called the commercial review is got up. If unacquainted with the subject, the reviewer skims the introduction, and reproduces it in other words, with occasional irrelevances and pregnant hints of defective treatment. One of my books on which I had bestowed much toil was dismissed with a few slighting words, the bulk of the notice consisting of the list of errata with which I had furnished the readers.

As I have already intimated, my political sympathies with the *Nation* were not close in the beginning. Of later years there has been a certain accord at points, but only at points. Once in my long career I overleaped the bounds of my classical paddock, and at the express request of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Horace Scudder, I wrote an article begun as mere literature and finished under the pressure of strong emotion. It was entitled "The Creed of the Old South," and was widely noticed. This is what the *Nation* had to say of it: "A poetical view of the Southern cause in the Civil War." I made no protest against the criticism. I make none now. Perhaps, after all these years, poetry may appear more philosophical than history.

Some little byplays, some little humors of journalism, come up to my mind as I review my connection with the *Nation*. The *Nation* has an army of watchful readers. The editor must do his best in selecting his contributors, and he cannot tell when some specialist will pick a hole in the critic's coat. It is not good policy to call attention to slight mistakes, and in my capacity as editor I discourage "anti-criticism" and the publication of lists of errata.

I have just recorded an instance of the sad use that may be made of them by a malevolent critic. To be sure, in my own journal, I call attention to my own slips with somewhat persistent regularity, but it is only because I can make copy of them. Mr. Garrison once sent me a caustic note by a noted scholar, in which he demonstrated my incapacity for writing a review which fell more properly within his domain than mine. My great blunder, it seemed, was the omission of the *h* in "svarabhakti." But I kept to myself my amusement at the severity with which another reviewer denounced the typographical error of an *ι* subscript in *θνῄσκω*, the *ι* subscript in *θνῄσκω* being at that time the last agony of Greek exactness. Another curious mistake I did not withhold from Mr. Garrison, but no public recantation was made. Every one who has been in the Duomo at Florence will remember the effigy of the famous English condottiere, Sir John Hawkwood, whose name appears now as Aguto in Italian, now as Acutus in Latin—as close an approximation to the English form as was convenient for the Florentine tongue. The writer for the *Nation*, a native Italian, by the way, had some misty notion as to the change of the name, and in a review of some book on Machiavelli incidentally referred to the famous free lance, John Sharp. A private correspondence ensued, with polite regrets on both sides.

One editorial trouble is the failure to remember the name of the reviewer to whom the review of the first part of a book is entrusted. So it fell to my lot to notice the first half of that classic translation of the Odyssey by Professor Palmer (1884). The second part was assigned to another hand,

and the tone of the two reviews differed greatly.

One more reminiscence out of that now somewhat distant time and I have done. One of my articles for the *Nation* dealt with a translation of one of the airiest of Greek authors, admirably done with a feminine deftness few men can equal. The translation bore a woman's name, but I protested against the uncertainty in which the reviewer was left because of the failure to indicate whether the translatrix was maid or wife. Certain risky passages of the original were rendered with an uncanny dexterity that left a Grecian in doubt whether the happy result was due to intimate knowledge or rare good luck; and in the absence of personal information I could only guess at the solution of the perilous egg-dance. Some years afterwards I met the translatrix, who at once taxed me with the authorship of the review. Finally she said: "I am grateful to you for attacking my morals, of which I am positively certain, and sparing my Greek, of which I am not so confident." This is one of the many by-products of my work for the *Nation*. I only wish that these reminiscences were worthier of the honor the editor has done me in associating my name with the earlier stages of the high career of the *Nation* as an organ of independent criticism—literary as well as political.

An English Scholar's Appreciation of Godkin

By A. V. DICEY.

Forty-five years have passed since I wrote my first article for the *Nation*. One of the happiest results to myself of my connection with that paper was the creation of a friendship with E. L. Godkin which remained undisturbed to the day of his death. I will not, however, write of my personal reminiscences. My wish is to dwell wholly on my estimate of Godkin's work and on the causes which made him one of the most successful and influential of newspaper editors. Such an appreciation of the career of a very remarkable man may have some interest for the readers of the *Nation*, just because it proceeds from an Englishman, who must from the very nature of things have stood outside American politics. My deep respect and affection for Godkin provides some security that I shall speak of the first editor of the *Nation* in that spirit of perfect sincerity which was one of Godkin's many high qualities and was a virtue which he expected to find in every contributor to the pages of his newspaper.

No critic of Godkin's work can fail to be struck with its extraordinary success and with the many circumstances which, in 1865, seemed to make it all but certain that his attempt to create at New York a newspaper which should be perfectly independent of any political party, and which should within the course of a few years make its editor a leader of public opinion throughout the United States, would end in complete and rapid failure. Yet the undeniable results of his effort may be thus summed up: Godkin, aided, as he would have been the first to tell you, by allies of high intellectual power and of great energy, created a weekly newspaper which certainly stood on a level with and, as some Englishmen would say, rose above the best weekly journal to be found, during the Victorian era, in London, or indeed in any part of the British Empire. Year by year, the influence of the *Nation* extended far and wide. One has often heard it said that, wherever throughout the United States there existed a college, however small, there you were certain to find at least one copy of the *Nation*, and wherever the *Nation* was read, there Godkin was sure to exert influence. He aroused either firm faith or strenuous opposition. He never failed to arouse discussion. His words were certain to tell upon opinion. The editor of the *Nation* had, before sixteen years had passed, become a power in the land.

The obstacles which seemed to make the attainment by Godkin of moral authority among the men who were fifty years ago the youth of America an impossibility were many and formidable. He had indeed lived and worked for some years in the United States. He had obtained the warm friendship of some among the wisest of American citizens. He was in 1865 already known to a limited circle of acquaintance as an effective writer in English newspapers. But to ordinary American citizens he was a stranger. He had but recently been an alien. He was not the representative of any one American party. The *Nation* itself could not from the nature of things possess any of that prestige which in England at any rate has, at different periods, belonged to an established newspaper, and notably to the London *Times*, between, say, 1853 and 1865. Then, again, Godkin pretty rapidly acquired a sort of personal authority differing in kind from the influence which has occasionally been gained by a powerful English newspaper. The impressive "we" of the English periodical press has a real meaning. It is the outward and visible sign of a mystery almost as curious as some of the important fictions, or semi-fictions, of the British Constitution. It signifies that the power of a successful English newspaper belongs to the paper, and one supposes ultimately to its owners, rather than to its editor. As time passes and memoirs or letters reveal the secrets of the past, we come gradually to know that the editors of the *Times* have at certain crises influenced to no small degree the course of English politics. But this fact has been combined and even connected with the ignorance of the readers of newspapers of the name and the character of the man by whom a paper is edited. Any one who carries his memory back to 1865 will recollect that not one in a thousand of its readers at that date knew or cared to know who was the editor of the renowned periodical. Editors came and went, but these changes were not known to the public. The public were guided, or thought they were guided, by the impressive "we" who reuttered to the public the current public thought of the day.

The editor of the New York *Nation* at the same date was known and felt to be Godkin. His followers knew who was their leader; his opponents had not the least doubt who was the foe by whom their follies, errors, or crimes were denounced. Then, again, Godkin was by nature a fighter. He thoroughly liked a fight. He fought for good causes, but when he fought he struck hard and gave very telling blows. It is impossible that such a man should not arouse vigorous opposition, but the difficulties of the contests in which Godkin was engaged were increased by the fact that he was often opposed to popular sentiment, which he was apt, often quite rightly, to identify with popular folly; and then, too, the wholeheartedness with which he fought in favor of any principle which commanded his intellectual and moral assent occasionally led him to confound adherents who, either from wrongheadedness or under the unconscious bias of self-interest, failed in strict adherence to a true principle, with fools or knaves who opposed a cause which they knew in their hearts to be good. It is in reality the plain truth, though it is a truth which Godkin's success itself conceals from critics who have never studied with care the conditions under which Godkin in 1865 founded the *Nation*, that his success as an editor appeared to his friends and to himself to be doubtful, and was achieved in the face of great and, it seemed, all but insuperable obstacles.

What, then, were the causes of his success? One cause was the possession by Godkin of certain definite talents. He was endowed by nature with all the gifts of a pamphleteer, and these he had improved by the whole course of his education and life. He possessed a clear and vigorous style, and his power of expression was the natural result of his mode of thought. He reasoned logically and delighted in coming to sound and practical conclusions. Vague ideas and vague ideals were intellectually and morally repulsive to him. He had early perceived that vagueness of thought led to unwise conduct, and vagueness of expression might often cover courses of action which were morally ambiguous. He used fair and vigorous argument for the confutation of fallacies relied upon by political adventurers, and for the exposure of the follies into which selfish leaders may conduct an ignorant or an enthusiastic people. And he constantly attained his end. His power, further, of reasoning was set off by great command of language He had, indeed, made himself a true man of letters, who, by the way, ought never to be confounded with that very inferior person, a literary man. He was no ardent admirer of journalism. He has warned the Ameri-

can public that newspaper reading is apt to be the death of the taste for reading books.

A little study of Godkin's writings is quite enough to prove that his knowledge of the matters on which he wrote, in so far as it did not arise from his observation of life, was due to the careful perusal of books, and of good books. Then he had a talent absolutely essential to the success of a pamphleteer. It is the gift of "appositeness," or, in other words, a writer's habit of interesting himself in the matters which are passing before every one's eyes, and which at a given moment occupy the thoughts of his neighbors. It will be found that men of considerable intellectual power are sometimes disqualified from gaining influence as pamphleteers or journalists, because such men have a tendency to turn their minds at a given moment towards subjects which, whether important or not, have no interest for the ordinary public or the so-called general reader. An illustration best shows the nature of this error. Vain, indeed, would be the labors of a man who in this year 1915 addressed the English public about woman suffrage or proportional representation. Englishmen who care about the conduct of public affairs are thinking about the war, and nothing but the war, and probably they are right in turning away their minds from every subject not connected with the conduct of the war. But whether they are wrong or right, no born journalist will ever waste his skill in trying to force upon the English world topics to which that world will pay no attention. It was one proof of Godkin's genial nature and common-sense that he always brought his powers of thought and his capacity for lucid exposition to the examination of questions which at a given moment both concerned and interested the citizens of the United States.

But let no one suppose that the gifts of a pamphleteer are enough to insure his success as a leader of opinion. Cobbett was at one moment the leading journalist or pamphleteer of his day. He possessed shrewd sense, homespun eloquence, and independence of judgment. He is still credited by admirers with a genuine interest in the welfare of the poor. But as a leader of public opinion his career was a failure. He lacked the virtues which in England, as in America, transformed an active agitator into a trusted leader of men.

The second cause of Godkin's success was of a quality which, where it exists, every man perceives, but very few of us can define. It is best described by the term "character." Instead of attempting definition, I propose to enumerate some few of the traits by which Godkin convinced all men of sound judgment that the editor of the *Nation* was a man of character. From the very opening of his career as a journalist, and years before the *Nation* was founded, he had shown the capacity for acquiring the trust of every man who really knew him. Very soon after his arrival in the United States he gained the esteem of a body of friends mostly connected with the University of Harvard, who formed the glory of Boston. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the *Nation* was originally created in order that the men who trusted Godkin might find for him a field in which his genius could be best employed for the advantage of the whole American commonwealth. It soon then became apparent that Godkin, besides his trustworthiness, was endowed with a gift which does not necessarily fall even to an able and a perfectly honest pamphleteer. Though he gained his influence by his pen, he was by nature a man of action as much as a man of letters. It may well be that an eminent writer and a man inspired with high public spirit is by nature nothing but a critic. Such a man may well play an important part in the formation of public opinion. He may warn the country against the acceptance of popular fallacies. He may denounce politicians who are undeserving of trust, but he will hardly be numbered among the leaders of a people or a party. Criticism, after all, for the most part, deals with negations. It warns men against errors; it does not tell them how to act on some critical occasion. Now, Godkin was no mere critic. His thought lay very near to action. He was a good adviser; he had the capacity for pointing out in a time of difficulty the right course of action. If he was once convinced, say, that a judge of New York was guilty of judicial misconduct, Godkin could never stop at exposing the offender's errors. Godkin was not satisfied till he had driven the corrupt judge from the office he disgraced. If a statesman was accused of conduct which morally unfitted him for high office, Godkin was certain to press the accusation home, and, until it was disposed of, was ready to move heaven and earth in order to prevent a political leader of fame and of influence from obtaining a position of which Godkin deemed him unworthy.

This capacity of making action the immediate result of thought is so closely connected with the highest statesmanship that admirers of Godkin may occasionally regret that he had not the opportunity of playing a direct part in the public life of the country whereof he ultimately became a citizen. It also suggests a last feature in Godkin's character and in his views of public life on which it is worth while to dwell with emphasis, just because it will hardly be noted, except by the body of men, now rapidly dying off, who have been, speaking broadly, Godkin's contemporaries. When he came to the United States, Godkin was a mid-Victorian who thoroughly shared and sympathized with the liberalism or radicalism which from, say, 1845 to 1880 colored the whole public life of the United Kingdom. And Godkin, be it remarked, accepted the political creed of the mid-Victorian era in its wisest and in its noblest form. He accepted the maxim then adopted by almost every Liberal that the object of rational government should be the attainment of "peace, retrenchment, and reform." He was no pacifist. He sympathized, like most Liberals of the day, with the Crimean War, which was popularly held to be an attack on European despotism and certainly did facilitate the liberation and the unification of Italy. But he maintained throughout life that, though war might be sometimes a necessity, peace was the necessary condition of progressive improvement, and he has been heard to argue, not without force, that Roman success in war was at bottom grounded on the discipline imposed by severe training in the virtues of civil life.

Retrenchment, or the cutting down of unnecessary expenditure by the state, was to the best of my belief always with Godkin desirable, because the lightening of taxes both relieved the pressure of taxation upon the poorer classes and in effect increased the area of individual freedom. Reform, lastly, was with mid-Victorian Liberals, and certainly with Godkin, a matter of wider significance than any mere improvement in the constitution of Parliament. It meant the gradual, the considered, and therefore the effective, removal of every demonstrated evil which could be curable either by legislation or by the improvement of social habits or sentiments. It also was the rejection no less of the dull conservatism which aimed merely at keeping all things, or at any rate all things not absolutely evil, exactly as they were, than of the revolutionary schemes which, even if unconnected with lawless violence, assumed that even the best institutions existing in the civilized world ought to undergo a fundamental change. No one can doubt that Godkin, whose knowledge of life was wider and far more varied than that of many statesmen, and whose Irish birth and education had in many directions extended his sympathies, gave a very wide sense to reform. Still it is perfectly plain that, like a true mid-Victorian Liberal, he was neither an obstructive Conservative nor in any sense a revolutionist. He was in short a mid-Victorian reformer.

I shall be told, as all surviving mid-Victorians daily are told, that our political creed was a narrow one. Personally I am not prepared to plead guilty to this charge. I venture absolutely to deny its truth as regards Godkin. In him at least were strongly developed two virtues which will ultimately be admitted to be characteristics of the Victorian age. The one was the stern belief that reform, and constant reform, was the law of progress, and that reform must be based upon the dictates of enlightened common-sense. The other was an intense hatred of injustice, and especially of injustice which, being committed by mobs, is the odious parody of judicial punishment. Godkin at any rate might at all times use the words to be found somewhere in the works of the wittiest as well as the most sensible of English pamphleteers: "I am an enthusiast for common-sense; I am a fanatic for common justice."

The "Nation" and Its Ownership

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

At the outset let it be said that into no journalistic enterprise did ever commercial considerations enter less than into the launching of the *Nation*. It was not, and never has been, in the *Nation's* half-century of existence, a question of profits, but of presenting certain definite literary, political, and social ideals and of urging them with all the power of rightcous, patriotic purpose as expressed by such able pens as Mr. Godkin's and those of a long list of brilliant contributors, on both sides of tne Atlantic. It is true that when J. Miller McKim, the Philadelphia Abolitionist, father of a son, Charles F. McKim, whose genius will never be forgotten in the history of art and architecture in America, gave the final impetus which made it possible for the new venture to take its initial plunge into the literary ocean, his prospective son-in-law, Wendell Phillips Garrison, was ready for a position as executive officer of the new craft. But what Mr. McKim and his associates wanted was primarily an organ to fight on for the principles which underlay the long and successful struggle for freedom in America.

The *Liberator*, a militant organ for a specific purpose, had ceased publication on December 29, 1865; the *Nation*, with a younger Garrison, fresh from Harvard and his service on the *Observer* and *Independent*, was to busy itself, second only to "the maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles in society and government," with the "earnest and persistent consideration of the condition of the laboring class at the South . . . with a view to the removal of all artificial distinction between them and the rest of the population, and the securing to them, as far as education and justice can do it, of an equal chance in the race for life." The Federal Government was content to free and enfranchise the blacks, to scratch the surface of their material and educational needs by the Freedmen's Aid Bureau and schools—and then to turn them adrift and let them sink or swim, survive or perish, as best they might. Whatever else may be said of the *Nation*, no one can deny that it has never lost its interest in this still vital problem, or failed to devote much space to the championship of the least understood and the worst treated of our fellow-citizens.

As Mr. Rollo Ogden has pointed out in his life of Mr. Godkin, it was not an easy task to carry on the *Nation* under the ownership of the group of forty men who supplied the first $100,000 of capital. With the chief stockholder, Major George L. Stearns, Mr. Godkin soon had serious but needless trouble, involving groundless charges of bad faith or worse. At the end of the first year the bulk of the capital had disappeared, despite a considerable revenue from advertising and subscriptions, and a reorganization followed, with "virtual liquidation." To the original Nation Association there succeeded E. L. Godkin & Co., which comprised some of the original stockholders, others being bought out. Thereafter the new craft remained afloat, but always in rough waters from the business point of view. While it started off with 5,000 readers and grew with considerable rapidity thereafter, it made a fortune for no one, at best assuring a comfortable living to its small staff of editors and employees.

This was partly due to the difficulties inherent in the problem of maintaining a weekly entirely without popular appeal and conducted upon the very highest standards of literary taste and sound scholarship, and partly to the fact that neither Mr. Godkin nor Mr. Garrison was deeply interested in the business side. Indeed, when the *Nation* was amalgamated with the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. Godkin's interest in the financial success of the enterprise faded away almost entirely. His like as a brilliant and sound and farseeing leader writer we are not likely to behold again; but his very qualities and the bent of his mind precluded his being both a great editor and a great publisher. The combination, if not an impossible one, is of the rarest. The same was also true of Mr. Garrison, whose absorption in the weekly grind of editing left no room for concern as to the business management of the *Nation*, which never attracted to itself a business manager commensurate with the ability of its original editors. When E. L. Godkin & Co. sold out in 1881, the *Nation* had receded from the high-water mark of its chief success—a subscription list and weekly sales aggregating 12,000—and was again in difficulties. Since then, under the shelter of the *Evening Post*, it has gone its way calmly and equably, attracting of late years a steadily widening readership, until it is in most respects stronger to-day than ever before.

To both Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison financial profits could naturally make no appeal. Their lives were devoted to things spiritual and intellectual; their rich rewards came in the appreciation and gratitude of men of light and leading, which was theirs in the beginning and in the end, and in the consciousness that they had profoundly influenced the thought and conscience of their time. That was the success they aimed at—to make the *Nation* the monitor and the mouthpiece of intellectual America, and in this they succeeded. The high praise early won by them from such men as Charles Eliot Norton, James Russell Lowell, Whittier, and Longfellow, George P. Marsh, Charles W. Eliot, and a host of others in America and England, particularly in the academic world, compensated them richly for much abuse and misunderstanding, of which perhaps the most trying was the oft-repeated charge that because they criticised America in order to help her, they were thereby disloyal Americans. Never were there more single-minded and devoted patriots than these, nor men who more ardently clung to and cherished and upheld every fundamental democratic doctrine which underlies our institutions and our organic law.

With the *Nation* again nearing a lee shore, there came to its rescue in 1881 Henry Villard, another loyal American. A native of Germany, the fervor for republican institutions which animated him was partly inborn and partly due to the German idealism of 1848—so different from that controlling the Germany of to-day. Himself a reporter and war correspondent of twenty years' experience, he had long cherished the idea of establishing a great daily which should be perfectly free to speak the truth and be independent politically, as were then but one or two journals of the day—so slavishly worn were the bonds of party. An extraordinarily rapid success in the business world made possible the carrying out of this plan by the purchase of the *Evening Post* and of the *Nation*, and the combining of both, with the *Nation* somewhat in the position of the weekly edition of the *Evening Post*—a condition not now obtaining, since the *Nation* is again developing along its own lines. This afforded Mr. Villard the additional satisfaction of providing editorial positions for Mr. Godkin and for his warm personal friends, Carl Schurz and Horace White, as well as assuring to his brother-in-law, Mr. Garrison, the control of the *Nation*. With Mr. Godkin's advancement within a year to the position of editor-in-chief of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Schurz retiring, Mr. Garrison became the editor and the soul of the *Nation*. From 1881 until his retirement the *Nation* was precisely what Mr. Garrison thought it should be, both on the editorial and the business side, and no man ever gave his life more happily, more earnestly, or more completely, to the object of his daily labors.

It is true that both newspapers suffered on the business side from the self-abnegation of Mr. Villard, who placed the control of both publications entirely in the hands of the editors. When his advice was sought he gave it freely, but had the properties had the benefit of his close personal supervision and of that unusual news instinct which made him so distinguished a war correspondent, and also the aid of his sagacious business judgment, both must have profited greatly. Mr. Garrison, it goes without saying, was as free in his editorial chair as if he owned every dollar of stock of the *Nation*. His was an enviable position in that he had all the privileges of ownership and none of the responsibility. Few editors have been as completely free from the harassments of the business office or as able to speak their minds about anything and anybody, precisely as they saw fit without the slightest regard for any consequences. If this was a rare privilege it is on record in the words of the many friends and contributors who gave him so handsome a testimonial on his retirement in July, 1906, that he knew how to live up to it, to preserve it from abuse, and to honor it.

As to the future, it can only be said that as long as the present ownership continues, the *Nation* on its business side will be conducted in strictest conformity to the standards and ideals of Wendell Phillips Garrison and Henry Villard.

The "Nation's" Critics

A RESTATEMENT BY AN EARLY MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF THE AIMS WITH WHICH THE "NATION" WAS FOUNDED AND OF THE CRITICISMS WHICH THEY EVOKED.

By ARTHUR G. SEDGWICK.

My first connection with the *Nation* as a contributor was when I was living in Cambridge and practicing law in Boston, and editing with Oliver Wendell Holmes (now Justice Holmes) the *American Law Review*. For a year, I think, I wrote continuously for the paper, sending an article every week from Cambridge, in 1868 or 1869. I made the acquaintance of its editor—a source of lifelong friendship and instruction—through my brother-in-law, Charles Eliot Norton, who, as editor of the *North American Review*, had encouraged me to try my hand at writing, and who was one of the most interested promoters of and contributors to the *Nation* from the beginning. Afterwards, from 1872 on, in New York, I had a much closer connection with the *Nation*, being in the office for several years with W. P. Garrison and J. R. Dennett. It was during this period that Mr. Godkin, after the death of his wife, went to live in Cambridge, remaining there for some two years. From 1881, for some three years, I was connected, as assistant editor of the *Evening Post*, with both papers at the same time. During one summer at a later period I went back, at Mr. Godkin's request, for a number of months to the office of the *Evening Post* to assist editorially while he was away. From 1865 to 1895 there were years when I wrote nothing, and periods when I may say that I wrote rather voluminously, not merely political and legal editorials, but social articles, paragraphs for the Week, literary notes, and book reviews.

It was understood from the first, of course, that the *Nation* was to be essentially different from any of those publications of which America had been and continues to be prolific, in which devotion either to an established party or to a cause, be it abolition, temperance, peace, female suffrage, or the importance of not eating meat, or of drinking water only between meals, is the breath of its life. Its tone was not to be that of the clarion which inspired the generation awakened to battle by "Sartor Resartus." Its object was to be the cultivation of reasonableness. The onset sounded by it was that of the critical, the scientific, the enlightened, the sound, the cosmopolitan, the rational. The promises of the prospectus, indeed, were very moderate and restrained. It chiefly promised "greater accuracy and moderation" than were then to be found in the daily press; "the maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles"; "sound and impartial criticism"; and that it would not be the "organ of any party, sect, or body."

The force and significance of this quiet programme lay in the fact that nothing but very courageous and independent editing could carry it out, as it involved independence not only of party, but of any sinister influence or interest of any kind. Such a paper honestly conducted, having disinterested criticism in view as its aim, would have neither patronage nor puffery to profit by, so that its prospectus was an avowal of the belief that it could make its way without these aids to success. Could any newspaper so succeed? The prevailing belief in the newpspaper world of America at the time was that it could not; that it was an idle dream.

Mr. Ogden, in his "Life and Letters," has, I think, given a remarkably correct account of the launching of the *Nation*, and the impression produced by it, and the sequel. At any rate, it tallies closely with my observations, both as an outsider before I began to write for it, and afterwards. On the whole, the impression produced by the first number was good, though, as Mr. Godkin is quoted as saying somewhere, the town remained strangely quiet when the event took place.

Then suddenly the *Nation* was discovered to be English—English like the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. The editor was also discovered to be English, and, if I remember right, grave fault was found with him for making, on one occasion in the early history of the paper, the Queen's speech a leading topic in the Week. I think if any one will take the trouble to compare dispassionately the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and the *Nation*, he will be surprised to find how utterly different the first two were from the last. Indeed, in England no one found any substantial likeness even between the first two, still less all three. Those who took the *Saturday Review*, who really enjoyed it, often detested the tone of the *Spectator*, or were amused by it. Those who succeeded in rising to the heights of the *Spectator's* editor must necessarily feel themselves to be soaring above the *Saturday Review*. But the gulf which separated both from the *Nation* was the substantial gulf which separated, in those days how widely, England from America. Godkin, with his essentially English education, had adopted America as the country of his second birth, just as he had adopted democracy as his political faith. He was at the same time at home in both orders of thought, and penetrated with extraordinary clearness the errors and fallacies underlying and producing international prejudice and misunderstanding. Once clearly perceived, he laid them bare. This was one of the things that made him so accomplished a newspaper man in that day, when the ends of the earth were beginning to be rapidly brought together. The errors which Englishmen in those days inevitably fell into in looking at America, and *vice versâ* those which Americans fell into in looking at things English, he seemed able to perceive and discard intuitively.

Nowadays, greatly through him, this matter is comparatively an open book for critics. Newspaper articles, novels, speeches, and even sermons bring it within reach. We know what singular mistakes Americans make about the English way of looking at Church and State in Ireland and elsewhere, and why, just as we have recently seen how the Germans, with all their thoroughness and penetration, are fond of thinking of the English as too much occupied with the threatened "Irish revolt" and the "Indian mutiny" to go to war effectively abroad. In private life the unravelling and dissection of international prejudice and conflicting national characteristics has been an amusing study for novelists, but in this whole field the editor of the *Nation* was an early master. This species of insight was no doubt then European rather than American. We had lived remote from the rest of the world for so long that we had but a faint idea of how the peculiarities of our civilization struck others. The pith and point with which the *Nation* analyzed these was only matched by the wisdom and irony with which it exposed to view both sides of the shield. A good instance was Mr. Godkin's success in dealing with the difficult question of the Alabama claims, when, first all Americans, and then a good many Englishmen, seemed to be on the point of taking leave of their senses. It was not merely the capacity for holding a just balance; it was the faculty for seeing and exposing the absurdity of the fallacies underlying the extreme view on either side—the faculty for seeing through "Idols of the Tribe," of which only highly trained minds are capable.

In turning over the pages of the first numbers, one is struck with the solidity of the literary criticism, and, at the same time, with the remoteness of the world in which it was produced. In the first number an article on Matthew Arnold's Essays at once fixes the attention. It is what would now be called arresting, but it is as good as anything ever written about him. Carlyle, Henry Kingsley, White's Shakespeare, all are discussed with a fulness of knowledge and grasp that remind us very little of the hack criticism of either that day or this. There is in the literary part of the paper more variety than in the political, though the difference is less perhaps than one would expect in view of the fact that the political part was so much the work of one man. However it may be nowadays, at that period the United States was far better supplied with contributors capable of writing critically on letters or art than on politics. Why was this? It certainly was not so in England. The *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Spectator* all found it possible to get any amount of good political writing, neither partisan nor personal. Partly perhaps it was because the political writing which at that day had been cultivated here was neither non-partisan nor independent. The early list of contributors to which the publisher of that period, Mr. Richards, drew attention, bears witness to the paucity of writers accustomed to deal with the political

topics of the day in a critical manner. It contained many names deservedly famous, beginning with Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier, but there is hardly a political "leader writer" among them. There are probably a good many reasons—not a single one—why the breed of political journalists, at once critical and anonymous, has never flourished greatly in America as it has in England, but whatever the explanation, the fact remained that so few hands could be relied on for this sort of work. In the same way, it was difficult to get what was one of the staples of English weeklies of that day, social articles. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that in both these fields we recognize the hand of Godkin, who, it should likewise be remembered, was not only distinguished as an editor, but was conspicuously an extraordinarily productive writer. I remember at one time trying the experiment of seeing how nearly in quantity I could approach him, with results disastrous to my self-love. I forget exactly how many pages of the *Nation* he could do, week in, week out, but the only literary "output" with which I recall having been able to compare his was the prodigious feats of Walter Scott recorded in his diary. Scott's writing, being narrative, was in kind more easy to produce. Critical editorial writing of the first order is not usually produced *currente calamo*.

In this respect, second to Godkin himself, I should mention J. R. Dennett, born a poet, and made over into a journalist of very great powers. Everybody who was near him in time at Harvard knew him at least by the reputation his class ode made in 1862—Lowell speaks of it somewhere as having made a marked impression. He had very wide knowledge, both in literature and all "humane" reading, an incisive, and at the same time delicate, humor, and great fertility. His "South As It Is" remains his most enduring monument, likely, I fancy, to be referred to, as time goes on, as the most valuable contemporaneous picture of the South after the end of the Civil War. This was his smallest contribution to the *Nation*. He really *wrote* the *Nation* in enormous quantities, paragraphs for the Week, political editorials (he had an extraordinary amount of knowledge of the details of contemporary politics, and also that exact memory for them which is so rare and valuable), social articles, and book reviews of remarkable originality. I am told that his work in great part cannot be identified—the often inevitable fate of anonymous writing. His conversation was as good as his writing, and I should call it as companionable talk as any I have ever known. It was he, I think, who got to the bottom of the eternal question of woman's equality; at any rate, to the entire satisfaction of those who had had it called to their attention for the first time, by declaring that, in the nature of things, it was impossible that a woman should have the feelings of a gentleman.

The *Nation* was not only found fault with for being English in tone; it was accused of being the organ of those in the pay of British gold—an accusation which, I am told, has again been brought against it in certain quarters during the past year. At the same time, its unwillingness to join what was at that time the Free Trade Crusade was imputed to it for a sin by the crusaders. Referring to the promise of impartiality made by the paper, and the results in the way of objurgation, we find a neat reply in an early number (Vol. II, p. 481, April 19, 1866):

> The difficulties of starting such an enterprise as that in which we are engaged, and which in some ways breaks through the most sacred traditions of the newspaper world, are greater than most people imagine, and if we had not during the nine months of its existence received a good deal of hearty abuse, we should have been greatly surprised.

In writing of 1865, we must always bear in mind the remoteness of that period—the great Victorian period. We had not yet learned to call it so here. Many knew and deplored it in America as the age of Barnum and Humbug. One of the early numbers of the *Nation* bears witness to this in an article on Museums. It begins: "Barnum's Museum is gone at last" (it had been destroyed by fire), and is a plea for a real Museum, such as we now have. We pause in reading it, and smile when we reflect that fifty years ago, to most Americans, a museum signified a place such as Barnum's, with its Happy Family, or the memorable Boston Museum, which served also as an asylum for the drama against still surviving Puritan prejudices. In New York the opera was an "Academy of Music." "We ask," says the *Nation* with emphasis, "for a real museum." As we read the article, we recall the period also as one of a general and suddenly awakened vast conception of the American future. We were a great and victorious democracy, and we must have everything that aristocracies and monarchies had. We were American, and must have whatever Europe had. We were a land of undeveloped richness, and we must produce a new kind of millionaire who would be the most wonderful benefactor the world had ever seen. In fifty years the dream was to be extraordinarily realized. The *Nation* saw the vision clearly.

Another charge constantly brought against the *Nation* was that of cynicism. The true test of cynicism is whether the object is cynical. Do you wish to make the good cause triumph? Then you are not a cynic, though you may employ the method of one in satire. Because it employed irony, satire, and ridicule, it was declared cynical; and, of course, the sequel to this was that, the *Nation* being cynical, it made sport of what was fine and noble, and opposed causes which it should have supported. This accusation was one to rankle, and, if I remember right, those who resorted to it were effectively challenged to prove their case. If the fact were so, let them make a list of the fine and noble causes which the *Nation* might have supported but had derided.

Looking back at the journalism of that day, nothing is clearer than that the *Nation* helped the good cause on by stoutly maintaining the canon of unsigned contributions and absolute editorial control. All expressions of opinion were avowed as those of the paper itself, and all articles and reviews were paid for to be published by the paper, and to be revised and amended both for style and occasionally for matter. This rule we used to regard as the secret of good and responsible journalism, as it once was of quarterly reviewing. The opposite view, whether practiced in the French daily press or in the American magazines, leads and is meant to lead to a diminished responsibility.

There was another reason at this time for a rigid rule of anonymity, which is very convincingly stated by the editor in Vol. II, No. 61, p. 822 (June 28, 1866):

> An article of which the author is known is hardly ever judged on its merits. If he is still obscure, most people will not take the trouble to read what he says; if he is famous, they will devour the veriest twaddle that comes from his pen, and insist on fresh supplies every day.

To submit to being an anonymous contributor to the *Nation* required a good deal of self-sacrifice. The ideas governing the conduct of the paper were essentially those of the editor; the style, by a constant influence and association, more and more his; and the editorial contributor had to learn to write under him—valuable training, no doubt, for the youthful writer who feels in him that he is an unrecognized genius of the first rank, but sometimes galling for such as actually had made names for themselves.

The following paragraph from the Week is to be found in Vol. I, No. 1, p. 2. It is a good illustration of the sort of critical writing introduced into American journalism by the *Nation*, and of its early "paragraphing" at its best:

> Mr. Jay Cooke has been seduced into authorship by his success as a broker, and has written a pamphlet to prove that the national debt is a clear addition to the national capital. Considering the amount of nonsense which has been written about national debts for the last hundred years, there is nothing very wonderful in this; what is wonderful is that several of the morning papers, in spite of the pressure on their space, should have thought his disquisition worth publishing. Mr. Cooke's success as a seller of government bonds no more qualifies him to instruct the public on the nature and uses of a national debt than success as an engine-driver would qualify a man to lecture on the nature of elastic vapors. There is a very simple antidote for his really mischievous delusion. It consists in remembering that what has been lost to the Government during the war was really not the money, but the things that the money purchased—the powder, land, iron, forage, and other stores, as well as the labor of a million of men, all of which has been destroyed, and the national capital has therefore been diminished by the exact amount of this value. The individuals who supplied them have lost nothing, but the community has—a distinction which Mr. Cooke has failed to perceive.

This paragraph is said to have caused indignation in Philadelphia.

It is not too much to say that this sort of critical writing, the essence of civil, restrained analysis which is satirical chiefly by force of its completeness and incisiveness, is not very commonly met with at any time. Any man who knows how to employ it is a man of mark, and his paper will always be a paper of mark. He is a trained and equipped man.

I am inclined to think that, as time goes on, the manner in which satire made itself felt in the *Nation* will be considered one of its most convincing claims to lasting repute. There are those who think that a successful use of satire is in some way connected with an aristocratic state of society. To flout the mob, the *hoi polloi*, with a mixture of irony and wisdom is for the privileged—the supermen. One can certainly imagine with difficulty a great socialistic, equalitarian cultivation of satire, except perhaps by George Bernard Shaw, who is an exception to all rule. Nor will much great satire be found in the literature of the extension of the suffrage, or the development of the "new freedom." But however this may be, one would not like to think of English or American literature or journalism desatirized! What should we do for Swift, Poe, Thackeray, Junius, Cobbett, Franklin, Lowell, and Arnold?

If I do not attempt in these random notes an "appreciation" of the principal person in the office of the *Nation*, it is because it might lead me too far in the expression of an admiration which deepened with years and was at the root of friendship of which I cannot speak as an entirely cool critic. Nevertheless, one or two things may be worth calling to the attention. One is that the severity of manner which many people noticed in Godkin was in great part due to a seriousness of character which ran through everything and did not spring either from arrogance or a sense of importance. Most of those visitors to whom editors are "exposed" are, it must be confessed, bores, if not, indeed, something worse—applicants for favors, often such as they know themselves to be anything but entitled to. The politic editor learns to treat them with suavity, with a kindly indulgence; but Mr. Godkin was not politic. Democracy has made such havoc with old notions of manners that anything like distance or coldness is resented as an affront. To be all things to all men is the ordinary journalistic rule; but then to be all things to all men was not what the *Nation* undertook to be. Through this attitude he hurt the feelings of those whom he had not the slightest desire to offend and to whom he desired to listen properly. I remember a case in point. A man of standing, whom I knew, wrote an article, or letter, to which he wished to call the attention of the *Nation*. I knew him to be somewhat sensitive, and, having introduced him, withdrew, leaving him alone with the editor. Afterwards I found that he had had an interview, but never brought up the subject he had in mind at all, apparently because he thought his reception chillier than it need have been.

As I came to know Mr. Godkin very well and see that his manner was connected with deep-seated peculiarities of character, and to perceive how free he was from the superficial or histrionic, I grew to think that he was more severe, perhaps, with himself than he was with others. Notoriety he hated; posing he knew nothing of. When all is said and done, we must recognize his disposition English, his aims American, his character his own. His sense of humor (he loved absurdity at one end of the scale, as he loved wit at the other) was as genuine as it ever was in anybody. He was by no means incapable of enjoying a joke at the expense of the great venture itself. The list of literary names advertised in the first number of the *Nation* to give it weight struck a good many people as giving too much. It was decidedly a list of contributors to give one food for thought. The editor of a lighter publication well known at the time immediately published an announcement in his columns consisting of the list, introduced by the statement that "None of the following writers contribute to the columns of the ———" (his paper). This delighted Mr. Godkin as much as if it had not concerned him in any way.

That he was very sensitive to imputations on his integrity, or good name, or independence, has been, oddly enough, made a cause of complaint against him, *e. g.*, that he was improperly influenced in the cause of free trade; that before the war, when writing for the *Daily News*, he had been "employed" in the interest of the Government of the United States; that he did not observe the terms of the trust by which the *Nation* was founded. But had he not been thus sensitive, what would have been said? Without its integrity, its good name for impartiality and independence, what would the *Nation* have been? The idea of those who derided his sensitiveness seemed to be that he, being an editor who attacked right and left, ought not to mind being attacked in turn. He would have agreed cordially to this view, but he would have said: "Exposing a humbug, or a charlatan, or a swindler, or any other kind of a rogue, does not involve an obligation to pretend to enjoy it heartily when I, not being any of these things, am denounced as a humbug, charlatan, swindler, or rogue. Sensitiveness under these circumstances is exactly what an innocent man always shows. If the press in America has reached that point that editors and their friends, when accused of villany, laugh, then so much the worse for America and its press." This was undoubtedly the view taken of the subject in former times.

The editorial rooms of a "critical weekly" like the *Nation* are, of course, very different from those of a daily newspaper. Not only is the number of persons actually at work small, but there is no daily hurry and writing against time. News is not continually coming in which has to be instantly made public and also commented upon editorially. Contributors are not continually bringing in copy, and mysterious callers are not forever asking for audience about something of great importance to themselves, if to themselves only. One can write with a feeling of leisure—write and reflect. But for these very reasons the life is not one of daily incident, and it is difficult or impossible to recall constant crises of great interest, when momentous news was coming in over the wires and thousands were gaping up at the bulletin board to find out what it might be.

But the *Nation*, for a critical weekly, was more effectively combative than any other we can just now think of. We do not recall in connection with it constantly manufactured crises of half real, half unreal journalistic interest. What presses itself on the memory is the pleasure of taking part in contests—appeals to reason stoutly fought out and often fought out more than once, such as the desperate struggle over the Ring, the Alabama claims, the Hayes-Tilden dispute, the great anti-Butler campaign in Massachusetts, and the long controversy over the regulation of railway rates. When it is said that these debates had a most important effect in clearing up the issues before the country, I think the true cause must be held to be the remarkable generalship displayed in them by the most skilful and keen species of journalistic control that I have ever known. Then there were particular articles which for one reason or another attracted attention or animadversion. I remember one such of my own with mingled satisfaction and regret on the subject of the "Emma Mine." It cost the *Nation* a good deal of trouble, time, and expense, through an oversight which may be worth recalling as a warning to writers for the press, though it really only shows that almost anything may be overlooked by those who have every reason to be careful.

The Emma Mine was a venture in which Gen. Schenck's name became involved. It took in many people and created an international scandal. An unfortunate stockholder issued a pamphlet giving an account of the mine and his connection with it. I undertook to make an article out of this pamphlet, and had neither desire nor temptation to make it libellous, or to exaggerate it in any way, because the narrative was inherently striking, amusing, and edifying; nor was it libellous to embody the narrative properly in an article. The statement was made in the pamphlet, however, or perhaps put into the mouth of some one connected with the matter, that those who had floated the shares had previously "plastered and ingrafted" the walls of the mine with silver ore for the purpose of getting a favorable report on the ore from an eminent mining engineer. It will be readily perceived that, true or false, such a statement would be exceedingly difficult to substantiate. Unluckily, I simply copied the statement, and no one in the office who read the proof perceived that I had involved myself, or rather

the *Nation*, in a highly libellous statement, if not true, and one which, if true, it would be practically impossible to get witnesses to prove. It entailed, I remember, a long litigation and a large expense, and in the end it was, I think, settled by a vindication which consisted of what amounted to an admission that the *Nation* had no means of proving the mine to have been plastered and ingrafted with silver ore. The public verdict, however, on the Emma Mine was very different.

An early article which caused a great commotion and was considered by "hostiles" (critics of the *Nation* came to be divided by the editors into "Hostiles" and "Friendlies"—the white man's division of the Indians) as proof positive of the evil animus of the *Nation*. This was an article describing the United States as a "Paradise of Mediocrities." The author of it was no doubt one of the best friends and stanchest and most courageous supporters of the *Nation*, and an American who never flinched. If I remember right, the authorship was not really secret, but the odium entailed by the publication of the "Paradise of Mediocrities" fell as usual upon the *Nation*. I doubt if American self-esteem, then far more sensitive than now, had ever been more wounded by anything published since "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes" than by the appearance of this article. The "muckrakers" have destroyed sensitiveness. *"It is hard to say it, but there are very few first-rate things in America, and scarcely any first-rate work done here."* The writer of the article was willing to admit that the Croton Water Works, Central Park, and the new Academy of Design at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, were exceptions. Another exception, curiously enough, was the *thoroughness expressed in four years of civil war*. Moreover, we were not always to remain as we were. Our scholarship and learning were mediocre, and we worshipped the great goddess Mediocritas, but we had the germs of good in us, and our democracy was not to end in mediocrity. But the sting of the article was in its title. Here was a new paper just started, inviting subscriptions of Americans, deliberately writing down America, or rather the United States, as a "Paradise of Mediocrities." Was this impartiality? Was this disinterested criticism? Then, for Heaven's sake, let us have no more of it, nor of the *Nation*. The outrage was keenly felt. Can it be that in that distant day we were "parochial"? Read these early numbers to-day and ask yourself whether the *Nation* was, after all, anything other than it promised to be—a really conscientious organ of disinterested criticism. Later, when it discussed the great "nose-pulling case" in Massachusetts, it was accused of supporting an estimable Bostonian who was trying to "establish caste" in New England. From treason and "incivism" to snobbishness, there was no sin or crime of which Godkin did not stand accused. The Athenians had not been told that Socrates was more wicked.

The "Nation" and Its Contributors

By GUSTAV POLLAK.

Few periodicals in the history of journalism can claim, like the *Nation*, to have preserved their original features essentially unchanged during fifty years of continuous existence. The *Nation* of the present day may safely challenge comparison with the number which, on July 6, 1865, was issued by Edwin Lawrence Godkin, as editor-in-chief, and Wendell Phillips Garrison, as literary editor. Perhaps not many subsequent issues have surpassed the initial number in solidity, maturity of judgment, and attractiveness of style. Then, as now, the leading editorials and the book reviews appeared anonymously. The imposing list of contributors, which in the course of time came to include the foremost names in American literature and science, was represented in the first number by half-a-dozen men, the most conspicuous of whom was Charles Eliot Norton. To him, to Frederick Law Olmsted, and to James Miller McKim, the founding of the *Nation* is principally due. Olmsted's connection with the incipiency of the *Nation* was the closest. He had elaborated with Mr. Godkin the scheme for a journal such as actually emerged in 1865, and he was, until the firm of E. L. Godkin & Co., in the following year, assumed control of the paper, its temporary proprietor. He died, famous as the landscape architect of Central Park, in his eighty-second year, August 28, 1903.

It is difficult to overestimate the aid rendered to the *Nation* by Charles Eliot Norton during the years when the experiment of conducting a journal of its character in this country was on trial. "If the paper succeeds," wrote Mr. Godkin, in one of his letters to Norton (July 6, 1866), "I shall always ascribe it to you"; and when the success of the *Nation* was assured, Mr. Godkin could say: "Its existence is largely due to the support and encouragement which you gave me."

Norton's contribution to the first number of the *Nation* was a review of Richard Grant White's first volume of his edition of Shakespeare, followed, in the second issue, by a memorable essay on "The Paradise of Mediocrities"—more hopefully patriotic, as we now see, than was conceded at the time. From among Mr. Norton's contributions during the early years of his active connection with the paper, one recalls a few whose very titles show the variety which his pen lent to its columns: "Draper's Civil Policy of America," "Tuscan Sculptors," "Waste," "The American Lectureship at Cambridge, England," "Sir Alexander Grant's Ethics of Aristotle," "Mr. Longfellow's Translation of the Divine Comedy," "Mr. Emerson's Poems," "The Harvard and Yale Memorial Buildings," "Female Suffrage and Education."

Among the other contributors to the initial number of the *Nation* were Prof. E. W. Gurney, of Harvard ("Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism"); the essayist, Charles Astor Bristed, better known by his pseudonym of "Carl Benson" ("Critics and Criticism" and "Club Life"); G. P. Marsh, the philologist and diplomat ("Were the States Ever Sovereign?"), and Henry James, father and son, the former of whom, well-known as a Swedenborgian philosopher and a gifted essayist, wrote on "Carlyle's Frederick the Great," the latter on "The Noble School of Fiction." Prof. Gurney held the chair of history at Harvard, and for a time taught Roman law. As Dean he was President Eliot's principal adviser in the extension of the elective system. He was for a year editor of the *North American Review*, after Mr. Lowell and Mr. Norton withdrew from it. His contributions to the early numbers of the *Nation* were marked by his extensive knowledge of the classics, modern as well as ancient, and his wide reading in the fields of philosophy, law, and politics. George Perkins Marsh, for more than twenty years United States Minister to Italy, was one of the foremost American scholars of his time. Equally interested in matters of philology and the natural sciences, he published a "Compendious Grammar of the Icelandic Language" and a remarkable work on "The Earth as Modified by Human Action." Besides his striking series of articles on the subject of State sovereignty already referred to, he contributed to the early volumes of the *Nation* a number of papers, entitled "Notes on the New Edition of Webster's Dictionary," and wrote on such subjects as "Pruning Forest-Trees," "Agriculture in Italy," "The Mont Cenis Tunnel," "Physical Science in Italy," and "The Proposed Revision of the Bible." At the age of eighty he still contributed to the *Nation* a charming "Biography of a Word" and a letter on Lanciani's "Aqueducts of Ancient Rome." He died in July, 1882, at Vallombrosa, in his eighty-second year.

Other writers were probably represented in the first number of the *Nation*, but their identity can no longer be established. A comment, under the heading of "A Strange Story," on a letter written to the *Evening Post* by a chaplain of the First New York Volunteers, foreshadows the campaign against Gen. B. F. Butler waged by the paper for so many years with extraordinary skill and effectiveness. Mr. Godkin's own article on "The Essence of Reconstruction" and his paragraphs in the Week sounded the keynote of the *Nation's* campaign on the Southern question. And with the initial number began the *Nation's* long fight for civil service reform, in a paragraph on the need of protecting the President against the assault of "office-seekers, pardon-seekers, delegations and busybodies of both sexes, who threatened to make an end of him."

> It is lamentable [Mr. Godkin wrote] that some way cannot be hit on of sifting the President's business before it comes before him. This is done to a certain extent with his letters, but the men and women who want to see him reach him,

chaff and all. The easiest way of doing it would be to render access to him more difficult. Whether this could be arranged without raising doubts of his "democracy," we must leave it to others to determine.

It took fifty years and the determination of a latter-day President to realize Mr. Godkin's prophetic hope.

The second number of the *Nation* introduced, in a review of Praed's poems, a new member of the staff, John Richard Dennett, who for nine years, with the exception of a short period spent at Harvard as assistant professor of rhetoric, devoted his rare talents entirely to the *Nation*. Like Mr. Garrison, he was only twenty-six when he became connected with the paper, and his maturity was as remarkable as that of the literary editor. The experience gained by Mr. Dennett, shortly after his graduation from Harvard, on a cotton plantation in South Carolina, and his thorough familiarity with all the phases of the Southern question, enabled him to act as the *Nation's* correspondent in the Cotton States, and he wrote in this capacity for the first two volumes of the paper a series of articles on "The South as It Is," which attracted wide attention. The first of these letters appeared in the third number. Through the whole of his short career the shadow of the disease to which he finally succumbed was upon him. "Of what he might have accomplished with a constitution better adapted to his surroundings," wrote the *Nation*, "one got an idea, however faint, from his extraordinary powers of apprehension, which we have rarely seen equalled and never surpassed."

Two other writers, whose connection with the *Nation* as more or less frequent contributors was lifelong, appeared in the second number—Daniel C. Gilman and Octavius B. Frothingham. It is interesting to notice that the future president of John Hopkins, in discussing the projected Cornell University, unconsciously outlined his own plans for the founding of a university, which he was later to carry into effect at Baltimore. He said in the number of the *Nation* referred to:

> The new university, we presume, will not be fettered by precedents, but will mark out for itself a new path, enlightened by the past, but adapted to the present. . . . It may be intrusive for us to offer a suggestion to the managers of the new university, but we cannot refrain from doing so when we reflect how constantly in this country one error is repeated. It is not bricks and mortar, but men and books, which constitute a university. We delight in appropriate and decorated architecture. . . . But we trust that a desire for suitable edifices will not prevent a supply of higher wants. Let first-rate teachers be first secured. Let no expense be spared to secure the highest educational ability which the country will afford. Then, as the scholars assemble, as the courses and plans of the university are developed, let such buildings go up as will best provide for the wants which have been created.

Besides Mr. Frothingham, widely known as the head of the First Independent Liberal Church of New York, another clergyman of great scholarly attainments, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, contributed to the second number of the *Nation*. Dr. Thompson, in addition to filling the pastorate of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York city from 1845 to 1871, was, successively, editor of the *New Englander* and the *Independent*, and was recognized as a profound student of Oriental literature. His connection with the *Nation* lasted until his death, in Berlin, in 1879. Dr. Noah Porter, president of Yale from 1871 to 1886, also began to write for the *Nation* with the second number.

The name of Arthur G. Sedgwick, whose association with the *Nation* and Mr. Godkin was probably closer, and certainly more continuous, than that of any other member of its staff, and whom, fortunately, the paper may still claim among its occasional contributors, occurs in the annotated file before me as early as the third number. The mere quantity of matter contributed by Mr. Sedgwick to the columns of the *Nation* for more than forty years was prodigious; the style of the youthful contributor impressed one, in his very first article, as unmistakably the *Nation's* own. What was true of him, was true of the *Nation's* contributors in general. It was observed, early in the history of the paper, that a peculiar literary flavor and a certain uniform elevation of treatment, no matter what the subject, were among its chief characteristics. Mr. Lowell, in a letter to E. L. Godkin of September 25, 1866, remarked: "Every Friday morning, when the *Nation* comes, I fill my pipe and read it from beginning to end. Do you do it all yourself? Or are there really so many clever men in the country?"

With the third number of the *Nation*, Russell Sturgis, an authority on architecture and kindred subjects, began to write on the fine arts, his contributions continuing until his death, February 11, 1909. In the same issue appeared the first of three notable papers by Henry Villard, entitled "Army Correspondence."

The list of "regular or occasional contributors," published in that number, contained the names of Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, and James Russell Lowell. Whittier wrote a poem, "To the Thirty-ninth Congress," for the issue of December 7, 1865, but it does not appear that either Longfellow or Lowell, interested as they were in the new venture, felt moved to contribute to the first volume. Lowell, with characteristic humor, and with his equally characteristic inclination to procrastinate, wrote to Mr. Godkin under date of January 10, 1866:

> I have got something half written for you and hope to finish it to-day—some macaronic verses on the editorial sham-fight at Richmond, under some such title as "Kettleo-Pottomachia." I am not yet sure whether it is not dull. However, I will send it, and you can use it or not, as you like. I had begun an essay on "Autographs" when I was drawn off by this. Meanwhile, I have raked out of my desk a little poem which I wrote for an autograph for the St. Louis Fair two years ago. (The Muse doesn't come often to professors!) I do not know that it has ever been printed, and don't think it has. I send it merely to justify my name on your list of contributors. I will send you the macaronics in a day or two, and you may put them in the fire if you like.

Evidently, the "macaronics" referred to are identical with the poem printed in the *Nation* of January 25, 1866, under the title of "A Worthy Ditty. Sung before the President his Excellency at Washington, to a Barrel-Organ Accompaniment." The "little poem," entitled "What Rabbi Jehosha Said," appeared in the previous number.

Mr. Lowell's poetic contributions to the *Nation*, though infrequent, were well-timed, and always produced a telling effect. They were generally on the political subjects of the day, such as his caustic "The World's Fair" and "Tempora Mutantur," both printed in August, 1875, and his "Campaign Epigrams," in the number of October 12, 1876. In a different vein were his touching tributes to two of his friends—the great physiologist, Jeffries Wyman (*Nation*, September 10, 1877), and Edmund Quincy (May 31, 1877), himself a valued contributor to the *Nation* from its foundation. Of Mr. Lowell's prose writings in the *Nation* only a few can now be identified with certainty, such as a review of Henry James, jr.'s, "Tales and Sketches" (June 24, 1875), two essays on "Forster's Life of Swift" (August 5 and 26, 1875), and a review of White's "Natural History of Selborne" (April 27, 1876).

The fourth number of the *Nation* marked the advent of two writers who were among the most important and prolific of all the contributors to its columns—William Francis Allen and Michael Heilprin. Allen was an historical scholar of rare attainments, who held the chair of ancient languages and history in the University of Wisconsin from 1867 until his death, in 1889. The *Nation* said of him, in its obituary notice, that he was perhaps the most constant, if not the most voluminous, contributor in the quarter-century of the journal's existence. Scarcely a number had appeared without something from his pen. His first essays were political, and connected with his visit to South Carolina in 1865. On that journey he noted down the old slave songs—words as well as music—which he afterwards embodied in a volume ("Slave Songs of the United States") that has remained the best work of its kind. The range of his interests was remarkable. He wrote in the *Nation* on minority, personal, or proportional representation, on civil-service reform, on city government, village communities, etc., and he reviewed, with competent knowledge, books on ornithology, political economy, English literature, and ancient and modern history. His character was in keeping with such mental endowments.

There was a certain intellectual and moral kinship between William F. Allen and Michael Heilprin. The extent of Mr. Heilprin's scholarship, as revealed in his contributions to the *Nation*, was during his lifetime known to comparatively few. On his death, in May, 1888, the editors wrote of him:

How great is the loss sustained by American scholarship through the death of Mr. Michael Heilprin, the general public, owing to the man's invincible modesty, cannot know. To this journal and its readers it may fairly be pronounced irreparable, so largely has he contributed during the past twenty years to whatever reputation the *Nation* may have acquired for literary accuracy or breadth of information.

From the day he furnished in his first article—on "The Crisis in Austria"—a comprehensive sketch of the political history of the Empire since the revolution of 1848, Mr. Heilprin gave the *Nation*, in the words of the editors, "the benefit of his extensive command of all the leading tongues of modern Europe, besides the Latin and Greek classics, the Hebrew, and other Oriental speech." And as in his articles on European affairs, so in his critical reviews, Mr. Heilprin set an encyclopædic standard for the *Nation* to which few literary periodicals in any language have been able to conform.

With the appearance of such writers, the work of creating a *Nation* public was now well under way. From the beginning, and until they laid down their pens, Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison had, in their conduct of the paper, only one aim in view—to make it representative of the most enlightened American opinion. That they felt it necessary, in the beginning, to "educate their writers" (as Norton wrote to Lowell), as well as their readers, merely added zest to their task. But the paper was fortunate enough to have among its early contributors several who possessed something more than the art of "weekly journalizing." Young in years, but with all the maturity and grace of the master of the craft, James and Howells wrote sketches and essays for the *Nation* which have long since passed into literature. The first volume contains, from Mr. Howells's pen, such reminiscences of his Italian days as "A Pilgrimage to Petrarch's House at Arquà," "A Visit to the Cimbri," "A Day in Pompeii"; and for the second he wrote on "Certain Things in Naples," on "Massimo d' Azeglio," "Men and Manners on the Way from Ferrara to Genoa," etc. In addition, Mr. Howells contributed in 1865 and 1866 editorial articles to the columns of the *Nation*. Henry James, jr., was barely twenty-two years of age when he wrote his article for the first number. Among his contributions to succeeding volumes of the *Nation* were critical papers on Miss Braddon, Walt Whitman, Eugénie de Guérin, and Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend."

Until a few months ago there was still among the living one of the most valued of the contributors to the first volume of the *Nation*—Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, who utilized his experiences in the Civil War in an editorial on "The West Point Military Academy" (December 28, 1865). He subsequently gave the *Nation* the benefit of his insight into military matters, in such papers as "Ought Soldiers to Vote?" and "The Militia System"; among his contributions to literary criticism were reviews of "Dowden's Shakespeare," "A Dictionary of English Phrases," and "Mrs. Oliphant's England."

Gradually the foremost American authorities in many fields gathered to the support of the editors of the *Nation*, solicited or unsolicited, most of them to remain true to the paper throughout life. Among these earliest friends—to mention only a few—were the scientist and philosopher, Chauncey Wright; the philologist, William Dwight Whitney; the jurist, Francis Wayland; the diplomatist and student of Russian history, Eugene Schuyler; the philanthropist, Charles Loring Brace, and the art critic, W. J. Stillman, widely known as the United States Consul, during a memorable period, at Crete and Rome. His relations with Mr. Garrison were of the most intimate.

Chauncey Wright gave a course of university lectures on psychology in Harvard College in 1871, and three years later conducted there a course in mathematical physics. Prof. William James wrote of him in the *Nation* at the time of his death, in September, 1875, at the early age of forty-five: "If power of analytic intellect pure and simple could suffice, the name of Chauncey Wright would assuredly be as famous as it is now obscure, for he was not merely the great mind of a village—if Cambridge will pardon the expression—but either in London or Berlin he would, with equal ease, have taken the place of master. . . . As little of a reader as an educated man well can be, he yet astonished every one by his omniscience, for no specialist could talk with Chauncey Wright without receiving some sort of instruction in his specialty." Wright's contributions to the *Nation* included articles on "Speculative Dynamics," "Sir Charles Lyell," "McCosh on Tyndall," and "German Darwinism."

Eugene Schuyler's varied diplomatic career was interestingly reflected in the articles and reviews furnished to the *Nation* during the quarter-century of his connection with it as a frequent contributor. He began to write for the paper with its ninth number, and a week before his death, on July 16, 1890, as Consul-General of the United States at Cairo, the *Nation* had a brief contribution from his pen. He wrote on "The Progress of Russia in Asia" not long before he was made Consul at Moscow, and during all his subsequent changes of residence—at St. Petersburg, where he was Secretary of Legation; on his travels in Central Asia; at Constantinople, where he was Consul-General; while holding the Consulship at Birmingham, and as Minister-Resident to Greece, Servia, and Rumania—he continued to write for the *Nation*. His most important work is his two volumes on Turkestan.

The foreign correspondence of the *Nation* assumed from the beginning the character it has ever since maintained. Edward Dicey, for many years editor of the London *Observer*, sent his first letter to the *Nation* in August, 1865, and Auguste Laugel, a noted contributor to the Paris *Temps* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, began in December of that year a series of letters which ranged for a period of forty years over a vast field of French literature and political history. Laugel's connection with the United States dated from the Civil War, during which he accompanied the Orléans princes who served on McClellan's staff. He died in November, 1914, at Paris, at the age of eighty-four. Friedrich Kapp, one of the most prominent of the German patriots who sought our shores after the Revolution of 1848, and whose works on early German-American history are of lasting value, acted, after his return to Berlin in 1870, for many years as the *Nation's* Berlin correspondent. His connection with the paper began with the first volume, to which he contributed articles on Bismarck and the Prussian constitutional crisis. Dr. von Holst, the eminent author of the "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," who first began to write for the *Nation* in 1869, became one of its foreign correspondents after his return to Europe in the seventies. Jessie White Mario, a noble-souled Englishwoman, married to one of the Idealist leaders of the *risorgimento*, was for forty years the principal Italian correspondent of the *Nation*. Another valued writer from Italy for many years, after his withdrawal from Cornell, was Willard Fiske, widely known for his Petrarchan collections. The polyglot Karl Hillebrand wrote occasional letters from Florence, outdone in absolute mastery of a foreign idiom by the Pole, E. Gryzanowski, whose comments on Italian events and philosophic discussions of certain aspects of the Franco-German war ("International Ignorance," "Popular Notions of Prussia," etc.) are among the most brilliant pages of the *Nation*. Conspicuous among the correspondence from the British Isles were the London letters of Lieut.-Col. Robert D. Osborn, who had made India and Afghanistan his special province, and the first-hand discussion of Irish matters, as keen and far-sighted as it was patriotic and humane, sent by Alfred Webb from Dublin. Leslie Stephen also wrote much, for a number of years, on British topics. That the *Nation* is still privileged to retain on its list of London contributors the names of Lord Bryce and Prof. A. V. Dicey is one of its chief distinctions. It is more than forty years since the *Nation* printed the first contributions of James Bryce and Professor Dicey. The number of June 18, 1874, contained the former's review of Cleasby and Vigfusson's Icelandic Dictionary—possibly not the first of his contributions to the paper. It is safe to say that few important contemporaneous events in British public life and the deaths of few British leaders in politics, literature, and science have been left uncommemorated in the pages of the *Nation* by its distinguished English contributors.

It is not possible, within the space at my disposal, to do more than allude to some of the important events in our own country of which the *Nation* for fifty years has been the spectator and—as must be conceded—one of the most influential of commentators. Mr. Godkin, in his "Retrospect," on the twenty-

fifth anniversary of the paper, touched upon the great political and social changes that had taken place within that quarter of the century. Surely not less remarkable has been the transformation since then. It is profitable to recall some of Mr. Godkin's comments on the events of the earlier period. The bare facts stated emphasize the share which the men who spoke through the *Nation* had in promoting political progress. What Mr. Godkin said, as to the passing away of the military spirit, is of peculiar interest at the present day. In the issue of July 3, 1890, he wrote:

In the year in which the *Nation* was started there was hardly any political observer who did not look for the permanent retention among us of the military spirit, for a considerable increase in the standing army, and for an increased disposition to use it either for purposes of foreign aggression, or for the more complete and peremptory assertion of a strong central authority. All did not go as far as Wendell Phillips when he declared in that year, in a speech in Boston, that our old farming and reading republic was at an end, and that a strong military and perhaps predatory republic was to take its place. But certainly few looked for the rapid disappearance of the army, and the almost abrupt banishment of military topics from the forum of popular interest, and for the eagerness with which a community which had just been throwing all its powers into a fierce military struggle, diverted its energies to the business of money-making. There was something very fine, as well as unexpected, about this; and it called forth the admiration, as well as the surprise, of the civilized world.

Mr. Godkin did not have to quote from the early columns of the *Nation* to remind his readers what part the paper played in the dark days of Reconstruction, and what share it had in ushering in a new era in the South, with justice to both the negro and the whites. Nor did he allude, in his "Retrospect," to the services rendered by the *Nation* during so many years to the causes of sound money and of civil service and tariff reform. Five years earlier, on the completion of its twentieth year, Mr. Godkin had spoken of some of the difficulties which beset the *Nation* at a very early period, and had dwelt with pardonable pride on some of its achievements:

Almost in the first number it questioned the wisdom and soundness of a plan then in favor among many of its friends for having the Supreme Court do the work of reconstruction, by deciding what was or was not "a republican form of government." At a somewhat later period it questioned, amid much obloquy, the necessity and value of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, on the success of which a large proportion of the Republican party had set its heart. It maintained that even if Johnson were impeachable, his conviction might work mischief by throwing the Government into the hands of extremists, among whom Benjamin F. Butler was the most influential, and that his acquittal would simply be the end of a piece of elaborate and expensive folly. In one month after the failure of the trial the whole country, including its chief promoters, was ashamed of the undertaking. The *Nation*, too, undertook to expose the pretensions of Butler to be considered an honest and useful politician in 1867, or many years before his party found him out, and while criticism of him still, in Massachusetts at least, seemed an expression of indifference to the results of the war. In fact, it was nearly ten years in advance of popular opinion about this particular politician, and has had the satisfaction of seeing its very earliest diagnoses of him accepted by all Republicans at last. . . .

The *Nation* opposed the greenback theory from the first moment of its appearance, and when it had such very respectable Republican champions as the late Oliver P. Morton; and advocated a return to specie payments when a large number of leading Republicans doubted whether a return would ever be practicable, and, if practicable, desirable. It was, if not the first journal to engage in regular and persistent advocacy of civil-service reform, after Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, had brought it up in Congress, certainly the first to place it in the front rank of public questions. The first foreign complication, its discussion of which attracted any attention, was the Alabama case, in which it, from the opening of the negotiations, attacked the theory of consequential damages, then in much favor with the public, and continued to attack it amid some obloquy, until it was rejected as an absurdity by the Geneva Tribunal. The silver craze it opposed from the beginning, and has had the satisfaction of seeing the correctness of most of its positions as regards the use of silver in the United States acknowledged by most of its opponents.

The political course of the *Nation*, after its consolidation with the *Evening Post* in 1881, is properly part of the history of the latter journal. In Mr. Garrison's hands the *Nation's* literary reputation was secure, while Mr. Godkin was engrossed by his daily labors on the *Evening Post;* and after he had laid down his pen, and Mr. Garrison assumed entire editorial control of the *Nation,* it suffered no loss of prestige. The men who conferred on the *Nation* part of their own scientific and literary lustre continued to write for it, and a new generation worthily filled the gaps caused by death. Of the giants who have passed away, and who, with their services to the paper, had given their friendship to its editors, during the first twenty-five years of its history and a good part of the second period, only a few can be commemorated in this place. One of the foremost, who did not quite round out the first quarter-century of his important contributions to the *Nation,* was Asa Gray, the great botanist, who died in January, 1888. Some of his articles, such as "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" (*Nation*, March, 1868), "Evolution and Theology" (January 15, 1874), his summing up of the conclusions concerning insectivorous plants (April 2 and 9, 1874), "What is Darwinism?" (May 28, 1874), and his review of "Darwin's Insectivorous and Climbing Plants" (January 6 and 13, 1876), have become permanent parts of the literature on their subjects. Professor Gray's last contribution to the *Nation* was an exhaustive review of Darwin's "Life." His expositions of Darwinism and kindred philosophical matters were not the least of his great services to science. In his letters to Sir Joseph Hooker and to Sir Charles Lyell, Darwin frequently expressed his deep appreciation of Gray's approval and criticism. He wrote to Lyell in 1860: "No one, I think, understands the whole case better than Asa Gray."

Several of William James's brilliant papers on philosophical and physiological subjects first saw the light in the columns of the *Nation.* One recalls, among others, his "Moral Medication"—a review of Liébault's "Du Sommeil et des Etats Analogues" (*Nation*, July, 1868)—his paper on Taine's "Intelligence" (August, 1872), his discussion of "Vivisection" (February, 1875), his "German Pessimism"—a review of Pfleiderer's "Der moderne Pessimismus" (October, 1875)—and his article on Maudsley's, Ferrier's, and Luys's treatises on the Mind and Brain (June, 1877).

To the manysidedness of the great mathematical astronomer, Simon Newcomb, the pages of the *Nation* bear ample testimony. The titles of some of his contributions to the earlier volumes speak for themselves: "Bowen's American Political Economy" (*Nation*, May, 1870), "Proctor on the Moon" (October, 1873), "The District Investigation" (June, 1874), "Price on Currency and Banking" (December, 1875), "Walker on the Wages Question" (July, 1876), "Who Are the Friends of Negro Suffrage?" (January, 1877), "The Life-Insurance Failures" (March, 1877), an obituary article on Prof. Joseph Henry (May, 1878), "Education at the Naval Academy" (June, 1878), "The Signal-Service Succession" (December, 1880). That even in his later years Professor Newcomb continued to be stirred by the practical questions of the day, was evidenced by such articles in the *Nation* as his "Shall We Raise a Statue to [Boss] Shepherd?" (October, 1902), "The Functions of the Senate" (November, 1903), "The Cost of Life-Insurance Business" (July, 1905), and "What the Navy Needs" (December, 1905).

Particularly intimate were the *Nation's* relations with Gen. J. D. Cox, Grant's high-minded and ill-used Secretary of the Interior. "For a generation," Mr. Garrison wrote in his obituary article, "we have enjoyed with him an intimacy characterized by entire mutual esteem through all vicissitudes of opinion; enlivened by constant intercourse by letter, in connection with that attached and cordial collaboration which has lent so much weight to the reviews of this journal." A few of the subjects treated by Gen. Cox in the *Nation* were: "General Joseph E. Johnston's Narrative" (May, 1874), "General Sherman's Memoirs" (June, 1875), "The Army of the Cumberland" (December, 1875), "The House of Representatives" (an editorial, April, 1878), "Parliamentary Procedure" (editorial, September, 1878), "Howard's Nez-Percé War" (August, 1881), "Van Horne's Life of General Thomas" (October, 1882).

Henry C. Lea, the historian of mediæval

Europe, author of the monumental "History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages," often chose the *Nation* as a medium for expressing his views on some of the many subjects that engaged his attention.

Charles Francis Adams, jr., kept up an active connection with the *Nation* and its editors during all his life. The first of his contributions, as nearly as can be traced, was an article on "The Secret of the Rise in Steel" (*Nation*, March, 1870). In subsequent issues he treated, among many other subjects, "Railroad Subsidies" (October, 1870), "The 'Pooling' of Railroad Receipts" (November, 1870), "Railroad Investments" (August, 1872), "The Farmers' Clubs and the Railroads" (April, 1873), "The Experience of a Great Corporation" (October, 1874), "The Railroad Usury Law" (April, 1881), and "Sewall's Diary" (a book review, July and August, 1882).

It would be an interesting task, did space permit, to follow in the pages of the *Nation* the development of American thought during the fifty years of the journal's existence. That the work of the editors and the writers of the *Nation*—many of whom had so largely aided in the country's progress—was constructive in the best sense of the word, will, after the lapse of so many years, be readily conceded. The story of an important epoch in our economic history is told in such contributions as David A. Wells's luminous comments on matters of internal revenue and on the enormous discretionary powers of the Secretary of the Treasury (October, 1872), and his article on the absurdities in American local taxation (February, 1873); in Edward Atkinson's papers on the contraction of the currency, and in Prof. W. G. Sumner's discussions of the tariff and bimetallism. To enumerate the most noteworthy articles in the *Nation* on subjects connected with the natural sciences, philosophy, jurisprudence, history, Biblical criticism, philology, and a large field of belles-lettres, is to tell the great names of the last fifty years. A few may still be added to the list of the warmest friends of the paper from its early years. None, perhaps, was closer to Mr. Godkin than Francis Parkman, of whom he said: "He impressed me, of all the men I have ever known, as the most of an American." Parkman was not a frequent contributor to the *Nation*, but what he wrote was generally on the subjects nearest to his heart. One recalls his reviews of "Découvertes et Etablissements des Français dans l'Ouest et dans le Sud de l'Amérique Septentrionale" (September, 1876), "Montcalm et le Canada Français" (May, 1877), and "The Chronicle of the St. Lawrence" (July, 1878). Francis James Child, author of the classic "English and Scottish Ballads," and one of the men whose achievements in letters and devotion to the highest interests of the country have made their university illustrious, was from the inception of the *Nation* one of its most valued contributors. Few of the literary men of New England wrote more constantly for the *Nation*, or were more in sympathy with Mr. Garrison's ideals, than Thomas Wentworth Higginson. With him may be linked, as holding all his life a message for freedom, in thought and action, John White Chadwick, for forty years pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn. His connection with the *Nation* began in Volume I, with a notice of the life of Edward Irving, and his last review was printed shortly before his death, in 1904. Col. George E. Waring, who by his work as a sanitary engineer placed New York city and the whole country under deep obligations, began in the early seventies to write for the *Nation* on the subjects which he had so thoroughly mastered. Another specialist of high renown, who for thirty years gave the *Nation* the benefit of his extensive knowledge, was Prof. W. W. Goodwin. The most notable of his contributions to the *Nation* were the articles on Schliemann's discoveries. One who did much important work for the *Nation* in its early years should be remembered—Earl Shinn, who, while studying art in Paris, wrote some graphic letters to the paper, and for a number of years was its principal art critic. The editors said of him that he employed a vocabulary of remarkable scope and originality, and delighted as much in the strokes of his pen as of his brush. One of his early *Nation* letters from Paris attracted the attention of Lowell, who wrote to Mr. Godkin (July, 1869): "I haven't seen a better piece of writing than that French *atelier*. It is the very best of its kind. Cherish that man, whoever he is."

Not the least important part of the *Nation's* work was done by men who cultivated a restricted specialty with life-long devotion, content with the appreciation of the discriminating few. There leap to one's mind two writers on military affairs, Gen. Francis W. Palfrey—"as fine an example of patriot and Puritan stock as this generation has seen," Mr. Garrison said of him—who wrote admirably on Antietam and Fredericksburg and other campaigns of the Civil War, and John Codman Ropes, an eminent student of military history in general and the admirer and authoritative historian of Bonaparte—and yet no imperialist. Robert Traill Spence Lowell, the elder brother of James Russell, enriched the columns of the *Nation* with articles, written in a peculiarly racy style, on his favorite subject—Newfoundland. The Rev. Samuel Beal, professor of Chinese at University College, London, wrote learnedly and agreeably on Buddhism, and Lieut.-Commander Henry H. Gorringe, remembered for his semi-naval exploit in bringing to these shores the Alexandrian obelisk, treated of the Interoceanic Canal, the North African Inland Sea, and other gigantic projects around which his fertile mind played. And there was the stanch American, Fitzedward Hall, many years of whose romantic life were spent in England, teaching Sanskrit, Hindustani, and Indian Jurisprudence, who sent to the *Nation* the fruits of his minute studies in English lexicography. But I must resist the temptation to speak of so many more, who ought to find a place in the list of *Nation* friends and writers.

Some of the earliest contributors, fortunately, remain with us, a few still to labor on in the pursuit of ideals identified with them and the *Nation*. Charles W. Eliot's pen is as tireless to-day as when he began to write on scientific subjects for the *Nation* in 1866, and Basil L. Gildersleeve still graces any subject he touches upon, as in the days when—thirty-four years ago—he wrote his inimitable letters in the *Nation* on the performance of "Œdipus Tyrannus" at Harvard. One of the most important and most prolific of the writers for the *Nation* survives in the person of C. C. Nott, born in 1827, President Lincoln's appointee as Judge of the Court of Claims, who enlightened the earlier generation of *Nation* readers on some of the weightiest aspects of Constitutional law. It is a pleasure to include with these living witnesses of a bygone period contributors like Gen. A. A. Woodhull, who has furnished the *Nation* with so many valuable papers, during so many years, on climatology, modern theories of infection, and other medical subjects; Prof Charles H. Moore, long identified with American art and art criticism; Prof. C. H. Toy, equally prominent at Harvard in another domain, that of Hebrew and other Oriental literatures; the eminent botanist, Prof. George L. Goodale; Horace White, whose important discussions of economic subjects cover almost the entire period of the *Nation's* existence, and the bearer of a name forever associated with the founding of the *Nation*, herself a cherished contributor to its columns, Miss Grace Norton.

While thus dwelling, with not unpardonable satisfaction, on its past achievements, the *Nation* faces the new tasks before it with new hope. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Godkin, looking forward as well as backward, wrote:

> The leading colleges of the country have been almost transformed since the *Nation* was started, and a class of advanced students have come into existence who were unknown and unexpected at the close of the war. The schools of political science which the principal universities now contain turn out yearly both writers and thinkers whose contributions to the literature of political philosophy, history, archæology, political economy, and administrative law are extremely important, and have placed the country in the very front rank in fields of inquiry in which it was, five-and-twenty years ago, almost wholly unrepresented. Not only have they made the task of conducting a critical journal like the *Nation* increasingly easy, but they carry on periodicals of their own, in which the best thought of the time on political and economic questions finds adequate expression.

The history of the twenty-five years now closed has borne out Mr. Godkin's prophecy. With its old traditions and the impulses of a new life stirring throughout the land, the *Nation* of the future may hope to be worthy of the *Nation* of the past.

Fifty Years of Books

A SKETCH OF BOOK PUBLISHING IN THE UNITED STATES IN THE HALF-CENTURY SUCCEEDING 1860.

By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

The year 1860 was for the United States one of general prosperity. The crops, both in the South and in the North, had been above the average, and in most divisions of business there had been substantial recovery from the depression that followed the financial disasters of 1857. The political contests, which turned in the main upon the fight for the restriction of slavery, and which had brought out from the South threats of the dissolution of the Union, were bitter; but the people of the North were not actively impressed with any threat either of the breaking up of the Union or of civil war. They could not free themselves from the feeling that in 1860, as in previous decades, the threats of disunion were part of the political game and did not call for serious consideration. In the South, the belief was prevalent that whenever the slave States might decide that it was necessary, for the purpose of maintaining their peculiar institution, to withdraw from the Union, their independence could be obtained without war. The Southerners had no thought that the men in the North would be ready to fight rather than to see the republic destroyed. It seems probable, therefore, that the threats made throughout the South, during the spring of 1860, of separation from the Union, and of war in case that separation should be opposed, were not permitted to interfere very seriously with the business undertakings and investments throughout the country.

The publishing trade, which had suffered severely during the disasters of 1857 and in the years succeeding the panic, had fairly recovered its normal status and its hopefulness for the future.

In 1860, as had been the case for the preceding quarter of a century or more, Boston might fairly be considered as the chief centre of literary and of publishing activities, particularly in connection with the production of books by American authors. Philadelphia, while maintaining the traditions dating back to the printing press of Benjamin Franklin, and sending out from year to year an increasing group of books of importance, had lost ground relatively. The productions of its presses represented in the main the work of local writers. Philadelphia was not attracting to itself the literary workers of the other States. New York, already taking assured lead in the general business of the country, was, during the years succeeding 1860, making large strides in the developing of its printing and publishing business. Its presses were not, like those of Philadelphia, in the main dependent upon the productions of the writers of the neighborhood. The city was, like a magnet, attracting to itself from all parts of the continent not only the active-minded men who were concerned with trade, with finance, and with commerce, but hundreds of those who had intellectual ambitions and who hoped in coming to the great city on the coast to find or to make opportunity for the expression of their thought and for a literary career.

New England, which loyally accepted Boston as its metropolis, could, however, during this period lay claim to much the larger number of authors whose works possessed a national importance and in not a few cases a transatlantic reputation.

Hawthorne, whose first writings were printed in New York in 1849, had won immediate fame for himself by his romance, "The Scarlet Letter," issued by Ticknor & Fields in Boston in 1850. With the name of Hawthorne, these enterprising publishers were able to associate those of Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Whipple, and many other active-minded New Englanders. Early in the sixties, Ticknor & Fields took over from the firm of John P. Jewett & Co. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Stowe. This book had not only crystallized anti-slavery sentiment throughout the English-speaking communities of America and of England, but had done much to shape, in regard to the anti-slavery fight in the United States, the opinion of the whole world. Mr. Jewett, who had been fortunate enough to obtain the publication, ought to have been able to make from this book the foundation of a successful business.

In the years following 1860, Mrs. Stowe followed up "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a long series of volumes accepted as belonging to the best literature of the age. At about the time when Ticknor & Fields were securing the writings of Mrs. Stowe, they took over from the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co. the recently established *Atlantic Monthly*. In those years, the *Atlantic* served chiefly as an expression of the thought of New England. Widening its sources of contributions and extending its influence, it has now won recognition as the leading literary monthly of the United States.

The publications of the firm of Ticknor & Fields were in later years taken over by the firm which is at this time doing business under the name of Houghton Mifflin Co. With the advantage of the foundation of the group of American authors brought together by their predecessors, and with additions to the list of authors, American and English, of the later generation, Houghton Mifflin Co. have retained a position in the very first group of the publishers of America and of the world.

Little, Brown & Co., whose firm dates back to 1837, were in 1860 leaders among the publishers of New England, as they are today among the publishers of the country. Their principal interest had been in the production of authoritative law books, but they had in their hands in this period the important historical works of George Bancroft and Francis Parkman. Parkman's first book, like that of Hawthorne, had been published in New York, and he had been so far discouraged with the result that he had doubted whether he would continue work as an author.

The firm of Roberts Bros. began in the later sixties a publishing business which, largely through the efforts of its literary manager, Mr. Niles, won prompt reputation for its recognition and effective management of good literature, English and American. The firm obtained early prestige and business connections through the enormous success of the "Little Women" and later books of Louisa Alcott. Mr. Niles came into personal relations with English authors and, years in advance of the beginning of the system of international copyright, he arranged to make payments to these authors for the American editions of their books. The death of Mr. Niles, after some twenty-five years of publishing service, brought the activities of the firm to a close, and its business was taken over by Little, Brown & Co. After the annexation of Roberts's list, this firm widened out its undertakings in general literature. It continued for many years, as the representatives of A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh, to publish in imported supplies the successive editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The work found an increasing sale, which finally warranted the production in 1889 of an edition printed on this side of the Atlantic, and the control of this American edition came over to the New York house of Charles Scribner's Sons.

One of the reasons, in addition to the increasing demand for the work from American readers, for bringing into print an American edition was to include certain articles by American authors. The English contributions could not, under the copyright conditions prior to 1891, obtain protection in the United States. It was the hope, however, of the Scotch publishers and of their American representatives that it would be possible to protect, at least in their entirety, volumes which were made up in part of American material. To further such protection, these American articles were, before being issued in the Encyclopædia, brought into print in separate copyrighted volumes. The attempt on the part of the Blacks and their American representatives to protect their great undertaking from appropriation by American reprinters in Philadelphia and in the West brought about a long series of litigation beginning with 1879. The earlier decisions given in the United States Court in Philadelphia were adverse to the claim of the producers of the Encyclopædia for the control in this country of their material as connected with the Encyclopædia title. One of these Philadelphia judges went out of his way to specify this attempt as an impudent interference with "a legitimate American industry" (namely, that of printing unauthorized editions of British books).

In the twenty years succeeding 1879, there came about a steady development of judicial opinion connected with, if not based upon,

a like development on the part of the opinion of the whole literary community, in favor of such interpretation of the principles of common law as would enable the producer of a work to maintain the good-will property that had been built up for the title of such work as a result of efforts and investments extending over a series of years. The later editions of the Encyclopædia were able, therefore, to obtain protection not only because the material was in part American in origin, but on the simple ground that a great good-will property had been built up by the producers of the Encyclopædia, and that it was to the interest of the American community that investments in undertakings of this character should be encouraged. The series of decisions which have brought to a close undertakings constituting "unfair competition," and the establishment of protection for "good will" connected with a title, date from the fight to prevent fraudulent issues of the Encyclopædia Britannica from being sold in this country. The management of the American editions of this work has, therefore, been of first importance in connection with the history of international publishing undertakings.

The great educational house of Boston, with a second house in New York and branches all over the country, during the last quarter of a century, is that of Ginn & Co. Ginn's list of textbooks has done much to maintain for Boston a substantial proportion of the book output of the country.

The publication of books for young people constituted the chief interest during this decade of the firm of Lee & Shepard, of Boston, with which in later days was consolidated the house of D. Lothrop & Co., which had also been active in the production of children's books. "Oliver Optic" and Martha Finley, the author of the Elsie books, were writers whose volumes obtained the largest popularity with the children of this generation.

New England had at this time several publishing centres outside of Boston. In Andover, the interests of orthodox theology, under which heading were classed Congregational and Presbyterian writers, were taken care of by W. F. Draper. His business closed only as late as 1910, after the Andover Theological Seminary had been merged into the Theological School of Harvard University.

The publishing house in Springfield, which might be considered also as a publishing house for the country and for the whole English-speaking world, was that of Merriam, which had developed from decade to decade the famous dictionary first compiled by the New Englander, Noah Webster.

Hartford was carrying on a business important in bulk, if not perhaps in literary quality, in the production and sale of subscription books; that is to say, of books that were distributed by canvassers throughout the country. In later years the publication of subscription books was developed to greater proportions in New York and in Philadelphia.

In New York, at this time, the leading publishing houses were the Harpers, the Appletons, Charles Scribner, G. P. Putnam, Sheldon, Hurd & Houghton, Randolph, and Carter.

The Harpers, whose book-publishing business was begun in 1832, were carrying on their two periodicals, *Harper's Monthly* and *Harper's Weekly*. They had an important educational list, which years later was transferred to the American Book Company. They were adding from year to year noteworthy books in general literature from American authors; and they had what was probably the most considerable list of that day of American editions of books originating in Great Britain. Some of the British fiction, such as the stories of Thackeray, and later of Thackeray's daughter, Anne, afterwards Lady Ritchie, Miss Mulock, Charles Reade, etc., came into print first in the pages of the magazine. In the absence of international copyright, a firm which, like the Putnams, the Harpers, and others, had direct correspondents in London, while not in a position to obtain exclusive control in the States of the books of English authors, was able to make an early market for such books and frequently to crush out any competing editions. The payments to English authors were not large, but in the greater number of cases at least they were all that the market would afford for books that could not be protected.

Partly with a view of reaching a wide general public, but chiefly, I imagine, for the purpose of making effective the fight against other publishers who were reprinting books asserted by them to be "Harper authors," the Harpers started a little later than the time now in question the publication of the Franklin Square Library of fiction. The numbers in this series of paper-bound quartos sold at 15 cents, and the library came to include the names of many of the most popular of the British fiction writers of the day. The reprinters, who were not prepared, in the absence of any copyright protection, to accept the claim of the Harpers to the control of English authors to whom they had made courtesy payments, were flooding the market with similar cheap paper-bound issues of these authors. But few of these reprinters succeeded in maintaining even for a brief term any remunerative business in the publication of unauthorized reprints. John Munro, a capable Canadian, who had gone early into the reprint business, did, however, make a success with his ventures. Munro and the other printers of such unauthorized issues were naturally the most vigorous opponents of the various attempts to secure international copyright, which finally resulted in the act of 1891.

The house of Appletons, whose business had been organized a little later than that of the Harpers, had an important educational list which was transferred later to the American Book Company. They published successive editions of "Appleton's Encyclopædia," which was the best literary work of reference as yet produced in this country. The scientific lists of the Appletons, selected largely under the counsel of Dr. E. L. Youmans, came to possess distinctive importance. It was Dr. Youmans who brought the house into correspondence with British writers like Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and others; and it was also through Dr. Youmans that was instituted the International Science series. This series had importance not merely on the ground of the value of the material prepared by writers of authority on the several subjects considered, selected from all parts of the world, and presented at a very moderate price for American readers, but because it helped to constitute an important precedent in international publishing. It was the contention of Dr. Youmans, a contention which had been maintained for years before by George P. Putnam, that publishing undertakings ought not to be limited by political boundaries. Literature and science and art were the property of the whole world. Dr. Youmans took early advantage of the method, the importance of which had also been emphasized by George P. Putnam as far back as 1848, of the lessening of the cost of good books by dividing among a number of markets the amount of the compensation due to the author and of the cost of production of illustrations, maps, etc. Under such a plan, the International Science series, or the later similar Putnam international series, the "Story of the Nations" and the "Heroes of the Nations," could be produced in several national editions, from which the author obtained full compensation based upon the widest distribution; while it was possible to give to the final consumer, the reader or student, a large amount of authoritative material suitably printed, at a very much more moderate cost than would ever have been possible in the case of the same work produced for one market only.

The practice that was maintained by such houses as the Appletons, Scribners, Roberts, Putnams, Holt, and others, in advance of an international copyright law, of making payments to transatlantic authors, helped to develop on both sides of the Atlantic public opinion in behalf of an international copyright system. It became possible to refer to these international series as examples of books which, while making due recognition of the rights of the author, gave inexpensive material for the needs of the American public.

The house of Scribner had been founded by Charles Scribner in the early fifties. The firm took from the beginning of its operations an important part in international relations. In these earlier years, as in later times, its group of theological publications, comprising works from both sides of the Atlantic, had been of distinctive importance; but its managers had also been interested in coming into early relations with English writers. In coöperation with English houses, they brought out the American editions of many important series, such as the works of Froude, the "Epochs of History," the Hibbert Lectures, and the writings of Stevenson. Their list of American authors includ-

ed some of the most popular writers of the half-century from Marion Harland and Frank Stockton to Thomas Nelson Page. The connection of the firm with the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica has already been referred to. Among the popular Scribner authors of this earlier period may be mentioned Dr. John G. Holland, who interested himself later in bringing into existence the earlier *Scribner's Monthly*. The heads of the house of Scribner had from an early date been active with the Appletons and with the Putnams in the work for international copyright.

The list of George P. Putnam included during these years the works of Washington Irving, Bayard Taylor, Susan Warner, and a number of other American authors. It included also an increasing list of the authorized American editions of English books. Mr. Putnam originated and carried on during the years of the Civil War the "Rebellion Record," which has since proved an indispensable quarry for the work of historians of the war. Mr. Putnam was the first American publisher to invade England, and he carried on publishing business in London from 1841 to 1848. Since 1848, the Putnams have maintained close publishing relations with Great Britain, and their books bear the imprint of New York and London. Up to the time of his death, in 1872, George P. Putnam gave unremitting effort to the work of obtaining international copyright. It was his belief that an international copyright relation was not only essential for the good repute and ethical standards of the book-reading communities of the United States, but that it would prove of essential service for the interests of publishers, of authors, and of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. During the last quarter of the century, the Putnams brought into print authoritative editions of the series of the Writings of the Fathers of the Country from Washington to Lincoln.

Anson D. F. Randolph, who was also interested from an early date in the international copyright undertaking, had given his energies chiefly to the development of a retail business. He had brought together upon his list a number of religious authors, most of whom were his personal friends, and he also had some books of a popular character, such as the "Stepping Heavenward" of Mrs. Prentice.

M. W. Dodd, the founder of the firm later known as Dodd, Mead & Co., had given his attention largely to books of a religious character. Even such fiction as the Schönberg-Cotta books was largely of this nature. Under the management of Mr. Dodd's son and successor, Mr. F. H. Dodd, the business of the firm was widened out with undertakings of large importance. The most noteworthy of these was the International Encyclopædia. After some twenty-five years of development, a reshaped, one may perhaps not venture to say a final, edition is now in the press. Dodd's literary monthly, *The Bookman*, is rendering excellent service to the interests of authors, publishers, and readers.

The house of Sheldon concerned itself partly with educational books, and largely with popular religious literature. The Sheldons made a great success with the American editions of Spurgeon's sermons, from which, notwithstanding the absence of copyright protection, the author obtained important returns.

Robert Carter & Bro. controlled a large part of the business of supplying the books for Sunday-school libraries, Presbyterian and others. They had on their list a number of wholesome popular books for young people, such as the "Rutherford Children," by the Warner sisters. The firm brought its business to a close after the death of Robert Carter in the early eighties.

Ivison, Blakeman & Co. and A. S. Barnes & Co. were during this period probably the largest educational publishers in the country. It was, I believe, under the direction of Henry Ivison that the great combination was made between the New York educational publishers and two houses of the West, which resulted in the organization of the American Book Company.

The interests of the medical profession were supplied in New York by William Wood and by the medical department of D. Appleton & Co. The authoritative publishers of scientific and technical publications were John Wiley & Son, whose house dates back to 1837, and David Van Nostrand. The most important production, speaking commercially, of Van Nostrand, was Casey's "Tactics," which was put together rather hurriedly in 1861 in order to meet the urgent needs of the newly constituted volunteer army. The "Tactics" was printed in three volumes, and in the years between '61 and '65 Van Nostrand placed "in the field," so to speak, no less than 300,000 sets.

Nearly every youngster who went into the ranks during these years was impressed with the thought that he might wake up any morning and find himself a brigadier, and that it was important to have the necessary preparation. He was, therefore, not content to purchase the first volume, which provided the Manual of Arms and the routine for the soldier, but he put into his haversack also the two volumes giving the principles of regimental and brigade drill and of larger military movements. These books were scattered over every battlefield of the Confederacy.

The firm of Henry Holt & Co. was founded in 1866 under the style of Leypoldt & Holt. From the beginning its undertakings, outside at least the list of textbooks, were all to be classed as belonging to literature with a high literary standard. Among the transatlantic authors whose books were issued (before the copyright law of 1891) in authorized editions, the most noteworthy were Mill, Maine, Taine, and Symonds. One of their latest publishing undertakings, the *Unpopular Review*, represents a personal interest of its editor, the founder of the house. The issues for the first two volumes have been described, and with justice, as presenting the most noteworthy collection of essays that have thus far been brought into print in the United States.

The Century Company, which began business in 1870 with the publication of the *Century Magazine* (a development of the original *Scribner's*), succeeded in the course of a few years in building up a valuable list of hymn-books and a group of important works of reference, of which the Century Dictionary was the most noteworthy.

Funk & Wagnalls, a house under Methodist management, had obtained a circle of readers throughout the country for their religious publications. Their most important undertaking was, however, the great Standard Dictionary. Their well-edited periodical, the *Literary Digest*, has been of noteworthy service in furthering the circulation of books.

The imprint of the firm of F. H. Revell & Co., of New York and Chicago, has been associated with a series of popular religious works and of fiction largely religious in its character.

After the year 1870 New York became more and more the centre of the publishing activities of the country. Authors found in New York, first in magazines and later in the larger book-publishing facilities, better opportunities for presenting their productions to the public than were offered in any other city. A country made up of many communities, with diversified interests, with local pride, with great variety of local characteristics, will never, however, accept the domination, or even for long the assured preëminence, of any literary centre. By 1880 the city of Chicago, which had long been an important centre for the distribution of books, began to take charge also of their production.

The firm of S. C. Griggs & Co., succeeded by that of A. C. McClurg & Co., brought into publication various series of textbooks, largely prepared by Western educational workers and, therefore, particularly addressed to Western interests; to which has been added a group, becoming in these later years of increasing importance, of works in general literature.

Among the New York firms whose operations do not date back further than the past twenty-five years, but whose undertakings are assuming increasing importance, are to be included F. A. Stokes & Co. The Stokes imprint has been associated with a long series of books on art and with popular and successful fiction by authors from both sides of the Atlantic.

The firm of Doubleday, Page & Co. has within a few years' time built up a great publishing and manufacturing business. The most successful divisions of the Doubleday list are the books on rural science and noteworthy works of American and English fiction.

In the early eighties the publishing activities of Indianapolis were initiated with the publication of the first volume by James Whitcomb Riley. This book obtained at the

outset but a local fame, but in the succeeding quarter of a century the poems of Riley have found increasing circles of readers throughout the entire country. The publishing energies of Indianapolis, under the direction of such enterprising houses as Bowen, Stewart & Co., and their successors, Bobbs, Merrill & Co., have steadily developed.

The publishing activities of San Francisco may be said to date from the issue in 1875-76 of the historic study by H. H. Bancroft of the "Native Races of the Pacific Coast of North America." In 1883-90, Mr. Bancroft brought into print his great "History of the Pacific States of North America," a work which is a magnificent example of initiative and of executive capacity in combining under one general control the contributions of a great group of investigators. The Bancroft house, whose imprint appears on both of these works, has not, however, been able to continue its publishing activities. The most important of the books printed in San Francisco during the past quarter of a century belong to the department of law. In this department should be mentioned also the magnificent series of law publications issued during the past thirty years by the West Publishing Company, of St. Paul, Minn. The operations of this firm began with the printing of local law reports, but have widened out so as to include the shaping of law material for the use of the profession in all the forty-eight States of the Union.

The publishing undertakings carried on in Cleveland by the firm of Burrows Bros. & Co. call for mention. In the course of the four or five years succeeding 1895, the firm brought into print a series of authoritative works on the history of the early explorations of the Territory of the Northwest. To Cleveland is also to be credited the important series of "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846," edited by Professor Thwaites, and issued with the imprint of the Arthur H. Clark Co.

The publishing undertakings of Ohio include the important lists of textbooks published in Cincinnati by two educational concerns which joined afterwards in the organization of the American Book Company, with headquarters at New York.

As a result of the interest of certain of the great British publishing houses in obtaining their share of the American market, branches were established of Macmillan & Co. and of Longmans, Green & Co. The enterprising managers of the New York houses were not content to bring their English productions into competition with the lists of the American houses, but have succeeded during the half-century in getting the control of a number of works by noteworthy American authors. A similar course has been followed by certain of the American houses which have, in like manner, established branches in London. The business of the Putnam house in London goes back to 1837. During the past twenty-five or thirty years the Harpers, the Appletons, and the Lippincotts have carried on in London branch houses under their own names.

In Philadelphia, one of the most important divisions of publishing has for many years been that of medical books. The firm of Henry C. Lea, succeeded later by Henry C. Lea's Sons and by Lea & Febiger, has associated its imprint with some of the most noteworthy productions in medicine from both sides of the Atlantic. Other important medical lists are those of Presley Blakiston & Sons and of J. B. Lippincott Company. With the last-named house, however, the medical books constitute but a small division of the publishing undertakings. The house has brought into print during the past half-century a very important group of standard works of reference, of which perhaps the first in point of date was the "Dictionary of Authors," by S. Austin Allibone. The firm of Henry Carey Baird & Co. has for nearly three-quarters of a century given attention to technical works and to science applied to manufactures.

The interests of the book trade in the United States have been admirably presented, and, one may say, directed, by the *Publishers' Weekly*, which during the past twenty-five years or more has been under the direct management of R. R. Bowker. The *Publishers' Weekly* represents, in my judgment, the highest standard of trade journalism that has been reached on either side of the Atlantic.

The publishing business during the past half-century has, of course, been affected by the general conditions which control all business, and by such influences, favorable or adverse, as have a special effect on business in luxuries, to which class books must be considered to belong. Its conditions have further been very materially modified by the establishment in 1891 of international copyright relations with Great Britain and with the principal cities of the Continent, conditions which have been modified by the later statute of 1909.

The publishers took an important part in the work which brought about the international copyright relations of 1891. The Publishers' Copyright League, which was practically a reconstitution of an association originally organized by G. P. Putnam as far back as 1837, worked through its executive committee, in coöperation with a similar league of authors, composers, and artists, and after efforts which had extended back for more than half a century, the two leagues finally succeeded in effecting the enactment of the statute of 1891. Under this act, copyright protection was accorded to transatlantic authors whose states extended reciprocal protection to American authors. The Act of 1909 gave more liberal conditions for the works of transatlantic authors the original issues of which were produced in languages other than English. The international copyright relations which were established as a result of the Act of 1891 practically brought to an end the old-time practice of piratical publishing, that is to say, of the production of unauthorized editions of works for which no payments were made to the authors. The statute is not in line with the copyright statutes that have during the same half-century been put into force in Europe. The European states had combined in 1887 in the Berne Convention, under which authors could obtain throughout the territory of the states belonging to the Convention, and free from any restriction of local legislation, full protection for their productions.

In order to secure the enactment of the American statute, it had been necessary to accept the restrictions imposed by the labor unions, and approved by the protectionist majority in Congress, which made necessary the manufacturing in the United States of the editions of the works, whether transatlantic or American in origin, which were to have protection of American copyright. The objection was naturally raised that the matter of protection ought to be considered in a tariff act, and was not properly germane to copyright. The rejoinder, however, on the part of the protectionists was simply to the effect that, unless the bill conceding copyright to foreign authors should carry this manufacturing condition, it could not be brought into law. Even with these restrictions, the international copyright arrangements marked a decided advance in literary relations and in the standard of national action; but both the act of 1891 and that of 1909 present serious inconsistencies and inadequacies. It is only in the United States that a copyright statute gives protection with the one hand and undermines this with the other. In every other state which possesses a system of copyright, the producer (in the case of books, of course, the author) and his business representative or assign, the publisher, has given to him under the law the full control of his production. He has a right to place the work in the market or to withhold it from sale. The author or publisher is placed in a position to fix such selling price as may be thought wise or desirable, and the publisher is free to make advantageous arrangements for the control of selling conditions.

The American statute, on the other hand, after in form giving to the producer and to his assign the full copyright control, in later provisions undermines the home copyright market by giving to institutions, associations, and individuals the privilege of importing, without reference to the restrictions of copyright, any transatlantic books or transatlantic editions that they may desire to purchase. One result of this breaking down of the American market has been to hamper the production of the international series. The American publisher is naturally unwilling to assume any large share of the investment in international publishing undertakings when he is able to secure not the control of the market of his own country, but merely the privilege of competing within that market with the European editions of the same work. The further result has been the lessening of the production of American editions of books originating on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the impression of Congressmen that if you will

only remove restrictions and prevent "monopoly," you will further production. With books, the exact opposite is the case. A publisher will not assume the risk and investment for an important publishing undertaking, the American edition, for instance, of a transatlantic work, unless he can be assured of the control of his own market. If an American edition is not produced, the American reader who needs the book must content himself with procuring a copy of the transatlantic edition, which will in a large number of cases be much more costly than would be the book produced to meet the special requirements of the American market.

The American publishers have, during the past few years, been working under increasing difficulties in connection with the decision that the Sherman Act (the framers of which had, of course, very different purposes in view) must be construed by the courts as applying to the production and distribution of books. In the United States, alone of all the book-producing countries of the world, the book trade, representing the joint interests of authors, publishers, and booksellers, is not permitted to maintain regulations for the conduct of its business. In Germany, for instance, since the organization in Frankfort, in 1523, of the book producers and dealers, there has been a scientific regulation of book-distributing methods. As a result of the authority left in the hands of the central organization, book-buyers in Germany have been able to obtain in all German-speaking communities, at the lowest possible prices, and prices which are absolutely uniform, the writings of the authorities on their several subjects. The same has been true for nearly as long a period in France, Spain, and Italy, and during the past twenty-five years in England. The confusion that comes into the minds of Congressmen, and of many thousand citizens behind the Congressmen, in regard to the term "monopoly," is now standing in the way of the maintenance throughout the country of intelligently managed book-shops, and unless Congress can be brought to a better understanding of the nature of the problem, there must be a serious undermining of the book trade throughout the country. The increasing use of books sold at cut prices as advertisements for other goods, brings, of necessity, a crushing disadvantage upon the operations of legitimate booksellers. The hope of authors, publishers, and booksellers, and of all citizens who are concerned with the production of patented and other "standardized" articles, is for the enactment of legislation permitting, for the advantage of the community no less than for that of the producer, the regulation of the prices of standardized articles. The Stevens bill, now on the calendar of the House, has the support of a number of concerns producing standardized articles, which have organized the Fair Trade Association. If some such legislation can be enacted, and a consistent copyright system be secured, the business of publishing in the United States should be assured of satisfactory development.

Historical Writing

ITS TREND DURING THE YEARS 1865-1915 AND THE OPPORTUNITIES WHICH THE PRESENT HOLDS FORTH.

By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

The *Nation's* half-century of vigorous existence bridges what is popularly regarded as a complete transformation in the principles which govern the writing of history. In 1865 the doctrine of evolution had taken hold of the younger historians as a gospel to be followed joyously, trustfully, triumphantly. Almost every other field of intellectual activity was being cultivated by the "scientific method." Taine, with his wonderfully clarified gift of exposition, had popularized the idea that the history of the fine arts or of literature, of institutions and of religions, could be explained by the formula of development, which ran its inevitable circuit in each from birth to death. Man was a part of material nature; material nature was governed by fixed laws, the investigation and codification of which was the task of Science; therefore, man's most intimate self, his will power and his acts, his intuitions and the products of his imagination, could all be brought within the formulas of natural law.

The method of scientific investigation in history had been elaborated long since by the Germans, who, under the lead of Ranke, professed to write history as they would write a treatise on chemistry or medicine or philology. The historian must make himself as impartial as a photographic plate. The earlier ideal made him a judge, whose duty it was, in commenting upon historic movements and personages, to render an impartial verdict: but the scientific historian held himself above good and evil, and in describing the past he regarded it as none of his business to let you surmise that he had any preference between, say, the acts of St. Francis of Assisi and those of the Duke of Alba. True to his rôle of sensitized plate, he took whatever was in front of him.

It is late in the day to say that every one worthy of the name of historian long ago accepted the scientific method of investigation; but perhaps it is not too late to assert that this method was not invented by the Germans. Gibbon practiced it; so did Thucydides—to mention no others—and as both Gibbon and Thucydides possessed other qualities which have not been vouchsafed to German historians, and as they wrote in English and in Greek—languages which, as vehicles of prose, the German cannot approach—their histories are more, much more, than examples of the scientific method.

The attempt so to dehumanize yourself that you study with equal insensibility the doings of atrocious monsters and of beneficent heroes, has never really succeeded. Let the fanatic possessed by that delusion try never so hard, the very human nature which he denies, and which he thinks he has stripped off, will glide back into his work. To narrate human history, you must be human, intensely human, and not pretend that you are *sub*human, or *un*human or *super*human.

The historian uses, as a matter of course, the scientific method, just as the judge uses it, who hears all the evidence before forming an opinion. But let us not delude ourselves into supposing—as so many who discuss this subject do—that the mere use of that method qualifies a man as an historian. Method is only machinery, a tool, an instrument, a key; but what results from its use depends upon the individual user. A hundred surgeons, all taught by the same method, pursue their profession with very different achievement.

I may remark in passing that of the two modern German historians who are generally ranked at the top—Mommsen and Treitschke—although both are masters of the scientific method, neither has succeeded in hiding his personal equation. You cannot read ten pages of Mommsen's "History of Rome" without perceiving that you are dealing with Theodor Mommsen and no other—with a vigorous mind and a broad scholar who, whether consciously or not, interprets the story of Rome according to his preferences and beliefs; and Treitschke is a vehement special pleader, undisguised and unashamed, who makes no more pretence that his doctrines are not the only true doctrines, than Macaulay pretended that Whiggism was not by nature superior to Toryism.

Fifty years ago, when the *Nation* came into the field, Macaulay had recently died; Carlyle, though still vigorous, had long since delivered his message and revealed his methods; and Grote had completed his "History of Greece," a work which, conceived in the "pre-scientific" days, still embraced all the special learning that bore on his subject. Except that Grote is the better writer, you could hardly tell now that he and Mommsen were not writing according to the same canons—Grote making the story of Greece an example of Republicanism, and Mommsen making the story of Rome a glorification of Imperialism.

Midway between this older group and the younger stood Froude, born in 1818, a disciple of Carlyle in aims and methods, the possessor of a remarkable pictorial gift, but lacking certain qualities, moral rather than intellectual, which have tended, in the long run, to diminish his fame.

With Freeman (1823-1892), Stubbs (1825-1901), and Gardiner (1829-1902) "scientific" historical writing in England reached its height. They exerted a deep influence on historical students in the English-speaking world, and reinforced what were supposed to be the special glories of their German models. Freeman, intellectually restless, opinionated and disputatious, not only loaded his "History of the Norman Conquest" with a ponderous ballast of footnotes which a German dryasdust might envy, but threw out controversial articles on particular points; and, when he came to the "History of Sicily," he decanted his fermenting erudition in in-

numerable appendices—up to XX, YY, and ZZ—which must astonish the latter-day readers—if there still be any of that elephantine fragment.

In his "Constitutional History" Stubbs had a subject which, like a treatise on jurisprudence, was peculiarly fitted to a depersonalized treatment. But when he came to write his lectures and other works, his personality had free play, and, in his own account of how he prevented John Richard Green from reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," we have first-hand evidence that he was, for all his "scientific" training, fundamentally dishonest. For any historian who deliberately tries to prevent another from reading arguments opposed to his own view cannot be called honest.

Samuel Rawson Gardiner reached, it seems to me, the highest level that this school of historians can ever hope to reach. He was precise as to facts, unbiassed in judging persons, thorough in collecting material, and sober in discussing it. But can a history truly represent life if it leaves on you the impression of monotony? If it hardly differentiates, in its attempt to be minutely accurate in events, between the important and the negligible? If it never glows or throbs? Perhaps among some of the seventeen volumes of Gardiner—I have not read them all—these defects may be remedied; but when I look at the shelf on which those seventeen volumes repose, and remember that had Gardiner lived, he would have gone on, to the end of time turning out a volume every sixteen months—so that we can compute how large the output would be by now, and how much larger in 1950—I feel as one does who stands on the brink of a glacier and learns from the guide-books where, at its unchanging rate of speed, it will be at any given date. Every student of historical writing should read in Gardiner's work; but he will imitate it at his peril.

Separated by only a decade from the three supposedly "scientific" historians, came John R. Seeley (1834-1895), John Richard Green (1837-1883), John Morley (1837), George O. Trevelyan and James Bryce (both born in 1838). The last three are the veterans of to-day, bred in their historical work at the moment when enthusiasm for the evolutionary treatment of history was in spate and the scientific method was revered as infallible. Is it fanciful to say that these three men exemplify in their works the happy balance, the desired union of qualities without which historical writing must be doctrinaire? Mr. Bryce's earliest book, "The Holy Roman Empire," shows the most patient erudition in the assembling of material, together with critical finesse in examining and objectivity in presenting it; his later works, such as "The American Commonwealth," are not less erudite and critical, but they gain immensely in value because of their subjective presentation. The conclusions arrived at are James Bryce's; had a sexless, soulless, impersonal quiddity uttered them, they would have left us indifferent or unimpressed.

Mr. Morley also began his career in authorship with biographical studies, in which, although he displayed complete detachment as to facts, he still allowed himself freedom as to interpretation. In him, the critic, especially the literary critic, has always competed with the historian; and, indeed, no man can be a penetrating historian who does not know the literary background of his chosen period. The "Life of Gladstone" is a masterly synthesis, enfolding not only the political, but also the intellectual and religious elements of his subject—an interpretation of a very high order. If Mr. Morley in his youth trusted to formulas as to how history should be written he long since rose above them.

So, too, Sir George Trevelyan illustrates how the true historian, absorbed in his passion to see life and to interpret it livingly, forgets the rule of thumb. It is forty years since he wrote his "Life of Macaulay," the best biography, as I think, of any man of letters, except Boswell's "Johnson"; and now he has just completed his notable history of the American Revolution, in which there is surely no lack of scholarship, no neglect of "sources," no carelessness, no haste.

Of Seeley it must be said that, although educated according to "scientific" rules, he also showed the same tendency to be human rather than to be consciously abstract. A life of Stein might be a noble contribution to biography, but Seeley failed in sense of proportion and in the art of selection. So the life he wrote has large humps and hollows, superfluities and skimpings, as if an artist should set out to draw a horse and achieve a Bactrian camel.

John Richard Green, on the contrary, possessed a fine talent for perspective; but what distinguished him still more was his gift of narration. *History*—let us never forget—is five-sevenths *story;* and a story must have unity and consecutiveness; it must flow on as the stream or river flows; it must be varied by the alternations of sunshine and shadow, of night and day, but still preserve its oneness. No amount of erudition in a narrative historian will ever make good defects in the story-telling quality.

One historian, who belongs chronologically with the earlier group, must be classed, by his product, with the later. This is Goldwin Smith (1823-1910), a man of amazingly rich equipment, who passed through the successive stages of intellectual experience from the fourth to the tenth decade of the nineteenth century, and then, at the age of seventy-six, published "The United Kingdom," a work written without reference to any school or *ism*—the fruit of a lifetime of study and meditation, shaped by a keen and sometimes savage wit.

Of the younger British writers of history I will not speak in detail. Each school has its champion among them. The learned Professor Bury insists that history is "scientific" or nothing, while the versatile and vivid Mr. George M. Trevelyan, standing in the opposite camp, teaches by example the futility of cramping any representation of life into the straitjacket of doctrinaire formulas. In the main, however, contemporary British historical writers start with the assumption that they must know their subject thoroughly, and then they aim at producing works which have, as the best English histories have always had, strong human interest and pertinence.

In the United States, the course of development in historical production has resembled that in England, but with one striking difference. Most of the college professors of history here during the past fifty years got their final education in Germany; and in characteristic American fashion they have run to an extreme. They have worshipped the German method, as if it were everything, forgetting that the German historians themselves—Droysen, Sybel, Treitschke, and the rest—made history a vehicle for their national propaganda. Our professors have for some time had the machinery: but it is noteworthy that the three leading American historians of this period—Francis Parkman, Henry Adams, and James Ford Rhodes—were not, so to speak, machine-made. Parkman, whose "Pioneers of France in the New World" came out precisely in 1865, and who combines in so many respects the chief requisites of an historian, taught himself. Mr. Henry Adams, although he served as assistant professor of history at Harvard for seven years, is the last man in the world to be anybody's disciple; his methods are his own, just as his extraordinary gift of expression is his own. Mr. Rhodes had no formal training; and, while he seems sometimes to hold the "scientific" formulas in such respect as they might claim if they were the *end* instead of merely the *means*, the traits which stamp his history—poise, sympathy, insistence on being just—never came from formulas.

The time appears to be at hand when, through a clear understanding of the purpose of history, its subdivisions and collaterals will not be mistaken for the great subject itself. If a law school should teach its students nothing more than to run down the titles to deeds, or to draw a will, it could hardly be more restricted than those American history departments have been which made the tracking of original sources the beginning and end of history. Conveyancers are indispensable in the ordinary business of life, but they do not take the place of the Marshalls and Storys and Choates; nor is the "original researcher" equal to or a substitute for the historian. This is coming to be seen.

And with this realization the conviction is spreading that it is not what principles or method the historical writer professes, but what he writes, that counts. The writers of fiction are classified as realists or romanticists, impressionists or veritists, but the label is no guarantee of the worth of the novel. So likewise the great historian will be great not because he embodies the doctrines or mannerisms of a school, but because of his own inalienable and untransmissible qualifications.

Former Editors of the "Nation"

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.

Edwin Lawrence Godkin, founder and first editor of the *Nation*, to whose gifts and influence many articles in this issue have paid tribute, was born at Moyne, County Wicklow, Ireland, on October 2, 1831. Both his parents were of English ancestry, and his father, the Rev. James Godkin, a Presbyterian minister with a marked gift for writing, after being forced from his pulpit on account of his espousal of the cause of Young Ireland, became a journalist of some distinction. Thus, the young Godkin, the eldest child of his father, came legitimately by his birthright.

Mr. Godkin received his early education at a preparatory school at Armagh, and later, at the age of ten, was sent as a boarder to Silcoates School, Wakefield, Yorkshire. At school, where the fine old-fashioned system of a little Latin and perhaps less, perhaps more, Greek seems to have prevailed, we find no record of any particular distinction, save that in his day there was a mania among the boys for bringing out magazines, and that competition was finally discouraged by the unapproachably lofty tone established by the organ for which young Godkin was responsible. A delicate boy, Godkin, after leaving school, pursued his studies for some time at home under the tuition of an uncle, the Rev. John Edge, thereafter entering the classical department of the Royal Institution, Belfast, under Dr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas W. Moffett. In 1846 he entered Queen's College, Belfast, where, although he won a scholarship, his biographer, Mr. Rollo Ogden, remarks, "his academic career was rather promising than distinguished," for we are told that "he was fond of dancing parties and amusements." After graduating at Queen's College in 1851, he went to London to study for the bar at Lincoln's Inn. Almost immediately, however, he found employment with Cassells, a house with which his father had been connected, and for a time he was sub-editor of their magazine.

In 1853, at the tender age of twenty-one, he published his first book, "A History of Hungary," a work of considerable merit, of which years later, writing to Charles Eliot Norton, Godkin said characteristically: "I am forced to admit that the philosophical reflections scattered through it are fearfully profound. Indeed, on looking through it, I am surprised that the production of so much wisdom at that early age did not exhaust me more." The stress of daily and weekly journalism leaves but little time for the writing of books, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Godkin was never able to finish the "Memoirs" which he had planned. "Reflections and Comments" was, however, published in 1895 by the Scribners; "Problems of Modern Democracy" by the same house in the following year, and "Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy" by Houghton Mifflin in 1898. In addition, Mr. Godkin was the author of numerous articles in American and English magazines, and contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

In the same year in which he published his first book, Godkin may be said to have definitely commenced his journalistic career with his correspondence from the Crimea to the London *Daily News*. A connection was thus begun that lasted through many years of Mr. Godkin's life. Of the Crimean letters and of those which he wrote later from the United States it is sufficient to say that they set a standard for foreign correspondence which has seldom been equalled, hardly ever surpassed, and that the memory of the author is cherished to this day in the office of the *Daily News* with scarcely less respect than is accorded to it in the American offices with which his connection was so much more intimate.

Mr. Godkin returned from the Crimea to England in 1855, and for some months of the next year was on the editorial staff of the Belfast *Northern Whig*. In November, 1856, he came to America, finally obeying the call which he, like many another Irish youth, had long been hearing. After undertaking a tour of the South, in the course of which he contributed a series of remarkable letters to the *Daily News*, he settled down in New York to read for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1858. In 1859 he gave further pledges to the land of his adoption by his marriage with Miss Frances Elizabeth Foote, of New Haven.

A tour abroad followed which lasted for some two years, and in the course of which Mr. Godkin did signal service to the cause which he served for forty years thereafter—that of promoting mutual understanding between the land of his birth and the land of his adoption—by setting before English readers the American point of view of the Trent affair. After his return to America he was for a short time on the editorial staff of the New York *Times*. On July 6, 1865, the ambition of his life was realized and his real career commenced when the *Nation* was founded and he was installed as first editor.

Various incidents of Mr. Godkin's subsequent career have been recorded in this issue by the pens of his contemporaries and associates. It remains only to make note here of a few outstanding dates. In 1881 Mr. Godkin began his editorship of the *Evening Post*, at first sharing the responsibility with Carl Schurz and Horace White, but after two years becoming editor-in-chief, still, however, enjoying the coöperation of Mr. White. On June 14, 1884, he married for the second time, his bride being Miss Katherine Sands. In the autumn of 1899 Mr. Godkin, who for some time had been in failing health, resolved to retire from the editorship of the *Evening Post*, after eighteen years of strenuous service, instead of the ten which he had fixed as the maximum of his labor when he originally accepted the position. In the spring of 1901 he made his final trip to England, for which through some months of ill-health he had had an intense longing. He never returned to America, but died at Greenway, Devon, on May 21, 1902. It was appropriate that the finely worded inscription over his grave in the old churchyard at Hazelbeach, Devon, should be written by James Bryce, his friend of thirty years, who more than any man of our time is comparable to him for loyal service rendered to two countries.

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

Wendell Phillips Garrison joined the staff of the *Nation* at its inception as literary editor, and soon by a natural process undertook the general supervision of the editorial side of the paper, relieving Mr. Godkin of the details of management and correspondence with contributors and leaving him more free to devote himself to editorial writing. On the amalgamation of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* in 1881, Mr. Garrison became general editor of the former, a position which he continued to fill with conspicuous ability and distinction until his retirement, after forty-one years of devoted service to the paper, in 1906. Mr. Garrison was also for many years literary editor of the *Evening Post*.

The third son of William Lloyd Garrison, the Liberator, and Helen Eliza Benson, Wendell Phillips Garrison was born at Cambridgeport, Mass., on June 4, 1840. He was educated at the Boston public schools, the Quincey, the Dwight, and the Latin, and entered Harvard in 1857. After his graduation in 1861, he was engaged for two years in private tutoring. In January, 1864, he joined the staff of the *Independent*, at that time edited by Theodore Tilton. The following year he came to the *Nation*, and to trace his career thereafter would be largely to trace the history of the *Nation*. The distinguished services which he rendered to literature and to criticism in America were fittingly recognized when, on July 6, 1905, two hundred contributors of the *Nation* entered into a conspiracy, as he afterwards termed it, to present to him a memorial on the fortieth anniversary of his connection with that periodical. The dedicatory inscription was written by Goldwin Smith, and ran: "Presented to Wendell Phillips Garrison as a token of gratitude for the service rendered to his country by his forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*." The secrecy with which the arrangements for the presentation were made was the best tribute that could be paid to Mr. Garrison's modesty and self-effacement, which, next to his high intellectual integrity, were the most outstanding qualities of his nature. It was characteristic of him that in the beautiful acknowledgment of the honor which he penned in the *Nation* of the following week he should seek to transfer the whole credit for the results of his forty years' labor to Mr. Godkin.

It is on his work as an editor that Mr. Garrison's chief reputation rests, but in addition to the numerous critical articles and reviews which he contributed to the *Nation*, he published some books and wrote occasional verse, distinguished for its literary grace and felicity, in which the sonnet form predominated. Among his publications may be mentioned: "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," four volumes, in coöperation with his brother, Francis Jackson Garrison; "What Mr. Darwin Saw on His Voyage Around the World," and "The New Gulliver."

Mr. Garrison was twice married, the first time to Miss Lucy McKim, in 1865, and the second time to Mrs. Anne McKim Dennis, in 1891. He received an honorary A.M. from Harvard in 1895. He died on February 27, 1907.

HAMMOND LAMONT.

Hammond Lamont, third editor of the *Nation*, was born at Monticello, Sullivan County, N. Y., on January 19, 1864, the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Lamont, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of that town. He attended the local schools at the various places to which his father was called, finally preparing for college at the Albany High School. He entered Harvard in the autumn of 1882, and graduated with the class of 1886. The following year, after a winter of private tutoring in New York city, Mr. Lamont began his newspaper career as a reporter on the Albany *Argus*, serving subsequently as editor of the Albany *Morning Express* and

Albany *Evening Journal*. In the spring of 1890 he went to the Pacific Coast, and in the succeeding two years gained a considerable reputation in the newspaper field at Tacoma and Seattle. In 1891 he married Miss Lillian Mann, of Nyack, N. Y.

During the eight years from 1892 to 1900 Mr. Lamont relinquished his increasingly brilliant journalistic service for that of teaching, in which he was no less successful. In 1892 he returned to the East, to become instructor in English at Harvard. After three years there he accepted the associate professorship in English at Brown University, three years later becoming full professor. He remained at Brown until 1900, when he returned to the newspaper profession, as managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*. In 1907 he succeeded Wendell Phillips Garrison as editor of the *Nation*, continuing in that capacity until the day of his death in May, 1909.

Mr. Lamont was distinguished by extraordinarily wide general information, and by unusual clearness, accuracy, and vigor of English style. As an editor he was conspicuous for his unflinching scrupulousness of conscience and the firmness of his professional standards. Joined with these qualities were warmth of human sympathy and an almost unerring sense of justice, which won for him the personal affection and the highest respect of his associates, both at college and in the editorial room.

He was editor of several textbooks in English, especially well known being his "Specimens of Exposition" and "Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America," and author of an "English Composition."

PAUL ELMER MORE.

Hammond Lamont was succeeded in the editorship of the *Nation* by Paul Elmer More, who, in addition to being literary editor of the *Evening Post*, had served as assistant editor of the *Nation* during Lamont's brief editorship. Mr. More was born at St. Louis on December 12, 1864, the son of Enoch Anson and Katherine Hay (Elmer) More. He graduated from Washington University, St. Louis, in 1887, and received his A.M. there in 1892, and his A.M. from Harvard in the following year. Washington University bestowed on him an honorary LL.D. in 1913. He was assistant in Sanscrit at Harvard from 1894 to 1895, and was associate professor in Sanscrit and classical literature at Bryn Mawr from 1895 to 1897. In 1901 he went to the *Independent* as literary editor, a position which he held until he joined the staff of the *Evening Post* in the same capacity in 1903. He became editor of the *Nation* in 1909, retiring from the office in March last year, that he might find more leisure for his own writing.

Of Mr. More's great services to the *Nation* it is not appropriate to speak in this formal notice. Happily, they were not discontinued by his retirement. He remains a frequent and valued contributor, and in an advisory capacity the wide scholarship and the discriminating taste which have given him front rank among American critics are still put freely at the disposal of, as they are warmly appreciated by, his associates of the *Nation*.

Mr. More is the author of a number of volumes of critical essays—which must now be approaching, if they have not already achieved, double figures—known as the "Shelburne Essays," the title being taken from the country town in New Hampshire, where for two years the author lived a kind of Thoreauesque life, and where he conceived and began to put into execution the plan of his literary work. Among his other published volumes may be mentioned "A Century of Indian Epigrams," "The Judgment of Socrates," and a translation of Æschylus's "Prometheus Bound." Since his retirement, apart from his work in the *Nation*, Mr. More has contributed principally to the *Unpopular Review*.

Two Valued Contributors

On this occasion, when links with the days of Godkin and Garrison are especially cherished, it is fitting to commemorate the services of two devoted employees of the *Nation*, who, more fortunate than the present editors, remember the old régime and were trained to its precepts. Both were associated more particularly with Mr. Garrison, whose fine considerateness and conscience and loyalty they still vividly reflect. That neither has since known a man quite Mr. Garrison's equal may, perhaps, explain their solid Toryism. Averse, for whatever reason, to *novis rebus*, their presence in this office should give comfort to older readers, who may have feared that certain tendencies in modern journalism would blind the eyes of younger men to the *Nation's* original vision. In James Hamilton and Howard Anderson the *Nation* has a strong anchor to windward.

In length of service, Mr. Hamilton takes precedence. Coming to the *Nation* in October, 1868, he has remained ever since its clerk of subscriptions, and may be seen in the Counting Room by day, and often by night, jealously guarding his sheets from withdrawals. That these sheets happen to be a vivid yellow is one of the ironies in the life of a man so opposed to sensationalism. Another is the preoccupation with vacations by one who will never take a vacation himself. Though he is constantly busied these summer months with changing the addresses of others, his own address remains, summer and winter, 20 Vesey Street.

Howard Anderson has been for twenty-nine years superintendent of make-up. A soldier under Gen. (then Major) Woodhull, he was brought by the latter to the attention of Mr. Garrison, who divined the character of the young man and promptly employed him. Though Gen. Woodhull has frequently bestowed friendly services upon the *Nation*, this one act, no less than others, stands out at the present time as invaluable. For "Andy" has the soldier's precision and neatness, and, quite apart from any soldierly training, an inflexible conscience, which demands that even what is Greek to him shall be Greek to a Grecian, too; and nothing could better reveal the man than his care in setting up, always by hand, the excerpts which the *Nation* not infrequently publishes from this ancient tongue. Much more considerate of Greek accents than Jowett, he is chagrined if the galley proof shows a mark awry. It is in itself a tribute to him that, though he is in a position to retire to less exacting work, his loyalty to the *Nation* and his love of intellectual interests still hold him to his present responsible post.

The *Nation* is glad to bear witness to the rare qualities of both men, and trusts that for many a year they may continue to perpetuate in this office the personality of Garrison, who was in every way a most powerful influence in their lives.

Book Notes and Byways

BEGINNINGS OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

EARLY RECORDS OF THE "LONDON GAZETTE."

Some isolated facts regarding the *London Gazette* seem sufficiently valuable to deserve presentation collectively. The journal has had perhaps the longest continuous existence of any periodical in the language, and during all these years it has been the official organ of the English Government. To-day, as in the time of Charles II, its announcements are considered the most authoritative statements available in matters of state.

The present article deals with some facts regarding the early history of the paper, and more particularly with the conditions affecting its publication during the reign of Queen Anne. Before 1700 the *London Gazette* had a comparatively uneventful career; in spite of a growing interest in political journals after 1650, it remained for years merely the medium for domestic and foreign news of an official nature. Later its importance became greater, especially when the political groups began to organize their news agencies more thoroughly, so that during Queen Anne's reign the *Gazette* may be said to have served the Government as earnestly as any periodical then serving a party.

This journal appeared first as a bi-weekly, and was issued at Oxford. At the time the court of Charles II was in residence there because of the prevalence of the plague in London, and for the same reason Oxford was the seat of the 1665 Parliament. Under the press of such circumstances a court journal became a necessity. The first issue consequently appeared on November 14, 1665, as the *Oxford Gazette*, and this name was used until the court returned to London shortly after. Then, on February 5, 1666, the twenty-fourth edition came out bearing the heading still in use, and at the same time publication from Oxford was discontinued. Meanwhile the *Oxford Gazette* had been reprinted regularly in London as well, so that the court news was current in the metropolis even though the city was under plague restrictions. Thomas Newcombe, known as a printer of Commonwealth organs, brought out the reprints "for the use of some members and gentlemen who desired them."*

Shortly after the *London Gazette* had been well established, there appeared in the city a French edition, called *La Gazette de Londres*. From the existing copies of this journal it appears that the French version was issued first near the close of 1666.† As the evident intention was to send this edition to the Continent, one is not surprised at finding some changes from the matter in the English form of the journal. Variations appear among the earlier issues, but copies issued during 1703 have proved to be literal translations. This peculiar phase of its development cannot be studied at all carefully with so few numbers as remain of the

*H. R. Fox Bourne, English Newspapers, etc. (1887), I, 39.

†See *Notes and Queries*, Series VIII: V. 309, for a different date. The British Museum has copies of *La Gazette de Londres* for May and June, 1682. The earliest of these copies, that for May 15, is No. 1,621; consequently the first issue must have come out during the month of October, 1666.

French journal. It apparently ceased to appear in 1705.

An interesting matter is the extent to which the *London Gazette* was under control of the court party through so long a term of years. At the time of its establishment Joseph Williamson, Under-Secretary of State to Charles II, chose Charles Perrot, an Oxford Master of Arts, as editor, and contemporary accounts prove that he held the office as late as January 12, 1669-70.* This appointment at once stamped the paper as a Government organ, and after the turn of the century further developments made it more definitely recognized as the property of the ruling political party. In 1706 it was determined that "the two under-secretaries on each side [North and South] have the supervision of the news to be inserted in the *Gazette* which came from any place within their respective provinces."† Under this plan of divided duties the officials of the State Department continued to promote the *Gazette* in efficient fashion, so that at the end of the eighteenth century Edmund Malone commented upon the remarkable continuity of the control from the time of Charles II until his own day.‡ Malone noted, too, that the State Office made all appointments of gazetteers, frequently revised proof of articles in the press, and directed completely the financial affairs of the journal. More specific evidence of these facts will appear from other contemporary records.

Among the State Papers of Queen Anne's reign exist some accounts of the *London Gazette* for the first half of June, 1710.§ These records show what disposal was made of all copies issued during the half month, what were the receipts, and what the disbursements. Issues 4,698 to 4,703, six in all, came from the press between June 1 and June 13, 1710, and in each case except the last, 8,500 copies were printed: only 8,250 copies were in the issue for June 13. At each issue 1,087 papers were given away. Of those remaining the number sold, in order of date, was as follows: 5,382, 5,287, 5,366, 5,488, 5,358, and 5,530. The total number of copies sold was therefore 32,411, and the average number per issue was 5,402. Such a circulation was remarkable for that time—at least according to the traditional notions of the condition of periodical literature in that period. The income from these sales amounted to £64 16s. 6d., while the publishers also got from advertisements £38 10s.—over half the sum gained through the public sales. From these two sources, therefore, they realized a gross income of £103 6s. 6d. for the half month.

The account-book contains also an itemized list of payments made during this period, so that it is a simple matter to determine the net profits of publication. Charges for paper stock, type-setting, and printing amounted to £40 12s., and thus a sum of £62 14s. 6d. remained available for payment of editors and correspondents. The next demand met was that of the gazetteer, Richard Steele. The sum paid him, £11 12s., was his full salary for the two weeks, inasmuch as he received annually for his services £300 according to the terms of his appointment. Mr. Delafaye was paid £2 0s. 2d. for some cause not recorded, and fifteen shillings went for "Corr[espondence] to Whitehall, Judges, &c." These deductions having been made from the gross profits, the administrator of funds still had £48 7s. 4d.

Further entries indicate that this administrator was the Earl of Sunderland, Secretary of State for the Southern Department. The account-book bears no signature, but the form of entry and the fact that the *Gazette* had previously been in the control of the State Department lead one to believe these were Sunderland's own records. Since the Earl was merely the paymaster of minor members of the *Gazette* staff, one should not charge him with peculation simply because the largest payment during the two weeks went to him* under the entry, "The Right Honourable the Earl of Sunderland's Moiety of the Profits of the *Gazette* from the first of June to the 15th of June inclusive, 1710, £24 3s. 8d." This sum is half of the total remaining after the payment of all accounts related to editing and publication. The natural conclusion from this is, that the two Secretaries divided equally the gross profits in order to pay the salaries of their assistants. The Honorable Henry Boyle, Secretary of the Northern Department, must therefore have had a sum equal to Sunderland's so as to pay correspondents throughout his section of the country.

The following items in this account (which is concerned only with Sunderland's portion), seem to prove that the Secretaries supported several news-gatherers. The entry to Sunderland's credit precedes a heading, "Out of which sum paid," and following this is a list of small payments ranging from sixteen shillings to £3 17s. The individuals named as recipients are Mr. Paizant, Mr. Bo[rr]ett, Mr. Brocas, Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Newcomer, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Marlow. These items, with one of ten shillings for "office cleaner," and a bill of some sort for £2 10s., brought Sunderland's expenditures up to £15 8s. 6d. It seems, therefore, that he retained £8 15s. 2d., the remainder of his "molety," after satisfying all claims against the *Gazette* from within his district.

The men listed as recipients of these payments were of such slight importance as to be entirely ignored by contemporary writers—at least no names of the list (excepting that of Smith) appear in the standard biographies of the time. But the small sums are on a level with the payments made to correspondents for other journals, and this perhaps is fair evidence that the present record is the account of Sunderland and his correspondents. Apparently Mr. Paizant received a trifle less than thirty-four pounds per annum, while others of the group got as little as seven pounds during the same time.

Our most authoritative record of circulation for the *Spectator*—that of Steele himself†—shows that during its best days the daily issue was about thirty-two hundred copies, or a total per week of nineteen thousand and two hundred. A comparison of this total with the sixteen thousand copies of the *London Gazette* issued weekly as early as June, 1710, proves the existence of a large and intelligent reading public before the *Spectator* had developed its own clientèle. Reluctantly or not, therefore, we must revise our opinions of Addison and Steele as pioneers in the work of popular journalism. We cannot presume that through their help "the people of England really learnt to read,"* when confronted with such records of paid circulation as these of the *Gazette*.

Politically the *Gazette* accounts are interesting as proof of thorough party organization. The modes of distribution show better than anything else how sedulously the Government sought to influence public opinion through the columns of this paper. As early as 1688 a news-letter reported to its readers that a Government order had been sent forth to keepers of coffee-houses and public inns forbidding them to keep "any written or any other news, save the *Gazette*."† This was curtailing the freedom of the press with a vengeance, for the coffee-houses were the most important news centres in London. As an offset to this drastic treatment, publishers of opposition newspapers had their journals distributed free of charge, sometimes to the public-houses and often throughout the residence districts. But they were at a great disadvantage in such work, for the Government was able to outwit them through its general organization. When necessary, papers were suppressed at the post-office and Government journals went out to the addressees in their stead; excise commissioners in country districts disseminated government literature; and inn-keepers under state pay used their influence for the administration party.

The most comprehensive scheme of the sort is revealed by still other unprinted state papers.‡ The document referred to contains six pages of entries dated from June 12, 1703, to December 12, 1711, and all of the sixty-five items refer to newspaper distribution. The accounts seem to be those of a father and his son, whose business was to pay the keepers of coffee-houses for gathering news for the Government. This was done partly through cash payments, partly through the regular gift of newspapers. Twenty-two different coffee-houses were thus kept subject to the will of the Government, and the effect of such control upon the circulation of news can easily be imagined. The landlord could unsuspectedly act as an informer, and he could determine completely what reading matter should fall into the hands of his patrons.

David Harrison Stevens.

University of Chicago.

*Letter of Dr. T. S[mith] to D. F. *Fleming MSS.*, p. 67.

†Proposals dated March 18, 1705-06. *Portland MSS.*, VIII, 216.

‡The Windham Papers (1750-1810), ed. by Lord Rosebery (1913): 1, 89-90.

§*S. P. Dom. Anne*: Vol. 16, fol. 89.

*It probably is only a coincidence that the end of Sunderland's term of office and the date (June 13, 1710) when these *Gazette* accounts come to a close, coincide exactly. As this seems to be the only itemized account of the sort in existence, one might argue that it is the work of another set to investigate Sunderland's methods. Some color is lent such an assumption by the fact that the account is unsigned. But no outward evidence connects this record with the known devices of the Duke of Somerset, which presumably led Queen Anne to dismiss Sunderland as one step towards a reconstruction of the government.

†The *Spectator* for Saturday, December 6, 1712, reads: "An edition of the former Volumes of *Spectators* of above Nine thousand each Book is already sold off, and the Tax on each half-Sheet has brought into the Stamp-Office one Week with another above £20 a Week arising from this single Paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually Printed before this Tax was laid." This means, then, that after August, 1712, the six issues per week averaged 1,600 copies, and that before that date the average issue had been 3,200.

*Henry Morley (1891) edition of the *Spectator*, p. xx. Any number of similar assertions might be collected elsewhere.

†News-letter for October 11, 1688. *Fleming MSS.*, p. 214.

‡*S. P. Dom. Anne*, Misc. 217.

Correspondence.

A GERMAN PROFESSOR'S SATISFACTION OVER THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your letter of May 13 you ask me my opinion as to the sinking of the Lusitania. Well, I will give you my opinion: I regret the loss of so many lives, but I find the sinking of the Lusitania was *just, necessary,* and *useful,* and I may add that the whole German nation has the same opinion.

(1.) Just, because the Lusitania was a cruiser of the British navy. In Whitaker's Almanack, 1915, p. 255, you find the Lusitania mentioned as a merchant-cruiser at the disposition of H. M. Admiralty. I think that a cruiser of the British navy can be sunk even without warning.

(2.) Necessary, because the Lusitania carried large stores of ammunition. Many thousands of lives of our brave soldiers were saved.

(3.) Useful, because the world sees that the war of the submarines is not a "bluff," but very serious.

I regret that many passengers were killed; but (a) the passengers, and especially the Americans, were warned; (b) their lives would probably have been saved if there had not been such large stores of explosives, in *violation of the American laws.* When American citizens go to Dunkirk or to Verdun, they go there at their own risk and peril. It is quite the same when they cross the war zone under the British flag.

That is my opinion.

Paul Darmstaedter.

Göttingen, Germany, June 2.

SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your readers might like to know of the following, written at the time of the Crimean War, by Ernest Jones, the Chartist poet, and included in his "The Emperor's Vigil and the Waves and the War," published in London in 1856. It appears singularly appropriate at the present time, sixty years after.

Henry Gray.

London, June 2.

BROTHER-LANDS.

The Englishman to the American.

No hostile stranger-nations we,
To war with impious hands:
One land around a common sea;
One people in two lands.

In vain our kindred shores to part
Are waves between us thrown,
The tide that warms a British heart
Is that which flits your own.

No beacon ranged on either beach
But like an angel stands,
To call new hopes from each to each,
And link our loving hands.

No ship that sails from either shore,
While to and fro it flies,
But weaves the thread of friendship o'er
The gulf that 'twixt us lies.

No pilgrims from our harbours part,
Or come with eager oars,
But give you more of England's heart,
And more to us of yours.

No song that soothes our children's rest,
But unto yours is dear;
No lay that stirred our soldiers' breast
But yours have glowed to hear.

No fame that flashed on Britain's brow,
But gleams on yours alike;
Then, if ye can, abjure us now,
Forget it all—and strike!

A RECORD OF NON-MILITARISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As I was looking over some files of the *Nation* for Germany's record on a certain occasion, I ran upon some interesting comments upon another matter pertinent to phases of the present pro-German discussion. First, that Germany is as free as we are, is an argument constantly urged; in fact, one professor has recently declared that Germany is the freest country on earth. Secondly, on the one hand we are told that our belief that Germany is militarist is entirely erroneous; on the other hand, three thousand German university and high-school teachers "are filled with indignation" to see that the enemies of Germany, with England at their head, make a distinction between German knowledge and that which they call Prussian militarism; and a Dr. Grävell writes: "Militarism is the outward manifestation of inner intellectual force, morality, and prosperity."

The following summaries of paragraphs which appeared in the *Nation* in the years 1903 and 1904 seem pertinent to the arguments cited above:

March 19, 1903 (p. 221):
Emperor William pardons a convicted army duellist who killed a civilian. He had been sentenced by a military court to two years.

May 21, 1903 (p. 407):
Emperor William has once more placed himself upon the side of the military reactionaries by accepting the resignation of his brother-in-law, Prince Saxe-Meiningen, because he published a humane order to his army corps, encouraging the private soldiers to report ill-treatment on the part of officers, stating that it was not the Emperor's wish that men should suffer in silence.

June 4, 1903 (p. 447):
Huessner, German ensign, recently killed his lifelong friend Hartmann, private of artillery, for failure to salute him properly. Lieutenant Brüsewitz, who stabbed a civilian for similar offence, got four years; pardoned in two years.

June 18, 1903 (p. 487):
Two ensigns, while out walking recently, met some drunken sailors, and passed to a side street to avoid them. A drunken sailor followed, and struck Ensign von Abel on the back of his head. He at once reported the case to his superiors. What was said to him is not known, but he went directly to his rooms and there killed himself.

February 4, 1904 (p. 81):
Killing of a Saxon lieutenant by a brother officer, whose family honor had been betrayed—the same reason which recently led another lieutenant in Pirna to fight nine others of his regiment. In Dresden, on the same day, an officer who fought a duel with the well-known novelist, Georg von Ompteda, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He had eloped with the novelist's wife.

September 8, 1904 (p. 189):
German newspapers abound in horrifying tales of the ill-treatment of soldiers by brutal officers. . . . In Pillau, an artillery lieutenant has been punished for making a soldier carry a heavy part of a breech apparatus around the drill ground in his mouth. In Glogau the military court has been investigating the death of a soldier who was so barbarously treated that he threw himself before an express train to escape his tormentors. It was proved that a sergeant had ill-treated him no less than one hundred and thirty-seven times. In nearly every case the brute struck his victim, and now and again starved him altogether. The sergeant was punished for two hundred and fifty-one offences by imprisonment for only a year and a half. . . . This feeling of dissatisfaction has been increased by a remarkable order (published by the *Vorwärts*) in which the Emperor ordered secrecy in trials similar to that of Lieutenant Bilse.

W. E. Swift.

Indianapolis, May 30.

THE PRINCE DE LIGNE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The centenary of the Prince de Ligne, that brilliant cosmopolite of the old régime, was announced for celebration last year. A prospectus was issued, appropriately bearing at its head, in fraternal collaboration, the names and medallions of the Emperor of Austria and the King of the Belgians. A distinguished Comité d'Initiative was prepared to honor in the usual manner the name of the Prince. What remains for our interest is the republication, from his extensive memoirs, of the more characteristic and vivid portions.

This Austrian, who might have outstripped Heine for the title of the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire, appears not only as one of the most gracious and gallant figures of his day, but also as a specialist in monarchs, an amateur of war, and a link between the old fashions and the new, between the hard enamelling of the *Marquises* and the *sensiblerie* and self-analysis that followed Rousseau. Along with the Abbé Galiani and Frederick the Great he ranks among those foreigners who wrote French with the greatest ease and finish; he is credited, indeed, by Sainte-Beuve and M. Lanson with having a style and spirit essentially French in verve, *esprit,* and worldly charm. He was admired by people so various as Mme. de Staël, the Duke of Wellington, and Mme. Vigée-Lebrun.

He haunted almost every court in Europe; he was the familiar and friend of the Austrian kings, of Frederick and of Catherine the Great; he judges Gustavus II and has the chivalrous attitude of Burke towards Marie Antoinette, the "unfortunate and adorable." Curious of all life, he wandered from capital to capital, a worthier Casanova, an honored and belovèd vagabond, postponing with secret regret his sterner ambition in order to cull the flowers of each rapid season. The chief traits of his character have been vividly touched off by Sainte-Beuve; his youthful lack of family feeling, significant of the time; the growing desire to please and be pleased, resulting in his complete amiability; his flirtations with nature, then so artificially loved; the mingled sense and sensibility of his later stages; his final rôle as master of ceremonies at the Congress of Vienna. His correspondence reinforces the effect of his adaptability, suavity, gayety, together with his facility as an honorable arch-flatterer and his astonishing vigor and buoyancy; his good qualities were admired by that most difficult of critics, a travelling companion and fellow-diplomat—the Comte de Ségur.

The volumes recently announced for republication illustrate just the four aspects of the Prince de Ligne which seem most important—the memoirs of his busy life, an account of his English gardens, his military ideas, and the letters describing his tour with Catherine the Great in 1787. It is in this last particularly, the "Lettres à la Marquise de Coigny," that we find in small compass all his phases and fancies. It is a question of depicting to a coquettish Parisian correspondent this luxurious journey in the Crimea, where court

gossip is contrasted strangely with the description of Tartaric embassies, where classical souvenirs and Iphigenia are incorporated, in the remarkable Letter from Parthenizza, with Rousseauistic revery and feeling. There is the fixed royalism which has scant respect for Franklin and which esteems that *république* is a "frightful and impossible word." There are shrewd judgments of contemporaries, the "policing" of Mme. de Geoffrin, the stiff competence of Ségur, and the whirl of Parisian life, "where one adores, but has no time to love." There are philosophical discussions and careful examples of *esprit:* the pompous old chamberlains of the Empress are beautiful ruins; "Louis XIV would have been jealous of Catherine II, or he would have married her—*pour avoir au moins un beau lever.*" There are instances of rather precious compliment and coquetry and much dwelling on the satisfactions of luxury. There are trivialities, fireworks, *bouts-rimés,* and escapades. There is even a certain cool detachment from crowding actualities, as when the Prince discerns through all the junketing a trend towards war. In language recalling Molière and anticipating to-morrow's perplexities, one practical monarch exclaims: "Mais que diable faire de Constantinople?"

But the best perfumed pages are those where, with a new fragrance of thought and feeling, Ligne, in the Letter from Parthenizza, muses over his honey-seeking career. Here is frankness, here is "the document," though wilfully arrayed in the garb of nascent Romanticism.

Catherine has given him a piece of land, just where Euripides and his followers had placed the legend of Iphigenia in Tauris. He leaves the Durbar of princes and swims gallantly ashore to take possession of "the most beautiful spot in the world." No sooner seated on a Turkish carpet, with the temple of Artemis and polite Tartars in the background, he recalls the tyrannies of Thoas and quotes Voltaire's "Henriade." A complete neo-classicist would have stopped there, glanced at the scenery, and cheerfully returned to Catherine. But a strange new poison ferments in the veins of Ligne; he feels that he is a different man and that he has the "opportunity for self-examination and for reviewing all the inconsistencies of my life."

They are what we may have guessed. This monarch-butterfly, in all his flitting from court to court, has achieved no solid store of any kind. He recalls, one by one, even with a touch of pride, the royalties who have favored him, and yet now he wonders at himself. So much travelling, campaigning, pleasure, and temporal prosperity—and what is the end of it all? Why can he not, he asks, simply enjoy nature without this brooding? For a moment he lulls himself with classical reminiscences—Thetis and Ovid—for a moment he remembers the mild joys of his gardening and dreams, dilettante-wise, of establishing himself in Tauris. The prick of his deeper ambition returns to sting him. "But I, what do I here?" He pronounces the word "mon cœur" and bursts into tears—without knowing why, without profound sadness. A love-experience comes to complicate the mood. He perceives that he has been inconstant as the rest of mankind and that he has "worked too much for the gallery." He mounts a Tartar steed and plunges into the night—thus the butterfly returns to the flower.

This is but an instant in the career of the Prince de Ligne and the record has the artificiality of most deliberate confession, but it remains a "lyric meditation," as M. Lanson has styled it, of considerable literary and personal importance. The real mistress of the Prince was war—what he called "la jolie guerre." It was a mistress rather than a master-passion, but through all the later years of his retirement, the military life was his ideal, his memory, and still his desire. It is curious how all the flowers faded before this more metallic lustre; curious that it should need a wave of romantic sensibility to reveal in Petronius the soul of Cæsar.

E. Preston Dargan.

University of Chicago, May 20.

MR. VEILLER'S PROPOSED HOUSING LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To differ from any conclusions of Mr. Lawrence Veiller seems rather ungrateful. Mr. Veiller is so well recognized as the father of housing reform in this country, and the results that are directly attributable to his efforts are so important and far-reaching, that one's impulse is to accept his findings as definitive; yet there seems real danger in his latest book. "A Model Housing Law" was published about a year ago, and seems to have occasioned little comment. The effects of the general adoption of such a law would be so far-reaching from the point of view of sociology and economics, and would so hamper the development of the architecture of this country, that the book should not be accepted as a standard for lack of discussion and criticism. This book purports to cover all the possible conditions of "housing" in cities, towns, or even "on the prairies," where, the book states, extremely bad conditions of housing have been found. The proposed law is defined as covering all "private dwellings," "two-family dwellings," and "multiple dwellings." The last-named class is divided into two groups, A and B. Group A is defined as covering tenement houses, flats, apartment hotels, bachelor, studio, duplex, and kitchenette apartments; Group B includes "hotels, lodging-houses, boarding-houses, furnished-room houses, lodgings, clubhouses, convents, asylums, jails, and all other dwellings similarly occupied, whether specifically enumerated or not." In brief it would include every place where human beings sleep. The law is recommended for adoption by the various States regardless of climate.

Any one who has struggled to fit the provisions of the New York Tenement law to a multiple dwelling in the suburbs, or to a large high-class apartment house, will appreciate the difficulty of writing a general law which shall cover all the possible conditions arising in widely differing classes of buildings.

The New York Tenement law was quite frankly framed to cover a special set of conditions arising in the Borough of Manhattan, where the unit, of a lot of 25x100, is an almost constant factor, and the housing of the poor, or less well-to-do portion of the community, was the chief if not the only consideration. Without in the least degree wishing to discredit the really immense benefit which has resulted from the adoption and application of this law, it seems to me necessary to protest against certain tendencies towards absolute standardization which the law involves.

The same tendency is even more clearly marked in the "Model Housing Law." Though it is avowedly a set of minimum provisions, it is written around (or within) the customary American unit of the rectangular lot with a narrow frontage. While it is true that there are certain provisions which might apply to a less stereotyped system of city planning, the tendency is to force, or at least strongly to suggest, the adoption of a fixed type of house.

There seems to be a real danger in cramping the imagination by fixing attention on a type which, after all, is only a minimum solution of conditions that are in themselves undesirable.

As has been stated, the law is framed to cover all classes of housing, from one-family houses in cities and villages, to apartments, hotels, and even jails. It seems very unwise to attempt to standardize accommodations where conditions vary so widely. For example, under the proposed law, the minimum size of any room is 90 square feet. Now 90 square feet in a high-class apartment house is not an unreasonable minimum. It is, however, a question whether a minimum of 90 square feet in a tenement would itself be an improvement on the 70 square feet required in the New York law, in view of the possibility of putting four, instead of two, people in a room. This could easily be accomplished by the use of "double-decker" beds.

It has been found necessary, in the case of certain workingmen's towns, to insist that families consisting of the parents and grown children of both sexes should occupy at least three rooms. It is manifestly impossible to insist on this condition unless the accommodations can be furnished at a reasonable rent. Under condition of congestion this might be made difficult, if not impossible, by such a liberal provision.

Certainly, a minimum of 90 square feet in all dwelling-houses regardless of situation, number of windows, etc., would be very unfair and unnecessary. In planning small houses in the suburbs or in a village it frequently happens that a room of perhaps 8x9 feet, or 7x9 feet, can be arranged with windows on two sides or even with one window only. Under this law such a space could not be used either for a single bedroom, or even for a sewing-room!

The proposed law requires that all alcoves or alcove rooms must have an area of not less than 90 square feet, and that they must have independent windows as if they were rooms. This is very well for tenements, but it is also proposed to apply this provision to all private houses, hotels, clubs. The clear intention is to force the use of rectangular rooms exclusively. Under this law a closet projecting into the corner of a room would produce what might be technically an alcove. A safe or elevator enclosure projecting into the lobby or office of a hotel or club would form an alcove which not only must be of legal area, but must be independently lighted by windows. It is difficult to imagine planning a club or the entrance floor of a hotel in the light of so drastic a limitation.

Mr. Veiller proposes to limit the height of *all* stories for their whole area to a minimum of nine feet. There seems no good reason for attempting to regulate the story height of detached dwelling-houses in the suburbs or country, and there is certainly every reason why an attic story or other story in a roof should be allowed in such houses. Such

a provision would impose a flat-roofed architecture on the whole country, and would make impossible such charming and commodious houses as those designed by Mr. Charles Barton Keene and Mr. Aymar Embury II.

It has seemed to the writer that a legal and perfectly valid distinction could be drawn between what are commonly regarded as tenement houses and high-class apartment houses, on the basis of cost per apartment or room. That, for example, fireproof-houses costing over, say, $1,000 a room, could be regarded as a separate class, and that such absurdities as the universal requirements of an arbitrary provision for "legal" light in halls found in the New York Tenement law, which are included in this proposed law, might be avoided. The law states that all public halls must be lighted by a window in one end, etc., and was evidently framed with the usual small "tenement" house in mind, and seems reasonable for this class of dwellings. This has been made to apply to halls 150 feet long in the case of high-class houses occupying a whole city block, or site 200x200 feet, and must be accepted as a literal compliance with the law; it constitutes "legal" light. Though there are several other provisions in the proposed law to which exception might be taken, enough has been said to suggest the unwisdom of trying to apply one set of conditions, however well they may regulate any limited class of buildings, to all human habitations. Certainly, it seems clear that any attempt to standardize *all* living conditions to conform to a single yard-stick is a mistake.

LOUIS HOLMES BOYNTON.

University of Michigan, June 2.

ESPRIT D'ESCALIER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That Pope, like the rest of us, could prepare an excellent rejoinder when the occasion had passed, the unscrupulous editing of his own correspondence seems to make plain. One instance of this gift which does not seem to have been noticed—or is it merely unconscious humor?—occurs in the letter purporting to have been written to Addison in apology for "Dr. Norris's Narrative" (Works, Croker-Elwin, VI. 398). The opening sentences of that letter contain an allusion to the fable of "The Sun and the Owls" in these words:

> I am more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy season; but it is his fate, too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night birds was John Dennis, whom I think you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by shining on, etc.

All very obsequious and proper, until we notice that in the *Tatler* (229) Addison had told this fable apropos of himself and his critics; to quote only the last sentence:

> Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that, you know, could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother's son of you; but the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to "shine on."

Addison probably took the fable from "L'Estrange" (434), but Pope is far more likely to have got it from the *Tatler*. Is this chance or conscious irony? Does he stumble upon this appropriate fable, or does he find a subtle recompense for Addison's majestic repudiation in thus parroting to him his own rather pompous sentiments?

Now, as is well known, this letter was never sent to Addison, or, if it was, it was sent in almost the same words to Caryll first. In that connection, of course, the fable was without extraordinary point. I confess, with some shame I admit, almost to a hope that in this instance the version to Addison was actually prepared when it pretends to have been; but there is no particular reason for assuming that this letter differs from others of the sort which were clearly revised and altered only when needed as evidence in the 1735 edition.

Whether or not Pope was conscious that he was quoting Addison to Addison very pertinently when he transferred this letter from Caryll, either in 1713 or 1735 (in the latter case for the benefit of himself and the public), can hardly be determined. If he was not, he missed a joy peculiarly adapted to his palate. Few of this sort, he missed, certainly. M. ELLWOOD SMITH.

Syracuse University, June 20.

Literature

THE QUINCENTENARY OF JOHN HUSS.

John Huss, His Life, Teachings, and Death after Five Hundred Years. By David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Church. By John Huss, translated with Notes and an Introduction by David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Christian world has celebrated this year, on the sixth day of July, the five hundredth anniversary of the death by fire of John Huss, the protomartyr of the Protestant Reformation. The approach of this anniversary has given the impulse to several notable publications. "The Life and Times of Master John Hus," and "The Hussite Wars," by Count Lützow, appeared in 1909 and 1914, and were noticed in these columns. Their special interest was in the ardent national sentiment which animated them and which was needed to counteract certain attempts to minimize the importance of the work of Huss by showing its essential dependence upon the leadership of Wiclif and its reactionary effect upon later Bohemian life.

Now we have from an American scholar two books as to which no party animus can be assumed. In his "Life of Huss" Prof. David S. Schaff, of the Western Theological Seminary, has undertaken to give a concise presentation of the reformer's work and thought. In his translation of Huss's treatise on "The Church" he gives to English readers an opportunity to study the most distinctive contribution of the Hussite movement to the cause of reform. It is worth while to review briefly here the chief claims of Huss to the attention of the modern student and to the gratitude of all who value the heritage of the Reformation.

In the first place, Huss shares with all the other great leaders of the religious revolution—with the single exception of Calvin—the character of a national representative. As Wiclif stood for the English spirit, Luther for the German, and Zwingli for the Swiss, so John Huss was first, last, and always the spokesman of Bohemian nationality. It is true that Bohemia, a fiercely Slavonic country, had long been dominated by Germanic culture. For centuries its kings had claimed and sometimes exercised the right of suffrage in the elections to the German imperial throne. Just before the time of Huss's activity three of these kings, descendants of the German house of Luxemburg, had gained the imperial crown for themselves. In the University of Prague, founded by the Luxemburger Charles IV in 1347, the three Germanic "nations" of the Saxons, Bavarians, and "Poles" stood with their three votes over against the single vote of the Bohemian "nation." The obligation of Bohemia to German civilization was unquestioned; but already before the time of Huss the new spirit of national self-consciousness was becoming increasingly impatient of this alien beneficence. The deposition of King Wenzel from the imperial throne in 1400, however justified by the interests of the Empire, left a sting in Bohemia, the effects of which were clear enough when the spirit of revolt began to show itself.

Huss's education was exclusively Bohemian. He was never outside the country until the fateful journey to Constance. His religious thought was moulded by the teaching of native scholars whose views on the most important questions which later occupied him were essentially the same as his own. Only after he had thus laid the foundations of his own thought did he receive the decisive impulse of Wiclif's writings. On this point we feel that Dr. Schaff is rather too much inclined to follow the extreme view of Loserth and his followers as to Huss's indebtedness to Wiclif's teaching. The argument of the deadly parallel column which Loserth so effectively employed does, indeed, show that Huss, like most of his contemporaries, did not hesitate to make use of the words of another to express his own ideas; but it is far from proving that the ideas were not his own. The more we become acquainted with the writings of Huss the more clearly does his essential originality appear. He undoubtedly found in Wiclif a precious source of inspiration and encouragement, but it would be almost as false to make him a mere copyist of Wiclif as it would be to make Luther merely a disciple of Huss because when he came to read the defence of his Bohemian predecessor he was cheered and sustained by the discovery that so noble a spirit had reached conclusions similar to his own.

The national character of Huss's work is evident from the beginning. His earliest reputation was won as a preacher in the Czech tongue in connection with an institution definitely founded to provide popular

preaching as a supplement to that in the regular churches. As preacher at Bethlehem Chapel—the name has an almost Methodistical suggestion—Huss succeeded for a long time in keeping his peace with the local ecclesiastical authorities while all the time attacking with increasing boldness the obvious evils of a priesthood secure in its intrenchments of tradition and privilege. It was a moment when such attacks were the common expression of disgust at the condition of the nominal headship of western Christendom. The year 1409 saw the long existing schism in the papal government rather intensified than solved by the election of a third pope at the Council of Pisa. It was not wholly an accident that in that year the Bohemian national party made its most dramatic anti-German demonstration by so changing the constitution of the University of Prague that the German element, instead of being allowed a decisive majority, was henceforth to have but one vote against three in the hands of Bohemians. The secession of the Germans left the University doubtless in one way weakened, but in another greatly strengthened by the intensifying of the national spirit. Of this reorganized university John Huss was the first rector, evidence enough in itself of his share in the racial conflict. In Bohemia as elsewhere, notably in Germany itself, the two causes of national independence and religious reform joined hands in instinctive resistance to the common enemy—a universal and infallible hierarchical church. An excommunication procured by the local ecclesiastical powers from the wretch John XXIII served only to mark Huss out still more clearly as the man of Bohemia, the trusted leader to whom all the elements of reform were looking for guidance.

But now again, and not for the last time, it was to be shown that reform of the outward things, to be effective, must be based upon some principle that would lift all reformatory endeavor up to a higher plane and show that it was not mere complaining against the limitations incident to all human institutions, but something deeper, grounded in universal instincts of right. Wiclif had found his principle in the ultimate authority of Scripture. Huss followed him in this, but used by preference another phrase more pregnant with meaning for the future. He liked to speak continually of the *lex Dei* or the *lex Christi* as the final appeal of every Christian man. The value of this phrase for controversial purposes is evident at once. Its very vagueness was its strength. The law of the Church could be and had been codified, brought to book, taught in the schools, added to, commented upon, made the cornerstone of the imposing structure against which the criticism of good men was growing continually fiercer and more uncompromising. A hundred years later the first step in Luther's revolt was to fling the book of this law of the Church into the fire and start over again upon the new-old basis of the Freedom of the Christian Man. So far Huss was not willing to go; but the principle was as clear to him as it ever was to any one.

The *lex Dei* was the supreme appeal from every human tribunal to the ultimate rightness of things. In spite of its partial embodiment in Scripture, it was as plastic as our appeal to the "higher law." We rest ordinarily upon the law as it is; but we know that behind and above that is a higher something which in a case of serious doubt we are bound to follow and to which we make our last appeal. That, as we understand it, is what Huss meant by the *lex Dei*, the higher something to which all human law must conform and, failing to conform, must be amended until this disparity no longer offends the conscience of the world. Obviously, such a doctrine was a mortal affront to all established authority. It was asked, and very properly, what would the world come to if any such vague idealism as this were to take the place of fixed and proved law? The answer was, that this was right, and the law of man must see to it that it be conformed to the law of God.

That is Huss's first claim to our lasting gratitude: that in a world of legalized religion he proclaimed the ancient gospel of a higher law. His second claim is the logical outgrowth of the first. Admitting that there was a supreme law, it must be made practical. After all, it must be interpreted by human judgment and administered by human hands. There was no question that both interpretation and administration were the function of the Church; but what was the Church? This is the question which Huss attempts to answer in his most important work, the treatise "de ecclesia" now translated for the first time into English; in fact, so far as the translator knows, for the first time into a modern language. It was, of course, inevitable that the definition of the Church as here given should be clouded in a maze of scholastic learning, that Scripture and tradition, history and science, should be called in and handled according to that curious method of alluring irrelevancy which passed for reasoning in the mediæval mind. But for our present memorial purpose this definition may be greatly simplified. In the last analysis it is this: that the Church consists of all those who belong to it, a proposition apparently so self-evident that it does not need to be stated. And yet, simple though it be, it was only through a profound revolution in the method of human thought that it had come to be possible even to formulate it.

The philosophy of Nominalism, revived and reinvigorated by the Englishman William Ockham, who died a generation before Huss was born, wrought into the political theories of Ockham's intimate friend, Marsiglio of Padua (Dr. Schaff uses the unwarrantable form *Marsiglius*), and easily discernible as the scarlet thread running through all the literature of the Schism, had penetrated the whole intellectual life of Europe as deeply and as subtly as the philosophy of evolution has penetrated the thought of our day. Huss himself was not an avowed Nominalist; neither was Wiclif, and yet their idea of the Church as the group of individuals truly owning the Christian name is a distinctly nominalistic conception. Stated negatively, it was that the Church did not consist of the Pope and the cardinals, with the rest of the hierarchy and the laity dependent upon them for doctrine and discipline. These were all matters of human invention, convenient for practical purposes if only controlled by the final judgment of the true Church based upon the law of God.

But now, who were the members of this true Church? Not every one who had been baptized into the Christian name, but only those who were chosen (*prædestinati*) to receive the grace of persistent righteousness. The rest were the foreknown (*præscити*)—and here we come to the edge of that jungle of speculations about election and reprobation, freedom and bondage of the will, and all the rest of it, in which theologians have lost themselves and brought their followers to despair. We are concerned only with the practical outcome. If membership in the true Church were thus dependent upon personal, individual conditions, then any alleged member might in reality be himself deceived and be deceiving others. For example: was it quite certain that any given pope was a member of the true Church? Not necessarily, by any means. He might be a reprobate. It all depended upon whether he were a true follower of the *lex Dei*. If not, then the evidence was all against him. It followed, of course, that the whole institution of the Papacy and all that went with it were not of the essence of the Church at all. The Church could get on very well without it. There was but one head of the Church, namely Christ, and all Christians stood to him in the same relation of obedience and service

So far Huss seems to have been fighting the battle of those better elements in the Church which were moving irresistibly towards the settlement of all existing religious questions by a resort to the ancient method of a General Council. The chief promoters of the Council at Constance were distinctly reformers. "Reform of the Church in head and members!" was the battle-cry of an increasingly large proportion of the thinking men of Europe. In favoring an independent council outside of Italy they proclaimed their allegiance to the doctrine afterwards officially declared at Constance, that the "Council is above the Pope," because it is the representation of the Church as a whole. In the programme of Constance, in addition to the healing of the schism and the purification of the Church from heresy, the cause of Reform figured as of equal importance. To many its importance was primary, as a necessary condition of any permanent union.

And yet, this would-be reforming Council burned John Huss as a double-dyed heretic. This has always been one of the puzzles of

history; but the explanation is fairly simple. It is, that the Council itself was on trial before the judgment of Europe. It was an untried experiment, this gathering of prelates, princes, doctors of law and theology to discuss matters which had never been discussed before in any such open and unrestricted fashion. It was to sit in judgment upon three conflicting popes, and might even come to prescribe the conditions upon which a new head of Christendom could claim the undivided allegiance of the western world. To accomplish these great results it needed, above all else, the sympathy of what we may roughly call its constituents. Especially must it keep itself free from any taint of the "heretical" doctrines which, clustering about the memory of Wiclif, were infecting the faith of every country represented. If it wished to control the Papacy, it certainly could not begin by abolishing it. If it would restore the regular working of the canon law, it could not afford to play with any vague notions about a higher law. Before proceeding to the work either of union or of reform, the Council must demonstrate its orthodoxy in some unmistakable fashion, and what better way to do this than to make an example of the bold innovator who had incautiously put himself in its power?

That is the simple explanation of the apparent paradox of a reforming council destroying a too zealous reformer whose worst heresies were the supremacy of the divine law and the single headship of Christ over his Church. The tragedy of Huss's betrayal and imprisonment, the farcical attempts to persuade him to recant, the foregone conclusion of his trial, and his heroic death need not be rehearsed here. They are the stock material of religious persecution always and everywhere. The real tragic moment was when, in his public hearing before the full Council, Huss made his appeal to the supreme law of Christ and the whole assemblage broke into derisive laughter.

It remains to speak briefly of the two companion volumes here in review. Dr. Schaff's narrative of the life and services of Huss makes no pretensions to originality in the sense of bringing new contributions to our information; but it bears every evidence of careful study of all available material. It does not seek to magnify unduly the character of its hero. It presents him as a very human person, strong in his opinions and without fear in declaring them, of blameless life, beloved by his friends and respected by his fair-minded opponents. The worst that could be said against him was to call his conviction obstinacy and his boldness insolence. The book will be serviceable to scholars as giving a summary of the most recent views and directing the student to the best original material. To the larger public it will commend itself by its readableness and the clearness of its arrangement. The story moves with dramatic directness from stage to stage up to the final crisis. The examination of the circumstances attending the tragic close is made with great candor and with entire appreciation of the motives of those who combined to crush a man dangerous to them because the people heard him gladly.

The accompanying volume, the translation of the "de ecclesia," deserves the especial gratitude of all who desire to go behind narratives and read at first hand what the leaders of thought have written. Its style, involved and wearisome in its detail, is simplified as far as possible by the use of easily understood English forms. The division into twenty-three chapters makes easy the reference to special topics. The Introduction gives a clear summary of the whole argument. If one would comprehend why John Huss, once in the clutches of the "Church," could not be allowed to escape, one cannot do better than to read this elaborate exposition of ideas which, if adopted, would make a church of that kind impossible.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon and Waterloo: A Strategical and Tactical Study. By Capt. A. F. Becke. With eleven maps. Two vols. London: Kegan Paul. $8 net.

The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. New York: The John Lane Co. $2.

Napoleon I: A Biography. By August Fournier. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. New popular edition. Two vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.

A hundred years have come and gone since Napoleon won his last great victory at Ligny and suffered his last great defeat at Waterloo. No period of his life has proved more fascinating nor called forth a greater literature than those three days from June 16 to 18, 1815. After all that has been said by the writers of justificatory memoirs, by eye-witnesses and alleged eye-witnesses, by Siborne, Chesney, Ropes, Houssaye, Grouard, and by all the others, it takes courage on the part of Captain Becke to attack the question again with the hope of saying something new. Yet this is what he succeeds in doing. And he does it, not so much by the production of any considerable amount of hitherto unknown material, as by his searching and constructive use of scattered bits of evidence which have been in print, but which have not been fitted together into a consistent whole. Instead of being led down long by-paths of controversy about Ney and D'Erlon and Grouchy, the author starts with a good analysis of Napoleon's masterly conception of an advance with "two wings and a reserve," and he obtains unity and clearness for his whole account by his adherence to Napoleon's own point of view.

By advancing with the left wing under Ney, the right wing under Grouchy, and the reserve under his own immediate direction, Napoleon hoped to drive a wedge in between Wellington and Blücher, as he had driven one in 1796 between the Sardinians and the Austrians. Then, while one of his enemies was being gripped and held by the "advanced strategical guard" of one French wing, the other enemy would be caught and dealt an annihilating blow by Napoleon commanding the reserve and the other French wing. The whole conception is clearly indicated in the all-important dispatch to Ney from Charleroi on the morning of June 16. In it, however, Napoleon stated: "I shall bring it [the reserve] into action on either wing just as the actual circumstances may dictate." Here lay the ambiguity. He did not know until some hours later whether it would be the English or the Prussians on whom the annihilating blow should first fall. From this fact sprang the fatal mistakes of Ney, and the unfortunate march and countermarch D'Erlon's corps, which fought neither with Ney on the left at Quatre Bras nor with Napoleon on the right at Ligny; it oscillated uselessly between the two battles when its presence at either would have been decisive. Captain Becke, disagreeing with Houssaye and the critics of Napoleon, places credence in D'Erlon's own statement that this unfortunate mistake was due to the fact that General La Bédoyère, who was entrusted with Napoleon's order to Ney to send D'Erlon to Ligny, instead of taking the time to seek out Ney, met D'Erlon's troops on his way and took it upon himself to order a change in their direction from Ney to Napoleon. Thus D'Erlon's corps appeared an hour too soon, and in an unexpected quarter, and was mistaken by Napoleon, in the midst of the battle of Ligny, for a hostile force on his flank. It is impossible to indicate all the other interesting points which the author scrutinizes in great detail. With two considerable volumes, he has plenty of space to say all the things which he could not compress into his good Waterloo article in the last Encyclopædia Britannica. He frequently takes occasion to emphasize practical military truths which are as applicable to-day as a hundred years ago, but his work is by no means merely for the military specialist. On the whole, his enthusiastic admiration of Napoleon makes him incline to be too easy on the Emperor and too severe on his subordinates. He gives rather a loose rein to his rhetoric, is somewhat repetitious, and has not read by any means all the Germans have to say on the subject. Nevertheless, his account of the Waterloo campaign is the most full and satisfactory account in English.

Nearly six years after his flight from the field of Waterloo, Napoleon lay dead at St. Helena, and a mould for a death-mask was taken from his head. It has been stated by nearly all writers heretofore who touch upon the subject that this mould was made by Dr. Antommarchi. For certainly the Italian doctor was present at the death-bed and unqualifiedly asserts in his famous "Last Moments of Napoleon": "I moulded the face, and proceeded to the autopsy." Now Mr. Watson comes forward with an

exceedingly interesting essay, full of delicious irony, in which he brands Antommarchi's statement as false, and exposes the whole legend which has grown up around it. With some knowledge of the technique of making plaster casts, and from a careful study of the contemporary evidence, he shows beyond a doubt that it was Dr. Francis Burton (uncle of the famous Sir Richard Burton) to whom belongs the honor of making the original mould and cast. Having made a cast, he left it at Longwood overnight to dry. When he returned, the front, or face, part of the cast was gone. Madame Bertrand had taken it off and packed it up. Burton tried at St. Helena and in England to recover possession of what he regarded as his lawful property, but he never succeeded. Several years later, when he had died and could no longer defend his rights, Antommarchi asserted that his was the pious hand which had preserved for posterity the great Emperor's last features, and posterity was invited to buy copies of the cast (which he duplicated from the one held by the Bertrand family). The history of this death-mask and the growth of the legends connected with it is a curious one, and has lost nothing in its telling by Mr. Watson.

Professor Fournier's excellent biography of Napoleon, first published in German in 1885, has for a dozen years been accessible to English students in a one-volume translation edited by the late Edward G. Bourne. In 1904-6, however, Fournier revised and enlarged his biography so that it should take account of the great advances which had been made in the study of the Napoleonic period. From this revised German edition Miss Annie E. Adams made a good two-volume English translation, which was first published in 1911 and which is now reissued from the same type, but in less expensive form. It has a few maps and a well-selected and very convenient bibliography. It is, as those familiar with the earlier work of Fournier would expect, one of the very best biographies in English of the great Corsican —impartial, well balanced, accurate, and broad in its point of view.

A NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Cyclopedia of American Government. Edited by Andrew C. McLaughlin and Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Three vols. $22.50 net.

The most important problem in advanced education, said Andrew Dickson White, speaking as long ago as 1879 before Johns Hopkins University, is "the proper provision for higher instruction in subjects bearing directly upon public affairs." Coming from one of our most discerning educators, at the time president of Cornell University, this comment struck the keynote of the address that followed. It may be taken as marking roughly the beginnings of a movement in education which begot in many institutions of learning courses more or less effective in such subjects as history, economics, politics, jurisprudence, international law, diplomacy, and sociology. The publication (1881-1884) of Lalor's "Cyclopædia of Political Science" marked progress, and has ever since aided the general cause towards the promotion of which President White's thought was directed. In the particular field of American government such works as Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government" (1885) and Lord Bryce's "American Commonwealth" (1888), followed by a host of relatively minor but useful volumes, attempted to present and to interpret political problems of confounding magnitude and variety with which a generation of productive thinkers has been concerned. For some time there has been need of gathering into compendious form for reference the results of much effort in this field.

A "Cyclopedia of American Government," edited by Professors McLaughlin and Hart, in coöperation with some 240 contributors, seems to have been designed to meet this need. Addressed to some extent to the lawyer and the economist, the work is especially directed to all "those whose interests and duties call them to the study of public affairs," to editors, librarians, teachers, students, general readers, and writers. In the work there are about 2,900 topics ranging from "Abattoirs" to "Yukon"—more than three times as many as are to be found in Lalor. The topics, varying in length of treatment from a few lines to a dozen or more pages, embrace an extensive field. In the course of our examination of the materials in the volumes, the question has constantly arisen: Does the title "American Government" justify any such range?

What is American government? Neither in the editorial Introduction (I, v-x), nor under "Government" (II, 88), are there what seem to us well-matured considerations of this basic theme. The editors' analysis of the subject under five leading heads and twenty-eight subdivisions fails to be impressive or to appear to have been carefully worked out. Further examination of many details in the text of the volumes only quickens the thought that discriminating judgment should have established such principles of elimination as would reduce the number of topics without sacrificing to any great extent the usefulness of the compilation. If the three fields of history, economics, and political science can be differentiated—as our friends of the American Political Science Association believe—then the present work, in view of its title, is overburdened, we should say, with topics in both history and economics. There is, moreover, a tendency to admit easily matters of sociological import which have often only indirect relations to the main theme. Upwards of two hundred biographical sketches may be found useful, although these are limited in most instances by so strict a standard of brevity, irrespective of the relative importance of names, as to seem undiscriminating and stereotyped. Finally, space has been devoted to a great variety of political slang phrases, too many of which are worth little, if any, serious attention. We acknowledge the difficulty of this fundamental problem. We cannot, however, discover that it has been squarely faced. At any rate, the real merit of the work is reduced by the failure (as we conceive it) of the editors carefully to define the particular field to be cultivated.

The long array of contributors—many of them highly trained and conscientious scholars, others capable experts in practical administration—may be taken as fair evidence of much good and trustworthy work. To have omitted from the list of contributors the name of President W. F. Slocum was doubtless an oversight. But why should the list contain more than a dozen names, among these James C. Ballagh, Hiram Bingham, Richard T. Ely, Harry A. Garfield, Royal Meeker, Edward B. Moore, Calvin W. Rice, and Talcott Williams, who appear to have had nothing whatever to do with the actual work? If any serious work of reference with pretensions to thoughtful consideration has appeared within recent years more thoroughly besmirched from start to finish with typographical inaccuracies, we are unacquainted with it. The proof-reading in the final stages of printing must have been careless and unintelligent to a degree. Such matters of neglect, however, point to inaccuracies still more serious which we must touch upon in conclusion.

We should naturally look for accuracy on so well-worn a topic as the Monroe Doctrine. "In October, 1823, the Russian Government," we read, "sent out a circular against Spanish-American independence, and declared it contrary to the European 'political system,' which phrase clearly referred to the system of legitimate monarchy." The "circular" of August 30 and Baron de Tuyll's "note" of October 16, 1823, are here confused. The first concerned affairs in Spain and Portugal, and was brought to the attention of John Quincy Adams on November 15 following. The note was simply indicative of Russia's indisposition to receive diplomatic representatives from the South American states until recently subject to Spain. "The Latin-American states . . . in 1826 summoned a congress"—an altogether careless statement. The summary of the Olney Doctrine of 1895 will not stand careful comparison with the diplomatic correspondence in which that doctrine was developed. The subject should have been handled by an expert in history and international law, and not treated in an impressionistic fashion.

The following topics, several of which have been very carelessly written, all contain palpable inaccuracies that could not have passed the test of editors watchful of the details which make such a work strong and trustworthy: "Boundaries of the United States"; "Conservation"; "Cumberland Road"; "Public Care of Deaf and Dumb"; "Due Diligence"; "Education in Forestry" and "Forest Service"; "Public Aid to Expositions"; "Grand Committee"; "Hay-Pannce-

lote Treaties"; "Maximilian's Empire," and "Panama Congress." We see nothing to be gained from the superficial and trivial statements set down briefly under "Cost of Living," a subject quite worth presentation at the hands of some expert student of economic and historical factors.

The reader who is duly warned may still find under many topics legitimately concerned with important features of American government—such as Congress, the Constitution, the Courts, International Relations, Parties and Party Machinery, Administration, Finance, Elections, State and Municipal Institutions—much careful writing, with a sufficiency of bibliographical lore for direction into many aspects of these subjects. But, taken as a whole, this new cyclopedia is not merely disappointing; it is a grave reflection on editorial competency. Lalor served admirably a generation, and is still very useful. If this new compilation is to take rank with helpful works of reference written to promote the cause for which President White long since spoke urgently, it must be revised.

Finance

EUROPEAN SELLING.

Since the announcement of the British war loan, two weeks ago, selling of American securities by London in this market has increased substantially. It had almost ceased before the terms of the loan were made public; since then, the selling of our bonds from England has averaged something like $2,000,000 per day, with sufficient sales of stocks to bring up the total, for the period of nearly two weeks, to something like $40,000,000. The securities have been taken with no great sacrifice in prices. Some of the bonds which were sold most heavily declined two or three points; but, as a whole, the foreign sales had no larger effect than one of the familiar "realizing movements" of domestic origin, in ordinary times.

This resumption, by the English investor, of the selling of American stocks and bonds, is clearly enough attributable to the terms of the new British war loan, which offers to convert all older Government bonds into the new 4½ per cents, on attractive terms, provided the owner of such older issues will subscribe to an equivalent amount in the new war loan. Since the cash payment on that account must be made by July 20, the applicant has until that date to raise the money, and he is evidently raising some of it by realizing on his American investments. Therefore, the selling movement may be over in a fortnight. Yet it again directs attention to the questions, what the aggregate total amount is which may still conceivably come upon our market, what chance there is of its all being returned, and what the effect of that would be.

An important estimate of European holdings of our railway stocks and bonds was given out on Monday of last week. It was drawn from the actual statements of American railways, between October, 1914, and April, 1915, and was compiled by President Loree, of the Delaware & Hudson, under the auspices of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Until its publication, Wall Street had largely pinned its faith to the estimate prepared for the Monetary Commission by Sir George Paish in 1910. That estimate named no less than $6,000,000,000 for Europe's investments in American securities, of which $3,500,000,000 were assigned to England.

This estimate gave no particulars and no basis of calculation. Mr. Loree's estimate gives a very different set of figures. Instead of $6,000,000,000, his computation, based on actual returns—more easy since the income-tax requisitions—estimates $2,576,400,000 as the par value of American railway securities held in Europe. Industrial holdings are not closely estimated. The conclusion is, however, that Europe holds 20 per cent. as much of our industrials as of our railway stocks and bonds; which would leave a total of about $3,000,000,000. Probably three or four hundred millions of this total have been already returned in the period since the figures were compiled.

England undoubtedly holds most of this. Holland has hitherto been credited with something over $500,000,000; an estimate made in 1905 by the German Government named $750,000,000 as a maximum of German holdings, and France owns possibly $250,000,000. These figures may not altogether hold to-day; Germany in particular has realized very heavily in the past five years; yet the conclusion that England now holds between $1,000,000,000 and $1,500,000,000 may be fairly inferred from this latest calculation.

The coming fortnight will show to what extent the British war loan's special inducements can dislodge these English holdings. Apart from that motive, or such other motive as may arise hereafter in the London security or money market, it is difficult to see why the English investor's general attitude should be changed. That remains to be seen. But the feeling has none the less grown on the American market that, granted long continuance of the war, return to us of the great bulk of such securities will in some way eventually be brought about. Supposing this to happen, how about our own financial situation? The most obvious comment would be, that the circumstances under which these general realizing sales would happen are as different as could be conceived from the circumstances which imagination conjured up last summer and autumn.

The picture drawn by apprehensive minds, while the Stock Exchange kept closed to avert the threatened "European liquidation," was of a New York market crushed down by sales which home investors (already realizing on their own account) were unable readily to absorb; of a foreign exchange rate, already heavily against us, driven to higher and higher figures by the pressure of sales of securities from Europe, and of a consequent dragging away of our whole stock of gold to Europe. As matters stand to-day, the New York stock market hardly wavers on actual foreign sales of $25,000,000 weekly.

Exchange on London is so abnormally in this country's favor that the resale of our securities is urged, simply to restore a normal equilibrium. As for our stock of gold, it is $50,000,000 greater than it was on August 1, 1914, is larger by far than the present banking requirements of the country, and is continuously increasing. Meantime the excess of our export trade of merchandise with Europe is rising to unprecedented heights.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Flint, A. A. The Breaking-Point. Broadway Publishing Company. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beede, A. McG. Sitting Bull-Custer. Bismarck, N. D.: Bismarck Tribune Co.
The Parent's Guide. Prepared by the Editorial Board of the University Society. New York: The University Society. Vols. I and II.
Towers, W. K. Letters from Brother Bill, Varsity Sub. Crowell. 50 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Putnam-Jacobi, M. Common-Sense Applied to Woman Suffrage. Putnam. $1 net.
The Pittsburgh District Civic Frontage. The Pittsburgh Survey. New York: Survey Associates, Inc. $2.50 net.
Wage-Earning Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh Survey. New York: Survey Associates, Inc. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Danby, F. Nelson's Legacy: Lady Hamilton, Her Story and Tragedy. Scribner.
Dickey, L. S. History of the Eighty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. Privately printed.
Fortescue, G. At the Front with Three Armies. Brentano's. $2 net.
Thompson, C. M. The Illinois Whigs before 1846. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois. 95 cents net.
Wallace, D. D. The Life of Henry Laurens. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Young, C. C. Abused Russia. Devin-Adair.

SCIENCE.

Abbot, C. G., and Others. New Evidence on the Intensity of Solar Radiation Outside the Atmosphere. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Delorme, E. War Surgery. P. B. Hoeber. $1.50 net.
Kerley, C. G. What Every Mother Should Know. P. B. Hoeber. 35 cents net.
McLoughlin, M. E. Tennis as I Play It. Doran. $2 net.
More, L. T. The Limitations of Science. Holt. $1.50 net.
Nature and Science on the Pacific Coast. Paul Elder.
Reese, A. M. The Alligator and Its Allies. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Gorgas, W. C. Sanitation in Panama. Appleton. $2 net.
Twyford, H. B. Purchasing. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Haney, J. L. Good English. Philadelphia: The Edgerton Press.
Jaeck, E. G. Madame de Staël and the Spread of German Literature. Oxford University Press.

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Liabilities,	77,901 52

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Cash Assets	$35,313,539.27
Cash Capital	6,000,000.00*
Liabilities	16,610,065.11
Net Surplus	12,703,474.16*
*Surplus as regards Policyholders	18,703,474.16

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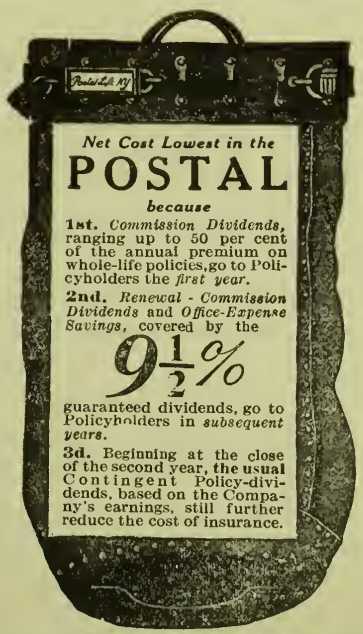
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Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street. London Office, 16 Regent Street, S.W.

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In view of the large library and college and family circulation of THE NATION, it is safe to assume that not less than 30,000 people read it each week.

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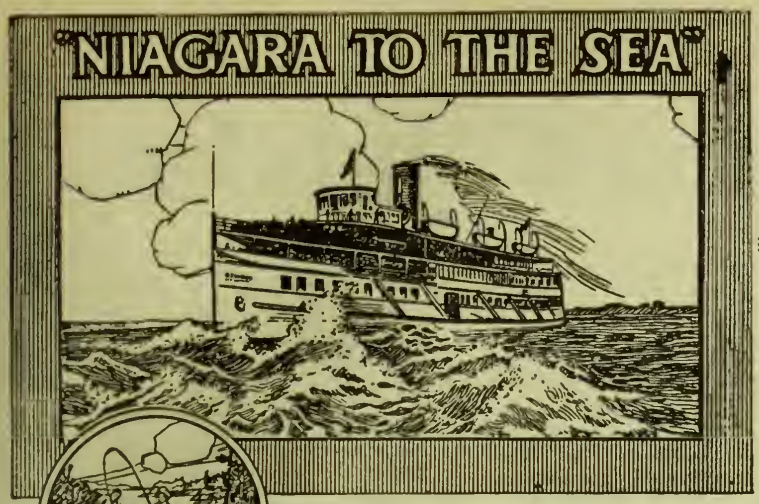

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NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The *Nation* has just issued a semi-centennial number, recalling and recounting the glories of a publication which long held a unique place in American journalism. The *Nation* has been preëminently an organ of criticism—of criticism fundamentally sound, though often jarring on the easy-going optimism of the American public. It applied the lash when opinion here was much more sensitive and resentful of such treatment than it is to-day, and its disciplinary labors brought it much prestige—and many bitter enemies. Its work on the whole has been distinctly inspiring and helpful. Journalism has greatly changed since it began its mid-Victorian career. The critical attitude is commoner to-day, and the *Nation* no longer stands alone in reflecting the activities of the keener critical spirit. But its field and opportunities remain, and we wish it long-continued prosperity and usefulness.

NEW YORK WORLD

So wide and strong and sane has been the journalistic influence of the *Nation*, so useful its columns to American historians, that it is rather a surprise to be reminded by its semi-centennial issue that it was born so late as 1865. Beside the venerable *Evening Post*, with which it has long been associated, it is but a child precociously wise. Of qualities more important than length of days, Henry James, Lord Bryce, William Roscoe Thayer, W. C. Brownell, Prof. Gildersleeve, Henry Holt, and George Haven Putnam form a goodly band of witnesses.

N. Y. EVENING WORLD.

In its exceedingly well filled and readable semi-centennial issue, wherein are many interesting memories of men, books, and events of the past fifty years, the *Nation*, with relish and good humor, tells this story on itself:

During its early days the periodical once published a list of contributors—a solid array—too solid, some thought. Immediately the editor of a frivolous publication of the time conspicuously reprinted the list in his own paper, preceded by the reassuring announcement: "None of the following writers contribute to these columns."

The reading public has changed since then. So has the *Nation*. And in neither has the change been for the worse. On the contrary, both have come closer together by a process of mutually helpful adjustment. And that adjustment still goes forward.

The general reader is more interested in the things that interest the *Nation*. The *Nation* is more interested to find and publish things that interest the general reader, to have even its weightiest contributors write in a manner the general reader will find agreeable. Which surely shows health and progress on both sides.

NEW YORK MAIL.

It is a little hard to realize that the New York *Nation* is only fifty years old. That justly celebrated weekly review of events, politics, and literature observes its semi-centennial with a very interesting special number, but one somehow feels that the *Nation* has come down to us clear from the days of rolling collars and rolling periods. The *Nation's* function has been criticism of many kinds. It has fulfilled the function.

A great number of distinguished names in American literature have been associated with the *Nation*—those of Godkin, Wendell Phillips Garrison, James, Brownell, Bryce, Dicey, and many others. The *Nation* always had an air of austerity, but that was because it had a Puritan conscience. Ability it also always had; and conscience and ability make a strong combination.

Retaining these elements of strength, the *Nation* should look forward to another useful half century.

HARTFORD COURANT.

The *Courant* has received the semi-centennial number of the New York *Nation*. As we have remarked frequently when these minor anniversaries come along, there is nothing remarkable to this paper in a semi-centennial celebration. We have "been there" three times already. It's a sign of health and progress to go so far, but there is a long beyond for the capable.

However, the *Nation* is and always has been unique. It has been the intellectual weekly of the country. Probably no other paper was ever published in the United States that exercised so wide an influence in comparison to the mere numbers of its circulation. It would be of interest to find the reader of the *Nation* who agreed with all it advocated. An old subscriber to the *Courant* a while ago stopped his subscription, and in the unwelcome letter he wrote that the paper so fully and uniformly expressed his own sentiments that he had no need for it. This was one of the strangest reasons for a "stop" that has come this way, and we venture to guess that the *Nation* never got one like it.

This special number is of amazing interest, especially to those who have been long in the newspaper business. It brings contributions from many distinguished readers, not a few of whom were connected with the paper, and their revelations of inside life in a newspaper are delightful. Viscount Bryce tells of the *Nation* which he knew in the seventies, and whatever he writes is enjoyable. W. C. Brownell, who went to the *Nation* from the *World*—a curious transformation—mentions in a very readable account of his experiences and recollections the fact that the three editors used to read each other's proofs and change them at will!

Among all the papers none is more interesting than that which is contributed by Henry Holt, the well-known Yale man and publisher, who says his firm has had its advertisement in every copy of the *Nation* since it appeared. Mr. Holt has a charming style and his reminiscences are extremely interesting, incidentally more so in so far as they reveal Holt himself.

We cannot review this special number. Every article in it ought to be read in full. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's account of the ownerships of the paper is an important bit of journalistic history, written, of course, in his entertaining style.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1915.

Summary of the News

The reply of the German Government, dated July 8, to the American note of June 10 was published in the morning papers of last Saturday. The contents of the note may roughly be divided into two parts. The first, obviously intended for home consumption, consists of an elaborate eulogy of German humanity and the familiar attribution to England of the entire responsibility for the sinking of the Lusitania; the second part contains proposals by which the German Government will, under certain stringent conditions, "permit" citizens of the United States to travel in the war zone with comparative safety. Comment on this curious document will be found in our editorial columns. With the exception of the German-American newspapers, the press of the country is virtually united in the opinion that the latest German note is utterly unsatisfactory. One extraordinarily naïve suggestion, which has the appearance of being officially inspired, was made in press dispatches from Berlin on Monday. It was that a solution of the difficulty might be found by the German Government's placing at the disposal of the United States for passenger traffic certain German steamships now lying in American ports, which should be allowed to fly the American flag for the duration of the war.

Despite Germany's official contention that it is impossible for submarines, in the rôle of commerce-destroyers, to observe the ordinarily accepted rules of civilized warfare, it is gratifying to note that the practice of giving warning to ships before attack has continued during the past few days to be the rule instead of, as formerly, the exception. Since we wrote last week news has been received of the sinking of only eight ships: four British, of which two were trawlers; two Russian, one Italian, and one French. So far as can be ascertained, only in the case of one of the Russian ships, the Leo, the sinking of which was reported in Tuesday's papers, was the warning omitted. As a consequence eleven lives were lost. If the reports of this case which are available as we write may be accepted as true, the offence of the German submarine was aggravated by the fact that it compelled, under threat of destruction, an American bark, the Normandy, to act as a screen while it prepared for the attack on the Russian ship. The Cunard liner Orduna, on her voyage from New York to Liverpool, was chased for three hours by a submarine, but escaped. Interesting statistics of Liverpool shipping were published on July 8. According to this dispatch, since the beginning of the submarine blockade, nearly 20,000 vessels have entered or left the port of Liverpool, and of these only twenty-nine have been destroyed.

Interest in the future action of Rumania and of the Balkan states generally is revived by dispatches from Berlin and Bucharest, under date of Monday, asserting that definite offers of territory have been made to Rumania by Austria-Hungary and that a time-limit of one month has been set for Rumania's decision. According to the dispatches alternative proposals have been made, the one set requiring in return only a guarantee of continued Rumanian neutrality and increased facilities for the transportation of munitions from Germany to Turkey; the other set, naturally more generous in scope, demanding Rumanian participation in the war on the side of the Teutonic Allies and Turkey.

The suit brought by minority stockholders to recover $102,000,000 from former and present directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad was dismissed by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts on July 8.

It was announced on Tuesday that Thomas A. Edison had accepted the invitation of Secretary of the Navy Daniels to head an advisory board of civilian inventors and engineers for a Bureau of Invention and Development which is to be created in the Navy Department.

A severe storm, attaining the dimensions of a tornado, swept over Cincinnati and its vicinity on the night of July 7. Twenty-seven persons were killed and a large amount of damage was done to property.

The Government last week took definite action in regard to numerous reports that the wireless station at Sayville under its German control has been used for unneutral purposes, and that in spite of the censorship a way has been found to send messages containing information of military value. No confirmation of the reports has been published, but as the best means of securing the wireless station from unneutral use the control of the plant was on July 9 taken over by the Navy Department, with the acquiescence, it is stated from Washington, of the German Government.

The man Holt, or Muenter, who attempted to assassinate J. P. Morgan and placed the bomb in the Capitol at Washington, committed suicide in Mineola jail on the night of July 6. The circumstances under which it was possible for him to destroy himself remain, to say the least of it, obscure, and, it is understood, are to be the subject of what one may hope will be a searching inquiry. The somewhat tardy testimony of certain professors, one of whom at least had recognized the fellow when he was at Cornell, have established beyond doubt the identity of Holt with Muenter, the former instructor of Harvard, who was suspected of having poisoned his wife.

With his death, unfortunately, Muenter's career as a would-be assassin was not terminated. A letter addressed to his wife disclosed the fact that he had placed a bomb on a ship that was to sail from New York on July 3, and the bomb, it was stated in the letter, was timed to explode on July 7. Warning was sent by wireless to vessels within reach, and on Saturday of last week news was received that the Minnehaha was returning to Halifax with a fire in one of her holds caused by an explosion. The ship was laden with explosives for the Allies and carried no passengers. The explosion, however, occurred in a hold in which the general cargo was stored. The fire was controlled, and, after her return to Halifax, the Minnehaha resumed her voyage to England on Sunday. Whether Muenter acted alone or not remains to be discovered. The incident of the Minnehaha has at any rate served to bring to light the fact that unexploded bombs have recently been discovered on at least four other ships carrying munitions to the Allies from this country. On Monday was published a letter addressed to the *Times-Picayune* of New Orleans and signed by "Pearce"—the name affixed to the epistles which Muenter wrote to Washington papers explaining his exploit in the Capitol—in which the writer avowed partnership with Muenter and the intention of carrying on the dead man's work.

It is not expected that the situation in Mexico will be materially modified by the capture of Mexico City by Carranzista forces, under Gen. Gonzales, on July 10. As we write, there are reports that Villa in his turn has sent a large body of troops south and is again threatening the capital. To meet the Villista forces, it is thought, it may be necessary for Gonzales to evacuate the city and move northward, in which case the city would be exposed to attack by the forces of Zapata.

It was officially announced on Tuesday that subscriptions to the British war loan had reached a total of nearly £600,000,000.

Announcement was made in Pretoria on July 9 that Gen. Botha had accepted the surrender of all the German military forces in German Southwest Africa. A force, it is stated, will now be sent from South Africa to participate in the main operations of the war. The House of Commons on Tuesday voted its thanks to Gen. Botha, Gen. Smuts, and the forces of the Union of South Africa upon the successful conclusion of the campaign.

That portion of the English press which is controlled by Lord Northcliffe, supported by a certain section in the House of Commons, continues to give an unedifying exhibition of disunion. Mr. Lloyd George on July 7 issued a statement in reply to Lord Haldane's speech at the National Liberal Club on July 5 in which he defended Major-Gen. von Donop, chief of the Ordnance Department. Mr. Lloyd George characterized Lord Haldane's remarks on that occasion as "incomplete and in some respects inaccurate." The general opinion in England seems to be that Lord Haldane was possibly indiscreet and that Mr. Lloyd George failed to mend matters by his statement. In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Asquith was asked a number of questions in regard to the failure of the late Government to solve the problem of munitions, all of which he refused to answer, on the ground that it was not in the public interest that the matter should be discussed at this time. Meanwhile, Mr. Lloyd George's efforts as Minister of Munitions are apparently meeting with success. In two weeks 90,000 workmen have been enrolled, and Lord Kitchener, in an important speech at the Guildhall on July 9, declared that the question of munitions was being dealt with in a satisfactory manner.

The Week

A French writer, George Bourdon, has recently published a book which he entitles "The German Enigma." He would find more material for it in the reply of the German Government to the two American notes. Take the Lusitania issue. The sinking of that ship, with the consequent loss of American lives, was plainly stated by President Wilson to be an act in direct violation of international law and in flagrant disregard of American rights. He called upon the German Government to disavow it, to make reparation, "so far as reparation is possible for injuries which are without measure," and to "prevent the recurrence of anything so obviously subversive" of the laws of war. To all this, what does von Jagow reply? He does not, indeed, venture again to set up the defence which he attempted in his note of May 28, namely, that the Lusitania was "armed." That she was, our Government categorically denied, and called for the German evidence, if there was any. Is it now produced? Not at all. The German Foreign Office has not a scintilla of proof for its former assertion. It merely indulges in general charges about all British merchantmen, and coolly lays all the blame for the killing of the Lusitania's passengers upon "the manner of conducting war employed by our adversaries." There is also a kind of intimation that the Lusitania ought, in decency, to have remained above water longer after being torpedoed, as if this in any way freed the commander of the German submarine from the responsibility for the direct consequences of his lawless act. In all this, evidently, there is no word of disavowal, no offer of reparation, no guarantee for the future. The reply, in this matter, is no reply at all. It is nothing but an evasion.

Much the same must be said of the other great point in controversy. The American Government had squarely asserted the right to trade freely on the high seas, without regard to any illegally declared "war zone," and also the right of Americans to travel in safety on merchantmen, whether under a neutral or a belligerent flag. This was stated at length and with much solemnity in the note of June 9, which closed by asking "assurances" from the German Government that it would "adopt the measures necessary to put these principles into practice." Does the German reply do this? In no way whatever that can be called satisfactory. It does, indeed, undertake to sink no American ships, provided they carry special markings and the German Government is notified in advance of their coming, and also provided our Government will "guarantee" that they have no contraband on board. The inference is that if they have contraband in their cargo, passengers and crew will be sent to the bottom without warning. This is such an entire misconception or perversion of the contentions of our Government as to be really more offensive than would have been a blunt refusal to consider our protests at all. So of the other conditions which the German reply undertakes to lay down for the use of the high seas by Americans. After our Government had affirmed in the strongest language the indefeasible right of Americans to travel freely, in what passenger ships they pleased, this attempt of the German reply to hedge that right about, with the air of making benevolent concessions, is something worse than pettifogging. It cannot be acquiesced in for a moment.

"It is ridiculous to suppose that Muenter was incited to his actions by any Germans in this country or in Germany, as has been hinted at in several newspaper reports," says Professor Münsterberg. No doubt he is right. But if, in point of fact, Muenter *had* been incited to his actions by Germans in this country or in Germany, we should like the learned professor to explain in just what respect those Germans would have been more guilty than was the German Government itself in bringing about the murder of the passengers on the Lusitania. Of all the actions of Muenter, real or pretended, none is regarded as more atrocious than his alleged setting of an infernal machine upon a transatlantic passenger steamer. But if that bomb had actually exploded, and caused a massacre of innocent non-combatants, would it not have been justifiable on precisely the same principle as that which is appealed to in justification of the Lusitania slaughter? There is no law of war, or law of nations, that makes it any more permissible to sink a merchant ship, without warning, by a torpedo from the outside than by a bomb from the inside. If the plea that "Germany is fighting for her life" suffices in the one case, it suffices in the other; nor do we see any form of outrage or barbarism which that plea, if admitted, would fail to cover with its immunity.

Members of the Social-Democratic party in Germany—now virtually the only Opposition in the Reichstag—are more and more finding their voices. They have their differences. There is a "minority" and a "majority." But whatever their divisions, they agree in this—that no peace should be sought which is not permanent, and that no permanent peace is possible if it involves forcible annexations of territory. This has been the bold position of the *Vorwärts*. It is held by both factions of the Socialists. The official head of the majority group reaffirms it in a dispatch from Berlin to the New York *Times*. He declares that "the entire Social Democracy is against a war of conquest." One of the more radical, or minority, leaders, Dr. Ernest Meyer, goes further. In addition to opposing annexations of foreign land, since they would imperil any peace based upon them, he would remove another direct cause of war—huge military preparations. "We desire," he affirms, "general disarmament and security against another disastrous war through far-reaching international agreements." This is a noteworthy utterance. And it finds echo in other countries. The more prolonged this war promises to be, the more awful its losses, the more dubious any decisive outcome by sheer force of arms, the more pervasive is the feeling that the world must take steps to insure itself against another catastrophe so appalling. Militarism is now having its most gigantic and frightful display. But as it goes on piling up the corpses of its victims and spreading its miseries as wide as the earth, there is a dawning hope that it will expire of its own supreme efforts and supreme hideousness.

It is such an aspiration that is keeping life and courage in the hearts of many in the titanic struggle itself, and of thousands who watch it breathlessly from afar. No one has given more poignant expression to this larger hope of civilization than Anatole France. A collection of his letters and other writings on the war has just been issued in Paris, the work to be sold for the benefit of crippled French soldiers. In its pages it is interesting to note how all the habitual cynicisms and ironies of M. France fall away from him. He is simply the master of a great style pouring out his soul in sad sincerity. He is a Frenchman, first of all, but he is also a Socialist, writing to his "confrère" Mr. Walling, of New York, and a man whose heart is filled with the love of all that is beautiful in civilization. And it is as a champion of mankind and one who, even in his old age, looks forward to securities for the future, that he expresses his deep longing for a

peace that shall be strong, radiant, and enduring. But for this very reason he sets his face like a flint against any talk of peace before the German armies are out of France and out of Belgium. With Anatole France, too, the great desire is not the crushing of Germany, but the extinction of the threat of militarism. The conflict has been precipitated upon France, and she is making the most cruel sacrifices; but she must persist, at whatever cost, until the next generation is freed from the fear and the peril that have haunted this one. Till that is made sure, any Frenchman who speaks of peace is, according to M. France, a traitor at once to his country and to civilization.

Edison's appointment is not as "head of a Navy Test Board," as certain headlines seem to announce, but simply as chief adviser to the Bureau of Invention and Development of which the Navy Department announces the creation. The prominence his name has received in connection with this Bureau already justifies one aim frankly avowed by Secretary Daniels in employing him. "Our chances of getting the public interested in and back of the project will be enormously increased if we can have, at the start, some man whose inventive genius is recognized by the whole world to assist in consultation." While such advertisement is useful, it appears that the Department has regularly been receiving from officers from three to five suggestions daily as to possible improvements in vessels, equipment, and yards. Mr. Edison and his expert civilian associates may prove of great value in developing mere hints into striking inventions; their connection with the Bureau will encourage outsiders to submit ideas for naval innovations; and the Bureau itself should take much better care of merely routine proposals than they have heretofore received. The United States has peculiar reason for encouraging its future Ericssons, Eadses, Maurys, and Lakes. At the same time, it is encouraging to find both Daniels and Edison taking the stand that enterprise and efficiency may be substitutes for enormous expenditure, and that a period of changing naval horizons is one for deliberate study of new problems, not for hasty action.

The Japanese have us at their mercy now, for the attention of the vigilant Hobson is distracted by a domestic plot. He calls it a "plan," but no soft words can disguise its ominousness. Like all deep-laid schemes, this one is alarming by its very simplicity. First, the President is to be renominated in spite of the one-term plank adopted at Baltimore. Mr. Bryan, the author of the plank, is to join in this infamous proceeding. Secondly, taking warning from the Convention that nominated him in 1912, Wilson is to write the platform of 1916 himself. Thirdly, he will put into that platform a plank binding the Democratic party to leave the question of prohibition entirely to the States. The courage that is required to reveal this conspiracy is appreciated by no one more than by Mr. Hobson, who is uncertain only whether his act means political murder or political suicide for him. As he is at present an ex-Congressman, having been defeated in his own State in his candidacy for the Senate upon the issue of prohibition, he seems to mean that he is threatened not with political death, but with political non-resurrection. Even so, it is easy to understand his excitement; but why does he not take the one sure course of defeating the plot? Instead of asking the President to sign the pledge—which he would have done for his late Secretary of State much sooner than for the Alabamian—let him throw a shell into the Wilson camp by announcing that unless the conspiracy is at once abandoned, he will prevent the renomination of the President, though at the sacrifice of accepting the nomination himself.

Just to prevent disappointment, the Colonel gives fair warning, as he boards the train for California, that he is not setting out to fire the Progressive heart. In order that there may be no mistake about his attitude, he administers a preliminary chill to that much-tried organ. "Any decent Republican" is now his slogan—unless Publicity Manager Payne is sadly in error. This shows what a great consoler is Time. Two years ago, no member of the gang that stole the precious nomination deserved a decent man's patience. Only a party Progressive could hope for honest men's votes in 1916. A year ago, keen eyes and a softer heart could discern a remnant among the Republican rascals from which something might be expected. To-day, the remnant consists of the thieves, while the mass of the Republicans are once more as white as snow. The next stage of the development is already in sight. How long will it be before the Colonel's closest friends put into plain words the invitation, "Give us anybody who can beat Wilson"? As Wilson is "a second Buchanan," and as the Colonel is a second Lincoln—both statements are made on the highest authority—we have a little lesson in logic from the Oyster Bay primer that is not at all hard. Mind you, the Colonel has not gone back to the Republican party: "He believes that it is not a time for men to worry about political ties"—especially about Progressive ties.

For Mr. Bryan merely to announce his adherence to the cause of woman suffrage would have been far too tame. So he lifted it towards the pseudo-sublime by adding the explanation that he had not joined the suffrage forces before because he had been too busy with other subjects, *it being his policy not to take up questions until they were capable of solution.* What a practical statesmanship is here! Now we understand his long hesitation over the question of Government ownership of railways. Mere politicians might propose half-way measures, like Interstate Commerce Commissions, but the real statesman waited until the railway question became capable of solution and then announced the solution. Having solved that problem, he pressed onward to others. If his countrymen were too stupid to accept the solution, why, there it was at their disposal whenever they might have better judgment. So with free silver. Whenever the country gets tired of dallying with the financial problem and makes up its mind to solve it once and for all, there is Bryan's answer, right in the back of the book. If he gives the impression of abandoning one problem after another, that is not his fault. Why should Euclid keep on demonstrating one theorem to an incredulous crowd when all the other problems were waiting for him?

The latest development in the Colorado situation gives promise of bringing to an issue that part of the mining-troubles which is perhaps of gravest interest to the people of the United States. As to the merits and demerits of the struggle so long carried on between mine-owners and mine-workers, it seems almost hopeless to come to any clear conclusion; but the question whether or not the whole system of the administration of justice had become corrupted by the power of the capitalists ought to be capable of decision. And it is upon this question that the charges brought in the District Court at Trinidad last week bear in the strongest possible way. They are presented in connection with the trial, some time ago, of John R. Lawson, a member of the national executive board of the United Mine Workers of America. Lawson was convicted of murder in the first degree, in connection with the fighting at Ludlow; and in the charges now made in court accusations

of the most atrocious interference with the jury are brought against the bailiff in whose custody it was. How much more than this will be, or has been, charged in the proceedings, we cannot say; but writers apparently responsible and competent have made, in the public press, accusations of far more sweeping and fully as serious character. It is a matter of genuine concern, not only for Colorado, but for the nation, that the truth of the whole matter be established; and there ought to be such focussing of public attention on the subject as shall give promise of bringing about this result.

If the Federal Government is to institute a system of rural credits, the proposal to settle the unemployed on Government land with easy-payment loans advanced by the United States is logical enough. If the Government is to steer clear of a complex and dangerous field, and try instead to stimulate the various States to enact rural credit measures, all cognate schemes for sending city workers to the farms had much better be left to State agencies. Washington dispatches declare that an inter-departmental committee appointed by Secretaries Lane and Wilson is now at work on a plan "operating through the Department of Labor, which would enable workers in congested cities to take up agricultural land on Government reclamation projects, or public lands," with use of public money. In such attempts the Federal Government has an advantage in its possession of huge tracts of open land. The States, as the investigations of the Massachusetts Homestead Commission have shown, would usually have to search out and purchase waste land. But for their ability to handle loans and instruct would-be farmers more intimately, local agencies are greatly to be preferred; the Government could surely arrive at some agreement with the Western States—where rural credits are most needed—whereby funds could be advanced to needy homesteaders brought from Eastern and Central centres. Through the Federal Employment Bureau some supervision might be maintained. While too serious attention cannot be directed towards the questions of rural credits and unemployment, both offer problems better to be solved by the commonwealths than by the nation.

The plea of guilty promptly made by seven of the 131 men indicted in Indianapolis for election frauds will be taken as an indication of the likelihood of a cleaning up for the capital of the State such as that by which Terre Haute has recently benefited. National Committeeman Taggart and Mayor Bell show their realization of the moral effect of these pleas by disavowing any acquaintance with the guilty seven. In this assertion they will be believed, as they will be held innocent of any wrongdoing until they are proved to be not innocent. But they can hardly be unaware of the reasons why the public finds satisfaction in the fact that, in these cases as in those at Terre Haute, men "higher up" are to be tried along with the obscure. It is not easy to see why mere clerks and judges of election, especially of primary elections, should tamper with the ballot-boxes and even resort to physical violence without some hint from above or at least the knowledge that such procedure would be welcomed by those whose fortunes it furthered. And it is these men, however few they may be, far more than the mass of the guilty, that the ordinary citizen would like to see caught. Some of them were caught at Terre Haute; and the country will hope that the same success may attend the trials at Indianapolis.

After Ohio, Indiana; after Indiana, Kentucky, and after Kentucky, Rhode Island. Are there more election frauds than ever before, or are their perpetrators less skilful? The differences among these cases are unimportant. In Indiana and Rhode Island the list of indicted includes names of greater prominence than similar lists in the other States. Both parties, nay, all three parties, are involved, one having been the grosser sinner here, another there. In all these States, what attracts the attention as much as anything else is the "wholesale" character of the indictments. But this seems to mean nothing more than that for once the officers of the law have been able to lay their hands upon a larger percentage of the guilty than is often the case. If these developments had taken place ten or fifteen years ago, the chief cause for surprise would have been, not that the men were guilty, but that they were caught. Our surprise now is on the other leg: we thought that the Australian ballot law and the general toning up of the political atmosphere had made election frauds obsolete. In a certain sense, they are, but efficient district attorneys are evidently needed to force some of our political wire-pullers to realize the fact.

Gov. Dunne's approval last week of the University of Illinois Appropriation bill, carrying $5,000,000 for the two years, is justly described as a notable event in American higher education. The sum is the largest ever appropriated by a single act to a single institution of the kind in the country; while its increase over the $4,500,000 voted in 1913 indicates the rapidity with which the revenue brought to the University by the mill-tax will grow. The bill met with some preliminary opposition, for while the mill-tax law provides that the income may be used by the University of Illinois alone, an attempt was made to force a division of it with the normal schools. Its passage unamended, by a virtually unanimous vote, with the support of all parties, confirms the law in a way that will now be binding. With the growth of property values in the State, the University should in its income shortly draw ahead of most of its rivals. It was under a Republican Administration that the mill-tax act was passed, and there were free predictions that the more economical Democrats, representing in greater degree the Irish Catholic influence of Chicago, would repeal or mutilate it. Yet the Democratic Governor Dunne has been its stanch defender. For this permanent and liberal provision for its growth, the University has chiefly to thank the sagacious efforts of President James.

The story of the chasing of the Cunard liner Orduna, bound from New York to Liverpool, as told by travellers just returned from England, has an important bearing on the submarine-warfare issue. The German submarine was sighted, it appears, at a considerable distance astern; and during the chase the submarine availed itself, of course, of all the speed that it could make by keeping on the surface. The Orduna put on full speed ahead, and also signalled by wireless for help; and when help came in sight, the submarine at once found safety under water. It is difficult to see, then, wherein lies the soundness of the assertion that a submarine cannot afford, like any other ship of war, to risk the chance of the arrival of assistance to a merchantman she desires to attack; on the contrary, she has a resource of safety which all other warcraft lack. The fact is that it is not the safety of the submarine, but the success of its operations, that is put in special peril by the giving of notice; the ignoring of the laws of war is desired for the sake of diminishing the chances of rescue for the attacked, and not in any peculiar degree for the sake of averting the danger of destruction to the attacker. Of course, even if the facts were otherwise, that would be no reason for abrogating the established rules of war. The safety of non-combatants on a merchant ship has never been regarded as conditioned on the exigencies of the warships that might desire to capture or sink her.

AMERICAN FEELING ABOUT THE GERMAN NOTE.

Comments by the German press, so far as sent by cable, on the reply of the German Government to President Wilson's protests are all of one mould. They praise their Government for its firm refusal to surrender a single German position. Equally of one mind are the American newspapers. As by a single voice they express disappointment and dissatisfaction with the communication from the German Foreign Minister, declare that the President cannot recede, and offer him hearty and non-partisan support in maintaining American rights and dignities. Thus it would appear that the Fourth Estate in the two countries is as much at variance as their Governments. Yet on neither side is there a pronounced spirit of belligerency. A deadlock is admitted on the main point at issue, yet there plainly persists the hope, open or tacit, that a solution of the crisis may be found without a rupture between Germany and the United States. We believe that a majority of the people in both nations sincerely desire that peace may not be broken.

By some German-American newspapers the German note—of which they naturally approve in general—is described as not only friendly but highly conciliatory. It seems to be thought that the German Government made a great effort to placate us. Few Americans had gathered this impression from a reading of the German reply, but they may have failed to take two things into the account—first, the native inability of the German Government to do anything gracefully; and, secondly, the difficulties under which it labored in having to satisfy public opinion at home. On the supposition that it really intended to make concessions to Americans in secondary matters, we must, in fairness, make allowance for an unfortunate manner. Disraeli spoke of a clumsy and tactless public man as possessing a "Bœotian grace." Prussian military people have that quality in the extreme. They are capable of offering, as an elephant, to brood the eggs of a partridge, and of being surprised that the warm-hearted advance is not welcome. So it may be that the phrases and proposals in the German note which seemed so heavy-footed and almost insulting were meant as a peculiarly gracious concession. Americans cannot do other than laugh at them or reject them, but it may be that we ought to recognize a kindly intent. At least, the door is left open to further negotiation.

Nor does one need to go further than the language of the German note itself to perceive that various influences, if not various hands, were at work upon it. It has certain sentences which were obviously meant for home consumption. Others betray the desire of the Foreign Office to promote an understanding with the American Government; but all the while there is, as it were, a shadow cast from behind. It is the military party, in especial the Admiralty, preventing the Foreign Minister from stating that there has been any change in the actual practice of German submarine warfare, or from saying anything about the Lusitania except what would heighten the enormity of her destruction without warning. In all this there is an awkwardness in phraseology, a blundering in the choice of words and in the methods followed, which seem as if calculated to give offence, though the fact may be that the reply was the result of a good deal of pulling and hauling, of tinkering and patching, mainly with the aim of preventing the German people from thinking that anything whatever had been yielded.

That anything material has been yielded, we are unable to see, on mature consideration of the German reply. The conditions attached to certain offers are either ridiculous or insufferable. And the *gaucheries* of attitude are almost as hard to put up with as the refusal to meet our just demands. Still, it is the part of sensible people—it is the business of statesmen—to overlook defects of manner so long as the thing earnestly desired may yet be striven for. And we make no question that it is at this time the hope of the great body of Americans that President Wilson will not stick in the bark of the mere terms of the German reply. What it proposes that is impossible of acceptance he can put aside in few words; and to the main position of his two Lusitania notes he will, of course, adhere. Yet he will be justified in thinking that the friendly tone of the German Government—even if uttered with an unhappy air—and its making of what it thought to be concessions—even if they amount to nothing—furnish him with a kind of leverage to press the business further.

It is not a question of compromise. Law, right, justice, humanity—and it is on these that our Government has taken its stand—cannot be compromised. We are working not only for our own interests, but for those of all neutrals and for the welfare of all nations. But in reasserting, as President Wilson doubtless will, the fundamentals of the American position, he may yet hope that Germany will come to a better mind. She may yet agree to set down as a promise what she has quietly adopted as a policy—not to attack merchant ships without warning, and to do everything possible to save the lives of non-combatants. The latest methods of German submarine warfare comply, so far as may be, with the rules of naval war. Let this be made the established practice, and we shall have no complaints for the future, while still insisting that the murder of Americans on the Lusitania was a criminal disregard of our rights and a gross violation of international law. That law cannot be set aside or changed by Germany alone. It can be done only by the consent of all nations. Such action she may yet be induced to await.

OUTLYING PHASES OF THE WAR.

The news of the surrender of all the remaining German forces in South Africa is not of high military importance, but has great dramatic significance and a wide suggestiveness. For one thing, it marks the extinction, temporarily at least, of the German Colonial Empire. Kiao-chau, the Pacific islands, and now the vast stretch of territory in South Africa—East Africa is as good as gone—have been lost to Germany. This was one of the great stakes which the Kaiser put at hazard when he decided upon a war into which Great Britain was certain to be drawn. The result was inevitable. Sea-power would attend to that. After all the Kaiser's exhortations to Germany to look to her future on and across the ocean, the whole colonial edifice, built up with such pains and at such cost, has now crumbled to the ground. The fated end in South Africa may not cause so much of a sensation in Berlin, or provoke so many cries of vengeance, as did the expulsion of Germany from China by the Japanese, but it cannot fail to give to serious Germans food for melancholy thought.

It marks for them the frustration of many hopes. Besides the actual loss of the colony upon which Germany had expended so much treasure, with not a little blood in the war with the Herreros, there is the further bitter reflection that the blow was dealt by the Boers, now loyal British subjects. What a change from the day when the Kaiser sent to Kruger his famously imprudent telegram! And to the German way of thinking, it would have seemed absolutely impossible, after the Boer War, that the Dutch burghers could be found so soon, and in a world-convulsion imperilling the very life of the

British Empire, fighting under the Union Jack. Germany was confident of a Boer revolt the moment the present war broke out and England's hands were tied. There was, indeed, a weak and speedily quelled revolution, which the Germans were suspected of fomenting—just as they were going to have India aflame and Egypt in insurrection—but the wise and tested colonial policy of Great Britain, giving self-government to the Boers, had its wonderful vindication in the rallying to the Empire of the great body of the Dutch in South Africa. It is a Boer, Gen. Botha, who received the surrender of the Germans. In that fact alone there is a whole history, as well as an entire body of political morals.

This South African phase of the war is but one of many reminders of the way in which the ends of the earth have felt the European cataclysm. There is good historic precedent for it. The great wars of the middle of the eighteenth century drove the American colonists into battle, as the Boers and the Australians and the Canadians have been driven during the past year. Our French and Indian wars were, as Macaulay stated in picturesque phrase, directly related to the aggressions of Frederick the Great and the huge embroilment of Europe. And what the reverberations of the Napoleonic wars were in America, both North and South, our own historians have told us. With the whole world so much more closely knit together now, and with belligerent nations having possessions and interests in every part of the globe, it was the more impossible that the maelstrom of the great war should not exert its suction far and wide. South African school children may for some time to come be taught, as American school children long were, a disproportionate view of the war in which their fathers were engaged. But in the end it will drop into its proper place as a remote incident of a mighty struggle which was centred elsewhere.

And there are countries nearer the conflict which are being pulled strongly under its influence. Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, all are agitated, all seem on the verge of a decision one way or the other. A distinction is to be noted, however. If the decision is pro-German, it does not mean active military assistance. It means only neutrality. Whereas, if those nations—or any one of them—conclude to side with the Allies, they will take the field against Germany and Austria and Turkey. A keen diplomatic duel is going on in the Balkans. But if the Germans win it, they gain nothing but an escape from new enemies. The latest reports speak of alternate proposals made by Austria-Hungary with a view to securing either the neutrality or the active military coöperation of Rumania, but probably the most that the German Foreign Office ventures to predict is that Rumania and the others will remain neutral. Even that is doubtful. To Rumania has been offered a big price by the Teutonic Allies. They have assured her that she may have parts of Bukowina and of Bessarabia. But her eyes are turned westward to Transylvania; and the indications are that she will regard the terms proposed as unsatisfactory. The negotiation has confessedly reached the point of touch and go, and constitutes today one more heavy burden for German diplomacy.

That Germany entered the war in bungling fashion is a fact which few Germans dispute. They must be made the more keenly aware of it to-day by the wiping from the map of the last of the German colonies. Nothing but complete triumph on the continent could make up for that, and no such triumph is now in sight. The Russians are visibly stiffening on their own soil. If the French and English are making small progress, they are at least showing that they can stand off the most furious German drives. Even the mismanaged Dardanelles campaign promises better. And the German submarine warfare is not starving England or appreciably crippling English commerce. Germany is putting forth mighty efforts, and is doubtless able to do so for a long time to come; but the ideas of a Bernhardi about imposing her will on Europe and becoming the great *Weltmacht* are not in process of realization. Far from adding to her dominions beyond the sea, Germany has been stripped of all she had.

LOOSE THINKING AND WEAK ACTING IN RELATION TO CRIME.

An incident of the case of Muenter, alias Holt, which has justly aroused a great deal of attention and comment is the failure of one of his fellow-workers at Ithaca to reveal the identity of the Cornell instructor of 1914 with the Harvard wife-murderer of 1906. Professor Gould has stated, with entire frankness, that he was absolutely certain, almost from the first day he met him, that Holt was none other than Muenter; he explains his silence not on the ground that there was any doubt whatever in his mind as to the fact, but on the ground that he felt it right to let the murderer go on in what appeared evidently to be a new life, in which he was conducting himself worthily. We have no desire to pass any severe judgment on Professor Gould. It is easy to think of many reasons for his pursuing the course he did, reasons which with nearly all of us would have great influence and which perhaps with most of us might prevail over the stern promptings of civic duty. The consideration of the good and evil that went into the decision of this particular man in this particular—and highly unusual—case is of far less importance than the broad question of our habitual attitude of mind when we are called upon to strike the balance between easy-going sentiment and stern duty in any case of the kind. And this brings us face to face with the whole question of our attitude, not only individual and personal, but collective and governmental, towards the entire subject of crime and punishment.

It is upon this question of the mental attitude of the community, of the public authorities, and of individuals towards crime and criminals that the crucial difficulty of the whole problem of the humanizing of the prison system turns. The *Nation* has sincerely and earnestly supported the efforts that have been made in that direction by earnest, able, and high-minded men in this and other States; but it has never disguised the perplexities with which these efforts are, in the nature of things, attended. All meaningless hardship, all senseless severity, all physical or mental distress caused, not by well-considered penal policies, but by either parsimony or ignorance or maladministration—all these things must be fought against and abolished. And on the positive or constructive side, whatever can reasonably be done for the reform and rehabilitation of the prisoner, for making him a man again if he ever was one, and even for trying to make a man of him if he never was one—all this is noble work, and a great service to the State, as well as a splendid form of humane endeavor. The only question is, in what ways and within what limits this can be done without sacrificing or endangering the primary purpose of the criminal law.

That primary purpose, it must never be forgotten, is not the reformation of the criminal, but the prevention of crime. And of all agencies the most powerful is the instinctive association of the idea of crime with the idea of punishment and disgrace. That we ever forget this, that persons oth-

erwise of keen intelligence often overlook it altogether when they discuss prison questions, is only proof of the profoundly pervasive character of that association. The idea that murder is horrible and a murderer a pariah, that to be a thief is to be an outcast—these things are so inbred in us that we never stop to think of them as arising out of any external influences, or as subject to change through a change in those influences. Yet nothing is more certain. Most of us, to be sure, would not in any case be murderers, or even thieves; but of the multitude whose moral nature is more or less defective, whose ability to resist temptation is small, or whose sense of right and wrong is easily confused, who shall say how many thousands are held safe from crime—from the first steps that lead to crime—by that intuitive abhorrence or recoil which comes from the long tradition of the prison and the gallows? It is not that the man who is on the brink of crime makes an express calculation of the chances of punishment, though this, too, plays its part; it is that thousands never reach the point where crime is contemplated as a practical possibility, because the lifelong association of disgrace and misery with the idea of crime asserts itself when even a distant thought of committing a criminal act flits across their mind. And it is this strongest of all defences of society against crime, and of the possible criminal against his temptations, that is put in danger when we permit loose thinking and sentimental action to shove aside the stern realities of crime and punishment.

NEWSPAPERS AS INSTITUTIONS.

Recent exploits of certain members of the English press have not been more noteworthy than the violent attacks upon them. Boasting of having unmade and made a Government, they have, in turn, been accused of glutting personal vengeance, of sacrificing the good of the country to a newspaper sensation, and of meddling and marring in general. The public burning of one of these papers on the floor of the London Stock Exchange was an event which Carlyle would have said was "significant of much." It has, indeed, a significance, especially when taken along with other related occurrences, which is not lost upon the more sober and responsible of English editors. Mr. Spencer, in the *Westminster Gazette*, commented not long ago upon the fact that newspapers are now under a more jealous public scrutiny, and are subject to more suspicion and dislike, well or ill founded, than ever before. He did not resent this. He merely stated it as a phenomenon of the day, which those charged with the conduct of the daily press could not afford to overlook.

It would be easy to point to signs of a similar state of mind, respecting newspapers, in this country. For a considerable period now, it has been the fashion of a certain type of man in public life to bring railing accusations against the press. These politicians have found it an almost infallible means of getting a cheer from their audiences. That is the suggestive thing, the thing for newspaper men to consider. Mr. Roosevelt, when his hat was still in the ring, took many a fling at the newspapers. They had, in his opinion as expressed at one time, fallen far below the magazines in integrity and truthfulness; though latterly he had to confess sorrowfully that even the latter had gone off sadly—by which he meant, of course, that they had refused to go off with him in his various chases after the ideal and after offices. His scolding mantle he has since passed on, apparently, to Mr. Bryan, who loses no occasion to pay his disrespects to the press. It has become a favorite way with him of bidding for applause. "You may not be persuaded by my arguments, but, anyhow, we all agree that the newspapers are selfish, venal, reckless, and untrustworthy." (Laughter and cheers.)

Naturally, Mr. Bryan has his nostrum for this evil as for all others. He explained it in his address to the Press Congress in San Francisco last week. In a word, it is to make newspapers personal instead of impersonal. Every man who writes anything should put his name to it. This is a thesis which has been debated much more than Mr. Bryan is aware, and the sound public arguments against his proposals are more numerous and weighty than he dreams of in his slap-dash philosophy. We do not propose to discuss the subject now, and refer to what he said only because of one entire misapprehension into which he fell. As if in order to sugar-coat his pill to remedy the suppression of names in journalism, he said that it would be a great help to the young and rising writers connected with the press if they were to sign their productions. As the case stands, declared Mr. Bryan, they do good work for which they get no reputation at all, while they have the mortification of seeing all the glory which should be theirs swallowed up by "a corporation"—that is, the newspaper for which they work.

This is a misunderstanding which is really laughable. There are many reasons why American newspapers have, during the past thirty or forty years, more and more ceased to be known as the personal organs of their editors or owners, and have tended to become institutions. But let that pass. What is of present concern is the mental attitude of the men who make the paper. Have they this thirst for personal notoriety, this unwillingness to have the individual sunk in the general result, which Mr. Bryan posits? Very little, we are confident. The truth is plain to any one who knows a modern newspaper office from the inside that the institutional spirit has seized upon the workers. They are not thinking all the time about themselves, but about the paper. They personify it. They have slang names for it. They say: "Well, the old girl certainly did get a move on to-day." Little by little, they become absorbed in the team-play, rather than in every man fighting for his own hand. They come instinctively to think of their newspaper as something with a life of its own, wholly independent of the particular men who happen at the moment to be responsible. Editors and writers may come and go; it is the paper that goes on forever. This institutional sense sometimes gets so strong upon newspaper men that they almost believe the edition would somehow manage to get off the press, and make its appearance on the streets just as usual, even if all the staff were to be found dead in their beds some morning.

A concrete example of what we mean has just been offered in New York. The *Sun* has been moving from the building with which its name has been so long identified. The occasion was one to bring out the truth that there is such a thing as the impersonal *Sun*. It was not a set of editors changing their offices; it was the *Sun* going to a new local habitation. There have been special reasons why the *Sun* should have acquired this air of being an institution. Under changing managements, it has maintained a distinct personality. And it has been successful in binding a great variety of workers to it in a fine *esprit de corps*. Let Mr. Bryan go to any of them and tell them that, by not signing their names, they are sacrificing their talents to a greedy newspaper, and they would laugh in his face. For what are they there except for the greater glory of the *Sun*? This might be all Greek to Mr. Bryan, but it is the sober truth. And what is true of the *Sun* is true, in one degree or another, of a thousand newspapers.

ART LESSONS OF THE EXPOSITION.

It is admitted that the central attractiveness of almost every exposition lies in its art. It was so at Paris and Brussels, at Chicago and St. Louis, and for peculiar reasons it is emphatically so at San Francisco. The industrial exhibits may be enormous and varied, but they are rarely more than so much advertising; the scientific and mechanical exhibits reach but limited circles; while the architecture, sculpture, landscape planning, and decoration constitute the chief popular appeal and teach the most enduring lessons. There has always been regret that these artistic creations must be evanescent. It is rarely that more is saved than Chicago has in her Field Columbian Museum and in the statue of the Republic by French which the trustees have just ordered executed in permanent form with the $50,000 left in the treasury. Even so, the art serves its purpose. At San Francisco, the Mediterranean sky, the clearness of the air, and the beauty of background have given Jules Guérin, Karl Bitter, Edward Bennett, and Willis Polk an unexampled opportunity. Yet the award of the fair's prizes is passing with little note, and the East appears unaware that—as various critics have agreed—artistically this is probably the most successful of all expositions.

The unique quality of the Panama Exposition and its main value as pointing to artistic innovations is by common consent its color-scheme. This exposition had a director of color and decoration; and seldom before has the convention of white been dispensed with. The fair at San Francisco is spread out like a mosaic, and to it a magazine illustrator has given the favorite hues—warm copper, green, red, orange, and blue—of his pictures. The opportunity was peculiar to the setting of skies, foothills, and bay; but not only California, but in some degree others, might benefit by the success of the experiment. In our drier climates it should be possible to take a less tolerant attitude towards the monotonous façades and roofs and the lifeless windows and ornamentations of public and private buildings. Every traveller is familiar with the vivid tiles and walls of European cities, beside which we are hopelessly at the mercy of inexpert house-painters. This idea of the Exposition has taken so well that the local press speaks of the guards' pride in the tonal harmony of their drab and red uniforms. There is also a marked lesson to the West and Southwest in the whole architectural planning of the Exposition. Not ten years ago San Francisco rejected the opportunity to achieve an ideal plan, but here something like Mr. Burnham's proposals have received concrete form. The balance and order of the three courts of the Exposition—the central Court of the Universe in the midst of eight buildings, the two side courts each in the midst of four—gain by contrast with the terraced fussiness and incongruity of San Francisco in the background. The Buffalo and Chicago Expositions gave very perceptible impulses to city-planning in the East, and the West ought to realize that it has a number of cities that are reaching a size where thought must be taken quickly. The architecture of the individual buildings, again, undoubtedly contains hints for the Coast on the Occidental use of Oriental or semi-Oriental styles.

The sculpture of the fair has been less spoken of than the architecture for the very reason that it has properly been made subsidiary to it. But we have had abundant evidence of its quality, and it is full of promise that Western names have been added to the list of those who did work at St. Louis. Mr. Royal Cortissoz has appealed to the authorities not to miss their opportunity to perpetuate the Column of Progress, with successful bas-reliefs and McNeil's Adventurous Bowman crowning the top—"so fine a composition that one cannot regard it as a bit of ephemeral decoration." Praise of the same sort has been given to two figures by Adolph Weinman, of New York, in the central court—the Rising Sun and Descending Night; and there has been warm commendation for the symbolic statuary of the Exposition—The Pioneer, The End of the Trail, The Alaskan, The Trapper, The Indian, and various large groups. Considering the freedom offered in outdoor placing, it is a happy fact that Professor Neuhaus, of the University of California, has been able to congratulate the sculptors on a restraint not seen in the permanent statuary scattered throughout the West. This may have some connection with the greater opportunities offered in the painting of mural decorations above the doorways, in niches, and in outdoor and indoor panels. In sculpture, our expositions have invariably been schools for the artists as well as for the public; there seems every reason to believe that the opportunities offered at San Francisco will have proved an encouragement to a rising group on the Coast.

Artistically, the Panama Exposition has been more dependent than its predecessors upon this country alone, the missions to Europe for foreign contributions having been cut short by the war. But, in any event, it would have shown a greater reliance upon native artists. A glance over the list of eighty contributors to this part of the fair will reassure those who fear that we are still the slaves of Paris, Dresden, and Rome. Twenty of them were born west of the Mississippi; twice as many more on this side of the Atlantic. We are too prone to forget that a sculptor like Borglum could come originally from Ogden, Utah, and a painter like Guérin from St. Louis, and that such men owe a great part of their training to American schools. The achievements at San Francisco are in great measure our own achievements. It is possible to gain a greater measure of artistic self-confidence and boldness from the Exposition. From their cost, it is probable that large international fairs are becoming a thing of the past; but the succession of them in this country, from the time when the Centennial Exposition showed us our deplorable poverty, has been invaluable in educating us in the fine arts.

Foreign Correspondence

THE NEW WAR LOAN—ITS DEMOCRATIC APPEAL—THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, June 25.

The topics of the moment (in addition to the daily happenings of the war) are the new war loan and Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for mobilizing the industrial resources of the country for the production of munitions.

Our economists have made it quite evident to us that, to meet the expenses of the war, we must devote ourselves to the increase of all forms of necessary production, and resign ourselves to a great decrease in the consumption of luxuries. An enormous amount of that postponed consumption which we call investment is imperatively necessary; and for the truly patriotic citizen, the only fully satisfactory investment must take the form of a loan to Government. The provisions of the new loan, as explained by Mr. McKenna, fortunately involve no clash between patriotism and self-interest. The 4½ per cent. interest it offers is considerably more attractive than the "sweet simplicity" of the Post Office Savings Bank's 2½ per cents. So far the scheme has met with little but approval; the main criticism has been that the terms are, perhaps, a little too generous for the investor, and that some (inevitable) hardship may be felt by holders of other Government scrip bringing in lower dividends. So far as practicable, however, this latter objection has been met by a liberal scheme of conversion. Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. McKenna's financing is the attempt to tap a new source of supply in the accumulations of the workingman and other small investors. The terms are so

tempting and the facilities (for instance, in the shape of vouchers for five shillings and upwards, obtainable in any post office) are so convenient that there is some reason to hope that Mr. McKenna may be able to assert that he has democratized the finances of the state.

It is usually assumed that thrift and saving have not been the strongest points of the British workingman. We must not forget, however, that besides the large deposits in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks, the working classes have made enormous investments in building and coöperative societies. There are, I believe, many small industrial towns in some of our northern counties where hardly a "shop" is to be seen, practically the whole of the retail traffic being carried on through coöperative stores. However this may be, expert judges seem convinced that labor will take up a very large amount of the loan, particularly as so many skilled workmen are now earning unusually high wages. Moreover, the trades unions and the friendly societies are meeting the scheme with great good will, and large firms are encouraging their employees to invest, by the promise of bonuses. It is interesting to note that the plan seems to appeal strongly to women workers. It is hoped in some quarters that the moral stimulus of the facilities of the loan may turn out not wholly incommensurate with that of the prohibition of the sale of vodka in Russia. The objection that the issue of this loan will depreciate other securities is answered by the fact that such securities would depreciate in any case if the war went against us, and that this loan is intended to help us to forestall that danger. It is too early yet to assert that the loan has been a complete success; but the Bank of England has already distributed over 4,000,000 copies of the prospectus, and bonds and vouchers are being rapidly taken up.

In connection with this loan, more will perhaps be heard of the Right Hon. Russell Rea's idea that thrift should be made compulsory, and that people should be made to subscribe to the loan, just as they are obliged to pay their taxes. It is understood that Mr. Rea's scheme is looked upon with favor in high official quarters. In the first place, he would impound the greater part of the additional profits of all persons and firms whose profits have increased, not only through direct dealing with Government departments, but in consequence of the changed economic conditions produced by the war—such profits as those now being made by the general body of coal-owners and cargo ship-owners. In the second place, he would make contributions to the loan compulsory upon the large class of workmen now earning greatly increased weekly wages, who for the most part escape the payment of income tax. He would make it obligatory upon employers to keep a stock of the new five-shilling certificates, and upon employers to pay, and the workmen to receive, one pound's worth of such certificates in part payment of wages in all cases where the wages exceed three pounds, and additional certificates to the amount of one-half of the sum by which the weekly wage exceeds three pounds.

Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for the enlistment of an industrial army has also been well received; but there will be more to say about this next week. There is no question that Mr. McKenna and Mr. George have between them, in these last few days, succeeded in impressing even the most thoughtless with the gravity and urgency of the situation the country has to face.

In view of America's silence during Germany's continued torpedoing of neutral vessels and British unarmed merchantmen and fishing boats, we have all betaken ourselves to a renewed scrutiny of President Wilson's notes of May 15 and June 11, and have been relieved by the wide scope of the passages quoted below, which seem to go far beyond immunity for the lives and property of American citizens only:

". . . Lives of non-combatants, whether of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully and rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of unarmed merchantmen. . . . Manifestly submarines cannot be used against merchantmen, as the last few weeks have shown, without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity." [May note.]

"The sinking of passenger ships involves principles of humanity which throw into the background any special circumstances of detail that may be thought to affect the case—principles which lift it, as the Imperial German Government will be no doubt quick to recognize and acknowledge, out of the class of ordinary subjects of diplomatic discussion or international controversy. . . . The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than the rights of property and the privileges of commerce. . . . The Government of the United States relies in these representations on the principles of humanity, the universally recognized understanding of international law." [June note.]

We therefore await with confidence the ultimate resolution of the President, convinced that the man who penned these sentences had a full and true appreciation of the real question at issue, and knowing that, with President Wilson, words are not used until the ultimate action has been foreseen and decided.

ELYSIAN FIELDS OF PARIS—RELICS OF CIVILIZATION SNATCHED FROM KULTUR.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 26.

It is Sunday afternoon, and such a day as you have only in these moist climates, where the clouds float low and the heavens seem nearer. The sun has not yet burned the leaves nor dust stained them. An American lady, who knows the lingo of art, is in vocal ecstasy over the "pastel colors" of trees and grass and sky. We are going to see tapestries which have been saved from the bombarded Cathedral of Rheims and antiquities rescued from destroyed Belgian towns in the neighborhood of Ypres. They are exhibited at the Petit Palais, which is the Paris Municipal Museum in the Champs Elysées.

It is an "exposition for the benefit of *Gens de Lettres,* artists, and works of artistic solidarity—French and Belgian." There is need of the thing represented by this new word "solidarity," just as Roman law held certain single debtors solidly liable for an obligation of partnership—*promittentes singuli in solidum tenentur.* We are all of us solid in our love of Belgium and France in this devastation; and the guardians of the exhibits and those who sell notices and post cards do not lessen the solidarity.

They are young men, awkward and unused and anxious to show good will. One has his coat hanging over where his right arm should be; another has his left hand in a black sling neatly pinned against his breast, and one who sits at a table has crutches and one foot. So it is for all of them. They are the *mutilés* of war—a half-dozen from among the thousands who have escaped from the carnage with only loss of limb. They are stationed here, not to excite pity, for countless others like them pass you in the street; but to give them employment and a chance to earn however little for their living. How to do this is one of the heartrending problems which peace itself will not solve.

The tapestries are those at which passing tourists once stared as they hurried through the nave and transepts of the Cathedral Church of Rheims. They will be studied more carefully now that they may be seen nearer. It is astonishing how much you learn from them.

Two are of the "strong King Clovis." They were presented only in 1573 to the cathedral where the Kings of France were crowned, but they must be much older. There is not a trace of Renaissance ornament in them, while the twelve tapestries of the "Life of the Virgin Mary," which were presented in 1530, already show a hesitating return of Latin art to Gothic Gaul. One of these Clovis pieces represents his victory over Gundebert the Burgundian and Alaric the Visigoth, and a solidarity of other foes who were never thus together in real life. The weaver has mingled his figures as he did his legends, and a great strip across the tapestry has been replaced unskilfully. Bodies of heroes are mutilated in a puzzling way, which even our own war cannot rival. There is a church porch for architecture at one end and Flemish gables along the ridge of war, and a motley crowd going processionally to fight. They are led by a miraculous deer, who is known by his horns. He crosses a river not so broad as the back of the horse which is to carry over it strong King Clovis or some of his men. It is the delight of children to stand and pick out the separate figures, as in some puzzle. Women who tolerated Cubism before Modern History began are less patient, and pass on.

Across the hall, where the Virgin is being brought up by hand in the Temple, she, too, is engaged in tapestry-weaving. She is seated, and the threads pass over her lap on a sort of embroidery frame, while she holds the shuttle in her hand. The design shows what she has already woven—a long, narrow strip of Renaissance ornament. But houses and costumes and the letters of the legend above are Gothic, which means medlæval. Just as no one then looked at the strip of weaving and gathered from it that civilization was taking a new turn, so now we find it hard to believe that our whole world is at another turning of the way, although seventeen-inch mortars are exploding Culture at us. I could not pick out in the Clovis tapestries a single figure of a gun, not even an arquebus, but only bows and crossbows and stout-headed spears. And yet the world looks as if it went on much as in these late months. Of the years a little before the real Clovis, St. Je-

rome writes: "The inhabitants of the powerful city of Rheims have been harried away into Germany." This time we have saved the tapestries.

At every step in the hall where Belgian antiquities and objects of art are stowed there is something to stir feeling. There are late church ornaments and ancient cloth of gold; miniatures of prosperous Flemings after Rubens's day, and metal work of the little republics of trading Flanders, in the middle ages. Then Ypres had its thousands of looms and [some say] gave its name to "diaper" linen. From Poperinghe and Dixmude and Nieuport—places now flaming out again into sudden prominence as ruthless invasion destroys them—we have here the evidence of lives of peaceful toil and art and religion. It is what men used to call civilization. At the sight the heart grows big within one to defend it—and this is, perhaps, another benefit of such exhibitions.

The American lady in pursuit of artistic emotions stays at the tapestry of the "Nativity of the Virgin"—"Why, there was another Nativity we just saw in this same series."

A young man, not unacquainted with the Higher Criticism, says apologetically: "This is the Nativity of the Virgin; that was the Nativity of Christ. This is from the Apocryphal Gospels."

The inconsequential lady makes an irrefutable answer: "Apocryphal? Well, the Virgin Mary had to be born, too, didn't she? What a pity the Apocrypha is not in our Bible!"

With all these art industries in a narrow region where the same families lived their little lives, generation after generation, there must have been a popular education of taste and, in some ways, a diffusion of knowledge which is now wanting in our largest cities. Matthew Arnold was struck by Cardinal Antonelli's remark: "An Italian peasant may not be able to read; but stand him before a statue or work of art, and he will say, 'It's beautiful!' or 'It's ugly!' and most of the time he will be right." Of course, it would be better that the people should both read and have taste and other humanities, as well—and in all these the Belgians, whose homes are destroyed, are no whit inferior to their invaders.

Coming down the Champs Elysées, we could see the Boy Scouts' training parade in the Tuileries Gardens. The older ones have a uniform and real guns—without bayonets. The younger, who are by no means the least disciplined, are in khaki waists and breeches with bare knees. This universal training is having its effect on the race. Doctors who have been just examining eighteen-year-olds, in case they should have to be called out for war, have been impressed by the very common superiority of their physique over regular conscripts of twenty. And their moral quality is higher tuned, as every observer can see if he opens his eyes.

Further along, towards the Boulevard, veritable soldiers—sans eyes or nose, or arms or legs in many cases—sit in their worn and stained uniforms at café terraces. This is allowed to the uniform on Sunday, but on other days only from five to seven o'clock. People around make room carefully for them, doing honor. And this, too, is moral and as it should be. What shall Peace bring to their broken lives and to those responsible for such breakage?

The Gaiety of Socrates

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A PROFESSOR MEDITATING AFTER A PHI BETA KAPPA DINNER ON THE LOST ART OF BANQUETING.

Midnight, May 30, 1915. I have just returned from the Phi Beta Kappa banquet—sober, as usual, and full of noble ideals. Quite convinced that I ought to hitch my wagon to a star. Much impressed, as in 1914, by the necessity of giving up my frivolous way of life and devoting myself seriously to the career of a scholar.

Phi Beta Kappa expects every man to do his duty. Sooner or later I suppose I shall have to speak at one of these dinners myself. I have escaped hitherto; but my freedom in the past diminishes my chance of immunity in the future. When the good stories have all been told, when the silver-tongued orators all have spoken, when the resources of the committee on arrangements are exhausted, my turn will come—and what, in the name of invention, shall I say? This question disturbed me not a little this evening, as I glanced across the angle at the speakers' table, and noticed the abstracted expression of the speakers' faces from the soup onward, and, between courses, their silent rehearsal of words that were soon to fall from their lips with bright unpremeditated felicity.

All Phi Beta Kappa orators, it seems to me as I run over my acquaintance with them, may be divided into two classes: the historians and the preachers—the men with a long memory and the men with a long message. The historians—the older members usually, those who rocked the cradle of the Society in its infancy, like Professor Good and Professor Wise—delight us with reminiscences of Phi Beta Kappa as it was forty or fifty years ago—reminiscences which to us with shorter perspective have all the freshness of novelty. Theirs is a useful type of speech; for it impresses upon the minds of our novitiates the venerable antiquity of the organization with which they have just become identified. They will never forget, for example, Professor Good's impassioned picture of the days when the flowing bowl went round at the banquets of this Society; nor will they forget his plea for the perpetuation of traditions. Our younger orators, on the other hand, those who have not yet sunk into the retrospective attitude, those who look not downward and backward but forward and upward and onward—they sweep the strings of moral idealism, and urge the novitiates on to high and strenuous endeavor. In speaking of our younger orators, I am thinking of Professor Graves, and how his address opened with a solemn promise not to preach; and how in a moment it branched out into as many ethical heads as Hydra had or a sermon by Jonathan Edwards; and how it closed in a glowing peroration on the importance of abiding by our promises.

Now as I shall always be outranked in the field of society history by some orator of Nestorian memory, prudence and an ancestral line of New England clergymen point me to the moral disquisition. When my turn comes, I must *deliver a message*. What shall be my theme? PHILOSOPHY THE GUIDE OF LIFE? THE CONSCIENCE OF THE SCHOLAR? THE DUTY OF THE SCHOLAR? THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SCHOLAR? . . . Even as I write these words, there breaks upon me a great flood of light, and in the midst of the light is a great interrogation point. The essence of the question is this: Why do all our Phi Beta Kappa moralists exercise their great powers of moral persuasion upon the ninety-and-nine just men that need no repentance? Why do they seek to turn towards scholarly seriousness just those who can by no means be turned away from it? Why should *any one* think it necessary to rise in this Society and talk to its members about the responsibility of the scholar, the duty of the scholar, the conscience of the scholar? Is not this an attempt to gild refined gold and paint the lily white? To harangue such a society as this, on any such subjects as these, strikes me, just now, as one of a long list of unnecessary things: it is like talking to a life-saving crew about the importance of learning to swim; it is like talking to the 'varsity football team about the importance of taking exercise; it is like urging a group of sorority girls to take an interest in social life; it is like declaring the value of Greek to classicists, like P. E. More and Professor Babbitt; it is like recommending the Carnegie Foundation or a Company of Deans to "tighten up the screws" or to "humanize the machine"; it is like railing against college presidents at a convention of professorial anarchists like Dr. C—— or our own Professor Freelance. In conscience, duty, and responsibility, the members of our society live and move and have their being.

If ever I am called upon to speak before the members of Phi Beta Kappa, I shall not urge upon them the virtues for which they are already preëminent. I shall rather begin in some such way as this:

Ladies and gentlemen of this ancient and honorable Society: You have all heard the old story about the Phi Beta Kappa poem said to have been published some years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* by a graduate of Harvard University—that great institution to which many of us owe all that we have and are. I shall therefore repeat it to you this evening. You will remember that the Cambridge poet tells us how in his poetic frenzy a trance fell upon him, and a wonderful vision appeared to him. You will remember that in the vision a little band of Harvard men, all members of Phi Beta Kappa, visit the Kingdom of Heaven, and inspect the throne, and are granted audience before the Almighty. And you will recall that the visit ended in the completest satisfaction to the visitors—and to the visited. And you will have in mind the last great climactic line in which the author, summing up the

impression made and received in Heaven by the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa men, says: "And God was pleased with them; *and they were pleased with him.*"

Ladies and gentlemen of the Gamma chapter, Phi Beta Kappa men and women are the same the world over. We who are met here together this evening are the intellectual cream of a great intellectual community. We have been chosen as Gideon chose the three hundred to go up against the Midianites. We have disciplined ourselves to hardness and austerity. We have shunned soft delights and lived laborious days. What pietists call the "temptations of the world" have been no temptations to us. I look around me; and I see heads grown gray in renunciation. I look around at the Dean of Men, and at the Dean of Women* and at Dean Tenace* and at Professor Pumps* and at Professor Cleek* and at Professor Brassey* and at Doctor Lofter,* and I say to myself: "Why talk to these great lonely thinkers of husbanding the diamond-studded hours, and eschewing the soft seductions of the dance, the lure of the bridge table, and the green enchantment of the golf links?" What do these things mean to any of *us?* We all, as I have said, have burned the midnight oil. We have sought that excellence which, as the Greeks tell us, a man must wear his heart out to attain. Sitting here this evening, with our golden badges of achievement upon our bosoms and a shade of weariness upon our brows, we represent the accomplishment of a remorseless purpose; we are the embodiments, in the intellectual sphere, of fulfilled desire. What remains to put the last touch upon our perfection? What can we do to keep ourselves, as Matthew Arnold would say, from a self-satisfaction that is vulgarizing and relaxing?

Ladies and gentlemen, when I am in doubt what I ought to think of any movement of ideas or any project or any organization in this community, I turn to that great responsible organ of community sentiment, the *'Varsity Daily;* and I inquire what the *'Varsity Daily* thinks of it. What does the *'Varsity Daily* think of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and its banquet? When this great voice of community sentiment reports a banquet of the athletes, or of the seniors, or of the Loyal Order of Hibernians, do we not regularly find its approval of the organization heralded in some such headlines as these?

FEST HALL SEES GREAT REVEL OF SENIORS.

Eats and Drinks Abundant.

A Grand Time Was Had by All.

Now let me solemnly put it to your scholarly consciences, ladies and gentlemen, whether the *'Varsity Daily* has ever admitted that at our annual symposium "a grand time was had by all," or even that "eats and drinks" were abundant? In the cold gray dawn of the morning after, as we open the dew-drenched sheet, do we not rather find ourselves and our activities advertised by some such caption as this?

HIGH-BROWS HOLD ANNUAL SOLEMNITIES.

PROMINENT DEANS URGE HIGH STANDARDS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

O. B. Wise Puts the Punch Into Scholarship.

Ladies and gentlemen, I rise to-night to say that the more we plan to put the "punch" into scholarship, the more we should plan at certain intervals, such as this, to take the punch out of the scholar. I mean to mollify and unbend him; to make his wisdom smile; to smooth his wrinkled front; to shake his diaphragm with laughter; and, in short, to subject the tired tendons of his mind to the salutary osteopathy of ridicule. I rise to-night to suggest that the one thing needful to our perfection is a richer tincture of gaiety—gaiety sufficient to make our annual banquet a revel not a rite, a feast and not a function. If we are to make the key-man who is now playing billiards at the Club wish he were here, if we are to make the key-woman who is now dancing at Argentina Hall wish she were here, if we are to make our colleagues who are now viewing the legitimate moving pictures at the Orpheum wish they were here, we must, in one way or another, persuade the public, not merely that "eats and drinks" were abundant, but also that a "grand time" was had by all—a grander time than was to be had anywhere else from the western limits of the Country Club to the utmost shores of Crystal Lake.

In this matter I am in accord with the philosopher Spinoza, who says in his treatise on the "Improvement of the Intellect": "*It is essential to my happiness,* to try to make many others understand what *I* understand, so that their intellect and desire may entirely agree with my intellect and desire."

I recognize at once that many members of this company may be of Lord Chesterfield's mind, when he wrote to his son that no gentleman ever permits himself to laugh. It is the tenacity with which whole classes of society cling to this rigid principle of decorum that makes it so difficult for the wits of the world to add materially to the gaiety of nations. Thus Molière, who was one of the ablest of wits, says that it is a very serious business making honest people laugh. George Meredith carries on the idea, when he declares that all the great humorists have been grave men—permanently saddened, I suppose, by years of effort unavailingly directed towards making their contemporaries smile. The professor in particular is a hard case, as Mark Twain discovered to his dismay when he tried to make the professors at Cambridge cheerful. The professor, I say, is a hard case—which perhaps explains why he seems to live in perpetual fear of losing his character.

The thesis which I wish to advance to-night is nearly the converse of Meredith's. I wish to take up another aspect of the relation between gaiety and greatness. I wish to prove that all great men have been gay men. This will be just a little difficult; because it isn't true. If the whole truth were to be told, many great men, I fear some of them members of our own Society, are now in the fifth circle of Hell. In Dante's Hell, the fifth circle, you will remember, is hardly hot enough to be comfortable. It is the circle to which souls are sent who in life succumbed to spiritual gloom and despondency. There, the poet tells us, "fixed in the slime, they say, 'Sullen were we in the sweet air that by the sun is gladdened, bearing within ourselves the sluggish fume; now we are sullen in the black mire.' This hymn they gurgle in their throats." In spite of these depressing instances, however, there are cases enough of greatness coupled with gaiety to make at least a *show of truth,* which, as every graduate student knows, is all that is necessary to sustain a thesis.

It now becomes necessary to explain the gaiety of greatness, and to illustrate it. It is commonly assumed that gaiety is a token of a light nature; quite the contrary is the truth. *The gaiety of the great rises from their sense of surplus power—power more than adequate to any situation in which they may find themselves.*

This power manifests itself in the most exhilarating fashion when serious resolute men, such as we are, who have striven and suffered and achieved, as we have achieved, show themselves able to turn about and laugh at their own achievements, before they press on to new ones. The late William James, much to the horror of his colleagues, who were afraid that he would lose his character, frequently flashed out with that sort of spontaneous unprofessional gaiety. When I heard him speak on philosophy before the Harvard Graduates' Club, a great fresh breeze seemed to rise from his mind, and to sweep over the audience, and blow all the academic dust and conventions out at the windows. He had the power to be a professor of philosophy; and he had also the surplus power to laugh at being a professor of philosophy. I will give you an illustration. "Whatever universe a professor believes in," said William James, as he unfolded the doctrine of pragmatism, "must at any rate be a universe that lends itself to lengthy discourse." There is an example of gaiety rising from power more than adequate to the situation of a professor.

Another American scholar—likewise combining greatness with gaiety, but at our dinners more often remembered for the former quality than for the latter—was Ralph Waldo Emerson. Emerson had sufficient power of goodness to be a Unitarian minister, but he had a surplus power of goodness which enabled him to leave off being a Unitarian minister, and which emboldened him to cry in one of his essays: "Come, let us drink wine, and crown our heads with roses, and break up the tedious roof of heaven into new forms." There is an example of gaiety rising from power more than adequate to the situation of a Unitarian minister.

You will find this superfluous power also in that grim-visaged soldier of God, Oliver

*Unmarried members are indicated by a single asterisk.

Cromwell, of whom a contemporary writer tells us that, in riding to the battle of Naseby, the general drew his horse a little aside from his troops to laugh, thinking how the Lord was going that day to deliver the enemy into his hand. That is a case of gaiety rising from power more than adequate to the situation of a Puritan general.

I think, too, of the surplus power of that great classical moralist of the eighteenth century, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, after an altercation with a friend, sent out peals of laughter so loud that his voice, as his admiring biographer informs us, seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch. I never allude to that grave melancholy scholar without recalling how from time to time his gigantic gaiety banished his fear of death in hours of golden relaxation. "One night," says Boswell, "when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humor agreed to their proposal: *'What! is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.'*" And the great lexicographer, the author of the "Vanity of Human Wishes," spent the rest of the night boating on the Thames and "frisking" through the city. Langton left them in the morning to go to a breakfast with some young ladies. "Johnson scolded him for leaving his social friends to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-ideaed* girls. Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, 'I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in *The Chronicle*.' Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, 'He durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him.'" Here we have an example of gaiety rising from power more than adequate to the situation of a great classical moralist.

I might carry this theme to superhuman heights. If I had the boldness of a Lamb, I might proceed to speak of the "inextinguishable laughter" of the gods. Or I might remind you of those occasions, authenticated by the prophets, when he that sitteth in the heavens laughs. Both are illustrations of that unimaginable power which is more than adequate to governing the universe. But prudence counsels me to check my adventurous flight below the sublimer levels of gaiety. We shall find it more profitable to confine our meditations to the laughter of mortals.

Ladies and gentlemen, when I meditate on the grim-eyed gravity of modern scholarship, I long to talk with some old scholar's ghost who lived before the Efficiency Experts were born. When I consider most thoughtfully the one thing needful to add the last touch of grace to a Phi Beta Kappa banquet, I think of the invincible gaiety of Socrates. He was the gravest man in Greece; but he was also the blithest. He was the best diner-out in Athens, and every banquet that he attended was a revel. He had the ugliest satyr-like face that the gods ever moulded for one of the children of men; but there was celestial sunlight in his mind. And whether he was discoursing on the divine and the earthly loves at the house of Agathon, or whether he was driving the sophist Protagoras into the intricate net of his dialectic, this superfluous celestial sunlight played about his crooked mouth in a feasting smile that filled the handsomest men in the city with envy and with rapture. And when he made an after-dinner speech, the guests forgot the buffoon and the Syracusian dancing-girl provided by their host; and they forgot the vine-crowned goblets of clear wine; for they had drunk the deeper intoxication of the Socratic gaiety; and when he rose to depart, the young men rose and followed him, like bees following the scent of honey, and they went out, walking and talking still, to meet the gray-eyed dawn.

Something like this, ladies and gentlemen, should be the result of a Phi Beta Kappa banquet. I do not despair of the emulation proposed. Though Socrates had a demon, he was not a god. Socrates was a man, such as we are. He was, in a manner of speaking, a professor, such as we are. He sought truth, such as we seek. He had felt poverty, such as ours is. He had a wife, such as ours are. And yet Socrates was gay! His good lady upbraided him, just as ours do; she berated him, no doubt, for wasting his time on his students; urged him to brush his clothes and take her to see the new comedy of Aristophanes; begged him to go with her and call on Mrs. Alcibiades; besought him to *"get in"* with the Pericles circle; scolded him for loitering in the market-place; insisted that he should bestir himself, so that they might take the position in Athenian society to which his talents entitled him. But Socrates smiled, and pursued his true calling. And when his friends asked how he preserved his charming serenity through the perpetual rainy season of his domestic life, he replied, with his victorious and contagious gaiety, that to live with his wife was an admirable discipline in virtue. That was an example of power more than adequate to the situation of being Xantippe's husband. And when Critobulus, a very handsome banqueter, gave as his chief reason for self-congratulation his possession of good looks, Socrates cut in with the question: "Why, Critobulus, do you give yourself this air of vanity, as if you were handsomer than I?" That was an example of power more than adequate to the situation of being as ugly as Silenus. And when Socrates was asked what he meant by his boast that he was the wisest man in Greece, he answered, still with that feasting smile, that he was the only man in Greece who knew that he knew nothing. This was an example of power more than adequate to the situation of being—a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. It was an example of the power requisite to the enjoyment of a Phi Beta Kappa banquet.

Ladies and gentlemen, other speakers will come after me in later years with a clearer gift than I to preach the gospel of gaiety. I am but a voice crying in the wilderness of our gravity. I shall be content, if of me it is said in the good time to come: "He was not gay himself, but he was the cause of gaiety in others." I shall be content, if at our next symposium the committee on arrangements acts upon the suggestion which I am about to make.

There is, as the philosopher Lotze tells us, a mystical power in our outward raiment and garniture. When Machiavelli read the classics, he put on his most gorgeous robes of state in order that his mind might the more readily enter into the intellectual splendor of Greece and Rome. When Socrates attended a banquet, he bathed, and put on his sandals, and a fresh robe. If we are to profit by these examples, all the members of our Society, and especially the speakers, will stream into this building at the appointed hour with a kind of festive and processional pomp; each man wearing a scarlet ostrich feather in his hat, and each woman borrowing a hint from the May-day masqueraders. Those who are gay in themselves will express their gaiety in their outward garb; and those who are sullen in their hearts will wear a visor as at a masked ball, or they will impersonate for the occasion some dead scholar who was gay. As we enter the portals, the toastmaster in a golden robe leading, and the valedictorian of that year dancing before him to the sound of a flute, the youngest and fairest of the novitiates will strew the threshold with daffodils or such early flowers as the spring affords. When we have taken our places at the board, the fairest of the novitiates, still moving rhythmically about the table to the enlivening strains of the flute, will pin a rose on the coat lapel of every professor, signifying the perfume of virtue; and on the head of every woman who is a doctor of philosophy they will place a garland of red and white roses, signifying the eternal youth of wisdom. Since King George and Lord Kitchener have dispensed with wine, we shall probably never be able to revive the tradition whose lapse Professor Good laments; but we shall pass from hand to hand a great vine-crowned loving-cup brimming with liquor potent enough to cheer and inebriate a Secretary of State. I cannot enter into the details of the programme; but I am sure we shall have some good speeches on the gayer aspects of science—perhaps some astronomer will tell us about the music of the spheres and how the morning stars sing together. We shall have some good singing; perhaps some member of the department of geology will strike the harp like Cædmon, and sing to us about the creation of the world. We shall have some dancing, too, and some examples of the mimetic art—perhaps some member of the department of German will give us an allegorical dance, symbolizing the progress of *Kultur* in America. Then the spokesman for the

novitiates, in a short and modest speech, will explain undergraduate politics, and tell us how he engineered his election into our society. Finally, that member of Phi Beta Kappa who has most clearly demonstrated in the course of the year that he has power more than adequate to being a member of Phi Beta Kappa will read a panegyrical poem commemorative of some scholar who though great was gay. And in the rosy dawn of the morning after, we shall find, as we turn to our great responsible organ of community sentiment, some such headlines as these:

HILARITY HALL SEES SATURNALIAN REVEL OF KEYMEN.

WISEACRES MAKE WISDOM SMILE.

A Grand Time Had By All.

BALAUSTION.

Poetry

THE SHEPHERD INVITES HIS LOVE TO LEAVE THE CITY.

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

Dear Phillis, since the world's perverse
And speeding now from bad to worse,
Let's breathe a sigh and cry, "'Tis pity,"
And up and leave the loathly city.

If you'll but drop your cold disdain,
And say the word, and take the train,
We'll go where happy lovers stray
By woods and waters far away.

Upon a bluff beside a lake
I'll build a cabin for your sake,
With fire-place where the logs shall glow
Like Indian campfires long ago.

When through our casements, opened wide,
The gray light wakes us drowsy-eyed,
We'll sally out, while rabbits skip,—
Barefoot, like them, for the morning dip.

Returning, see the rising sun
Gilding the treetops one by one,
Or guiding us with golden finger
Where the blue-eyed hairbells linger.

A brief grace said, we'll break our fast
With cream and blueberries while they last;
Then berries red and black are taken—
Topping them off with crispèd bacon.

And when the room is set aright,
The floor clean-swept and sanded white,
We'll wander where the spirit leads
Through dusky glens or flowered meads.

Sometimes we'll sit upon the cliff,
Watching the yachtsman sail his skiff,
Or send our wayward fancies flying
Whither the wide-winged heron's hieing.

Or spy near by the crimson caps
Of fair coquettes a-swim, perhaps;
And laugh to see the pretty sillies
Flecking the waves like water-lilies.

But if you are in pensive mood,
When stillness holds the enchanted wood,
We'll lie beneath a hemlock olden
Where shadows check the sunlight golden,

And I will make you pillows rare
Of sweet fern-brake and maiden-hair,
And when your peerless head reposes
I'll crown you queen with fresh wild roses.

And we will read some famous woe
That lovers had long, long ago—
How Merlin fared with her he met,
And Aucassin with Nicolette,

What pain and joyance Iseult knew,
And Guenivere, so false, so true,
Till all their sad and sweet distress
Is linked with your breathless loveliness,

And I will ask all birds that sing
And every fair and joyous thing
To raise in voices dutiful
High hymns to my lady beautiful.

And when the wood-thrush sings no more,
And the waves break louder on the shore,
And the ruby beacon flings its shimmer
Over the deep where the dim stars glimmer,

When the moon makes magical the night,
And the wide heavens are filled with light,
When through the quivering leaves above us
The wood gods whisper that they love us,

O, then we shall wander hand in hand
Down the white reaches of the sand,
No sad thought back nor forward casting—
Wishing the night were everlasting.

Notes from Two Capitals

THE PRESIDENT'S UNDERSTUDY.

The Vice-President, whose native State of Indiana is washed by the billows of the Ohio and Wabash Rivers, comes thus naturally by a naval policy of his own. As nearly as it can be made out from fragmentary reports, he disbelieves in building any more giant warships because a submarine costing only $700,000 can destroy a super-Dreadnought costing ten times as much. Though this declaration may not change the Government's course, it will attract attention because it came from him, for Mr. Marshall is the surprise—slangy critics call him the "singed cat"—of the present Administration. From a man with a rather low, wide forehead, a heart-shaped face, and a not impressive amount of avoirdupois, they had not expected much; but for a fact, few men who loomed upon public life as lately as he have been more frequently quoted.

Imagine the late John James Ingalls, of Kansas, reduced in stature by about a foot and broadened just a trifle, his parchment skin supplanted by a more transparent complexion with live tints in it, and a genial air in the place of the somewhat cynical one that Ingalls carried about with him, and you have a fair idea of Thomas R. Marshall. The Vice-President's deliberate, clean-cut manner of speech is not unlike that of Ingalls, but its tone is more racy. In expressing disapproval, Marshall is quaint where Ingalls was sardonic. Ingalls went to the classics for his metaphors, while Marshall goes to the street life of the provincial town. Ingalls did not look himself outside of his black Prince Albert coat, suggestive of an animated stovepipe; Marshall looks hardly comfortable outside of his easy-fitting sack.

One difference between the two men is especially conspicuous: Ingalls had the assumed dignity of the stage, used to cover a disposition by no means unbending; Marshall has a native pride over which he must always wear his light-mindedness as a cloak. Marshall may complain of the meaningless etiquette of office, and say that he longs to put his feet upon his desk and smoke his cigar at his ease; he may crack a joke on his room at the Capitol as reminding him of a monkey's cage except that the visitors do not offer him peanuts; but were a political cataclysm to unseat him to-morrow, you would not find him hiring out to a sensational newspaper as a reporter of prize fights any more than he has been found willing to sign for a Chautauqua engagement unless the jugglers and yodlers were eliminated from the same share of the entertainment.

Marshall made himself famous as Governor of Indiana by his success in laying out a programme of legislation for his party, and holding the State lawmakers up to it till he had got what he wanted. His victory over the factional leader, Tom Taggart, was a big gain for respectable politics thereabout, and by its damage to Taggart's prestige may have contributed more than has been generally suspected to the recent municipal housecleaning by the criminal authorities of Marion County. Since coming to Washington, he has won a reputation for personal independence which his friends declare places him in the statesmen's category, but his enemies decry as mere eccentricity. Though a loyal supporter of the President for a second term, if he has anything to say about public affairs he says it without waiting to inquire what Mr. Wilson thinks. He has taken the Senate's breath away two or three times, while presiding, by his presumption: once, when the Senators made too much noise with their chat in the back part of the hall, he administered a keen-edged rebuke to their bad manners which brought them to order without more ado; on another occasion he took Speaker Reed's short-cut from idleness to business by counting a quorum after a filibustering roll call had failed to discover the presence of one.

He feels no mercy in his soul for monopoly, but disbelieves in further anti-Trust legislation by Congress, being confident that the States have in their own hands all the remedies necessary, if they would forbid any corporation to do business in them which owns or holds the capital stock of any other corporation, or whose capital stock is owned or held by any other. He insists that there is "too much science" in the educational system of to-day, and "too little God Almighty"; but while he was Governor of Indiana he encouraged Sunday ball-playing. In the midst of all the excitement over the sinking of the Lusitania, it was he who recalled the ancient legal tradition that an English ship is a bit of English soil afloat. And, finally, he declines to take part in jaunts for either business or pleasure unless Mrs. Marshall can go with him, as they have never been parted for

the whole of twenty-four hours during what he calls their "twenty-years' honeymoon."

On the whole, we have a unique character in our Vice-Presidential chair.

VIEILLARD.

MR. REDMOND'S DICTATORSHIP.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, June 30.

The existence of a Coalition Government is responsible for a change in the political situation, the far-reaching importance of which has been overlooked amid the clash of arms on the Continent. Twenty-three years ago Justin M'Carthy, least truculent of men, took occasion to say, "We [meaning Irish Nationalists] hold the life of the Government in the palm of our hands." At that time the Home Rulers, riven by the downfall of Parnell, mustered eighty-one members, of whom nine followed the banner of John Redmond, seventy-one being ranged under the leadership of Justin M'Carthy. These figures tell a tale of patient endeavor, unerring tact, commanding Parliamentary instinct, consummated in rare personal triumph. To-day the Irish Parliamentary section, still dissevered, though on new ground, numbers eight, under the joint leadership of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Healey, while Mr. Redmond captains a well-disciplined battalion of seventy-six.

With their assistance he has completed a task accomplishment of which was impossible for Isaac Butt, who first took it in hand, and for Parnell, who for ten years fiercely battled in its cause. He has carried through a reluctant, in large proportion a hostile, House of Commons a Home Rule bill, has seen it forced down the throat of the House of Lords, and added to the statute book. Of course, honest conviction had something to do with final accomplishment of this revolutionary act. More compelling was a phalanx of four-score votes, with cynical frankness put upon the market for the bidding of either British party prepared to nail to its masthead the flag of Home Rule.

Mr. Gladstone, who, among other natural gifts, had the capacity of convincing himself at a certain epoch that what he had long combated was the only right thing to do, undoubtedly became in 1885 a sincere Home Ruler. Conversion happened coincidently with a return to Westminster after a general election of a dominant body of Irish Nationalists. Even he yearned for a state of things at the polls placing at his back a majority that would free him from the yoke of the Irish Nationalist leader, whosoever he might chance to be.

On the eve of the general election of 1892 Mr. Gladstone, with that sanguine disposition that cheered him in hours of adversity, confidently counted upon such emancipation. The little group who chanced to be present will never forget the scene in the library of Dalmeny when the Liberal whip, Mr. Marjoribanks (later Lord Tweedmouth), arrived with a telegram announcing the result of the final contest. No one was ungovernably enthusiastic at the aggregate result as affecting the position of parties at Westminster. "Well," said the whip, gallantly putting the situation in most favorable light, "we shall have a majority of forty." "Too small, too small," said the coming Premier, slowly shaking his head, and speaking in that deep tragic tone reserved for occasions of greatest storm and stress. In the short-lived Parliament born of that election Mr. Gladstone carried as far as the House of Lords the second edition of the Home Rule bill. But he was painfully conscious that he was merely the instrument of the party sitting below the Gangway opposite, closely watching, alertly listening, ready to take disciplinary action if there were any lapse from the literal text of the well-learned lesson.

This painful experience has been suffered by Mr. Gladstone's successors in the Liberal Premiership. It is true Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, seated in office by a majority that exceeded the rosiest dreams of Mr. Gladstone, was his own master, Mr. Asquith inheriting the privilege. It is perhaps noteworthy that in such halcyon times no attempt was made from the Treasury bench to carry a Home Rule bill. That duty presented itself, and was acknowledged, when by process of attrition the Liberal majority was so far reduced as to bring Mr. Redmond into the place occupied by Justin M'Carthy in the session of 1893. To-day Mr. Redmond has abandoned the position of arbiter of the fate of the Ministry. He still has over seventy votes at his command, counting a hundred and forty on a division. Last year, had need arisen, the transference of this body to the Opposition division lobby would have turned out the Government. To-day there is no Opposition in the old sense of the familiar phrase. Its fighting force is merged in the Ministerial ranks. Its captains sit on the Treasury bench, in friendly companionship with Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, and others long regarded as arch-enemies of constitutional principles and policy. If, lapsing into native habit, Mr. Redmond were next week to "go agin the Government," he might find his battalion reinforced by the ten or a dozen Liberal statesmen below the Gangway who have during the last few weeks shown signs of revolt. But that is all. The dictatorship of the Irish leader is ended.

Correspondence.

THE "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have spent an hour examining the semi-centennial number of the *Nation*, and I think I shall need a whole day or more to master the contents of it. I cannot praise it too highly. I have never seen a picce of journalistic work more satisfying.

HORACE WHITE.

New York, July 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was with unusual interest that I read this week's issue of your paper, the semi-centennial number, for it is just fifty years ago that my father, Joseph H. Richards, as publisher of the paper, brought out its first number. He left the *Independent*, of which he had been publisher during the war, to associate himself with Mr. Godkin, and it was quite an event in his life when the first issue of the *Nation* appeared.

As you doubtless know, my father was later business manager of the *Evening Post*, but long before the two papers came together under the one general ownership.

If I remember correctly, Mr. John E. Powers, of prominent advertising fame, succeeded my father as publisher of the *Nation*, and he was in turn succeeded by Mr. St. John, referred to by one of your writers in this week's issue.

Trusting that the *Nation* will find even a larger field of usefulness during its next half-century than in the one which has just expired, I am sincerely yours,

J. A. RICHARDS.

New York, July 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was the bookkeeper in the *Nation* office when the paper was started in 1865 and sent out all the circulars before the first issue. It was a great privilege to be in the employ of such men as E. L. Godkin and Wendell Phillips Garrison and to be associated in the office with such men as Joseph A. Richards, publisher, and Manly A. Ruland, the advertising agent. These early asociations have influenced my whole life, and I consider myself very fortunate to have been thrown into the company of such a coterie of noble men. If there ever was an establishment where the Golden Rule was practiced, it was in the *Nation* office.

I hope the paper will live to celebrate its centennial and that it will always maintain the high standard that has marked it in the past.

W. H. WHITING.

Harwichport, Mass., July 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your semi-centennial number has been received and enjoyed. It started me to reminiscencing. It recalled the efforts made to raise the funds for the *Nation's* birth. I have the honor of being one of its first stockholders, and surrendered my stock when it was deemed necessary to be done to keep Messrs. Godkin and Garrison. I remember the first idea was to establish a paper which would greatly aid in establishing the South by the aid, not of the politicians of either of the great parties, but by wise men of the North. At one time the originators considered the purchase of the Baltimore *Daily* and *Weekly Sun*, with the hope of reaching many of its subscribers South, with an entirely different literature than the people South were receiving from its dailies and weeklies. Some of the stock subscribers wished to make it a backer of the Freedman's Bureau work. Others wished to make of it what it has become, a leader in all the great questions as they arise.

I think there were only three or four stockholders of the *Nation* in Baltimore, all of whom have died excepting me, and I am here having my weekly enjoyment of its pages.

Accept my congratulations and wishes that the *Nation* may continue its usefulness for another half-century. I shall not see it, as I am in my eighty-second year, but others will enjoy it.

JNO. T. GRAHAM.

Baltimore, Md., July 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit the *Advance*, itself forty-eight years of age, to congratulate the *Nation* on its great half-century, and on the magnificent number in which the anniversary is celebrated. May you live another fifty years—and more.

THE ADVANCE,
By WILLIAM E. BARTON, Editor.

Chicago, Ill., July 9.

DR. CONYBEARE EXPLAINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If you will extend me once again the hospitality of your columns, I would like to protest against the use made by a journal called the *Vital Issue* of a letter written by me on March 5 to a friend in America. When I had dropped that letter into the nearest pillar box, it passed out of my control; but I promptly reflected that I had written very intemperately of Sir E. Grey—worst of all, I had signified to my correspondent that he might, if he chose, publish a letter which, had I kept it over for revision until the next morning, I should have expurgated of all vituperative expressions and of overhasty imputation of bad motives, and probably never have dispatched at all. No course was left open to me but to write afresh to my correspondent and enjoin on him not to publish it. This I did, and I signified as a chief reason for his suppressing it that I intended later on to publish in a journal of my own choosing a more adequate study of the matters discussed in it. He acknowledged on March 29 the receipt of this second letter and assured me he would respect my wishes. Nevertheless, it was printed three weeks later in the *Vital Issue*, and has been exploited for more than it was *prima facie* worth.

Reconsidering the documentary evidence, I now form the opinion that Sir E. Grey was rather victim, than creator, of nihilist forces which he would have restrained, had he been able, last July, as he succeeded in restraining them during the Balkan Wars. Racial rivalries, however, had in 1914 waxed too strong to be composed, and no single statesman could avert the catastrophe. But there can be no doubt that the prime guilt lies with the Power which first abandoned the defensive for the offensive, and that was Germany.

Fred. C. Conybeare.

Oxford, Eng., June 29.

[In view of the wide use for purposes of the German propaganda to which Dr. Conybeare's letter in the *Vital Issue* has been put, it would appear that an explanation of how it came to be published against the author's wishes is due either from Dr. Conybeare's correspondent or from the editor of the *Vital Issue*.—Ed. The Nation.]

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the time when Dr. von Mach printed Dr. Conybeare's extraordinary letter in the Boston *Transcript*, I wrote to the Warden of All Souls, Oxford, calling the matter to his attention. In reply he sent to me a repudiation of Dr. Conybeare signed by the seven tutors who convened the meeting in question, with the request that I would publish it in the *Transcript*, the *Nation*, and the Associated Press. Meantime the Lusitania massacre and other matters had caused the Conybeare episode to sink out of sight, and I published the letter only in the *Transcript*, writing to the Warden at the same time. I have just received a letter from the Warden enclosing a letter from Dr. Carlyle, in which they repeat the request that the repudiation should be published in the *Nation* and the Associated Press.

In the meantime I note an editorial article in your last number referring to Dr. Conybeare's own recantation of his extraordinary performance. In view of the request from England, however, it seems to me that I should ask you to publish the tutors' letter in the *Nation*.

W. K. Richardson.

Boston, July 12.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The undersigned, who convened the meetings of Oxford teachers, to which Dr. F. C. Conybeare refers in his letter printed in the Boston *Transcript* of May 5, and in which he professes to have "aired his views" about Sir Edward Grey "very freely," wish to make the following statement:

(1.) The meetings were not summoned to discuss the causes of or responsibility for the war. They were summoned in the following terms: "Meetings will be held to discuss informally *and privately* some principle of a European settlement after the war." The discussions proceeded throughout on the assumption of the justice and the final victory of the cause of the Allies.

(2.) At one of these meetings Dr. Conybeare interjected remarks akin to those in his letter, but in language much more guarded and restrained. His remarks were irrelevant, and were ignored by the meeting.

(3.) We wish absolutely and entirely to repudiate the views expressed by Dr. Conybeare, which are not shared, as far as we know, by any other scholar in Oxford.

Sidney Ball,
Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College.
Ernest Barker,
Fellow and Tutor of New College.
Vernon Bartlet,
Mansfield College.
A. J. Carlyle,
Lecturer, University College.
W. M. Geldart,
Vinerian Professor of English Law.
H. S. Holland,
Christ Church. Reg. Professor of Divinity.
Arthur L. Smith,
Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College.

[The letter referred to in the Boston *Transcript* was a reprint of Dr. Conybeare's letter which appeared in the *Vital Issue*.—Ed. The Nation.]

PRAISE FOR THE MILITANTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Foreign Correspondence of the *Nation* of June 24 appears a letter from James F. Muirhead, crediting the English suffragettes with "admirable patriotic work"; with "a businesslike organization which enabled them to throw themselves into a practical and useful work, with none of the delay that hampered other equally well-meaning groups of women"; with "high courage and supreme devotion, which . . . has been an example to us all."

For these unlooked-for virtues, as well as for their efficient recruiting campaign, he would forego the natural inclination to "upbraid them with their past."

"For this relief much thanks," but it seems not to occur to the writer that it is to "their past" that these self-sacrificing women are indebted for their present efficiency in the hour of England's need. The standards which inspired those other "equally well-meaning groups of women"—presumably not suffragettes—seem to have proved less satisfactory in practice than in theory. For are we not to judge worth, whether individual or collective, by its bearing in times of trouble?

So, instead of looking for an ulterior motive, such as the fear of being conquered by an alien race, let it be noted that these women, who have been for so long denied the rights of British subjects, and who have been so cruelly punished for their persistence in demanding them, do not pause to upbraid for past injustice the powers who were responsible for their militancy. They are too busy giving loyal support to a Government which classes them with infants, convicts, and lunatics.

M. K. Dabney.

Richmond, Va., July 3.

THE TWO CHANDLERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 10, under the caption "A Prophet of Inevitable Destiny," "Vieillard" gives Senator William E. Chandler the credit of "saving his party from wreck in the Presidential campaign of 1876," and says that he "was *Secretary* of the National Committee." Has not "Vieillard," in making the above claims for William E. Chandler, confused his record with that of Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, Grant's Secretary of Interior, who was *Chairman* of the Republican National Committee, and is given by good authorities supreme credit for the issue of the campaign, and for foiling his able antagonist, Abram S. Hewitt, chairman of the Democratic National Committee? James Ford Rhodes describes Zachariah Chandler as "thoroughly honest and a very capable business man," and makes him especially significant in the campaign of 1876, but makes *no reference whatever to William E. Chandler* in connection therewith.

I remember a cartoon in Frank Leslie's *Weekly* representing "Zach Chandler" holding an elephant by the tail, as it was falling over a precipice, saying: "You ain't going to slip through my fingers if I can help it." I am sure the cartoons and comments of the time indicated Zachariah Chandler as the leading personality of the campaign, and I think his record and influence should be referred to in commending the work of William E. Chandler as secretary of the Republican National Committee, as otherwise there is special likelihood of confusing the service of the two men from their having the same surname.

Everett O. Fisk.

Boston, June 12.

[If Mr. Fisk will search the records, he will find that William E. Chandler was secretary of the Republican National Committee at the same time that Zachariah Chandler was chairman. "Vieillard," who was then a newspaper editor, recalls distinctly the comments of some of his exchanges under such headings as "The Chandler Twins," "Two of a Kind," etc. Two contemporary journalists with whom he afterwards talked over the incidents of the night of November 7-8, 1876, were Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*—Mr. Tilden's warm friend—and John C. (better known in the profession as "Sam") Reid, of the New York *Times*, who described with particularity, and not a little satisfaction, his own share in the affair. It is so common for a command-

ing general to be credited with a victory which may have turned upon the timely work of a subaltern, that there is nothing wonderful in the widespread assumption that the chairman rather than the secretary of the Committee organized the revolutionary campaign for seating Mr. Hayes. The truth was, according to Mr. Dana and the editor of the *Times*, that Zachariah Chandler did not enter into the transaction at all till he was awakened from a sound sleep in his room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the wee small hours of the morning of November 8 by William E. Chandler and Mr. Reid, who laid their plans before him and asked his permission to carry them out; and that he, sitting on the side of his bed, dismissed his callers with his authority to "go on and do whatever they thought necessary."—Ed. The Nation.]

AGAIN MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I add to Mr. Baker's quotation from Matthew Arnold in the *Nation* of June 3 this passage from the Preface to "Literature and Dogma"?

"For a man may have the facts and yet be unable to draw the right conclusions from them. . . . But perhaps the quality specially needed for drawing the right conclusion from the facts, when one has got them, is best called *perception*, justness of perception. . . . But in this sort of tact the German mind, if one may allow oneself to speak in such a general way, does seem to be even by nature somewhat wanting. In the German mind, as in the German language, there does seem to be something *splay*, something blunt-edged, unhandy and infelicitous,—some positive want of straightforward, sure perception, which tends to balance the great superiority of the Germans in special knowledge, and in the disposition to deal impartially with knowledge."

Isabella M. Talley.

Philadelphia, June 7.

A LITERARY PARALLEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In May and June, 1849, Karl Gutzkow wrote "Der Königsleutnant," a comedy in four acts, as a centenary monument to Goethe's birth. The nominal hero is Count Thorane, the French officer, who, with his staff, was quartered in the Goethe house in Frankfurt-am-Main. The real hero is the young Goethe. In a certain scene, the elder Goethe says that the French have taken the city. To this Frau Goethe says: "Wie das? Dürfen sie's denn?" Then Goethe's father says: "Dürfen? Was sind Tractate? Was beschriebene, beschworene Verträge? Seit vier Jahren, dass dieser unheilige Krieg wieder begonnen hat, zogen tausende von Truppen durch Frankfurt als neutrales Gebiet, und alle betraten das eine Thor und gingen ehrlich durch das andere von dannen."

Could there be a more precise and complete literary parallel to the Belgian affair of last August? M. Henri Lichtenberger said latterly that it is impossible to think and escape Nietzsche. However this may be, it is certainly impossible to think and escape German literature as a whole. A. W. P.

New York, June 19.

Literature

"FACTS"—PSYCHOLOGICAL AND OTHER.

The Peace and America. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

This most recent of Professor Münsterberg's many books is a protest against America's exportation of munitions of war and against America's partisanship for the Allies. The war brought this country a great opportunity to stand for peace and humanity by preserving strict neutrality in both action and judgment, and America, in Professor Münsterberg's opinion, has sadly failed. The failure, however, was natural; for the country made up its mind in the first few weeks of the war when the cables were cut and the English censor determined what the American newspapers should say. As a result, American feelings of indignation, whipped up by falsifications of the facts, "overwhelmed even the traditional sense of fairness of those who under normal conditions would never have hesitated to sympathize with the weaker side when seven nations fell upon two."

Although the reader may be unable to repress a smile at the picture of Belgium "falling upon" Germany, and Servia "falling upon" Austria, and although he may fail to be convinced that American opinion has been wholly based upon a mass of British perversions, he will find in Professor Münsterberg's book a number of things for which at this time of excitement and irritation there is crying need. Its tendency on the whole is towards tolerance, sympathy, understanding, and away from extreme and sweeping judgments which would blind us to half the truth about Germany. The chapters on the Kaiser and on German *Kultur*, in particular, should have a wide reading. But while the book will have an excellent influence by reminding us in calm and good-natured fashion of the many noble qualities of the German people and of the undeniable and invaluable contributions which they have made to the spiritual life of mankind, the author's chief reliance in his attempt to make us tolerant is to be found in two arguments to which a large part of his book is devoted; one of which seeks to prove that there are no moral standards by which we are justified in judging Germany, while the other points out that there are really no facts on which such a judgment could be based.

There is no absolute moral standard, says Professor Münsterberg. All the nations have their own ideals, and among these there is no way of judging. The American ideal is the welfare of the individual; the German ideal is the service of ideals which get their value not from their relation to individuals, but from themselves. These ideals need not find expression in any concrete form nor realization in any one's actual welfare; they are just "eternal values" which have nothing to do with time. Between ideals as variant as the German and the American no one has a right to judge, for there is no common standard by which they can be compared. The only absolute moral law is the law to do your duty as you understand it; and, as a corollary, to respect every one else who is trying to do his duty as he understands it. Hence it follows that absolute neutrality of judgment is the first duty of the American people. America should have "recognized that every one of the peoples at war proceeded in obedience to its world task, every one fulfilled exactly that which it conceived as its moral duty, every one was inspired by high national ideals, every one was deeply convinced that the fullest moral right was on its side. From such a point of view, the question of moral guilt would have become meaningless. Nobody was to blame, nobody was in the wrong, because whoever fulfils what he sees as his duty sincerely, loyally, and with self-sacrifice is eternally right. There can be no higher standard."

This is not the place for an ethical discussion; but the reviewer is impelled to point out at least this fact: that if the view here promulgated be accepted, it makes meaningless that most fundamental of all moral questions: What is my duty? And the kind of neutrality here advocated would deprive every international conflict of all its moral significance.

But a judgment on the rights and wrongs of the war is entirely out of place, continues Professor Münsterberg, because nothing could be more untrustworthy than "the so-called facts" on which such a judgment must be based. These are untrustworthy for many reasons. In the first place, the reports in our American newspapers are all either wilfully distorted by the English censor and the English editor, or else unintentionally colored by the bias of the reporter. This accounts for the tales of German atrocities in Belgium and elsewhere, all of which are due solely to the imagination. It may come as a surprise to the layman that the imagination can accomplish so much; but the psychologist understands these matters. And "even if no one altered and distorted the events, and if they were not selected by the chances of personal surroundings, are the so-called facts in themselves clear? Do the actors themselves distinctly know all about the aims and motives of their minds?" They may think they do; but in several pages of psychological analysis the Professor demonstrates that there is nothing definite, nothing certain even here. And one's own prejudices in choosing and judging one's facts—psychology shows plainly that these are such as to destroy whatever value might have been left in the poor "so-called" facts when they finally reached us. Hence how futile it is to form any kind of judgment on this war. For "facts" are only "fables and fancies." "We say facts, and we mean will-o'-the-wisps."

It is one of the interesting things about Professor Münsterberg's book that, after his thorough psychological demonstration that

facts are will-o'-the-wisps, when (in the chapter on England) he comes to deal with various German contentions, the will-o'-the-wisps stiffen into irrefutable facts with no nonsense and no psychology about them. Here, for example, are some of the "facts." It was Germany's "three mighty neighbors" that "forced this ghastly war on the peace-loving German nation." The German artillery sent two shots against Rheims Cathedral only because the French had most unjustifiably made use of it as a weapon of war. (The French denial of this can be explained psychologically.) At the outbreak of hostilities England and France were on the point of invading Germany through Belgium, with the latter's consent and aid, according to an agreement of long standing. In fact, the war had been planned for many years by English statesmen, notably by Edward VII. These clever plotters foresaw danger to India, and, to avert this, planned a war in Europe which should divert the attention of Russia, France, and other countries from British possessions in Asia. Finally, England's selfish schemes were masked by Sir Edward Grey's skilful use of Belgian neutrality, which really had nothing to do with England's decision, and was only a hypocritical pretext. "To-day all these *facts* lie entirely clear to those who want to see." There seem, in short, to be two kinds of facts: "so-called facts," which are psychological and come from England and which are really will-o'-the-wisps; and real, non-psychological facts, all of which are made in Germany.

Despite the many admirable features of this book and the tone of unfailing good humor maintained throughout it, the resulting impression for most Americans will be one of disappointment. Professor Münsterberg is so exceptionally well situated to give a judgment on the war that should be at once thoroughly objective and sympathetically pro-German that we had looked to him for something better than a mere repetition of the oft-heard assertion that Germany is absolutely innocent of everything, and that whatever is said against her is a pack of lies. "Such melodrama psychology" (let us remind the Professor of his own words) "which knows only angels and liars, is too clumsy." The American people are willing to believe many noble things of Germany, but it is vain to seek to persuade them that the German Government had nothing whatever to do with beginning the war, that the invasion of Belgium was all the fault of the Belgians, and that all German soldiers have acted like Angels of Light and Red Cross nurses. If we are to be won over to neutrality of judgment, some middle position should at least have been suggested. Our "partiality" and our credulity towards the "so-called" facts have not been due to any lack of hearing the German position clearly (and repeatedly) stated. Dr. Dernburg and his friends, not to mention our own fellow-countrymen residing in Munich, have seen to our "education" with sedulous attention. If most of us are still unconverted it is not through any lack of training, but rather because we have yet to hear a statement of the extreme German position which is based on real evidence and is consistent with admitted facts and with itself. Hence, as has been said, it is somewhat disappointing to get from Professor Münsterberg only a repetition of the old excuses, the old unproved accusations, the old sacrosanct official formulæ. With an ethical philosophy that befogs all moral issues and a *streng wissenschaftliche* method that turns all unpleasant facts into will-o'-the-wisps and forgets its psychology when dealing with pleasant theories, he and his fellow-professors have been able to prove to their own satisfaction almost anything they wished. That these methods have not persuaded America is to them an unending source of painful astonishment.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Alley. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Girl at Central. By Geraldine Bonner. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Miss Wells's latest romance again introduces Fleming Stone, the master detective, but only towards the end, and, it must be admitted, after the reader has received so many nods and winks as to have made up his mind pretty conclusively for himself concerning the identity of the murderer. Thus Mr. Stone has really very little to do except to parade the nonchalance behind the veil of which his keen deductions are always formulated, and to explain the conclusion—wholly unjustified by any recorded premises—that led him to look for the species of marble called "White Alley." When we really arrive at the mysterious disappearance of wealthy Justin Arnold, in his own burglar-alarumed house on Washington Heights, the tale is moderately diverting, though the faultiness of the deductive processes would infuriate Sherlock Holmes; but before we reach the point at which the mystery begins we are asked to wade through nearly a hundred pages devoted to the flirtations of a little minx who is alluded to with tiresome reiteration as "naughty" Dorothy.

Miss Bonner's mystery and the heroine thereof are of an altogether different order. The story is told by a telephone girl in modified telephonese, a jargon which becomes at times a little trying; but the story itself is remarkably good of its kind, and uncommonly well worked out. The mystery is concealed to the very end, unless the reader is a person of exceptional astuteness, for there is just one passage in the early pages of the book that points to the solution, while there are various false clues, cunningly contrived, that will start the earnest seeker running breathlessly in the wrong direction. For the purposes of her story Miss Bonner has omitted to mobilize few of the latest resources of civilization, including an aeroplane, and at the end they are all found to fit into the general scheme with the nicety of a well-contrived puzzle. There is a minx in this book, too, but here it is the minx who gets murdered, and hence the rôle that she plays is more engaging, because more silent, than that of Miss Wells's heroine.

Thankful's Inheritance. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If we were asked to prescribe for Mr. Lincoln's artistic health we should recommend him to go for a while to a new atmosphere, or, better still, to essay a totally different style of fiction: to spend some months writing an historical romance or a detective story; he might even devote himself to a "war novel." The result might not be particularly successful from either the pecuniary or the artistic standpoint; and it is not to be imagined that Mr. Lincoln would enjoy himself in his new environment. But the exercise would be in the nature of a mental discipline. The cure completed, Mr. Lincoln could return again to the atmosphere where he is so much at home, immensely benefited by the change; the habit which the author would have acquired of thinking of action rather than of character or atmosphere would serve as a tonic when he turned once more to his atmospheric studies. All this is not in condemnation of Mr. Lincoln's latest book. It is a pleasant, leisurely story, in the vein with which we are familiar, of life and folk in that perennially satisfactory neighborhood, Cape Cod, and in particular of the house on the cliff that Thankful Barnes inherited from an uncle by marriage, the whole duly seasoned with a sufficient admixture of romance and mystery to make the dish palatable. But here and there the interest lags and the workmanship seems a trifle mechanical. The story lacks the fresh breeziness of "Mr. Pratt's Patients" or "Cap'n Eri," and we seem to detect signs that the author has been a little profligate of the inspiration afforded by Cape Cod.

The Record of Nicholas Freydon: An Autobiography. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The publisher rubs in the mystery of this volume by challenging the reader to tell him whether it is "romance, autobiography, or both." We do not hesitate to say that it is not autobiography, though written out of experience as plainly as the "Jacob Stahl" series of Mr. Beresford. To that narrative the present one bears a surface resemblance. Nicholas Freydon, like Jacob Stahl, came up from unpromising beginnings to some distinction among London authors, by way of Grub Street, luckless marriage, and a various experience of low life. But Freydon is of a more remote and melancholy cast. The upshot of his public career is disillusion and unrest. His "way out" is a withdrawal from the battle. He returns to Australia, where in boyhood he has shared his father's similar withdrawal, and there his life "peters out" somewhat inconsequently, from the

point of view of a robust reader. Perhaps one's impression of something a little languid and enervating in the book is to be traced to the style, which is in perfect dramatic keeping, since the narrative is supposed to be the product of a final phase of exiled invalidism. But, if the note is somewhat plaintive, we are always kept clear of mawkishness. The warrior, though in a sense defeated, has fought the good fight. The story of his middle years in London, with their ceaseless toil, and their product less highly rated by the toiler than by his public; with their human relations so intimate, and yet never penetrating the inner reserve of the man Freydon himself—it is all told with a kind of grave subtlety grateful to the middle-aged reader who finds here, for better or for worse, something of himself, a pale yet clear reflection, it may be, of his own figure journeying not too triumphantly along the way of an already dimming past. The book is not sonorous: here is a meditative flute and not a clarion. But we are not all pushing and exultant souls, the best of us. There is a defensive as well as an offensive strength: Nicholas Freydon is in his own way captain of his own soul, and therefore worth our trouble.

Come Out to Play. By M. E. F. Irwin. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This book is, on the face of it, one of those now too familiar narratives about the spineless youth with no principles and plenty of "charm," who treads the primrose way of his own random desires, to the embarrassment or undoing of all fellow-creatures with whom he comes in contact. Truffles Lemaigne is an expensive by-product of the social mill at a moment when there is no such economic method of marketing him as war affords. His father has been a well-bred waster before him; there is no sense of responsibility born in him. Life from the outset is a playground, and his fellow-beings useful as playmates or not at all. Unpleasantly, for one of his type, his pursuit of joy is not endowed adequately, and he suffers the steadily growing inconvenience of duns and even of empty pockets. He drifts into vaudeville and out again, receives a comfortable secretaryship and throws it away, borrows wherever there remains a friend to lend; through it all retains his social position in the heartless if by no means brainless London of his birth. "Sophisticated" is one of the words emphasized by our publisher's announcer in connection with the story, and in his weary and nonchalant philanderings Truffles proves his right to the epithet. Two women stand out as of greater moment: Cecilia, the country maiden whose heart he so easily wins and so lightly flings away, and Pipette of "Le Papillon Jaune," whom he presently slays with a dagger because she will not obey his whim. For one instant, between this savage assertion of the will and the ending of his own life, he has a glimpse of truth, sees what life might have held for him if he had made a real thing and not a plaything of it: "He knew now that he could love Cecilia enough to work for her, to do difficult things for her, to try and make her happy. And Pipette? he had played at love with her, and it had become real enough to kill her—and him. But he knew now that his love could be more than that, though not for her." It is too late—he jumps from his window-sill and ceases to be. A melancholy symbolism of vanishing joy, vanishing desires, haunts these pages—marionettes, yellow butterflies, the golden air-ball which is so easily broken, flowers that fade, Pierrot and Columbine. What saves the book from mawkishness is that Truffles is real, and his sister Jill, and poor Cecilia, and Pipette.

GOETHE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Goethe: With Special Consideration of His Philosophy. By Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $3 net.

Amid this sickening clash of arms one can not but greet in friendly spirit something, anything, which may recall the golden days when Germans were striving after genuine culture, were pondering humanely the great issues of life, and had not yet sunk themselves in articles of war and the goose-step. Thoughts of Goethe and Weimar may thrust into the background even Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg, and Tirpitz. Yet, with every inducement to friendliness, one can not accept the present volume unqualifiedly. What, for instance, is the utility of the first sixty-five pages? They are nothing but an expanded diary of the facts of Goethe's life, facts which should be known to every reader and which help us not a whit to master Goethe's philosophy. Nor is the following section, pp. 66-142, on Goethe's Relation to Women, of much greater value. In point of English style, the plural "Relations" would be better form. And, for the substance, why iterate for the thousandth time the hackneyed stories of Gretchen (of Frankfurt), Kätchen Schönkopf, Frederike Brion, Lotte, Lili, etc., etc.? The reader who truly seeks to know these phantoms of delight will turn to Goethe's own words. In the case of Frau von Stein, the woman who, above all others, affected Goethe's powers of *thought*, our author has failed badly. Whoever would discuss Goethe's philosophy must begin by recognizing that Frau von Stein found him crude, untrained in the ways of the world, and left him the polished, courtly satirist. If "Faust" be Goethe's great Tagebuch, the first part embodies pre-Weimarian life; the second part, with its wonderful probing of court, finance, war, would never have been conceived in its shrewder passages but for Frau von Stein's subtle indirect influence. The present reviewer makes this assertion the more confidently, in that he is not a blind devotee of the Frau. Again, in discussing Christine Vulpius, our author betrays a squeamishness amounting to prudery. The liaison was Weimar's chief scandal; why hesitate, then, to say boldly, once for all, that Christine was Goethe's mistress for years, and was not married to him until after the battle of Jena, and that she was the direct occasion of the rupture with Frau von Stein? Goethe, like Shakespeare, was not of an age, but for all time; nevertheless his attitude towards society was that of the eighteenth century. We need not put on kid gloves to handle this side of his life. With Bettina we have little patience, still less with the Ulrike von Levetzow episode. To say, as Carus says, p. 138, "the difference in their ages [seventy-four against nineteen] seemed too great an obstacle. He resigned himself," is to ignore the determined and righteous opposition of Goethe's family.

In brief, every rational treatment of Goethe's philosophy, whatever that may be, will pass over mere love-making and concentrate attention upon Goethe's study of life in general and the relations of man to society and to the forces of nature. Our author would have been wiser had he substituted for this section on Relation to Women a section on Goethe as man of affairs and statesman.

The second part of the book is better planned and fairly well executed. It will give to the ordinary reader at any rate a partial insight into Goethe's personality, religion, philosophy, literature, and criticism. The weakest section is that upon "Faust," and this errs not so much in what it gives as in what it fails to give, or rather in what it fails to apprehend. It errs in treating the poet as a unit, *ein Ganzes;* whereas it is a conglomerate, to be more precise, a piling up of strata. There is the *Urfaust*, there is the early edition of Part I, the fuller edition of 1808, and there are the successive instalments of Part II. The real student of Goethe will read this series of publications in the order of issue, for each presents a different Goethe. The great German, like the great Englishman, was—to adopt Coleridge's phrasing—"myriad-mooded," the same person, but ever shifting. To interpret the First Monologue of Part I and acts iii (Helene) and v of Part II as if they were all organic articles of one and the same poetic creed is fatal. No one need hesitate to admit that the poet was continually *outgrowing himself*. Further, our author seems blind to the satirical element in "Faust." Apart from the obvious satire of the interview between Student and Mephistopheles, Part I, acts i, ii, iv, and many passages in act iii, Part II, are satirical in thought and tone. They embody Goethe's experiences in Weimar court-life, but idealized, generalized, and made applicable to all court-life, ancient and modern. No student of ancient history will fail to appreciate the exquisite perfidy of the *Classische Walpurgisnacht;* no student of mediæval and modern, even the most recent, history can afford to overlook the three ruffians in act iv. Belgium in 1914 bears witness to Goethe's unconscious gift of foresight.

Evidences of careless proofreading and loose thinking are not absent. Thus, Bielowski (p. 94) should read Bielschowski; the

beautiful German lines (p. 227) are marred by the absence of Umlaut; "broader then" (p. 193) should be "broader than"; the date 1833 of Goethe's encounter with Franz von Schwanenfeld (p. 173) is, of course, impossible. Calling Bayard Taylor "a translator by God's grace" (p. 221) is praise which Taylor himself would scarcely have accepted. The criticism (p. 147), "We deem it regrettable that in certain circles they ["Werther," "Elective Affinities," "Wilhelm Meister"] are read more than his other works . . . his novels contain much that would better have been relegated to oblivion," has a Sunday-school ring. We, too, regret such cult of the "novels," but on other grounds; for us, Goethe is at his best in his poetry, especially in his short lyric and didactic pieces. This view is confirmed by our author himself in his concluding section, Miscellaneous Poems and Epigrams. At page 195 we find mention of "the high-minded and pious Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland." How Louis Bonaparte came by his piety is to us a mystery.

The illustrations excel in quantity rather than in quality. Nearly all of them are hackneyed; only two evoke the feeling of novelty. Bury's crayon of Goethe in 1800 (p. 52) with its mien of smug *embonpoint*, suggests — to the reader's dismay — what Goethe might have become had he married Lili and settled down in opulent, easy-going Frankfurt. Diametrically opposite is the crayon by Lips (p. 265), truly the face of an idealist.

Passing over other defects and errors, we conclude with an exhortation. Any discussion of Goethe as philosopher, or rather as thinker, for Goethe never professed philosophy and scorned the systematic, is indisputably *etwas Grosses*. Accordingly, we exhort our author and his like to ponder Goethe's own utterance: *Wer Grosses will, muss sich zusammenraffen*. The fundamental postulate of all Goethe-criticism is the *sich zusammenraffen*.

MONSIGNOR BENSON.

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1 net.

By no means the least interesting thing about this remarkable study is its clear though light sketching of the Bensons as a family. The archbishop is shown somewhat in the background, a rather pathetic father of the old school, devoted to his children yet somehow aloof—inaccessible, as it were, *ex-officio:* a man who "loved family life, but . . . had an almost tremulous sense of his parental responsibility"; susceptible to art, and to ritual as a form of art; a trifle pedantic; oversensitive and therefore uncertain of temper. It is the mother who is the calm, potent source of the family life; from her appears to have descended, if not the talent or the immense industry of her children, that uncommon strength of sinew which is necessary for such labors as theirs.

Several group portraits of the three brothers are here reproduced—there was, as in so many families of genius, another brother, the most brilliant of them all, who died young. Almost from the first of the series, one fancies them written clear by photography: Benson the Don, Benson the clever story-teller, Benson the priest. *Post facto* prophecies are illusory: what one really sees in these pictures of the youngest, Hugh, is a slight, fair boy, with a homely face of Scotch type, prominent of mouth and eyes—the latter small and pale. The remarkable thing is that this face carries into manhood the ingenuous, eager, totally unselfconscious air with which a small child or a puppy looks out upon his world. "The one characteristic," says the Don, "which emerges whenever I think of him is that of a beautiful charm, not without a touch of wilfulness and even petulance about it, which gave him a childlike freshness, a sparkling zest, that aerated and enlivened all that he did or said." It is this personal and intimate aspect which the present study tries to convey, and which might easily be missed in the formal and official biography to be prepared in due season by one of Monsignor Benson's own faith.

The Hugh of this book is not a saint, but a very natural and human person. As a boy he displayed no marked ability or bent of any sort; was keen and fickle about a multitude of things; had his full share of mischievousness and irresponsibility. For all his charm, he made few friends—his least human trait was a certain detachment from close individual ties. His mother had his confidence more than any other; for the rest, his family and social relationships were friendly rather than warm. He lacked the proprietary sense: "I never saw him exhibit the smallest trace of jealousy, nor did he ever desire to possess any one's entire affection," says his brother. This limitation rather than any peculiar strength seems to account for a certain immunity from sorrow: "He admired greatly, he sympathized freely; but I never saw him desolated or stricken by any bereavement."

Mr. Benson deprecates the generalization which has attributed his brother's accession to the Church of Rome as a saintly yielding-up of the will. He believes that his happiness in his calling was owing to the fact that there "he had found the exact *milieu* in which he could use his will to the best effect." There was never anything ascetic or negative about him. Submission to the spiritual authority of the Church was, to put it crudely, washing his hands of the whole spiritual bother: it left him free for all sorts of activity. And activity was the one thing necessary, as priest, writer, householder—so was it that he finally burned himself out before his time. He died just after the outbreak of the great war; already he had offered himself for service as a chaplain at the front. There is uncommon appeal in the little priestly figure, so busy, so eager about this business of human life, and yet possessed of a sort of elfin remoteness, a child-quality which the years were powerless to touch. At any age he must have "died young." Its frankness and tenderness make of this little record a singularly beautiful memorial.

THE LAST KHEDIVE.

Abbas II. By the Earl of Cromer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

The emancipation of Egypt from the domination of Mehemet Ali's dynasty, and the freedom of her long-suffering fellahin from the *kurbash* of Bashi Bazuk extortioners, is, perhaps, the most engrossing story of British colonial policy in Africa. After the refusal of the French to coöperate in 1882, England faced the task alone, and the order evolved out of the Turkish chaos brought a new era for Egypt. The resuscitation of the lost provinces, the subsequent agrarian reforms, mark the triumph as one essentially pacific and administrative; once more Egypt, at once her most ancient and most modern integrant, furnishes Africa with a model in government. For our purposes the history of this original Turkish dependency dates from the founding of the Khedivate by special *firman* from the Porte in 1867, down to the recent deposal of the subject of Lord Cromer's *brochure*, and the elevation of his uncle by the British as the first Sultan of the Egyptian empire.

For an intimate story of the British work of reconstruction we must turn to Lord Cromer's authoritative "Modern Egypt." Bristling with problems, both Asiatic and European, British diplomacy, hitherto characterized as sublimely heavy-handed and unimaginative in Eastern affairs, doubtless learned a lot from the severe and valuable schooling obtained in India. Modern Egypt, endowed with a greater homogeneity than India, may soon articulate for British ears those problems concerning partial autonomy which India is now busy formulating. Egypt, in fine, under the new Sultanate, should provide for the British Eastern dependencies a crucible in which these Oriental ideals may be assayed. Whatever the final fate and status of Turkey, under the new Sultan of Egypt the old Turkish bureaucracy that hampered past Khedives, and was fruitful of misunderstanding and misrule, definitely passes from Cairo, and with it, in a large measure, the subtle and sentimental influence of a Turkish Caliphate.

But Lord Cromer's tale is of yesterday. In the course of this study of the deposed Khedive he remarks: "It is dangerous for an Oriental to base any political calculations on his own estimate of the state of party politics in England." The victim of ill-advised counsel, Abbas II was alternately Turcophobe and Anglophobe. Personally vain and hypersensitive, he never quite lost the mould of his Austrian cadetship, as shown by the Kitchener episode; and the story of his downfall may be ascribed to a persistent misconception of Lord Cromer's axiom. Moreover, the sudden wane of the

Manchester school, owing to the trying experiences of the Boer War and the blunders in the Sudan, so far as an Oriental foreign policy went, found the Liberals disavowing its pacific doctrines. And this reaction proved the disillusion of advanced progressives in Egypt and India regarding their great expectations of a Liberal régime. Among these, Abbas II was profoundly disappointed: the triumph of Liberal Imperialism shattered whatever vague ideals of autonomy he cherished: the British Proconsul in Egypt had Lord Rosebery's support and confidence.

That this idealism was not symptomatic, that its pseudo-patriotism was the echo of Pashadom and not of the ten millions of the Egyptian people, that the deposed Khedive was the puppet protagonist in the drama staged at Cairo, we must accept on Lord Cromer's unimpeachable authority. None knew better the *camera obscura* of Cairene intrigue: here we have the impartial story of Abbas II's exploitation of Moslem fanaticism in behalf of his ill-conceived cause, of his futile effort to enlist Constantinople under his Anglophobia—indeed, his mission to the Sultan has all the pathos of a forlorn hope. But infinitely more pathetic was the Khedive's failure to let his sincere friendship for Lord Cromer's successor, Sir Eldon Gorst, effect in him a change of heart and conscience. How keenly he felt his lost opportunity is shown by his visit *incognito* to England, when he heard this friend and statesman was dying. In Lord Cromer, however, Abbas II has found a competent and impartial historian; from his Austrian exile, after the war, let us hope that he will repay the distinguished compliment.

Notes

The Oxford University Press announces the publication of "Last Pages from a Journal," with other papers, by Mark Rutherford, edited by his wife.

The Macmillan Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "The Mighty and the Lowly," by Katrina Trask.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co. has arranged with A. Rosenblum to issue a "trade edition" of his "Complete Course in Isaac Pitman Phonography."

Longmans, Green & Co. have arranged to issue in their Pocket Library an edition of William Morris's "The Pilgrims of Hope."

Maxim Gorky's "My Childhood" will be published shortly by the Century Co. For publication in the autumn the Century Co. announces "Straight Down the Crooked Lane," by Bertha Runkle.

Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco, announce for early publication "The City of Domes," by John D. Barry, and "The Lure of San Francisco," by Elizabeth Gray Potter and Mabel Thayer Gray.

On July 17 Henry Holt & Co. will publish "The Coming Newspaper," a symposium, edited by Merle Thorpe, and "The British and American Drama of To-day—Outlines for its Study," by Barrett H. Clark. The publication by the same house of G. H. Perris's "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium" has been postponed until July 24. "The Bent Twig," by Dorothy Canfield, is announced for publication in the autumn.

The following volumes are included in Frederick A. Stokes Co.'s list of publications for August: "Flower Pictures," by Maude Angell; "Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians" and "A History of Serbia," by W. M. Petrovitch; "Bird Biographies," by Oliver G. Pike. In the Romance of Reality series will be issued "The Man-of-War," by Commander E. H. Curry; "The Aeroplane," by Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper; "Modern Inventions," by V. E. Johnson; "Engineering," by Gordon Knox, and "Electricity," by W. H. McCormick. "Hero Tales and Legends of the Rhine," by Lewis Spence, will be added to the Myth series, and "William the Silent," by Agnes M. Miall, and "Mohammed," by Edith Holland, to the Heroes of All Time series.

The Broadway House has in preparation, for its Library of Scholarship and Literature, a critical edition of "Euphues," containing both parts of Lyly's romance, edited by H. Clemons, formerly reference librarian of Princeton University, and Dr. Morris W. Croll, assistant professor of English literature in the same university. Mr. Clemons, who relinquished the task in favor of Dr. Croll, on deciding to devote his life to missionary work in China, is chiefly responsible for the text. The introduction and notes are by Dr. Croll.

When an essayist, as does T. R. Glover in his "Poets and Puritans" (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net), declares in the preface "that the real business of the critic is to find out what is right with a great work of art—book, song, statue, or picture—not what is wrong," we are justified in replying: "If this is your canon of criticism, you must do something more; you must find out what is right in some new way, so that your reader will approach the book or picture with considerably enlarged powers of appreciation." Now, it is just this something more that Mr. Glover fails to impart. He writes from sufficient knowledge and generally with good taste, but it is not easy to see just how, after reading his essays on Spenser and Milton and Cowper and Crabbe and Wordsworth, our power of enjoying those poets has been enhanced; and meanwhile, by omitting all mention of their shortcomings, he has foregone the critic's function of purging our taste and correcting our imagination. In some few cases his own taste causes us to wonder. What shall we say to a critic who seems to see few or no faults in Milton's prose, yet appears to get nothing from "Samson Agonistes" and "Comus" except the fact that the drama was not Milton's proper sphere? The title of the book is of no special significance, save, perhaps, that it prepares the reader for Mr. Glover's admiration for Milton's most extravagant tirades on personal liberty in matrimony and other matters. The prose writers considered are Evelyn, Bunyan, Boswell, and Carlyle. The first three of these essays are well enough, but rather commonplace; in the last Mr. Glover has produced a really good and illuminating essay. We do not mean to say that his treatment of Carlyle is particularly original or overwhelmingly profound; but it has the merit of wise selection and instructive concentration. One feels in it the working of critical brains, and one goes from it to Carlyle himself with fresh zest and renewed assurance of what is there really to admire and what is there to learn.

Issued a few years ago as the second volume of the "Legal and Judicial History of New York," the separate publication of J. Hampden Dougherty's "Constitutional History of the State of New York" (Neale; $3) makes the book available for persons who do not wish to acquire the entire set. Mr. Dougherty has seized the occasion to revise his pages and to add an account of events that have occurred since the appearance of the first edition. The volume is a comprehensive survey of the subject, from the colonial period to the Workmen's Compensation law and the impeachment of Sulzer. Its usefulness to members of the Constitutional Convention is apparent, and it should also appeal to every citizen of New York State who desires a convenient account of its constitutional development.

Fruitlands, as readers of transcendental lore are aware, was a farm at Harvard, a township some forty miles from Boston, where the benign Alcott and certain of his friends started a "consociate" community for the purpose of "aiding entire human regeneration." It was a disastrous experiment, more disastrous by far than Brook Farm, but not without sufficient elements of high comedy to make it memorable, even if Emerson and Thoreau were distantly implicated in the midsummer madness. Fortunately, Clara Endicott Sears's neat volume entitled "Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net), though written with sympathetic intention, does not miss the humor of the situation—indeed, as it consists mainly of letters and other original documents (some of them now first printed), it could not very well be anything but funny. We see no reason to mince matters. Despite Emerson's admiration for Alcott, that supposed child of Plato was merely a colossal fraud. His daughter Louisa's little sketch of "Transcendental Wild Oats," included in the present volume, is really a terrible arraignment of these men, "who were so busy discussing and defining great duties that they forgot to perform the small ones." The only man who showed a minimum of responsibility to facts was a crank who made the wearing of a beard the first obligation of life. Another of the inspired lunatics sought salvation in nakedness, compromising, however, with his conscience to the extent of leaving his room only at night, and then in the entire respectability of a nightgown. Another member, who based his gospel on the writing of his name backwards, is thus described by one of his fellows:

> Abraham is about forty-two, a cooper by trade, but an excellent assistant here, very faithful to every work he undertakes, very serious, has had rather deep experience, having been imprisoned in a mad house by his relations because he had a little property, but still he is not a spiritual being, at least not consciously and wishfully so.

This "love colony" of wishfully spiritual creatures did not last long. Farming was not successful, when at the critical moment the gentlemen of the community would go mooning off for the purpose of "aiding entire hu-

man regeneration," while Mrs. Alcott and her children were left to gather in what they could of the crops. These gentlemen soon scattered, each to follow his own selfish whim, leaving for history a little mirth. Yet there are still those—the writer of this amusing book is one of them—who can think of Fruitlands with tender regret:

If that history was full of pathos, if the great experiment enacted beneath its roof proved a failure, the failure was only in the means of expression and not in the ideal which inspired it.

Thus we catch the last wailing echo from that degenerate side of transcendentalism which almost brought discredit on the robuster men of Concord. For how much besides the shams of Fruitlands was Plato responsible when his words, whether misunderstood or not, started the long illusion that our ideals must be a kind of beautiful madness!

In S. C. Chew's study of "The Dramas of Lord Byron" (Johns Hopkins Press) several elements are to be distinguished and variously judged. The book opens with an account of the Drama of the Romantic Period, written from full knowledge of the material, and, on the whole, with sound taste. "This phaenomenon in the world of dissipation," as one of the contemporary critics of the German influence on the English stage called it, is not a thing to be cherished by the lover of intellectual health, but it has an interest as a part of a great movement. Mr. Chew has dealt with these abortive plays so judiciously, in the main, that one is surprised later on in the book to come upon such an extraordinary statement as this: "In a world where all things are struggling through chaos into harmony, nought in which there is life is complete. In death alone is there realization of definite ends. Here is the fundamental distinction between classicism and romanticism. And Byron, in 'Manfred,' and throughout his poetry, points to an ideal truer and nobler than Goethe's, just because it is impossible of accomplishment. Such a doctrine is indeterminate, enormous; but is full of inspiration." We pass by the childishness of the judgment. If Mr. Chew thinks that Byron's philosophy is greater than Goethe's, and that enormity, in the sense of lawlessness, is synonymous with inspiration, that is his own affair; he is entitled, perhaps, to his opinion. But it is otherwise with the failure, here and elsewhere in his work, to distinguish between the classic and the pseudo or neo-classic. That is a question of fact where ignorance is merely discreditable to a man's scholarship. A teacher should complete his education on such fundamental principles before writing on them.

It is pleasanter to turn to an aspect of his theme where Mr. Chew has shown himself more competent. In dealing with Byron's use of exposition and with other technical matters of the sort, he shows considerable knowledge of dramaturgy, and writes with critical precision. And, again, his study of sources, as would be expected, is excellent; for example, he writes with nice discrimination in regard to the precise amount of influence of Chateaubriand's "René" on "Manfred." Nor is the human interest omitted. He enters into the vexed question of the relation of the subject of "Manfred" to Byron's own life, and, by comparison of the drama with the almost contemporary poem, "The Dream," leads to a conclusion which we accept as sound and valuable:

The autobiographical references in "The Dream" are indisputable in their cogency. The poem is a record of Byron's love for Mary Chaworth. Every one admits this. The conclusion drawn from the parallels noted above is therefore obvious. "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other." Since Mary Chaworth is the Lady of "The Dream," and since Astarte's history is identical with that of the Lady, it follows that Astarte and the Lady and Mary Chaworth are one and the same.

The morbid elements of Manfred, which have been used by Mrs. Stowe, Lord Lovelace, and others to support the monstrous scandal, are adequately explained by Mr. Chew by showing the persistence of the theme of incest through all this romantic literature. On the whole, this study of Byron's dramas is a good specimen of scholastic criticism. As an exhaustive analysis and source-study, it offers a notable addition to that literature designed primarily for the specialist, which goes on building itself up in remote and haughty seclusion. Its stubborn comprehensiveness is likely to repel those true lovers of the book whose reading is a part of life, and not of the classroom.

Not only lucidity and comprehensiveness characterize James B. Morman's "The Principles of Rural Credits" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), an addition to the Rural Science series, but a clear grasp of the relation to the whole complex problem in which our Governmental agencies are likely to stand. Theory is subordinated to treatment of specific conditions and constructive plans. The first half of the volume deals with the methods of financing farmers in Europe, emphasizing the fact that mortgage-credit agencies are there always of a non-profit-seeking character, and are decentralized in organization. The second half considers the various adaptations of European plans proposed here—the gradual amortization of farm mortgages as carried by building and loan associations or by rural credit unions, the issue of mortgage bonds by State land banks, the establishment of funds by the great insurance companies for direct loans, the provision of State funds, and the institution of a Federal machinery for rural credits. Emphatic preference is given to the first expedient. The author properly holds that the field is not one for Federal agencies to enter, as no European Government has ever taken the initiative in establishing a system of rural credits, and as the States can better provide for the problem by the use of State funds for long-term loans. He emphasizes, however, his conviction that organization among farmers must be the basis of success in their credit-seeking, and that it must be accompanied by education in the use of credits. Some discussion of how our slow-growing cooperative associations can be made to develop faster would have been useful, for it is to just this point that the crux of the problem reduces itself.

Students of American colonial history will be interested in two monographic studies recently published. "Church and State in Massachusetts, 1691-1740," by Susan Martha Reed, is printed in the University of Illinois Studies; "Money and Transportation in Maryland, 1720-1765," by C. P. Gould, makes No. 1, Vol. XXXIII, of the Johns Hopkins Studies. The intellectual and religious history of the colonies in the eighteenth century is a most inviting but hitherto little worked field, and Miss Reed, by an exhaustive study of a narrowly restricted problem, has made a useful contribution to the knowledge of the general subject. Her object has been to trace the process by which the Anglicans, Baptists, and Quakers came to possess certain privileges in Massachusetts ecclesiastical law; she tells the "story of the gradual encroachment on the old Puritan system by religious dissenters." Both manuscript and printed sources have been used to good purpose, and the subject is developed systematically and clearly. Apart from the main subject, Miss Reed's study throws interesting light on other aspects of colonial history; notably upon the influence of Whig party politics in determining the attitude of the English Government towards the colonies, and upon the tendency of "irreligious persons," descendants, in the second and third generations, of the Puritan founders, to leave the older towns, "where extreme orthodoxy was the order and social prestige depended upon it," and settle in "the newer plantations of the northern and southern counties where their variations made less stir with the government at Boston."

Mr. Gould's monograph gives a detailed and well documented presentation of the various forms of money in Maryland, and of the system of transportation. The monetary problem in the colonies was a perplexing one because of the persistent scarcity of specie, and the monetary system a complicated one because of the necessity of resorting to various other mediums of exchange. This complexity, for Maryland, Mr. Gould has exhibited with considerable skill. And in particular he shows, as every careful study of the subject in almost any of the colonies is likely to show, that there was a legitimate as well as an illegitimate demand for paper currency; and that where paper was kept from serious depreciation, as was the case in Maryland (and also in New York), its use was highly beneficial both for commerce and agriculture. Studies for the other colonies, similar to that of Mr. Gould, are much to be desired; and much to be desired by the political as well as by the economic historian; for the intimate connection between the monetary system of the colonies and their commerce, particularly their commerce with the West Indies, has a direct and important bearing upon the opposition which the measures of Grenville—the Sugar act, the Stamp act, and the Currency act—gave rise to in the colonies. The relation of the problem of colonial money to the Revolution has never been adequately set forth.

In Robert P. Reeder's book entitled "The Validity of Rate Regulation, State and Federal" (Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson Company), we have a serious and valuable contribution to the now rapidly increasing literature on the law of public service. Whether or not readers of this book agree with all of the author's conclusions, they will be grateful that he has not fallen into the error of presenting a mere digest of cases under the guise of a textbook, and that he gives them the benefit of a scholarly and painstaking attempt to evolve the true constitutional principles applicable to the problems in hand. He admonishes the reader that he "must at least realize that, in view of the state of the authorities, it will be necessary . . . to do more than sim-

ply compile the results of the gradual process of judicial inclusion and exclusion." Acting upon this admonition, he subjects all rate cases to a critical scrutiny. The result of his analysis, together with "an extensive examination of fundamental principles," leads him to a radical disagreement with far-reaching conclusions embodied in many of the important rate decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States in recent years. In particular, he takes issue with the Court's interpretation of the provision contained in the Fourteenth Amendment—"Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law."

More than a third of the book is given up to a discussion of the bearing of this clause on rate regulation, with the conclusion that "when the due process provision was placed in the Federal Constitution, it referred simply to those deprivations which are usually made by way of punishment, and that it referred simply to the procedure which must be observed in determining whether the law has been violated." The author admits that the Supreme Court holds that the due-process provision relates not only to procedure, but also to substantive law, confirming to persons certain rights which cannot be taken from them in any manner; among these is the right not to have property taken for a public purpose without due process, from which is derived the right to a fair return for property used in the service of the public. Yet he stoutly and ably contends that these conclusions are not justified by the Constitution; that the reasoning by which they are reached is unsatisfactory and confused, and that the conclusions themselves are as confused as the reasoning by which they are supported. There are interesting chapters on the effect of the commerce clause on the rights of States to control carriers by legislation and on the right of Legislatures to delegate their powers, as well as a very good summary of methods approved by the courts for fixing rates. The footnotes throughout the book are extensive and helpful, being rich, not only in citations of and quotations from leading cases, but in references to legal treatises, articles, notes, reviews, and arguments before legislative bodies.

Our present painful interest in the historic architecture of Europe lends timeliness to a volume of "Sketches by Samuel Prout" (John Lane Co.; $3 net), containing 63 plates in monotone and one reproduction in color from the artist's "Facsimiles of Sketches Made in Flanders and Germany" and "Sketches in France, Switzerland, and Italy," which appeared, respectively, a few years before and after Queen Victoria came to the throne. They are prefaced by an appreciative but balanced essay on "The Life and Work of Samuel Prout," by Ernest G. Halton, which not only emphasizes Prout's distinctive talent for catching the quality of picturesque old buildings, but also discusses briefly most of the sketches reproduced. In addition, it points out the value of these sketches as preserving not simply structures that may suffer injury or destruction in war, but many that have already disappeared or been materially changed by restoration. The drawings need, however, no justification beyond their own appeal.

Science

LORD AVEBURY.

Life of Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury). By Horace G. Hutchinson. Two vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $9 net.

In a sense, this biography closes an epoch in scientific thought. Sir John Lubbock was about the last of that group of distinguished men of science who made the Victorian period so notable. The biographies of these men are interesting not only as records of individual attainments, but, taken together, they give us the history of one of the important schools of thought.

The dominant spirit of this group of men was Charles Darwin, who, by the discovery of the law of evolution, gave us a new principle which influenced thought far beyond the confines of a strictly scientific generalization. It was at once seen that the law was an instrument of immense power, giving not only, what is so necessary to the development of science, continuity of action between the present and both past and future time; but it also became a link among the various sciences and between science and other fields of thought.

Thus, this law differed from most scientific laws because it not only needed to be proved by experimental evidence, but also, by reason of its relations to philosophy and ethics, it required a propaganda. Darwin was fortunate in arousing the deep enthusiasm and personal affection of a band of able experimentalists who were in addition keen critics and advocates. Of these, Huxley was certainly the master mind, and he is unique in science as a champion who joined experimental skill with first-rate ability as an essayist. Next to Huxley we may place Sir John Lubbock.

The life of Lubbock, as recorded by Mr. Hutchinson, arouses a feeling of envy. The close friendship and intercourse among the British men of science has only a feeble counterpart in America. They lived within easy reach of one another, and enjoyed a rare combination of scientific and social life. Ability was thus quickly recognized and enthusiastically encouraged.

After leaving Eton, at the age of fifteen, the boy was placed by his father at work in his bank. Lubbock writes in his diary this extraordinary note:

> At the same time, he [his father] did so with the less reluctance, as practically nothing but Latin and Greek, and a very little geography, was taught as a part of the regular curriculum, and as at Oxford and Cambridge the same system was adopted (with, of course, mathematics at Cambridge). Soon afterwards my father's partners both died, and he and I, with a worthy old clerk, carried on the business, so that he and I could not be away together.

Here was a boy of fifteen with the burden of a partnership in a bank on his shoulders, and his only partner was his father, who was much keener about higher mathematics than about finance. From this date began a life which has hardly its equal in activity and variety of occupation.

Several years before this time, when Lubbock was seven years of age, an event had occurred which was destined to exercise a predominant influence over his life. Charles Darwin had come to Down to live, only about a mile from High Elms, the home of the Lubbocks. At this early age, the boy gained the affection and encouragement of the master, and, both by his own ability and by Darwin's teachings, he soon became distinguished as a scientist and made the acquaintance of the leaders in science. How early he obtained recognition is shown by the fact that he was elected to membership in the Royal Society at the age of twenty-two.

As if two occupations were not more than enough for any one to undertake, he was elected to Parliament. In all three careers he worked incessantly. In finance, he instituted new methods of banking, and he is the creator of the clearing-house system; in science, he published many papers and books of a high order of originality; in Parliament, he was keenly interested in many reforms and put through many important bills, one of which, creating the bank holidays, made him famous, and for a long while these holidays were popularly called St. Lubbock's Days. In addition to all of this work, he was Rector of St. Andrew's University, member of the London County Council, an officer in innumerable societies, and he wrote many books which had an immense sale and were translated into an extraordinary number of languages and dialects. It is a mystery how he contrived to do what he did, especially as he always gave the impression of being rather a man of leisure, or at least one who always had time enough at his disposal.

Although he was distinguished in many ways, his name became almost a household word as the author of "The Hundred Best Books" and "The Pleasures of Life." He was an omnivorous taker of notes and he had the faculty of seizing on the books and quotations which would appeal to the best popular taste. As a result, he wrote these books with almost no effort, giving a list of the best reading and maxims, which had a profound effect on the reading and thought of the world. Letters of interest and approval and requests for permission of translation poured in on him from all over the world. One letter, from an Arabian, is worth quoting in part to show the strange influence this restrained Englishman could exert:

> Though only four hours of a night to write it, and, once written, again a considerable number of days of hesitation to depart with it as a "picture of me" destined to fall under the sight of Lord Avebury.
>
> Dear Sir it is a critical moment—but my beats and throbs are as regular as ever. "To be or not to be, this is the question": Whether I should stick to my present post of £10 per 1 moon's revolution, and continue to live on the figures (only ten in shape), I add and register—and die when Death knocks, . . . or bid this routine farewell. . . . Oxford is my goal; a foul or a

fail; a failer or a fool; I want to know more and become more. I may be hung; I may be stabbed; I may be smashed and ground to earth; but starvation can never be a cause to my death. . . . For work is Nature's kind tiger, and no cruel Humanity can dare mutilate its arm. . . .

Mr. Hutchinson has done his work well. The biography is full and interesting. He has given a very vivid picture of a man of intense activity and of the most diverse accomplishments. There is also the other side of the man, as one who knew every one worth knowing, genial himself, and sought after as a friend. It is undoubtedly the correct picture. At the same time the biographer is impressed with the necessity of counteracting a perhaps current opinion that Lord Avebury was merely a popularizer of science. He insists on the importance of the scientific side of the writer, and quotes many letters from Darwin and others to show that his contributions to pure science were of a high order of importance. And there is also a feeling of pathos aroused because of the absolute lack of leisure and time for meditation which must be the possession of any one who is to obtain the best out of life. Probably Lord Avebury did not attain as much reputation in any one field as he might have done, and probably as he grew older the pressure of his life may have weighed upon him, but, after all, he left behind a record of a singularly fruitful and happy life.

The fact that nearly ten thousand copies have been sold of the Apsley Cookery Book of Mrs. John J. Webster and Mrs. H. Llewellyn (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.; $1.40) indicates that not a few persons are willing to take advice on the subject of food, for this book is made up of recipes for uric-acid-free diet. The new edition contains more than five hundred of them, which shows that dieting does not necessarily mean monotony at the table.

In "The Big Game Fields of America, North and South," by Daniel J. Singer (Doran; $2.25), two chapters, dealing respectively with the natural history of the jaguar and the black bear, are good summaries of the lives of these animals. The remainder of the volume deals with the author's account of shooting-trips in British Guiana, Mexico, and Alaska. The rather florid, redundant style and lack of directness and simplicity detract much from the narrative. If the chapters were condensed to one-half their present volume, they would be twice as interesting.

A. Radclyffe Dugmore's "The Romance of the Beaver" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $2.50 net) would seem to be the final word in the literature devoted to this worthy animal, for, besides his own wide experience, the author has drawn upon the writings of all his predecessors. It is truly a history of the beaver in the Western Hemisphere. Protection is the constant plea throughout, the danger of extermination of this specialized rodent from any further persecution being very great. The habits and really remarkable engineering feats are first narrated in detail, and then the life of a beaver colony is given in the form of a supposed personal history of an imaginary pair of animals followed through a period of several years. There follow a consideration of the effects of the work of these animals as benefiting man and suggested methods for their protection. The beaver as it has influenced Canadian history is presented with graphic early illustrations, and finally the study of the animal as a species. The photographs of the beaver's haunts and works, together with flashlights of the animals themselves, are admirable. As a monograph of a single form it is worthy of comparison with Gurney's recent book on the Gannet.

Drama

NEBULOUS SYMBOLISM.

Plays. By Leonid Andreyeff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Symbolism, in the theatre, to be valuable or effective, must make its meaning clear to the spectator. So much may be stated dogmatically. In these three dramas of the well-known Russian writer, Leonid Andreyeff—"The Black Maskers," "The Life of Man," and "The Sabine Women"—which, on the surface, are romantic fantasies, the first two tragic and the third satirical, the deeper significance is so obscure that the translators, Clarence L. Meader and Fred Newton Scott, wisely deemed it expedient to preface them with an authoritative explanation. This has been furnished by V. V. Brusyanin, a critic of repute, and is both interesting and illuminative. It clarifies the intent of the author, and, incidentally, exposes some of the fallacies of the theory and methods which, as a dramatist, Andreyeff has adopted. M. Brusyanin is an intimate of the author, and evidently speaks as his acknowledged representative.

Andreyeff, he says, holds that external action, as that phrase is ordinarily understood, is not necessary to the theatre. The drama of the future, according to him, is to be "panpsyche," entirely psychological. It will deal solely with the invisible struggles of the individual soul and intellect, will be independent of incident, and, therefore, will be purely creative and true, artistic in the highest sense, and a distinct advance upon the older drama of "Shakespeare, Sardou, and Dumas." The grouping of these three names is sufficiently astonishing, and suggests obvious reflections, but is less curious than the implication that the psychological drama is something new. Are the achievements in this direction of the old Greek dramatists, and their innumerable successors, down to Goethe and Browning, of no account? Is the psychological insight of any of the moderns superior to that displayed in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," or "Faust"? Apparently, Andreyeff, or his interpreter, has confounded form with substance. It is true that the dramas in this volume are composed with entire disregard of the ordinarily accepted restrictions and traditional mechanism of the contemporary theatre. In that respect they show artistic originality. They are not "well-made" plays, according to the pattern set by Scribe or Sardou, but they are roughly fashioned, nevertheless—and inevitably—upon the same old models used by all dramatists for centuries. None of the devices employed, though some of them are variants, is new. Most of them could be traced easily to their originals. That, however, is beside the main point, which is that the plays themselves, so far as their theatrical effect is concerned, are just as dependent upon sensational incident and spectacular effect as the commonest melodrama of thrills. In imaginative intent, they are, of course, far superior to such pieces—whatever may be thought of their dreary, cynical, and fatalistic pessimism—but of what avail in the theatre is a mystical significance imperceptible to the ordinary unenlightened intelligence?

In "The Life of Man," indeed, the symbolism of the Gray Figure, with his slowly wasting candle, is as clear as it is trite, but that is but a small part of the allegory which, in terms of melodrama, is supposed to, but does not actually, illustrate the psychological study. It is in "The Black Maskers," a striking work in many ways, that the futility of excessive symbolism is most clearly demonstrated. Here the gorgeous castle is supposed—quite arbitrarily, for there is no direct reference to it in the text—to represent the soul of man and the guests, real and visionary, the intellectual and moral elements which make up the dual personality of the host. There can be no question of the imagination displayed in the pursuance of the conceit, when the clue to the meaning of it has been given, but, on the surface, all the paraphernalia—the maskers, the revel, the invading hosts, the quenching of the lights, the growing terror, the fire, the duel, the funeral scene, with the surviving half of the Duke contemplating and apostrophizing his dead double—are more or less familiar theatrical expedients, constituting the details of a romantic tragedy, which is not more impressive on account of its mystical interludes, in palpable, but somewhat feeble, imitation of Maeterlinck. In the final act the Duke might easily be regarded, by the uninitiated, as a madman bent upon the immolation of himself, his family, and his vassals, under the delusion that he is the Almighty. There is nothing to indicate that the seeming tragedy marks the final victory of a misguided and aspiring soul over its delusions and temptations It would be difficult to imagine a more striking instance of a symbolism extinguished in its own overelaboration.

"The Sabine Women" is a satirical comedy dealing with Russian politics. No one unacquainted with it would by this play obtain the slightest glimmering of its real meaning. In this case the censorship, doubtless, was the cause of a calculated obscurity, and it would be scarcely fair to take the piece as an example. The other two may be judged squarely upon their merits. Imitative and crude as they are, they bear the impress of natural genius. They show descriptive rather than inventive dramatic power, but it is easy to credit the

reports of the enthusiasm with which they have been received by Russian audiences. The mystical element in them, combined with the purely theatrical, would explain that. To a more sophisticated Western audience their symbolism, even if it were grasped, would offer nothing fresh. The "Panpsyche" theatre will be only a dream structure if it have no surer foundation than the symbolical personalization of passions and ideas. The old theatre, without the least symbolic intent, has been doing little else for ages, for the simple reason that every word and action is necessarily full of a potential symbolism. This is a truth which the professed symbolists should lay to heart. To hold the mirror up to nature is still the one safe guide for the dramatist, and in his fantastic creative art Andreyeff gets very far from the truth which he professes to reveal. But his plays contain abundant evidence of the literary skill and the keen social observation that have made him famous in the fields of fiction and political essay. J. Ranken Towse.

Art

WAR IN ART.

London, June 25.

There have been many shows in London for the benefit of the various war relief funds and a few devoted to subjects connected with the present war. But the Guildhall is the first gallery to get together a large collection, more or less representative, of "Naval and Military Works"—representative, that is, of the period that begins with Napoleon and ends with to-day. The first impression it gives is that war-time is not the most appropriate or agreeable in which to show war pictures. We have horrors enough to endure without so realistic a reminder. Already, in two theatres, plays that had these horrors for motive have been withdrawn after a short run, though they might have been thought the plays of all others to attract the public, and I would question whether the exhibition of the Guildhall could remain long open were it not for the almost phenomenal success Guildhall shows have hitherto enjoyed.

The second impression given by the exhibition is that war as a motive does not often inspire the masterpiece. Indeed, it is extraordinary how few through the ages the great paintings of war have been. To look back is to think at once of Uccello's wonderful battle picture in the London National Gallery and of Velasquez's Lances in the Prado, but really of not very many besides, and where the old masters have rarely excelled, I suppose it is inevitable that the modern painter should usually fail. The collection includes the works of British, Belgian, Russian, and French artists. If there is nothing by Italians, it is probably because the exhibition must have been organized before Italy had ranked herself with the Allies. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that but little has come from Belgium and Russia. The French, with the amazing energy they have displayed throughout the war, have got together a characteristic series from the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and Versailles. From the British it was simple to collect all the examples that were wanted. And so, if the exhibition is virtually, save for its name, French and British, in these two sections it is so comprehensive that the impression one gets from it is by no means superficial.

The contrast between the two sections is suggestive. The British painter treats his subject in his accustomed British way, in this special instance approaching it from much the same point of view as the picturesque journalist who, for the last eleven months, has been telling "the deathless tale" of British exploits in the British press. He runs to anecdote, overloads his canvas with sentiment, shows us soldiers who keep beautifully clean and neat in the thick of the fight, dispenses with observation, and as long as his story is told and is chockful of heroism, does not bother about such trivial details as color, design, pictorial effect. In these respects the works of contemporary painters are so alike that it would be useless to describe them, and it is curious to see how much better the same sort of picture was painted by one of those early Victorians it is now the fashion to despise, as fortunately can be seen in two long, narrow panels by Daniel Maclise: The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher After the Battle of Waterloo, and Trafalgar: The Death of Nelson, the latter the finished study for the decoration in the Houses of Parliament. In both anecdote prevails, as one expects it to prevail in British art; also, there is the indispensable sentiment in the different figures, the excess of emotion in the meeting of the generals in front of the riddled cottage of La Belle Alliance, and in the farewell of the dying hero, the equal excess of pathos in the faces of the wounded and the cares of the ministering angels, while most of the brave warriors look as if they had come out of a bathtub instead of a battle. Not by any stretch of imagination could either painting be called a great work of art. But in both there is a sense of arrangement; the principal figures in the drama keep the principal place in the composition naturally and without sacrifice of pictorial balance; the groups on either side, tediously overcrowded as they are, fill the space with decorative no less than anecdotal value, and the endless detail is well subordinated to the design; and hard and dry and disagreeable as the color is, it is well considered and distributed. The eye, wearied of haphazard and sensational and violent appeal to the sympathies, finds in the two panels the repose there always must be in the well-ordered canvas.

The portraits are no more inspiriting. A sketch of King Albert, for which the painter —Harold Speed—has recently been to the front, shows less the King who has been fighting in the trenches for months than the King of a fashion-plate. Lord Kitchener by Herkomer, Sir John French by St. Helier Lander, Lord Charles Beresford by Furse are soldiers and sailors not of the battlefield and the battleship, but of the drawing-room. Lavery has painted on a large canvas Mr. Churchill with his body disappearing in unaccountable shadow and melodramatic limelight shining on his head, and Laszlo, on a canvas as large, shows so lackadaisical a Balfour that the lay outsider may well ask what in the world he is doing at the Admiralty. There are only two exceptions, and neither is British, though they are hung in the British section. One is a small half-length of Wellington by Goya, to which it is a relief to come, for Goya painted a real man on his canvas with some feeling for his character. The other is Sargent's Sir Ian Hamilton, which does not lose now on being seen again after so many years, for Sargent in it made no concession to the drawing-room, but strove to express character in his modelling of the spare, well-knit figure inside the red coat and of the curiously shaped head, and the result in his case, too, is a man, a soldier, not a military dummy.

Nothing could be more different from the British collection than the French, both in the attitude of the painters and the quality of their work. Here there is no anecdote but a fearless statement of fact, no sentiment but plenty of observation, no neat stage properties but the downright realization of war and its attendant disorders and brutalities. The French, in these paintings, may not have achieved masterpieces, but they have made records. It is interesting to see the careful studies of the French soldier and his uniform by Charlet and Raffet, the two artists who, in their marvellous little lithographs, created the Napoleonic legend for which they deserve all the credit the French have lavished upon them. And the story of the French army and French art is brought down to yesterday and to-day in the studies of De Neuville, Detaille, Régamey, and Jeannlot. Events have their chroniclers, from Horace Vernet in his painting of the Fight at the Clichy Gate in the Defence of Paris, 1814, and Bellangé's Review of 1800 under the Empire in the Place du Carrousel, to canvases almost fresh from the Salon. The best-known is probably Meissonier's Guide, the peasant showing the way through a forest of Alsace to a regiment of dragoons. It is larger than the usual tiny and more typical Meissonier, but it has many of the same faults. It is photographic in treatment, in the tight rendering of the faces, in the elaboration of the soldiers' uniforms and the peasant's costume, in the minute carrying out of the bare wintry branches of the trees. But it succeeds just where the British painting is so apt to fail. The subject is well placed on the canvas, the waistcoat of the peasant is more than a fact, for it gives the right touch of red in the right place, the long winding cavalcade riding down the narrow way has its artistic as well as pictorial value, and if there is no atmosphere, the whole picture is held together by the well-thought-out arrangement of color and line. The

painting would fade into insignificance by the side of Uccello or Velasquez, but in the midst of the modern work at the Guildhall, it has an air of distinction.

Gérôme's Execution of Marshal Ney also strikes one at once as the work of a man who knows his business. It is rather empty as a composition—Ney's figure prostrate in the foreground, a high wall stretching across the background, the executioners vaguely seen in the distance—but it has all the unity that a well-carried-out scheme of grays can give it, it is direct in its statement of incident, and technically accomplished. And, again, the technical certainty, the vigor, in Roll's huge Stop There, with the tremendous struggle between the French and German dragoons, makes it seem in London a fine performance, though the chances are that when first exhibited in Paris it did not appear as anything much finer than the usual sound, workmanlike Salon machine. The portraits are few in number. Of the few the most distinguished is the memorable Bonaparte at Arcole, by Gros, from Versailles, the portrait ordered by Josephine, an interesting document in both the history of France and the history of romanticism in French art. As a painting, it is full of the life, the vivacity, the dignity which the British portrait-painter seldom achieves. Altogether, the French work explains so clearly the thoroughness of French training and the technical soundness of French methods that, by comparison, the British battle-scenes and the British anecdotes and the British portraits seem like the naïve experiments of the sentimental amateur. If the grim realism of the French could go further and help to impress upon the world the virtue and advantage of peace, the exhibition, if not a great artistic event, would have had its uses.

N. N.

Finance

MID-YEAR.

The middle of the year is a time when financial markets habitually look both backward and forward, reviewing the economic movement as a whole during the six months just completed, and endeavoring to forecast the movement in the second half-year. Retrospect and prospect of this sort are particularly interesting now, because the past six months constitute, in an unusual degree, a chapter of economic events with a character of its own. In the economic history since the war began, there have thus far been three entirely distinct periods.

The first was the period of world-wide panic, which may be said to have stretched from the third week of July until past the middle of August. In the second period, which lasted from August practically up to the end of December, the Bank of England's gold reserve was more than doubled, half of the $170,000,000 increase being gold sent from New York to the Bank's reserve at Ottawa. During the greater part of that period, New York exchange on London stood at such unprecedented heights as to measure our market's extremely unfavorable international position. Our outward balance of trade fell to alarmingly small dimensions. "Bank pools" were organized to provide against default on New York city's maturing foreign obligations, to regulate the outflow of gold, and to save from ruin the cotton-growing industry, whose exports fell off nearly 60 per cent. from the previous year.

Signs of a very sweeping change were visible before the end of December; but nobody would have ventured to predict what actually followed. Whereas a British commission had been visiting this country at the opening of December, planning expedients to help our markets out of their critical condition, Lombard Street itself was openly admitting, in the middle of January, that the office of the world's money centre had already passed from London to New York.

The wholly unprecedented demand for our grain and flour by Europe, and the unexpected increase in cotton exports (which for the past six months have been 60 per cent. greater than in 1914), raised our export trade and our excess of exports to absolutely unheard-of figures. Exchange on London, which in the autumn had been quoted 10 cents in the pound above the normal maximum, fell to a discount of 8 cents under the normal minimum. New York got back from the Bank of England's Ottawa reserve virtually all of the $100,000,000 gold which we had sent there in the five closing months of 1914. Despite very heavy selling of our securities by Europe, Wall Street witnessed an excited "bull movement" on the Stock Exchange in April.

What have we to look for in the next six months? Just as the situation began to change in the week or two before last year was ended, so there has been a slow but perceptible change in the last few weeks before this present mid-year period. The Lusitania episode and the clash with Germany account for part of this. Proof that the springtime hopes of an early end to the European war were wrong gives some further explanation. The stock market, at least, has lapsed into inactivity, with frequent weakness. Wheat has fallen rapidly in price. The decline in foreign exchange has halted, temporarily or otherwise. This has happened without any of the money stringency which often marks the "mid-year settlements."

In so far as this has been merely reaction from the extravagant enthusiasm of two or three months ago, it is not in the least astonishing. The strong points in our economic situation continue. In our export trade of merchandise there will hardly be a decrease; it should increase, even as compared with the past six months, when the war munitions begin to move out in quantity. Surplus reserves of the New York banks, despite a decrease at the end of June, are $46,000,000 above where they stood at the opening of January, and the resources of the Federal Reserve system have not been touched. Thus far the wheat crop promises as large a yield in 1915 as in 1914, and Europe will have to provide a market for it.

From the economic point of view, the situation remains to an extraordinary degree in this country's favor. The two influences whose possible bearing on the next six months cannot to-day be calculated are the relations of the United States with Germany and the continuance or non-continuance of liquidation in quantity of our securities by Europe. To these considerations must be added the general question as to the recoil on our own markets, if the economic strain on Europe should become much more severe.

No forecast of the immediate future can dismiss these factors. Yet, on the other hand, they were all potentially present six months ago, and are therefore hardly new. Throughout the first half of 1915, the markets took the ground that war with Germany was most unlikely, and could not be a direct conflict at arms if it were to happen; that our new financial resources enabled us to look with equanimity on Europe's re-sale of our securities; and that, in all other respects, we were necessarily removed from the directly unfavorable influence of Europe's financial difficulties. It remains to be seen whether the cheerful views of that part of the year were right, or wrong.

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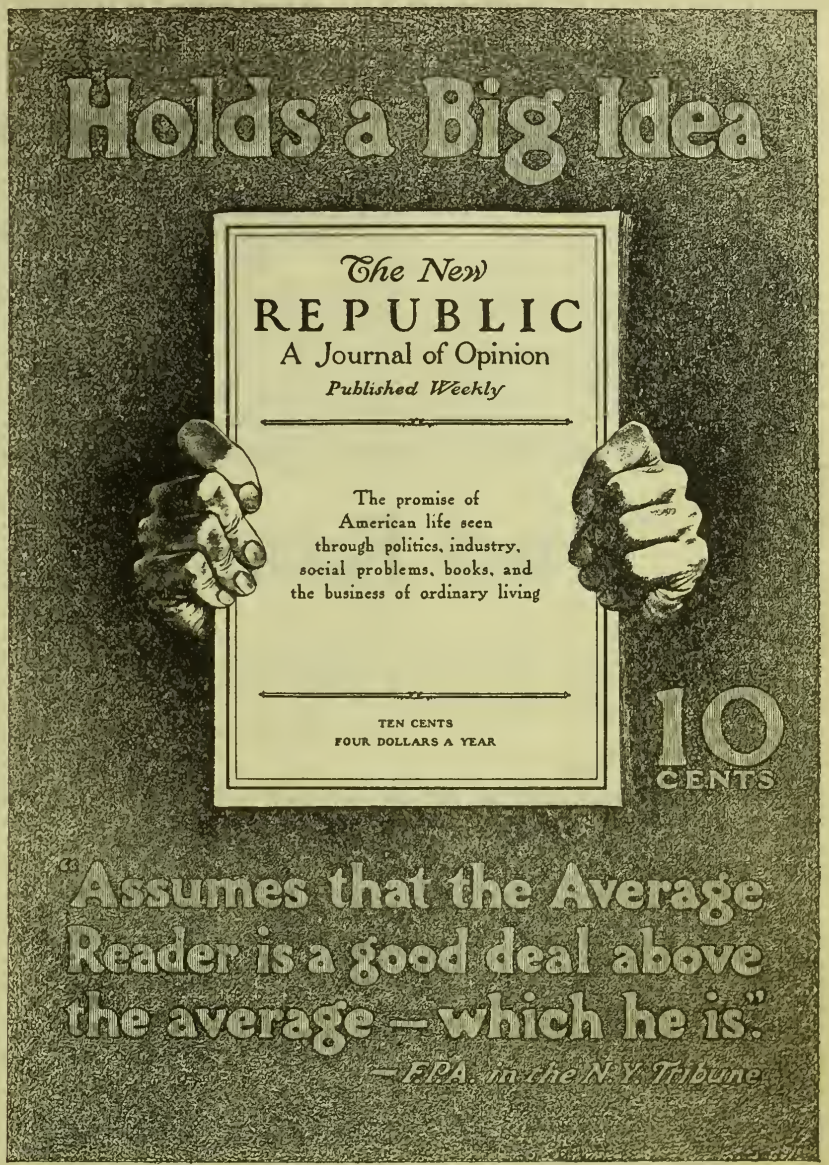
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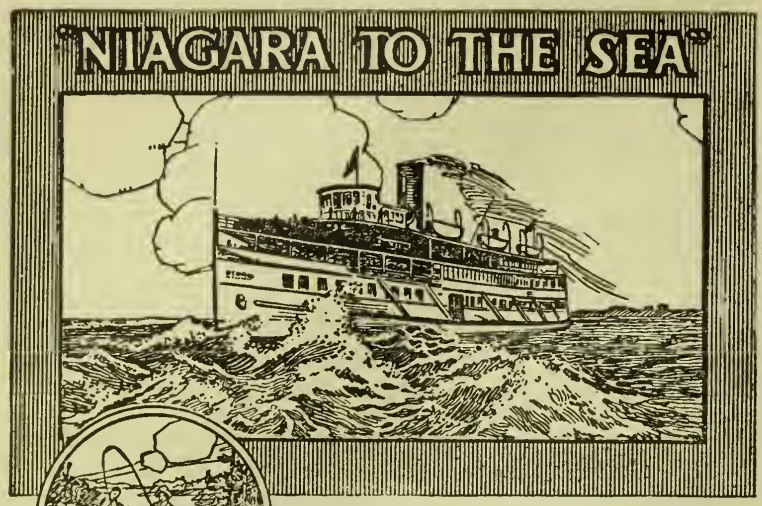

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1915.

Summary of the News

The President returned from Cornish, N. H., to Washington on Monday and held a conference with Secretary Lansing on the subject of the note to Germany. On Tuesday it is understood that a draft of the note was presented to the Cabinet for consideration. No official intimation has, as we write, been given as to the date of the dispatch of the note to Germany, but it is generally supposed that it will not in any event be delayed for many days.

Diplomatic communications and statements have been more numerous perhaps during the past week than in any similar period of time since the end of July, last year, when Germany was scattering ultimatums through Europe. The most welcome of these, so far as the United States is concerned, was that received on July 15, when Ambassador Gerard formally transmitted to the State Department an admission on the part of Germany of liability and an expression of regret for the attack on the American steamship Nebraskan on May 25. The German note absolves the commander of the submarine from blame on the ground that, when attacked, the vessel carried no flag and no neutral markings on her freeboard, and that in the twilight her name was not visible.

On the same day that the note on the subject of the Nebraskan was received it became known that, on June 29, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs had presented to the American Ambassador at Vienna a note on the question of the export of munitions from this country to the Allies, in which it was politely suggested that, if only the United States realized that this proceeding was "not in consonance with the definition of neutrality," the traffic would be stopped. The Austrian Government, therefore, considerately points out that the American Government "is undoubtedly entitled to prohibit the export of war material." No reply has as yet been sent to this note, and it is thought that none will be prepared until the full text of the communication has been received by mail, when the expressions of good-will towards the United States contained in the note will doubtless be cordially reciprocated.

The long-expected note to England on the general subject of interference with American commerce on the high seas has not yet gone forward, but preliminary communications have been sent. On July 14, Ambassador Page was instructed to make representations to the British Government on behalf of the packers in the matter of the detention of their meat products, and at the same time formal notice was given to Great Britain, through the American Ambassador, that the United States holds that the rights of Americans, who have cases before British Prize Courts, rest upon international law and not upon British municipal law or Orders in Council. The official summary of Secretary Lansing's communication to this effect was published in Sunday's papers. Dispatches from Washington surmise that the forthcoming note to the British Government on the general question of the operation of the Order in Council will draw attention to the fact that the blockade maintained is discriminatory, in that it cuts off American trade with Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, while at the same time Baltic ports of Germany are open for trade with the Scandinavian countries.

Three reports bearing on various aspects of the war have been published during the past week by, respectively, Austria, Germany, and Great Britain. A summary of the Austrian Red Book, bearing the title "Collection of Evidence," was printed in the papers of July 16. In it, all of the Allies are accused of numerous atrocities, varying in kind, though hardly in degree, which, it is alleged, have been perpetrated against Austrian troops or civilians. Sunday's papers contained a summary of the German Government's reply to the findings of Lord Bryce's Commission on German atrocities in Belgium. Elsewhere we comment briefly on this document, the essence of which is a repetition of the defence that the Belgians brought all their woes upon themselves by unorganized resistance to German arms. The findings of the Court of Inquiry into the loss of the Lusitania, under the presidency of Lord Mersey, were published in dispatches of July 17. The court exonerated the captain and the Cunard Line of all blame and placed the entire responsibility on the German submarine. It also found that the ship was unarmed, that her cargo was a general one, and that the ammunition on board consisted only of 5,000 cases of cartridges, from which there was no explosion.

The most notable incident of the German submarine blockade during the past few days was the report brought in by the Cunard liner Orduna, when she docked in New York on Saturday, that, on July 9, when westward bound, she was attacked without warning by a submarine. According to the official statement of the captain, the first intimation received of the attack was when the lookout men saw a torpedo pass some feet from the stern. Subsequently the submarine rose to the surface and shelled the liner, without effect. The incident has been brought to the official attention of Washington by some of the American passengers on the Orduna.

Apart from the exploit noted above, the only activity of submarines recorded since we wrote last week has been the sinking of a Norwegian vessel and a Russian collier, and the holding up and jettisoning of the cargo of a second Norwegian ship. The moderation displayed in the last instance, when the ship was allowed to proceed on her way after the cargo had been thrown overboard, we may hope is further indication that a change of tactics in the use of submarines is contemplated in practice, though not as yet officially admitted. We have to correct the report which we recorded last week that a German submarine had compelled the American bark Normandy to act as a screen while the submarine made ready to attack another vessel. A denial of the report has been cabled to the State Department by the American Consul at Liverpool. The German report on the results of its submarine operations during the month of June was given out in a dispatch by the Overseas News Agency, under date of July 14. That submarine enterprise is not confined to one nation was indicated by dispatches in Saturday's papers, which stated that Russian submarines have been exceptionally busy in the Black Sea, having sunk recently a number of Turkish vessels.

The most serious strike that has occurred in Britain since the war began has taken place among the miners of South Wales. The men refused to accept a compromise recommended by the leaders of their union after consultation with the Board of Trade, and decided to strike. Their determination was unaffected by the announcement that the provisions of the Munitions of War act would be applied to their case. As, however, nearly 200,000 miners are affected, it is obvious that the difficulty of enforcing these provisions would be considerable. Dispatches on Tuesday stated that the strike had been settled through the mediation of Mr. Lloyd George and that work would probably be resumed to-day.

A bad strike was also started last week in the plant of the Remington Arms Company, at Bridgeport, Conn. The origins and occasion of the strike appear somewhat mysterious, but it has been attributed, both by the manager of the company and by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, to foreign intrigue, having as its motive the stoppage of supplies of munitions to the Allies. As we write, prospects of a settlement of the strike are not hopeful, and it is feared that it may be extended throughout the works of New England which are engaged in the manufacture of munitions. The British Ambassador on Monday called the attention of the State Department to a number of instances in which it was alleged that German sympathizers in the United States were employing unlawful means to strike at Great Britain and her Allies. The complaints will be investigated by the Department of Justice.

At a meeting of 186 members of the Greek Chamber of Deputies on Monday, M. Venizelos accepted anew the leadership of the Liberal party. The reopening of the Greek Parliament has been postponed until August 16.

The importance of the position of Rumania has been further emphasized by various reports during the past few days. Austrian offers of territory, which we recorded last week, it was stated in dispatches on Saturday, have been rejected, and it is reported that the Teutonic allies are about to bring strong pressure to bear on Rumania to induce her to facilitate the passage through her territory of munitions for Turkey.

Harry K. Thaw, who killed Stanford White in 1906 and was acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity, was declared sane by Supreme Court Justice Hendrick, of New York, on July 16. In forming his decision Justice Hendrick was assisted by a jury.

The Week

The reception that Herr von Jagow's last note on the Lusitania question has met with in America has, according to all reports from Berlin, put the German mind into a condition of plaintive surprise. It seems impossible, says one Berlin newspaper after another, that Germany's great liberality and friendliness should not be welcomed with appreciation and pleasure. "The *Tageszeitung* declares," says a cablegram to the *Times*, "that American politicians must appreciate that the German propositions are practical and that Germany on her own initiative has made extraordinary concessions." What America wants, however, is not "extraordinary concessions" made by Germany on her own initiative, but ordinary concessions made in pursuance of *our* initiative. This idea does not seem to occur to the German mind at all —the idea that when we ask for the exercise of an unquestionable right we are not content to take something else, which they assure us is just as good. That sort of thing may be extremely "practical" in ordinary dickerings involving no question of principle; but in this case the principle is everything. Indeed, the initiative of the German Government has been so extraordinary, and its schemes for giving licenses to American ships so ingenious, that it is hard to see why they did not go a step further, and offer to pay Americans who desired to cross the ocean a reasonable compensation for staying at home. Doubtless a perfectly "practical" method might have been devised for assessing the rates of payment.

The apology by the German Government for the torpedoing of the Nebraskan, with promise of full reparation for the damage done, satisfactorily disposes of that incident. There is, to be sure, no concession by Germany of the principle involved. She still seems to think it lawful to sink an enemy passenger ship without warning or inquiry. This the United States Government has denied. But so far as the Nebraskan itself was concerned, Germany has done all that could have been asked. She apologizes and will pay. She did the same, early in June, in the case of the Gulflight. This illustrates a neat point in German diplomatic tactics. A general note is written, unyielding and unsatisfactory, but it is followed up in a few days with a specific note, dealing with an individual case, which is as gracious as could be imagined. That was done after the first German reply in the matter of the Lusitania, and it is now done after the second. It all has an odd look, as if Wilhelmstrasse were surprised to learn that its answers displeased America, and hastily sent along something else which it was sure would please us mightily. A truer explanation would doubtless be the desire not to offend German public opinion on the main issue between the two countries. Either way, the German Government has made an end of the myth, long dear to so many, that it was deliberately seeking to get into a war with the United States.

"The American grievance against Germany for its treatment of Belgium," says Dr. Meyer-Gerhard to his countrymen, "the average German can scarcely understand, for he knows that Belgium long ago had surrendered her neutrality by an agreement with Germany's enemies." But the average American has every bit as much opportunity as the average German to "know" the truth about Belgian neutrality, and no subject has engaged more earnest or more prolonged attention among those Americans who are the leaders of opinion in this country. And with an almost complete unanimity they reject as worthless—and worse than worthless—the pitiful bits of so-called evidence that Germany has put forward to sustain her accusation of perfidy against that country upon which the German Chancellor himself, at the beginning of the war, publicly confessed that Germany was about to perpetrate a crime justified only by the doctrine of military necessity. Nothing in the German attitude has been more offensive than the constant complacent assertion of the notion that what Americans think about the war is sure to be due to ignorance when it does not agree with what Germans "know" about it.

"Right on the heels of the outbreak of the present war," says the opening sentence of the German reply to the Bryce report, "a turbulent insurrection broke forth in Belgium against the German troops. This was in flagrant violation of international law, and brought the heaviest penalties on the Belgian land and people." Coming from the German Government, so totally guiltless itself of any violation of international law, this accusation against the Belgian people will carry crushing weight. Of course, if the Belgians had risen against an arrogant and lawless invader, who had trampled under foot his own solemn treaty promises—who, after guaranteeing the safety of Belgium from such invasion, had himself shamelessly, upon two days' notice, sent his numberless legions into the country—if that had been so, there might have been some excuse for "a turbulent insurrection" even if it were more or less in "violation of international law." But resistance to German aggression—aggression which could not have been in violation of international law, because Germany's rights are well known to be exempt from the obligations of the law—what words can do justice to this inhuman wickedness of the Belgians?

With the German campaign against the Russian armies again displaying enormous power, it is important to bear in mind its real objective. This is not the capture of Riga or even of Warsaw. Both of those cities might fall to German arms, and the Russians be driven far back, without the attaining by the German General Staff of the end for which it is striving, and which alone would pay an adequate price for the great exertion and the enormous losses entailed. The enveloping movement which Hindenburg and Mackensen are now apparently pressing has the military design of catching the Russian armies between the German wings, and of breaking them up by a series of heavy defeats and the taking of vast numbers of prisoners, so that their offensive power will be broken for a long time to come. That is the true military objective. Short of it an impressive advance may, it is true, be scored and moral victories won; the fall of Warsaw, for example, would be a great blow to the hopes of Russia and the Allies. But if the Russian troops retreated as intact as they did from Przemysl and Lemberg, and were able to maintain their morale, the great purpose of the campaign would have been frustrated.

Austria has undoubtedly been a splendid ally for Germany. She has done things for her that she would not have done for herself. In the matter of the concessions offered to Italy, for example, the German Chancellor explained that they had been made uncommonly generous by Austria at Germany's request. And now Vienna comes forward again to do Berlin a favor. It is in the form of a note by the Austrian Government to our Department of State, objecting to the sale of American munitions of war to the Allies. The reasons why Germany preferred to "let Austria do it" are plain. In the first place, the German Government, on December 15, informed the American Secretary of State that "under the general prin-

ciples of international law, no exception can be taken to neutral states letting war material go to Germany's enemies." It would be a bit awkward to repudiate that now. Furthermore, when Ambassador Bernstorff undertook last April, on his own initiative, to protest against the "enormous new industry of war materials" in this country, and to make the impudent suggestion that "the American people" should "find means to stop the exclusive exportation of arms to one side," he got his quietus from the President. Mr. Wilson informed him that the sale of munitions was perfectly legal, and that this Government held that "any change in its own laws of neutrality, during the progress of a war, which would affect unequally the relations of the United States with the nations at war, would be an unjustifiable departure from the principle of strict neutrality." The President added that "an embargo on the trade in arms at the present time" would be "a direct violation of the neutrality of the United States." No wonder that Germany, after having the door thus shut in her face, should request Austria to be the one to knock at it next. After Austria has got the same answer, it is reported that German diplomacy will get Turkey to try it on! What are allies for except to get slapped in the face?

No one believes that the Progressives any longer form a party of definitely independent aims and organization; but it is something to have Colonel Roosevelt's clear-cut admission that they are again a branch of Republicanism, certain to revolt sharply if reactionary voices prevail in the old party, certain to lose their individuality if a spirit akin to their own is dominant. Under a man like Hughes, he told an Oregon audience on Monday, "our progressive idea" would be safe. But if a reactionary were nominated, "the Progressive Party would be an imperative need to the country." Considering the Colonel's violent lashing-out against men who are trying to talk for him in politics, this has a considerable resemblance to William Allen White's recent statement as to the future of Progressivism. It is only more moderate, more friendly to the much-denounced party of 1912! It is becoming clear that the Colonel would a great deal rather have a forward-looking Republican nominated, and party unity restored, than be put to the necessity of sulking outside the camp or of carrying on a heated rival campaign. A day before entering the political domain of the ultra-ambitious Gov. Johnson he dares hint at the absorption of the party. And it is to be noted that he predicts nothing as to the Progressives' course if the Republicans do choose a "reactionary." Mr. White left it to be understood that two million voters would then seriously contemplate voting with the Democrats. Is it not possible that, in the Colonel's phrase, many would thus think they were "exerting an influence to be counted on for the best good of the country"?

Announcement that five yards on the Delaware River are now building forty-six ocean-going vessels, with reports of a like activity in New England yards, indicates that one of the strongest reasons for a modification of the La Follette act is fast growing stronger. The producing capacity of American shipbuilders is increasing with every month of the war. Marine journals state that whereas the average cost of making a vessel in Great Britain was $40 a ton, it is now $60, and that the output of British yards is curtailed by the necessity of doing forced work for the navy. Difficulties of exportation, at the same time, have checked the old tendency of our steel-plate manufacturers to sell more cheaply abroad than at home. The American industry is, of course, building for the future as well as the present, for the demand for ships after the restoration of peace will be acute. Operators can now sail their vessels on the Atlantic at a profit even under the oppressive Seamen's law; when the war is over and the freight-rates drop, they can sell them to advantage. But it will be the grossest national mismanagement if we fail to conserve the enlarged and economical shipbuilding capacity developed by our yards, with every means in our power. The one certain guarantee of its maintenance is a prosperous American marine. England before the war was evidence of the fact that shipbuilders may do business for many foreign countries; but the mainstay of our yards will have to be our own mercantile navy.

The memorandum presented by the Civil Service Reform Association to the delegates to the Constitutional Convention of New York puts in remarkably compact and effective form the story of the establishment of the merit system in this State, the proof furnished by experience of the benefit of the Constitutional safeguard now existing for its continued integrity, the considerations relating to certain questions as to its extension and improvement, and the objections to any weakening of its principle by the creation of preferred classes, other than that consisting of veterans of the Civil War. The exemption of those veterans from the requirement of competitive standing is itself, as the Association says, "not in accordance with the true principles of civil service reform"; but it was made in recognition of a most extraordinary claim on the nation's gratitude, and furthermore was a recognition of a preference actually enjoyed before the introduction of the merit system, so that the provision for it under that system might be regarded as simply continuing an existing privilege. To institute such a privilege now for veterans of the Spanish War or other minor wars, or for the militia or volunteer firemen, would be to introduce a dangerous weakness in what ought to be a system built upon the clear principle of securing for every post the best man that can be obtained to fill it. To any fitting reward of men who have served the State or the country in posts of danger, there can be no objection; but, as the Association puts it, "it cannot be called a fitting reward of patriotic service to grant to those who have rendered military service the privilege of impairing the civil service."

The proposal to abolish the "emergency message," brought up in the New York Constitutional Convention, suggests interesting reflections. The emergency message is designed to cure the evils arising from those restrictions upon the power of the Legislature which are established in order to cure the evils arising from rushing legislation through without due consideration. Mr. Austin's amendment is designed to cure the evils arising from the cure of the cure. "I know of no emergency," he says, "that has justified its use [the use of the emergency message] since it received Constitutional sanction twenty years ago." Others will not admit the correctness of Mr. Austin's observation; indeed, we do not believe it would be difficult to point to a number of important instances in which resort to the emergency message has been distinctly called for in the public interest. On the other hand, it has unquestionably been employed in cases in which its application could not possibly be justified upon any general principle—in other words, the power has been abused by being placed at the service of "politics" and not of the real needs of the State. What is wanted is such reform in the methods of legislation as would avoid the evils of congested calendars, and rushes at the end of a session, and snap votes; but whether that reform can be ob-

tained by any Constitutional rule, and if so, how—that is the question. The other way would be to have better Legislatures, and better Governors, than we are usually fortunate enough to get—and how to do that is quite as hard a question.

The Wisconsin Senate has amended the bill to give the Governor complete control of the State University. The bill provided for a Central Board of fifteen, appointed by the Governor, and committed to their hands the entire charge of the educational system of the State. The amendment leaves the Central Board, but allows it financial jurisdiction only, and also provides that but one of its members, who are reduced to five, shall be appointed by the Governor, the rest being chosen by the Boards of Regents of the Normal Schools and the University, the Secretary of State, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The Governor has said that he will veto such a bill. The basis for the measure was found in the Wisconsin Survey, conducted by Dr. William H. Allen, which charged inefficiency in both the teaching and the business management of the institution. Although the Governor is a Republican, progressive Republican Senators are responsible for the fatal amendment, their position being that any financial slackness would be corrected by the bill as amended, while the educational independence of the University would remain unimpaired.

In a sense larger than the merely legal, the lynching of the guilty is as reprehensible as the lynching of the innocent; but the latter crime naturally stirs even people who look with tolerance upon the other. The two negroes, father and son, who were killed in Georgia the other day by a mob that was too eager to revenge a murder to make sure of getting the real murderers, are still speaking in the editorial columns of Georgia newspapers, as well as in those of surrounding States. The Augusta *Chronicle* calls for "rewards large enough to bring every member of this murderous mob to justice; and then enough of the State's money to employ the best legal talent to convict." It does not make this demand merely upon the ground of the innocence of the dead, but upon the ground that lynching is insurrection, "a deliberate, armed assault on the authority of the State." No one could ask for more vigorous language than the *Chronicle* uses in its denunciation of the crime, and in its appeal to the Governor and the people to put down "this growing spirit of mob domination."

Some simple figures published by the Bureau of Education prompt the reflection that, if only culture were measured by statistics, we might begin to bear our heads very proudly. In 1908, there were 2,298 libraries of over 5,000 volumes each in this country, and in 1913, 2,850; while all the public libraries of America in 1913 housed 75,112,935 volumes, as against but 55,350,000 in 1908. In five years, in other words, we gained nearly one-third in the number of volumes available to student and reader. The disproportion between the increase in the number of libraries of more than 5,000 books, and the total increase in library holdings, goes to show that most of the gain must be accounted for by the activities of collections already large. More than half of the three million volumes acquired each year, moreover, are acquired in the North Atlantic States, the seats of well-established libraries. Nevertheless, there is much circumstantial evidence to show that these larger stores of books exert an increasing public influence. More and more activity in the way of extension characterizes the public library; in the cities it is developing its branches, and organizing new ones in the farthest suburbs; in the country the county library is sending its travelling cases into the remotest hamlets.

One contribution of the war to surgery has already been thought by the Paris Académie des Sciences to justify the award of the Lecomte triennial prize of $10,000 to Sir Almroth Wright. It is in the same field of wound-dressing in which progress was begun by the French surgeon who first left off cauterizing the injured parts. Sir Almroth Wright's work as author of the system of anti-typhoid inoculation, the system of therapeutic inoculations for bacterial infections, and of methods for measuring the protective substances in blood, gave him a basis for his researches in the General Hospital at Boulogne, and made possible rapid results. The difficulty of cleansing wounds under military conditions seems to have led doctors to discard aseptic treatment in favor of the free use of antiseptics. Sir Almroth Wright has shown that free drainage of wounds is desirable, the lymph exuding thus being kept pure; that if Listerism is overdone, the wound is shut, the lymph becomes decomposed, and germs develop. Infinitely more important are further investigations in vaccine-therapy, by which it is hoped that previous inoculation may make soldiers proof against infection by wounds. The award should give a more general reputation in this country to a man who deserves to be widely known on grounds other than his "Case Against Woman Suffrage."

Mr. Arthur G. Sedgwick was not perhaps widely known, but he was distinctively known. His friends—and they were many and warm—perceived in him an original personality. His wit had turns of its own, his outlook on life was unconventional, his knowledge and judgment were all the while manifesting themselves piquantly. Mr. Sedgwick's writings were varied and distinguished, but to those intimate with him they seemed perhaps to fall short of giving an adequate measure of his powers. Especially in his later years might it have been said of him, as of the poet Gray, that he did not "speak out" what was in him. Almost beyond doubt the last work of his pen was his contribution, two weeks ago, to the semi-centennial number of the *Nation*, to which, though laboring under the handicap of ill health, he devoted, with characteristic disregard of self, unflagging care and effort. It was the irony of fate that, at the very moment the news of his death was received, the editor of the *Nation* was engaged in writing him a letter of thanks for his article. Mr. Sedgwick's long connection with the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* was such as to leave of him in this office a unique tradition.

St. Clair McKelway was a man of such varied activities and genial gifts that his distinct work as editor was sometimes in danger of being overlooked. Finding time, as he did, to make himself felt in public education and in many civic and political causes, it was yet his long connection with the Brooklyn *Eagle* that meant most for him and his fame, and it was into his writing in its columns that he delighted to pour his best energies. As that paper itself became a sort of public institution in its own city, so did Dr. McKelway. His position, so fixed and interesting in all the flux of daily journalism, made him a unique figure. He is now spoken of as an old-fashioned editor. If by that is meant that he gave first place, not to sensationalism, but to knowledge, integrity, and a sense of public duty, it is the highest form of compliment. But the qualities which he displayed cannot go out of fashion in the newspaper world without leaving it poorer and less respected.

THE VALUE OF WISE AND FIRM AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

With the imminence of another American note to Germany, there has been a renewal of the talk about the futility of the process which our Government has been following. We are getting nowhere, some say. Time is merely wasted, and the strain on patience grows intolerable.

The record, however, on examination appears not so barren as these too quick despairers allege. A great deal has been accomplished by the steady representations of this Government to Germany. One position after another the German Government has abandoned or modified, under pressure from the United States. We have attained recognition of the rights of a neutral flag even in Germany's war zone. These were at first denied, but now they are fully admitted.

It is worth while to cast the eye back over the official documents. On February 4, in the original "war-zone" proclamation, "neutral ships" were warned to keep away, as "attacks intended for hostile ships may also hit neutral ships." Our Government, on February 10, sharply challenged Germany's position in this matter, asserting our rights and announcing that it would hold the German Government strictly accountable for any violation of them. The first response was as gruff as von Tirpitz himself, the German Government, on February 18, informing our State Department that if, despite the warning, neutral ships were to be so rash as to enter "these closed waters," "Germany disclaims all responsibility" for such "unfortunate accidents" as might occur to them. But this *non possumus* has since been given up completely. We have had the full admission of responsibility in the cases of the Gulflight and the Nebraskan. Moreover, the German Government has climbed down on the general principle. In its note of May 31 it declared that "the German Government has no intention of submitting neutral ships in the war zone . . . to attacks by a submarine. On the contrary, the German forces have repeatedly been instructed most specifically to avoid attacks on such ships." And in the latest German note we had assurances that "American ships will not be hindered in the prosecution of legitimate shipping, and the lives of American citizens in neutral vessels shall not be placed in jeopardy." It is a decided retreat which American diplomacy has forced upon the German Government. Neutral flags are to be respected even by the terrorists in the war zone.

The larger question, admittedly, remains deadlocked. For the safety of American citizens on passenger ships under a belligerent flag, Germany has, as yet, refused to give guarantees. Nor has she conceded that the sinking of such unresisting vessels, without warning, is both a clear breach of international law and a crime against humanity. Here is the main and great argument, to the height of which the President must again rise. But it will not do to say that his task is hopeless. Having wrung such substantial concessions from Germany, he may yet secure larger ones. Light on American sentiment, and its significance, has dawned slowly in Berlin, but it has been increasing. And it will not do, judging by the past, to be so sure in advance that further protests and demands by President Wilson will avail naught.

In any event, however, is it right to assert that our protests will have been proved in vain? By no means. The American Government has had, of course, in its notes to Germany certain immediate objects. It has sought redress for injuries. It has asked assurances that they will not be repeated. But over and above all this, the President has been the champion of general rights, and has stood as the defender of neutrals and of the recognized rules of civilized warfare. And who will say that this is of trifling importance, solely because Germany has not so far yielded to our specific demands? Irrespective of that, American diplomacy has made a contribution of the first consequence to the whole idea of international law and its sanctity. This is why a sober newspaper like the *Westminster Gazette* could say of President Wilson's first note on the Lusitania that it was the greatest single event of the war. It was, in the first place, the voice of reason and of law making itself heard amid the clash of arms. And, secondly, it was a voice speaking to the future. The war will be over, some day. And then will come the task of redefining and strengthening certain parts of international law. In that great work the United States will have aided enormously by its repeated and consistent assertion of the law of nations. Our diplomatic notes will be cited as leading cases. The position which our Government has taken with so much wisdom and firmness will be of immense influence in any Peace Congress or Congress of the Nations that may be held. What our policy has sought has been not merely the securing of American rights and the upholding of American dignities, but the safeguarding and the fresh sanctioning of the reign of law throughout the entire world.

THE $3,000,000,000 BRITISH LOAN.

The announcement that the offer of the new 4½ per cent. British war loan has attracted subscriptions of no less than $3,000,000,000, is in many ways a matter of interest. We are living in a financial era of large figures. Until this war broke out, the largest single loan ever floated by a European Government was, we believe, the $400,000,000 French loan of 1871, issued to pay the first instalment of the Prussian indemnity. England had never floated a single loan in any sum greater than the $300,000,000 issue of 1901 during the Boer War. Perhaps the largest nominal issue was our own Government's 6 per cent. loan of 1862, which aggregated $515,000,000; but many months were required to get the total sum, and it was placed by an army of canvassers who hunted the whole United States, like book-agents, for customers.

Since the European war began England has placed two loans of $1,750,000,000 and $3,000,000,000, respectively; Germany has floated two of $1,250,000,000 and $2,250,000,000; France has raised upwards of $1,000,000,000 on her loans, and there remain the new obligations of Austria, Russia, and Italy. The present English war loan far overtops all others in the sum involved. But the whole series, in England and on the Continent, has been progressive in this regard. Not only the prodigious magnitude of this single borrowing, but the rapid increase in the amount which it has been necessary to raise on each successive recourse to the market, directs attention forcibly to the question what is to be the outcome of this extraordinary chapter in finance.

In order to understand all the aspects of that problem, it is necessary to examine again the circumstances under which this present loan was placed. There were numerous and very unusual inducements for the enormous subscription. Its rate of interest of 4½ per cent. gave a larger return to the investor than any public loan issued by England since the Napoleonic wars. Further than this, the Government pledged itself that, in case of future loan issues at an even higher rate of interest, holders of the 4½ per cents should be allowed to exchange their bonds on equal terms for the new issues. That pledge was not made in

tbc case of the 3½ per cent. war loan of last November, and it did not of coursc apply to the British Government bonds outstanding before the war. But the Government, in announcing the present loan, offered to holders of those earlier issues the privilege of converting their holdings, on a basis regulated by existing market prices, into the new 4½ per cents—on this condition, however, that they subscribe in cash for a further equivalent amount of the new loan.

Here was a very powerful inducement for cash subscriptions, even by investors who may not previously have intended to participate. To what extent the $3,000,000,000 applications were called forth by it, the cabled summaries of the subscription have not yet pointed out. If every holder of the old consols or the first war loan had responded, the total cash subscription for that purpose would itself have exceeded $4,000,000,000. But it is probable that by far the greater part of them could not spare the money for the requisite cash subscription.

Until the returns are classified, however, it will be impossible to say how great a part this special inducement played. Nor has it yet been announced how much has been raised tbrough the recourse, novel to British Government finance, of subscriptions to bonds in very small denominations. That the expedient was productive is plain enough, however, from the Exchequer's announcement that, up to the present date, 547,000 separate subscriptions, made through the post offices for such small allotments, have footed up $75,000,000—an average application of $137. This part of the subscription list is still left open.

Tbe larger question, as to tbe influence upon the general market of this enormous borrowing at so considerable an advance in tbe rate of interest, remains exceedingly obscure. In its immediate consequences, the subscription to tbe loan has caused a fall of 2 to 5 per cent. in nearly all other high-grade investment bonds dealt in on London's Stock Exchange. This was clearly due to realizing on these holdings, to raise the funds for subscribing to the 4½ per cents. The operation has also dislodged substantial amounts of English holdings of American stocks and bonds, of which $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 are believed to have been sold on tbe New York market since the new British loan was announced. It is not clear to what extent this movement will be continuous. Subscriptions made with a view to converting consols and the older war loan must be paid in full in cash, and these payments may have been largely made at tbe earliest date assigned—July 20—because a discount of 4½ per cent. per annum on the price is allowed for payment in full. But the regular payments of instalments occur at fortnightly intervals until near the end of October.

Each of these huge European war loans raises again the question how long and under what conditions this unprecedented absorption of capital in war can be continued. Since the process is not drawing on an inexhaustible stock of available capital, the difficulties in the way of future loans, and the necessity for fresh inducements of some special sort, are likely to be persistent. Yet the problem, though differing in degree from all previous experience in the finance of war, does not differ in kind.

In 1797 Great Britain's public credit and financial resources seemed to be at the lowest ebb; yet in the seventeen subsequent years of the Napoleonic wars, the Government raised not far from $2,000,000,000. Our own Government's experience in the Civil War is a case very much in point. Last week one speaker in the House of Lords warned England that, even if peace were to be restored by the end of March, 1916, the national debt would have reached such a total that taxation on the present basis would fail by $70,000,000 to meet the annual interest on it. In our own Civil War, however, the Government's total ordinary revenue, in 1862, was $52,000,000, and tbe charge for interest on the public debt in 1866 was $133,000,000. But between 1862 and 1866 additional taxation had increased the annual revenue to no less than $520,000,000. Tbis is what England also will undoubtedly have to do.

WARFARE VERSUS TERRORISM.

It would hardly be possible for an international issue to be more sharply defined than tbat between the American and the German Governments. Two recent developments tended in some degree to soften the character of tbc immediate situation—the statement concerning tbc attempted minimizing of destruction of life in recent submarine attacks on merchant ships, and the apology for the torpedoing of the Nebraskan. But tbe issue of principle remained precisely what it was. And tbat issuc has now been brought home to us once more, as acutely as ever, through tbc attack on the Orduna. It seems plain that, but for good navigation and good fortune, the slaughter of American citizens on the Lusitania would here have been repeated, on a smaller scale, but without even the possibility of the pretexts resorted to in the Lusitania case, since the Orduna was westward bound, and had no war supplies on board.

Our Government stands for rights of neutrals in time of war which, till now, no nation and no writer upon the law of nations so much as thought of questioning. And tbese rights are not a matter of degree, a question of more or less, an affair connected with complexities of geographical situation or of the relative position of the combatants in the course of a war's progress. The right of neutrals to travel upon the high seas in merchant ships, whether of neutral or of belligerent nationality, without having their lives put in danger by any wilful act of war, is but part of the immunity attaching to all non-combatants on board such ships. Tbe officers and crew, though of enemy nationality, are held safe from attack so far as their lives are concerned; the risk involved in tbeir enterprise is a risk of property only. When Americans speak of the killing of a hundred of their fellow-citizens on the Lusitania as murder tbey do so because it was not an incident of legitimate war, but an act from beginning to end in clear violation of one of the fundamental rules of warfare.

Tbe position taken by President Wilson rests squarely on this foundation. Consider what would be the logical and inevitable effect of abandoning this principle of international law. That effect can be put almost in a word. Tbe difference between the accepted rules and those which the German Government asks us to agree to is the difference between warfare and terrorism. Commerce is lawfully subjected in war to such hindrances and losses as it may be within the power of the naval forces of the enemy to inflict; the purpose of tbe new plan proposed by Germany, and actually put into practice by von Tirpitz, is to paralyze all commerce with the enemy nation through tho operation of terror.

It happens that during the past week or two an interesting sidelight has been tbrown upon this matter. A considerable number of cases have been discovered of the placing of bombs upon merchant ships sailing from New York. Tbc bombs did not work the mischief intended. But, as has been pointed out by one of the shipping men, "the failure of the bombs to explode cannot be considered complete failure for the bomb-planter, for, in our opinion, their scheme is de-

signed as much to terrify seamen of merchant ships as to destroy cargo. Could they prevent the ships' departure from this country, their success would be as complete as though they destroyed the vessels at sea." In like manner, the actual destruction wrought by the German submarines by no means measures the value placed upon their activities by the heads of the German Government. What they really hope to accomplish—or at least what they did hope when they instituted the policy, and what they designed in such acts as the Lusitania massacre—is to paralyze all commerce with Great Britain by force of sheer terrorism.

What the American Government stands for is nothing less than a refusal to sanction this kind of reign of terror. And at bottom there is even in the German mind only one real reason for asserting the right to make this tremendous innovation in the methods of war. That reason is put forward almost parenthetically in the last German note. "In addition," it says, "it may be pointed out that if the Lusitania had been spared, thousands of cases of munitions would have been sent to Germany's enemies and thereby thousands of German mothers and children robbed of bread-winners." This is the real thing—everything else is mere pretext. The essence of Germany's position, in the case of the Lusitania as in the case of Belgium, is not that what she did was lawful, but that, whether lawful or unlawful, it was justified because to have done otherwise would have been to her own injury. But if we are not to protest at the murder of American citizens, because had they not been murdered the cause of the Allies would have been helped "and thereby thousands of German mothers and children robbed of bread-winners," there is no point at which we can draw the line. If the German Government were deliberately to procure the destruction of every ammunition-factory in the United States, or the assassination of their owners, that would likewise tend to protect thousands of German mothers and children from being robbed of their bread-winners; and American property and American lives could easily escape that fate by acceding to the German desire that their business cease. But we fancy that no American, not even any German-American, would have much difficulty in seeing that the beautiful motive assigned would not exempt the German Government from the consequences of its acts.

The issue between America and Germany is the issue between law and lawlessness. That would be the case even though the law which we have undertaken to vindicate were simply the established law of nations—simply the embodiment of unchallenged rights of American citizens—even though that law rested on no principle that carried with it far-reaching and profound consequences. To assert the supremacy of law when flagrantly and arrogantly defied would itself be a national duty of the highest order. But when it is realized how vital is the thing actually at stake, and how profound is the issue between the respective nations, the duty is seen to have a character of peculiar solemnity—just that solemnity which marked both of the notes addressed to Germany on the destruction of the Lusitania.

THE LAW AND THE SLEEPING CAR.

When the Supreme Court, a few weeks ago, gave its decision on the Wisconsin statute prohibiting the making up of an upper berth in a sleeping car until the berth is engaged, it seemed that in the majority and minority opinions on the case there was likely to be highly instructive material bearing on legal theory. The standpoint of the majority, which pronounced the statute invalid, it was easy enough to conjecture; but it was not quite so easy to guess just what were the grounds of dissent on the part of Judges Holmes and McKenna. The majority opinion is now before us; but it appears that the minority judges filed no written opinion, so that the chief part of our curiosity has to remain unsatisfied. But for this there is compensation in the interesting nature of the points brought out in the majority opinion, points which relate not only to the law but also to the facts.

Of course, the gist of the whole matter lies in the circumstance that the Wisconsin statute seeks to compel the company to furnish to the man who has paid for a lower berth, unless the upper berth happens also to have been engaged, all that accommodation to which he would have been entitled if he paid for the whole section. This constitutes on its face a taking of private property without compensation; and the burden of proof naturally rests upon the upholders of the statute to overthrow this presumption by showing that the regulation serves a public purpose, coming either within the general police power of the State or within those special powers which it may exercise in the regulation of common carriers. If we may hazard a guess as to the grounds upon which the dissenting judges based their action, we should say that they are probably to be found in connection rather with the second than with the first of these classes of powers. For, without any sharp difference of theory, it might be perfectly possible to hold divergent views as to the status of a sleeping car in a system of transportation. "A sleeping car," says the majority opinion, "may not be an 'inn on wheels,' but the operating company does engage to furnish its patrons with a place in which they can rest without intrusion upon their privacy. Holding out these inducements and seeking this patronage, the company is entitled to the privilege of managing its own business in its own way, so long as it does not injuriously affect the health, comfort, safety, and convenience of the public." But there is a limit beyond which this kind of consideration can not be carried. If, as a matter of fact, the given regulation were of some slight disadvantage to the company, while it increased very greatly the satisfaction of the travelling public, it might be quite possible for a judge, however scrupulous in protecting property against confiscation, to hold that "the rule of reason" permitted the State to establish such a regulation.

The story of the statute itself, as told in the majority opinion, is decidedly interesting. It appears that an earlier act, passed in 1907, instead of prohibiting the letting down of the upper berth, left the matter to the choice of the occupant of the lower. This was pronounced unconstitutional by the Wisconsin Supreme Court on the ground that it was an obvious attempt "to appropriate the property of one for the benefit of another, in violation of several constitutional safeguards." By making the prohibition general, it was sought to obviate this objection. The lowering of the upper berth, when made mandatory, was commanded in the interest of the public, and not of an individual. "But," says the Supreme Court, "the statute does not purport to be a health measure, and cannot be sustained as such. For if lowering the upper berth injuriously interfered with the ventilation of the car and the health of the passengers, it would follow that upper berths should not be lowered, and if it was harmful to let down the uppers, it would be even more harmful to permit additional passengers to come into the car and occupy them." It seems difficult to escape from this reasoning; and, though it relates to so comparatively trivial a matter as the question of the upper berth, its bearing is extremely wide. There is no telling in what cases of critical public importance it may be appealed to in the future.

The mental satisfaction with which one may follow the reasoning as to principles of law is unalloyed; one can hardly say the same as regards some of the matters of fact referred to in the introductory summary. "There was evidence," we are told, "that an ordinary sleeping car was better ventilated than an ordinary passenger coach, said to be due to the fact that the coach not only carried more passengers, but did not have the ventilating appliances in use on sleeping cars." It is fortunate that the authority of the Supreme Court is in no way involved in the correctness of this assertion. We do not know what scientific experts may have given the evidence in question; and we are prepared to believe that there was nothing wrong about their physics or their mathematics. But if the air in a sleeping car is a specimen of better ventilation, give us worse ventilation every time. Persons addicted to the "exact sciences"—and persons entirely innocent of all science—are prone to look upon the law as an unscientific jumble; but the fact is that, within its more or less inevitable limitations, the law can stand critical examination at least as well as any system of thought that has to do with the ordinary interests of men. This particular decision, for example, while touching on many delicate and difficult matters, squares very well with common-sense at all points having to do with the operation of the law; the only place where we are confronted with something that flies in the face of every man's familiar experience is where the simple subject of the quality, quantity, and circulation of air is dealt with. No amount of expert testimony can induce us to believe that we are in the enjoyment of fine ventilation when every organ of our body cries out that we are on the verge of suffocation or nausea.

THE AMERICAN TRUTH SOCIETY, LIMITED.

Jesting Pilate, who asked, "What is truth?" and then turned away, ought at least to have gone, first, to 1133 Broadway, New York city. For there is domiciled the American Truth Society. The headquarters are not extensive, but if truth can be found at the bottom of a well, why not in a single office? Infinite riches in a little room! The riches, in the case of the Truth Society, consist mainly of a series of flying leaves telling us how to secure fair play for Germany, how to stop the war, and, in the latest pamphlet, how to head off the "Peril of American Finance," owing to the "British Raid upon Our Resources." In this last publication, particularly, we find not only riches but richness.

For so obviously powerful an organization, the American Truth Society is very much of a sensitive plant in the matter of personal identification. Truth is mighty and will, of course, prevail without any name being attached to it; but the printed appeals of the Truth Society are singularly barren of signs of authorship or responsibility. The Society was organized, so it tells us, at a meeting held in New York, on January 18, but who was there, it forgets to inform the reader. However, its objects are clearly set forth in its charter. Among these is the determined purpose "to propagate the history of the United States amongst the people of the United States, and to oppose all attempts to garble, falsify, misrepresent, or suppress the history of the United States." This naturally provokes the inquiry which Mrs. Gilbert used to put with such delightful inflection in Jerome's play—"Of Irish extraction, I presume?" The suspicion is confirmed by the name to be found on the letterhead of the American Truth Society—the only place where we have been able to discover any names of members of the Society at all—namely, President, Jeremiah A. O'Leary. There is, or was, a German-named Secretary and a German-named Treasurer, but we shall insist upon claiming for the Celtic spirit the logic and the unconscious humor that is contained in "The Gold Protest Against War."

The argument proceeds by first laying a foundation of facts. It is built with such corner-stones as this: "Do you know that Eastern financiers have already loaned to the Allies from their proprietary banks $200,000,000, and are arranging to borrow $300,000,000 more of your money solely for Great Britain?" Such words to the wise ought to be sufficient. American banks are being raided by the British, and the only way to prevent a panic is for Americans to join in the raid. At any rate, they are to make sure that all the gold is drawn from the banks, so that they will have no basis for the issue of notes, and therefore will be unable to lend any more to the enemies of Germany. Hence a few simple rules for patriots, delivered with more than Polonius-like gravity:

(1.) Carry a twenty-dollar gold piece in your pocket or at home as a protest against the financing of our arms and our munition exporters.

Form an endless "gold chain" by writing your friends and interviewing your neighbors, urging these suggestions.

(2.) If an employer, pay your employees in gold coin and thus put gold in circulation.

(3.) In withdrawing your accounts from banks demand gold specie, or gold certificates, Federal Reserve notes, or United States Treasury notes. This money is the legal tender of our country (United States Revised Statutes, Sections 3,584 to 3,590 inclusive).

(4.) Investigate your bank, and if you believe your bank is an unworthy depository of your money, you have the legal right to demand your account in gold specie, gold certificates, Federal Reserve notes, or United States Treasury notes. Your money in a safe deposit vault cannot be diverted to finance the killing of men.

Now, the Germans are capable of many wonderful triumphs, but we don't believe they were equal to this. Such gallant disregard of human nature, such loving application of whim and prejudice to financial transactions, never came, we'll be bound, from a Teutonic mind. They savor too plainly of the characteristics which Irish writers, from Tom Moore down, have shown us in their countrymen, always blarneying or fighting, forever inconsequent in reasoning, but unfailing in picturesqueness. The solemn advice given above, to head off the nefarious schemes of the Saxon, could only have come from one who would burn the notes of a bank in order to be revenged upon it, or would endorse the note of a neighbor, knowing that he would not pay it when due, and chuckling with joy as he thought how that would embarrass its greedy holder. If such a name as O'Leary had not been given as president of the American Truth Society, it really would have had to be invented.

The whole thing is predominantly comic, but it has its serious side. The American Truth Society is but one of many similar organizations. They are run by nobody knows who—and usually nobody knows where. Yet they pose as great organs of public opinion. They appear as promoters of mass-meetings. They issue imposing addresses. Yes, and they spend a good deal of money. Where does it come from? There has never been any concealment of the fact that the Germans have had a considerable fund for their propaganda in this country. That is their right. Much of it they have expended to some advantage. But any amount of it which they may have put into queer organizations, masquerading as spontaneous American societies of protest, is, we beg to assure them, absolutely wasted. Whatever they may decide to do with their twenty-dollar gold pieces, they ought not to put them in the pockets of men in buckram.

Foreign Correspondence

THE CALL FOR ECONOMY—THE REGISTRATION AND MUNITIONS BILLS—THE CASE OF THE ARMENIAN.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, July 2.

The motto of the day in England is "Waste not, want not"; and no wonder, seeing that the annual national expenditure has increased by a billion of pounds sterling. We talk of nothing but thrift and saving. And the object of our thrift is to buy coupons and bonds of the Government war loan, to be used in the purchase of ammunition for killing as many men as possible in the shortest possible time. And nevertheless we believe this saving, with this object, to be a high and holy duty.

Prime ministers and bishops, bankers and generals, professors and prominent women are all appealing to us to live the simple life, to reduce our allowance of meat, to abstain from luxuries, to leave most of the smoking (like all of the swearing) to our troops in Flanders, and to see, so far as lies in our power, that our exports in goods and cash shall represent nothing except payment for articles directly useful in the prosecution of the war. The answer to this appeal, so far as subscriptions to the war loan can give it, promises to be satisfactory. The vouchers for small amounts, in particular, are being taken up in enormous quantities. In the two German war loans, the purchasers of stock in quantities of less than £100 accounted for a sum of £120,000,000, equivalent to about 17 per cent. of the whole. It is expected that our small investors will do at least as well. The value of small savings may be illustrated by the fact that a saving of 2s. 6d. a head per week would yield nearly £300,000,000 a year. A point of interest to American investors is that a measure seems not unlikely to exempt from income tax the interest paid to persons resident outside the United Kingdom. This is important, because, with our present income tax (very likely, alas, to increase), the actual yield of the loan would be £3 18s. 9d. per cent., instead of £4 10s. I understand that the American income-tax law of last year makes a concession of this kind to foreign investors on American securities.

Before leaving the question of waste, it may be noted that a considerable body of opinion considers that the British Government must in this matter pay some heed to the admonition, "Physician, heal thyself." This applies not only to the waste of food in military camps and the expenses, due to red tape, in some of our offices, but also to the fact that many mature and skilled artisans, who would be very useful at home, are serving at the front, while many unmarried youngsters of no particular skill are still among the slackers at home. But this brings us to the thorny question of universal compulsory service!

Mr. Lloyd George's Supply of Munitions bill turned out to be substantially of the character I outlined in my letter of June 18. Its passage through the House of Commons was attended with considerable criticism (for the most part in the nature of friendly amendment), but with virtually no real opposition. Sir John Simon explained that its object was not so much to secure compulsory power as to take advantage of the voluntary spirit and organize it efficiently. Most of the Labor groups concerned have accepted the conditions of the bill without demur; but it would not be England if there were not some dissentients. Thus the miners object to compulsory arbitration, but have given Mr. Lloyd George satisfactory assurances that they will "deliver the goods," and avoid strikes. The cotton operatives make the same objection and will (it is expected) give similar guarantees. It is, indeed, quite possible that there will be no need to declare any establishment "controlled," as the power to do may in practice make the deed done. Masters and men alike seem to recognize that no risk must be run in the matter of production of munitions; and thus the restriction of profits and the abrogation of trade-union regulations will be cheerfully accepted.

Whatever else it has effected, there is no doubt that this agitation over munitions has done much to impress the gravity of the situation on those who have hitherto been a little impervious. The psychologic and moral tension has been stretched to greater resonance, and has awakened echoes in new quarters. It has made us feel the need of united action, and it has tended to focus our attention on the more dynamic strain of leaders, like Mr. Lloyd George. It has brought home to us that we, too, manifestly possess the defects of our qualities, and is making us recognize more and more keenly that what are mere foibles in time of peace may become sins or even crimes in time of war. We are still determined to resist the Prussianization of our tactics and to carry on the struggle in a manner consistent with our own traditions; but we see that our inherited methods must be purged of all dross and applied in their most perfect form. We still believe that Britannism is better than Germanism; but we are learning that our advantage is not enough to allow any slackness in its use and that we must turn on the full head of our supply. To use Lord Haldane's phrase, we are becoming, to some extent at least, a people of reflection as well as of energy and resource.

The National Registration bill is not likely to enjoy quite so peaceful a progress as the Supply of Munitions bill. It provides for the registration of all persons (male and female) between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five, with a view to ascertaining their potential capacity for national service. The root of the opposition will be the very natural desire to continue to adhere for as long as possible to our traditional voluntary system, and the suspicion that this compulsory registration is only the first step to compulsory service all round, whether military or industrial. Some of the opponents are men of high standing and unimpeachable patriotism, whose attitude must be considered as free of any factitious element. After all, it will be more of a triumph if we can win without exchanging British methods for German. The *questionnaire* of the bill does not seem as clear as it might be, but I understand that Government will be quite open to amendments on certain points. The inclusion of women in the registration has also caused some discussion, and has even been ascribed to somewhat unworthy motives; but I am unable to see in it anything but plain common-sense and fair play.

It should be noted, however, that many of our wisest thinkers do not consider the National Registration bill as an abandonment of the principle of voluntary service. It is rather in the nature of a system of channels into which our copious streams of voluntary help may be easily guided and through which they may be properly distributed. It is an effort to remove all barriers and obstacles, so that the course of the most diffident, scatter-brained, and casual of well-wishers may be made obvious and attractive—a scheme to make it impossible for ignorance or inattention to be pleaded as an excuse for inactivity. For there is undoubtedly a huge reservoir of somewhat sluggish and inert good-will waiting to be tapped, as well as many ready volunteers waiting only for a clear lead.

The Germans have just torpedoed another vessel, the Armenian, with American citizens on board. As, no doubt, it will be alleged that the Armenian brought her fate upon herself by refusing to stop after a shot had been fired across her bows, I wish to call attention to a point made by the *Daily Chronicle* of this date. Under the conditions of naval warfare hitherto subsisting, the Armenian would certainly have been bound to stop or take the consequences, if a German cruiser had fired a warning shot. But in the case of submarine warfare, as practiced by the Germans in this war, the captain of the Armenian knew that his vessel would be sunk in any case. As a brave and patriotic man, he was bound to take the one chance, slight as it was, of saving his ship. Hence he is in no sense responsible for the deaths of the American members of his crew, who were sacrificed solely to the needs of Germany's illegal method of submarine attack.

A WAR BOOK OF ANATOLE FRANCE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 3.

Anatole France at seventy offered himself for the military service of his country in her hour of need. He now takes the lead in a series of five patriotic books sold for the *mutilés de la guerre*—the maimed and mangled of this horrible war.

The other volumes are by Maurice Barrès, Remy de Gourmont, Gabriele d'Annunzio, and Charles Maurras. These are great names of the passing generation, but it is the first time they are found together. It is an instance among many of the *Union sacrée* which is one of the clearest results of war in the French people. The publisher serves in the French army and, like the writers, has no personal interest in the sale of these books. They are published "to the memory of Jean Pierre Barbier, dead on the field of honor the 26th December, 1914, by his friends." He too was a writer, but of the generation who are coming.

Anatole France's contribution is a miscellany around the fixed idea of these harsh times. It has a dedication, in facsimile of the author's handwriting, to "Albert the King":

King, in you Republicans hail a hero and a just man.

It would be hard if there were not intellectual eating and drinking in any collection of writings by Anatole France. Not the least savory here are words which have come to him from disciples at the front. They surely write to him as *cher Maître*. In a Christmas

appeal, he had summoned as a witness to French courage and devotedness a military doctor, dead as he supposed at his post of duty:

"In bombarded Ypres, he was caring for fifty-four of the German wounded, and, being urged to quit his hospital, refused, jealous to give enemies the example of humanity—and he was killed at the bedside of a German soldier by a German shell."

Except for the killing, this first report was authentic. The doctor wrote back in person, illuminating victims really dead:

"I did not die, . . . but I escaped death only by an extraordinary chance.

"I was making out my report at the exact spot where the shell fell. I left my work-table some seconds before its fall. It was an enormous *marmite* (pot) that tore down a whole wing of the hospital and made mince-meat of Léonie and her old dog. A poor little black woollen shawl with a few bloody fragments hanging to it was all that was left of the cook of Ypres hospital. At the sight of it, Charles Staniforth (the English interpreter who had already given out the report of the doctor's death with the rest) was weeping. And I said to him—'See! there beside Léonie I was writing to General Vidal.'

"He looked at me strangely. Perhaps I struck him as a ghost might. . . . Good Léonie! a simple soul, with a heart of the people, a sacrificial heart! Against fear and for protection, she had set up between two slim candles an image of Notre Dame de Thuynes, the patroness of Ypres who, in other days, saved the city. Every day the image changed place, now on the sideboard, now on a chair, even on the floor, always flanked by its two candles. . . .

"The same shell buried M. Gaymant under the ruins of his pharmacy and cut in pieces an English provision convoy. . . . Of all these victims only M. Gaymant survived. He was for weeks in the Poperinghe hospital. While we were dressing his many wounds and wiping off with oxygenated water the dust from bricks that encrusted them, he smiled and said: 'Now, doctor, I run no more risk—I am like a fortress, I am built of lime and sand.'

"Belgian humor is unspoilable."

The doctor explains his own escape as of one "predestined to bring back to you, in the beautiful light of love, the veritable meaning of the State!"

Anatole France gives ear otherwise to voices uniting the French people in their country's extremity:

"Stones speak to those who know how to listen.

"The little town says to Frenchmen looking down from the hilltop:

"'See, I am old, but I am beautiful. My children's piety has embroidered me a robe of towers and spires and dented gables and belfries. I am a good mother; I teach labor and all the arts of peace, I exhort citizens to that scorn of danger which makes them invincible. I nurse my children in my arms. And, when their task is done, they come, one after another, to sleep at my feet under the grass where sheep are feeding. They pass; but I remain, to keep memory of them. I am their memory. This is why they owe all to me, for man is man only because he remembers. My cloak is torn and my bosom pierced in wars. I receive wounds which they say are mortal. But I live because I hope. Learn of me—it is holy hope that saves our country.'"

More in Anatole France's peace manner is the dialogue "after Herodotus" between Xerxes and Demaratus, that exiled King of Sparta who took refuge at the Persian Court.

"All my task—and I have found it very pleasant—was to gather into a single dialogue maxims and conversations scattered through the old historian. . . .

"Certainly I have not tried to make Greeks resemble ourselves. . . . It is no very philosophic amusement to dress up the ancients so as to recognize ourselves in them. But to descry in all times and countries Man, changeless Man, and discover in distant ages features seemingly peculiar to our own and really holding to human depths that change never, and to get a sudden glimpse that our species, varying so slowly, has not varied at all in epochs whose memory we keep—this it is that moves and interests and speaks strongly to imagination.

"If I mistake not, such human depths, such characters peculiar to our species, appear strikingly in these extracts from good Herodotus. This is why I think my fellow-countrymen, reading them, will more than once call back their thoughts from the 75th Olympiad to the present hour so grave, so full for us of glories and sorrows and big with a future in which we put high, vast hopes.

. . . . . .

"*Xerxes.* Demaratus, I wish to ask about something which I am desirous to know. You are aware that the Greeks are gathered to defend this pass (Thermopylæ) under the command of Leonidas, King of Sparta. A spy I sent out has been observing those who hold this side of the wall which they have raised to close the pass. They are Spartans. Putting their arms down by the wall, they went naked to their athletic sports or combed carefully their hair. I cannot believe that is the way they prepare themselves to die fighting. They seem to me, on the contrary, to be acting very ridiculously, and I predict that, within four days, they will retreat. What do you think?

"*Demaratus.* O King, fear not feigned words from me. I have told thee already what men the Greeks are. They nourish no vast desires and are content with what they possess. They fear the divine Nemesis which lowers those who lift themselves up too high, and they keep measure in all things. . . . These men have come to defend the pass against thee and they are making ready to do so. Now this is their custom—before making their sacrifice of life, they crown their heads with fillets and wreaths.

"*Xerxes.* What you say, Demaratus, is scarcely believable. How can these Spartans, so few in number, fight my numberless army?

. . . . . .

"*Xerxes.* Man for man, a Persian is worth more than a Greek, as I shall make you see. For Persians, commanded by one alone, exceed their natural vallance by all the greatness of that which is imposed on them and which leads them to deeds that of themselves they would never dream of doing. For those who are least brave, obedience takes the place of courage and the fear of the master is stronger in them than fear of the enemy. Scourged onward, they throw themselves against lances and javelins. Such are Persian soldiers. Yours, being equal and free and obeying not one only chief, do in battle only their own pleasure and are inspired only by their heart which oftenest is but middling—for, in all countries, great hearts are rare.

"*Demaratus.* Greeks are free, O King; but they are not free every way. . . . As to Sparta, there not dying but flying is death. O King, such is the truth.

"*Xerxes.* I will disclose to you another advantage of the Persians over the Greeks. It is this—the Persians are closely united under my authority, and the Greeks are for ever quarrelling with one another. . . .

"*Demaratus.* Their dissensions ceased at thy approach, O King. . . .

"*Xerxes.* No matter, Heaven is on my side. Alone among men, Persians know the true gods. . . My design is not only to conquer Greece, but all Europe. Europe is beautiful, her heavens kind and her earth fruitful. . . . Of all mortals, I alone am worthy to possess her.

"*Demaratus.* Son of Darius, if thou believest thyself a god, if thou thinkest to command an army of immortals, thou hast not to listen to my opinion. But if thou dost acknowledge thyself to be a man commanding men, think how fortune is like a wheel ever turning and overturning those it has uplifted.

. . . . . .

"After these words Xerxes dismissed Demaratus, without anger. He was not irritated against him because he believed him to be out of his senses."

These scattered extracts show Anatole France at his best—in the present need. What his present faith is he proclaims in three final letters. To the *Clarion* of London:

"The Allies owe to all Europe and owe to themselves to pursue this war of liberation until the complete stifling of the Pan-German aspirations which have troubled Europe forty years long.

"They must, at the price of the most cruel sacrifices, destroy to the very root the military power of Germany and German Austria. —No peace, no truce, till the enemy of human kind is brought to earth!"

To the Russian *Novosti*, April 26:

"Friends, this war which we did not wish we shall wage to the end; we shall pursue our terrible, bountiful work to its entire accomplishment, to the total destruction of the military power of Germany."

To W. English Walling, New York:

"The idea they are sowing in America at this hour, to hasten the end of the war by prohibiting the exportation of arms and ammunition, proceeds not, I swear to you, from any French inspiration. No more does it proceed from any really human inspiration. For neither France and her Allies, nor the whole world, would profit aught by a peace that would leave still subsisting that perpetual cause of war—German Militarism."

Quite apart from the thought enshrined in such pages and the deserving object of the sale, the book has been given a form worthy of booklovers. ("Sur la voie glorieuse," par Anatole France. Paris: Champion; 3.50 francs).

The end, sudden and somewhat surprising, is an "Invocation" in lapidary style that Dr. Johnson might have approved, in spite of his aversion to Americans:

American Union
born gloriously in storm
nursed from infancy
by Liberty
on the milk of the strong,
Thou who hast consecrated thy robust youth
to superhuman toils
People just and magnanimous
Hail

The Personality of the State

By HAROLD LASKI.

What is the "Germany" that is to-day a thing so sinister in its import? What is the "England" for the destruction of which that "Germany" makes angry appeal? Are these states persons? Are they, in some mystic sense, capable of transcending their constituent members? Is it true that there exists a Brother Jonathan who is all Americans, and yet more than they? We are back here at what William James called the most fundamental of problems—that of the One and the Many. Is the state at bottom pluralist or monist? From our answer there flow consequences of the deepest significance. The state, Professor Kuno Francke declares, "is a spiritual collective personality leading a life of its own, beyond and above the life of individuals . . . it embraces all the higher activities of man." And so we are to combine in its service, to lavish upon it our deepest affections, because, in the end, all for which we have reverence is in some sort its part.

That is an important standpoint. The result of it is the intense unity of modern Germany, a unity philosophically justified by Hegel and politically exalted by Treitzschke. Is it true that the state is thus transcendent? Have we, in fact, humbly to subjugate ourselves to it because it "embraces all the higher activities of man"? At the outset we may note that we tend, in our political thinking, to adopt a sort of mystic monism as the true avenue of thought. We represent a state as a vast series of concentric circles, each one enveloping the other, as we move from individual to family, from family to village, from village to city, thence to the all-embracing state. We do talk of England, Greece, America, as single, personal forces, transcending the men and women who have made them; we personalize, that is to say, the collective body. "Rome," writes Lord Bryce, "sacrificed her domestic freedom that she might become the mistress of others." Here is a Rome beyond her citizens, a woman terrible in the asceticism of her supreme sacrifice. The habit is common to other things. Lloyds is something to us very different from the individual underwriters composing it. The Bank of England is not merely its governor and company; it has become—the phrase is significant—the "little old lady of Threadneedle Street," but no one would write of seven distinguished merchants as a little old lady. A man belongs to a labour-union; undeniably he thinks of it as essentially distinct from its members or officials. Nor, on a lesser plane, is this untrue of club or school. The National Arts Club has "its" rooms and "its" pictures. Eton is not five hundred boys nor a collection of ancient buildings. Clearly when we take any group of people to whom some kindred idea or common purpose may be ascribed, we seem to evolve from it a thing, a personality, that, in a somewhat complex sense, is beyond the personalities of its elements. That personality is real for us; for when we assume its truth, the assumption leads to concrete differences in life.

If this be true, there are within the state enough of these monistic entities, club, trade-union, church, society, town, county, each with a group-life, a group-idea, each, in Gierke's phrase, a *gesammt*-person, a group-person, to enrich the imagination. Yet, he tells us, the state itself, the society of which they form part, is mysteriously One above them. "All Manyness has its origin in Oneness, and to Oneness it returns." So we are to obey that One, to think of the Manyness as superficial, as appearance. The state is to enjoy perpetual benediction, is to be one and indivisible. Trade-unionists and capitalists alike must surrender the interests of their smaller and antithetic group-persons to the larger demands of the One, the state. You are first part of the One, America; only in secondary fashion do you belong to church or class or club. In the One differences become harmonized, disappear; there are no rich or poor, Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Democrat, but only Americans. The greatest of persons takes all others to itself. "All Manyness has its origin in Oneness and to Oneness it returns."

In some such way may be described the monistic theory of the state. It is a theory of which the importance may not be minimized at a time when the "exclusive state" has made war to assert its exclusiveness. We must, so we are told, admit that of necessity all parts of the state are woven together to make a harmonious whole. The state is to political science what the Absolute is to metaphysics. The unity is logically necessary, for, were there independence even in a single group, that group could never act upon another. Independence, as Lotze argued, must mean impenetrability; yet nothing is so obvious as the supreme fact of mutual influence. Pluralism in an ultimate political sense is, therefore, impossible, for it would make unintelligible any rational interpretation of society.

Certain implications of this doctrine are worth while noting before we attempt any criticism of it. Clearly, just as in metaphysics we can condemn the world as a whole, or praise it as a whole, so must the state be bad or good as a totality. It cannot be good and bad in its parts. Pessimistic or optimistic you may be in regard to it, but melioristic you have no right to feel so far as the state is concerned. For that which distinguishes your state must be implied also in its parts, however various; and an evil part is evil, whether it be capitalist or agitator, only if the state as a totality is evil. We bridge over, in fact, the distinction between good and bad, between right and wrong. It is due only to the limitation of our finite political intelligence. It is not, so to speak, in the "state-in-itself." It is only the appearance below which we must penetrate if we would grasp political reality. That is why Mr. Bradley can regard his absolute—for us the state—as the richer for every disharmony; for that seeming pain is in truth but a minister to joy.

Such an attitude seems of but remote utility in practical politics. In fact, we have to deem acts right and wrong. We do point to groups within the state and urge that they are really harmful and really beneficent. We have to take what may be appearance as actually constituting reality, and judge accordingly. We credit, in short, human knowledge. We say that there is something in experience. If we cannot credit it, assuredly there is nothing in which credence is at all possible. Even Treitzschke and Hegel put their personal trust in State and Absolute. And if this human experience is at all worthy of trust, let us freely admit that it is finite. We cannot know all things. We have to be content with a certain specialism, leaving universality to the Absolute.

Applying this line of reasoning to politics, I mean that we do not proceed from the state to the parts of the state, from the One to the Many, on the ground that the state is more unified than its parts; on the contrary, I contend that the parts are as real and as self-sufficing as the whole. Independence precedes Confederation. I do not know the United States before I know, say, New York and Albany; it is from Albany and New York that I come to know the United States. Of course, the knowledge of them will lead to a knowledge of the Republic simply because there is logical relation between them. But, in James's phrase, "everything you can think of, however vast or inclusive, has, on the pluralistic view, a genuinely 'external' environment, of some sort or amount . . . the pluralistic world is thus more like a federal republic than like an empire or a kingdom. However much may be collected, however much may report itself as present at any effective centre of consciousness or action, something else is self-governed and absent and unreduced to unity."

I am urging that in the state, because a group or an individual is related to some other group or individual, he is not thereby forced to enter into relations with every other part of the body politic. When a trade-union ejects one of its members for refusing to pay a political levy, it is not thereby bungling itself into relation with the Anglican church. A trade-union as such has no connection with the Anglican church; it stands self-sufficient, on its own legs. It is, it may be, in relations with the state, a part of it; but it is not one with it. It may work with the state, but of necessity it need not do so. The state, in James's terms, is distributive and not collective; there are no essential connections among its parts.

I am not taking up the position that the state has no relations with its parts. We are simply denying that the parts must be judged by the state, the individual German, let us say, by the conduct of Germany. We have not to judge of all things in their state-context. Such a relation is a forced

relation. It is charging to the account or credit of A things which are really accountable or creditable to B. We judge, that is to say, the success or failure of trade-unionism by reference to itself, and not by reference to the state of which it is part. In the monistic theory of the state trade-unionism derives its meaning from its relations; in the pluralistic theory, while the relations may be of the deepest importance, they are not its whole meaning. So in the pluralist view of the state there are, as James pointed out, real losses and real losers in the clashing of its parts; nor do they add mysteriously to the splendor of the whole.

The value of this attitude lies simply in this, that it does fit the facts. It renders unnecessary the tediously elaborate gymnastic of working out the respective spheres of state and individual. For the pluralist, there is no meaning in that antithesis. The state is not opposed to the individual simply because, in the essential context, the individual is part of the state. The state is one of the groups to which he belongs. There is no more significance in Herbert Spencer's "Man Versus the State" than there would be if a distinguished physiologist wrote a treatise on the body versus the liver. All thought, moreover, of the state as an organism must, on this view, be surrendered. That the state is an organization to which each of its members belongs is, of course, evident without further argument; but the characteristics of an organism cannot, as has been pointed out almost to surfeit by a host of writers, be predicated of an organization in which the will of the parts is real and independent, and where there may be passive resistance to the decree of the "social sensorium" as in the case of the English Nonconformists, and active resistance as in the case of the Ulster Unionists. We must, too, admit that the members of the state are bound to it in varying degrees at different times; there is within and without it, that is to say, a conflict of demands. In the event of a great war, for example, you may, as a member of the state, be called upon to fight; as a member of another group, the Quakers, you may be called upon to refuse the demand. It seems clear that little or nothing is gained by talk of "overriding demands," of saying, for instance, that the demands of the state are all-important. The history of societies so fatally contradicts that view as to make it of little use. Everything will depend on the intensity of the belief with which the demand of the state comes into conflict. To those who argue that such antagonism endangers the life of the state —as when Germany regards the Ulster problem as putting Great Britain out of court— I can only reply that in all probability such marginal cases will be rare; but there is no guarantee, so far as I can conceive, that they will not occur.

Where in such a theory, it will be asked, is sovereignty? Everything here depends upon what is meant by that ill-fated term. In the Austinian sense, it is clear that no such thing as sovereignty exists at all. No instrument exists in the state with the absolute assurance that any rule of conduct will be enforced, for that rule of conduct will depend for its enforcement on the members of the state, and in the event of a sufficiently powerful minority refusing to obey, the rule is simply worthless as a command. If, for example, Parliament now chose to disband the trade-unions, it would certainly fail to carry the statute into effect. We have, therefore, to define sovereignty in a sense that is very different from the Austinian conception. We seem to find its essence not in the coercion that will follow from a failure to obey its command, but from the inconvenience that will result from opposition to it. The members of the state agree to obey the decrees of government simply because those decrees are infused with good will and because, without such agreed submission, the state, like any other group, becomes impotent and impossible. The minority agrees to accept the verdict of a majority not because the majority has the power to enforce it, but simply because the "idea" of a group cannot be realized if every dissension means a secession. Sovereignty at bottom is not legal at all, but a practical convenience of which the underlying fictional nature is quite likely, on occasion, to be demonstrated.

There is nothing in all this, I believe, at all incompatible with the view of modern constitutional authority. "The principle of Parliamentary authority," writes Professor Dicey, "means neither more nor less than this, namely, that Parliament . . . has, under the English Constitution, the right to make or unmake any law whatever; and, further, that no person or body is recognized by the law of England as having the right to override or set aside the legislation of Parliament." But the law of England is no more than a body of rules agreed to as of practical convenience. It is a sovereignty situate in Parliament by consent, and that consent is, as I have pointed out, liable to suspension. Groups or individuals will admit it only to the point where admission does not conflict with their moral sense. Legal sovereignty, in short, represents, politically, an obstruction of the facts.

What guarantee, then, have we in the pluralist view, that the will of the state shall in fact prevail? It may seem that this view gives a handle to anarchy. Well, I cannot help that. It does not, I believe, give any greater handle to anarchy than it already possesses. If we become inductive-minded, and look at the facts of social life, it is, I think, tolerably evident that when we talk of wills, we mean wills not to do just as much as wills to do. The guarantee that the will of the state is going to prevail depends largely on the persons who interpret that will. The monarchs of the *ancien régime* were legally the sovereign power in France, but their will was not the will of the state. It did not prevail simply because of the supreme unwisdom of the manner in which they chose to identify its good with their own. They confused what Rousseau would have called their "private good" with the "common good," and Louis XVI paid the penalty on the scaffold. The will of the state obtains preëminence over the wills of other groups exactly to the point at which it is interpreted with sufficient wisdom to obtain general assent, and no further. It is a will largely competing with other wills, and, Darwin-wise, surviving only by its ability to cope with its environment. Should it venture into dangerous places, it pays the penalty of its audacity. It finds its sovereignty by consent transformed into impotence by disagreement.

But, it may be objected, in such a view sovereignty means no more than the ability to secure assent. I can only reply to the objection by admitting it. There is no sanction for law other than the consent of the human mind. It is sheer illusion to imagine that the authority of the state has any other safeguard than the wills of its members. For the state, as I have tried to show, is simply what Mr. Graham Wallas calls a Will-Organization, and its essential feature is its ultimate dependence upon the constituent wills from which the group-will is made. To argue—as doubtless German theorists would argue—that the state is degraded by such a reduction in nowise alters the fact that here lies the essence of its nature. We have only to look at the realities of social existence to see that the state does not enjoy any necessary preëminence for its commands. Again and again my allegiance may be divided between the different groups to which I belong. The state has to fight hard to maintain my allegiance.

A view of this kind, I would urge, gives us a positive theory of its meaning and function. The state is an organized group actuated by a particular idea, and men belong to it because they believe in the goodness of that idea. There is not, as I conceive, any fundamental difference, except in degree, between the nature of a state and the nature of a baseball club. What are the fundamental attributes of a baseball club? Primarily, of course, it exists to play baseball matches; but the organization of it is entrusted to directors whose function is regard for its well-being. The secondary object of the club is to win the baseball matches that it plays. To that end the directors engage the best players they can find; they do all things which, in their judgment, will tend to secure the club's success. For what they do they are responsible to the shareholders of the club who pass judgment on the success or failure of their efforts.

I think that in the case of the state something differing only in degree from what happens in the case of a baseball club will be found to occur. The club is the state; the directors are the government. The object of government is a positive object; it is to attain the end—whatever it be—of the state. For that end it must adopt, just as the baseball directors adopt, the means most likely to lead to success. The members of the state will, in democratic countries at least, periodically pass judgment upon its

policy. It will be a judgment based on the degree to which that policy has attained its end. The members will conceive the state as entitled to ask from them the means to attain their endeavor. Further than this they will not go, and, throughout, they must, as a rule, be in sympathy with that endeavor. There are things a state will not demand, because it cannot. And when the members of the state find the proceedings of its directors uninteresting they turn aside from the study of or participation in such pursuits. They become interested in other things—we say that "politics is dead." A "united Germany" only means that the vivid interest of that group's proceedings transcends for the time being the interest of all other groups.

A view of this kind runs directly counter to the German theories of the state—at any rate, to the dominant theories of that country. It is, I believe, the natural consequence of Gierke's realism, the recognition that personality is the result of collective action and the denial that such personality is the fictional derivative of the state. It gives no peculiar merit to that group, does not, for example, admit that its thirst for power is a moral aim superior to that of other groups. That question has a peculiar interest at the present time. The assertion that power is good involves the question, Good for what? I assume that the reply is that power is good, first, for personal security, and, secondly, to spread a cultural superiority. But to the first there is the question of extent: What power is needed for security? A state may, as Machiavelli said, "go to work against charity and faith and humanity and religion." How long, in that event, will it retain the affection of its citizens? And, as to the spread of its culture, it would have to prove that its dominance can only be maintained by force of arms. It would have to be shown that, in fact, the means adopted are likely to secure the end proposed. It would have to obtain and retain the faith of its members in that superiority. And, what is perhaps not the least important consideration, it would have to win.

The state, then, is a democratic federation. Its personality consists in the "idea" underlying its existence, its value in the good that "idea" can achieve. Men will cling to it so long as it strives honestly for their well-being, so long as it asks them for the sake of their fellows to serve freely and fully in gladness. Assuredly no observer who has any care for truth will deny that in a state where such opportunity is most largely given the attainment will be big and rich and splendid. Only in such wise can the life of the state be full. Its activities will be stimulated by the work of other groups co-extensive with or complementary to itself. It will issue no challenge, as it will claim no preëminence. What it is and what affection it secures it will be and obtain by virtue of its achievement. So only can it hope to hand on undimmed the torch of its conscious life.

Book Notes and Byways

THE "CROWNING" OF STATIUS.

By EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

The recent appearance of a compilation of lives of the poets-laureate* contributes another instance of the curious misconception which has prevailed time out of mind in regard to the "crowning" or laureation of the Roman poet, Statius. Says Mr. Gray (p. 2): "In ancient Greece the laurel was sacred to Apollo, and those who had courted the Muses most successfully were crowned with a wreath made from its leaves. Besides perpetuating this practice, the Romans invested the ceremony of laureation with more pomp and splendour. Domitian, for example, when he attended the Alban contests, himself placed a chaplet on the heads of those competitors who had won distinction in music or poetry. One of the last acts of this Emperor was to present the bays to his court poet Statius, as the prize of a 'music and gymnastic' contest."

It is, perhaps, a minor matter that the chaplets given as prizes in the late Roman poetical contests were not of laurel (as Mr. Gray implies), but of oak, ivy, or olive leaves; but the statement that "one of the last acts" of Domitian was "to present the bays to his court poet, Statius, as the prize of a 'music and gymnastic' contest," is a blunder of some importance, and one which could have been avoided by the most cursory investigation. The phrase " 'music and gymnastic' contest," which the writer borrows from Suetonius, identifies the contest as that of the Capitoline Games†; the phrase, "one of the last acts of this Emperor" points to the third *Agon Capitolinus* (the only one in which Statius took part), which occurred only a short time before the nearly concurrent deaths of the Emperor and his court poet.

So far, so good. But this third *Agon* is of historical interest, not because Domitian presented the bays to Statius, but precisely because Domitian grievously disappointed his court poet by conferring the coveted chaplet of oak leaves upon another competitor. In his youth Statius had won prizes (olive wreaths and golden crowns) in the Alban contests, and, now that he had finished his "Thebaid," had every expectation of winning the more notable reward upon the Capitoline. Embittered at his disappointment, he declares ("Silvæ," III, 5) his intention of leaving Rome forever, and of living henceforth in his birthplace, Naples. The poem takes the form of an address, half querulous, half pathetic, to his wife, Claudia, whom he seeks to comfort for her prospective exile from the metropolis.

"When my brow," he says, "was bright with the Alban wreath and Cæsar's golden chaplet was on my head, it was you who clasped me to your heart, and showered breathless kisses on my laurels. It was you, when the Capitol disdained my lays, you who shared my defeat and fretted with me at the ingratitude and cruelty of love. You with wakeful ears snatch the first essays of my melodies and those nights of whispering; you who alone share the secret of my long, long toil, and with the years of your love my Thebaid has grown to full stature" ("The Silvæ of Statius," trans. D. A. Slater; Oxford, 1908).

It would hardly be worth while to point out an error of this sort in a perfunctory compilation such as Mr. Gray's "Poets Laureate of England," were it not that the blunder which he repeats has had a rather interesting history. The early biographers of the laureates (Austin and Ralph, London, 1853, and Walter Hamilton, London, 1879), from whom Gray borrows extensively in his chapter on the laureate tradition, both fall into the same error; and such careful scholars as Prof. James Harvey Robinson and Prof. Henry Winchester Rolfe, in their "Petrarch" (New York, 1898, p. 104), make the double mistake of assuming that Statius was "crowned" upon the Capitoline, and that he was "the first to gain that honour."

But these are only by the way. The mistake made by Robinson and Rolfe points the way to the *locus classicus* of the error—Petrarch's double blunder in supposing that Statius was one of a long succession of poets to be thus crowned upon the Capitoline, and that he was the last poet before Petrarch himself to be thus honored ("Recolo . . . in hoc ipso capitolio romano ubi nunc insistimus tot tantosque vates ad culmen preclari magisterii provectos emeritam lauream reportasse . . . post statium pampineum illustrem poetam qui domitiani temporibus floruit nullum legimus tali honore decoratum." Hortis, "Scritti Inediti," p. 316).

The Capitoline Games were established in 86 A. D. We learn from Martial that a certain Collinus was the first to win the coveted chaplet: "O Collinus, to whom it has been granted to obtain the crown of oak in the Capitol, and to surround thy deserving locks with its foliage first of all thy race, make the most, if thou art wise, of every day, and always imagine that thy last has come" ("Epigrams," IV, liv, Bohn Clas. Lib.). Statius, as we have seen, did not compete at this or at the second contest, and was an unsuccessful competitor at the third. The Capitoline Games were continued for a considerable period after Domitian's death, a twelve-year-old boy, for example, being "coronatus" in the year 106.

The explicit information concerning Statius's early successes and late disappointment, which may be derived from the "Silvæ," was, of course, inaccessible to Petrarch, the manuscript of that collection of occasional poems not having been discovered by Poggio until some time after Petrarch's death; and, in any event, vagueness as to the biographical side of pagan history was typical of the period. Dante, for example, through a confusion of identity, gives Statius's birthplace as Toulouse.

The importance which Petrarch attached to the precedent (as he supposed) of Statius's "coronation" was by no means accidental. The "Thebaid" is one of the few purely literary products of pagan Rome interest in which seems to have persisted throughout the Middle Ages. And this, apparently, not because of its literary merit, but because of the curious tradition that Statius was, in fact, a Christian poet. How explicit that tradition was is attested by Dante, who in the twenty-

*"The Poets Laureate of England," by W. Forbes Gray. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

†"He (Domitian) likewise instituted in honour of Jupiter Capitolinus a solemn contest in music . . . and gymnastic exercises. . . . There was also a public performance in elocution, both Greek and Latin." (Suetonius, "Lives of the Cæsars," Domitian. Trans., Bohn Clas. Lib.)

second canto of the "Purgatorio" even essays to fix the time of Statius's baptism; and, thanks to that ceremony, releases Statius from Purgatory, while Virgil himself and the

Greeks who of old their brows with laurel decked

are condemned to remain in Limbo. Dante believed that Statius had been decorated at Rome with the poet's crown, although the chaplet accorded to him is not of laurel, but of the lesser myrtle. Doubtless Dante conceived of this "concealed Christian"* as the first baptized follower of the new faith to win the ancient pagan honor, and Dante's own aspiration to win the laurel wreath, curiously blended as it is of Christian piety and reverence for pagan usage, seems to associate itself in a measure with Statius's example. "For its sake" (*i. e.*, for the sake of Dante's service to the faith), St. Peter had thrice crowned the poet; and the closing lines of the twenty-fourth canto of the "Paradiso" and the opening lines of the twenty-fifth, after describing that celestial ceremony, set forth Dante's longing for the terrestrial crown. But the earthly wreath must be a recognition of his services both to heaven and to the muses. The ceremony must be in his native city, that "fair sheep-fold" whence he had been expelled, but it must not be in court or public square. "If it ever happen that the sacred poem to which heaven and earth have so set hand, that it has made me lean for many years, should overcome the cruelty which bars me out of the fair sheep-fold, where a lamb I slept, foe to the wolves that give it war; then with other voice, with other fleece, a Poet will I return, and on the font of my baptism will I take the crown; because there I entered into the Faith which makes the souls known to God; and afterward Peter, for its sake, thus encircled my brow" ("Paradiso," Can. XXV, 1-12, trans. Norton).

Dante was not destined to receive the earthly honor which he craved; but when Petrarch achieved that goal of his high ambition (not, however, without scheming for it with true Italian diplomacy), he had, like Dante, the precedent of Statius in the very forefront of his consciousness. Petrarch, it is true, was too thoroughly imbued with the new spirit to emphasize, or perhaps even to think of, the Christianity of the ancient poet who had, as Petrarch supposed, won the chaplet upon the Capitoline; but, thanks to Dante, Statius had become a peculiarly significant figure, and it is Statius and no other whom Petrarch names as the illustrious precedent. And possibly Petrarch's own mistake as to Statius's "coronation" was due to a wrong inference from Dante's phrase in introducing that poet: "So sweet was the spirit of my voice," Dante makes Statius say, "that me of Toulouse† Rome drew to herself, where I earned the right to adorn my temples with myrtle" ("Purgatorio," XXI, 88-90, trans. Norton).

The point is, after all, perhaps, but a minor one. No doubt the Italian of the Renaissance, with his minute interest, not only in the literature, but also in the customs of ancient Rome, his academies "for promoting the adoption of antique customs into modern life,"* and his feeling that in so doing he was renewing the golden age, would have appropriated this fine old pagan custom without the intervention of the Statian tradition. We know, in fact, that there were instances of laureation well before Dante's day; for St. Bonaventura (*Legenda S. Francisci, Opera,* VII, 280) tells us that one of the earliest converts which St. Francis made to his order was a certain inventor of secular songs (sæcularium cantionum curiosus inventor) who had been crowned by the Emperor (Frederic II, in his court at Naples), and was known as the King of Verse; but such instances were rare and spasmodic. The peculiar and factitious importance which Statius had to the mediæval reader, the new lease of life which Dante's emphasis in the "Divina Commedia" gave to him, and the explicit reference made by Petrarch on the occasion of his own "coronation," all contribute to make of Statius a sort of connecting link between the pagan custom and the efflorescence of laureation at the time of the Renaissance.

John Addington Symonds has written that "the ancient and the modern eras met together at the Capitol at Petrarch's coronation," and in no respect is this more curiously illustrated than in the part played by this traditionally Christian author of pagan epics in furnishing a precedent (albeit a mistaken one) for the renewal of the pagan ceremony of laureation.

*See the elaborate and ingenious, if not altogether convincing, study of Dante's conception of Statius's religious belief in A. W. Verrall's "To Follow the Fisherman" and "Dante and the Baptism of Statius." ("Essays," Cambridge, 1913, pp. 152 ff.)

†Chaucer, in "The House of Fame," retains this error as to the birthplace of Statius:

"The Tholosan that highte Stace."

*Symonds, "Revival of Learning," p. 361.

Correspondence.

THE "NATION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a reader of the *Nation* for more than thirty years, I congratulate you most heartily on the fine jubilee number. It is in every way worthy of the splendid traditions of the paper.

To-day, as in the days of Godkin, the *Nation's* editorials must rouse the civic consciousness of the college youth of America and stimulate them to independent thought and action in their relation to the pressing problems of these times.

May it continue for many generations to inspire and to guide those from whose ranks some of the future leaders of the country will surely come. Julian W. Mack.

Chicago, July 10.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to extend hearty congratulations concerning your semi-centennial number recently received.

I became a subscriber to the *Nation* in 1865, when I was seventeen years of age, and have been a continuous reader and subscriber from the first number to the present time. I treasure very much the complete file which I possess of this paper. It has taught me valuable lessons, and its reading has indeed been an education.

The cogent "King's English" of Mr. Godkin has never been surpassed in strength, virility, and beauty by any American journalist. To me he was an inspiration, especially for the cause of civil-service reform. My interest in this cause (witnessed by an active membership in the Executive Committee of the Civil Service Reform Association of Pennsylvania for over thirty years past) was largely due to the stirring appeals and vigorous battle waged by Mr. Godkin against the spoils system.

A fine photograph of this leader of men looks down upon me from my office wall, and is a constant reminder of a great spirit supremely dedicated to the cause of civic righteousness and administrative reform. And then, too, Mr. Garrison's thorough (in the fullest sense of that full word) conduct and management of the literary work and book reviews of the paper in my judgment has never been surpassed, and it is indeed very doubtful whether it ever will be. His work as shown in the files of the paper is his greatest monument.

I need not say that I read your semi-centennial number with absorbing, almost fascinated, interest. It certainly reminded me of the old days of the *Nation* to read the contributions from some of the first pillars of its early building.

May it long continue to be (as it always has been) a great force and influence in its chosen field. James G. Francis.

Philadelphia, July 12.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I offer my felicitations to the *Nation* on its jubilee, and on its jubilee number.

These are bleak days for any kind of rejoicing; but the one thing left to cheer us is the tone of our best American newspapers and periodicals. Such an editorial as that on "German-American 'Misunderstandings,'" in the jubilee number of the *Nation,* should be enough to persuade the world that we are not the facile dupes that Germany pleases to think us. Agnes Repplier.

Salem, Mass., July 13.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I thank you for my perusal of your impressive semi-centennial number.

It is hard to express one's sense of the peculiar human valuation of that fifty years' record of public service which hides its still ruddy virility, with a certain reticence, behind that staid black-and-white of the long-established format. Nothing of the futuristic here, yet much of the cherishable future in the justly cherished past—a future and a past which, to one who loves the destiny and history of his country, give to the present a kind of majestic assurance of the vitality and authenticity of American idealism.

There are, and will be, numerous tenets of faith, political, literary, artistic, upon which I, as an individual, differ with the *Nation.* What individual may not do so? The iris-hues of futurism which flaunt their bloom from many a more colorful journal have for me, on occasions, their fascinating shades and values. Yet, passing from occasional choices to a sense of continuity with that great living tradition of America, which has thrilled not once but again and again to the call of "Emancipation," the vast current of those fifty years, whose stormy sky and landscapes lie so quietly mirrored in the *Nation,* bears me on, I confess, with a kind of exultance in being a bubble on so cosmic a stream.

In several articles of your anniversary number, it is pertinently observed that the character of the *Nation* has been moulded by the characters of its successive editors. Its success has been that these characters have

themselves been plastic (with whatever individual limitations) to the mysterious creative forces of their time, mightier than themselves.

The Garrison-Godkin editorial tradition has stamped its historic pages, but history itself has stamped its editors. If I may make a comparison from the traditions of my own profession, the editorial sway of the *Nation* over its public has likeness to the sway of certain eminent producers of the theatre over *their* public. The total repertory influence of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, though stamped with the genius of Terry and Irving, lives on by virtue of a genius larger than theirs—the genius of their audiences, the begetters of a new age. So, too, the house of Wallack flourished by a coöperation, in which that worthy American producer was a distinctive yet only a partial influence.

It is, then, a pleasant privilege, sir, to be able to felicitate you on your fifty years' celebration without being too personal; for, in wishing you joy of your golden wedding, I beg also to felicitate your loyal (if not always accountable) copartner—the American public.

PERCY MACKAYE.

Cornish, N. H., July 8.

PROFESSOR USHER'S "PAN-AMERICANISM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me sufficient space to point out an erroneous use of words in your recent review of my "Pan-Americanism"? The review is headed "The Vaticinations of Professor Usher." The reviewer declares that "the volume is expressly announced as a prediction"; says that "neither the author on his title page nor the publishers in their advertisements have left anything undone to produce the impression that the prophecy is both definite and sensational"—the reference is to the sub-title, A Forecast of the Inevitable Clash Between the United States and Europe's Victor—that the inevitable clash refers to "our future war with Europe."

It is, however, an error to suppose that the word forecast is synonymous with the words vaticination, prophecy, foretelling, or that the word clash connotes the same meaning as conflict or war. There seems, indeed, to be but one usage sanctioned by authority. "Prophecy connotes inspired or mysterious knowledge or great assurance of prediction." It will hardly be denied that the reviewer's and editor's intention was to say that I had claimed on the title page such knowledge and assurance. The mention of the tripod places this beyond doubt, and the content of the review as a whole confirms it. The authority just quoted distinguishes forecast from prophecy as "conjecture rather than inference," while others define it as discernment beforehand, foresight of consequences, estimate of future happenings. Indeed, the word was chosen in order to disown any intention of predicting or foretelling, and in the hope of avoiding the inference that any certainty was claimed for any future happenings or that one probability discussed was more likely than another.

That the book itself produces this impression, your reviewer states with clearness; indeed, he cannot conceal his surprise that a book announced as a prophecy from the tripod should not contain definite prognostications. Mr. Usher, he says, "permits his book to be advertised in the most sensational manner as containing explicit and startling predictions; he himself incorporates such predictions in his title and chapter headings; yet, in fact, he for the most part avoids choosing between alternative possibilities, and for nearly every event that he prognosticates, prognosticates also its opposite." I attempted to make clear my intentions in the preface: "to analyze, to discuss, and to examine . . . to treat so vital and controversial a subject objectively and with detachment . . . this has been my object." This I still believe to be not at variance with the accepted usage of the word forecast, and to differ widely from the common usage of prophecy and vaticination.

Did not the reviewer's difficulty lie in his original assumption that the book was meant to be a prophecy? Do not the majority of his remarks proceed directly from this assumption and depend upon its correctness for their validity?

A similar failure to apprehend the meaning of the word clash led to equally serious results. The assumption that it connoted armed conflict caused the reviewer to misunderstand many important phrases and passages, raised up hobgoblins and spectres, which were both absurd and ridiculous, and so colored the statements in the book as to render many nonsensical and improbable. Clash is defined as an interference, a disagreement, an "opposition as between differing or conflicting interests, views, purposes, etc." It was employed precisely because no reputable authority seemed to sanction its usage in the sense of armed conflict or the use of force. The book was intended to lead the reader to the conclusion that the use of force by us or against us seemed to me improbable, though possible, but that an opposition of interests and views with the victor seemed inevitable and would raise many and difficult issues, including those of armament and disarmament.

As the *Nation* in its review of my "Pan-Germanism" scouted the existence of Pan-Germanism itself as one of the wildest of imaginative speculations, a difference of opinion between the *Nation* and myself on issues of present international politics seems literally inevitable, but I should prefer that it should be due to deeper causes than the usage of words.

ROLAND G. USHER.

Washington University, St. Louis, July 14.

[We regret that we were betrayed into attributing to Professor Usher a greater degree of inspiration than was his due.—ED. THE NATION.]

A QUESTION OF CONTEXT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Quousque tandem!* Another exhibition of that curious mentality with which we in this country have become tolerably familiar since early in August last and with which we are destined to become more and more conversant, no doubt, as long as Germany's defenders persist in flooding us with the bright but unbearable light of their boundless and superior knowledge. The latest torch-bearer to appear in the *Nation* (July 1) is Mr. Jacques Mayer, of Munich. The science of misquotation, the art of irrational deduction, combined with the practice of inconsequential logic, misinterpretation of attested facts, and misconstruction of the plainest texts, have seldom if ever been carried to a higher degree of perfection than they have been since the appearance of that precious brochure "The Truth About Germany." Mr. Mayer is simply following in the wake of the great and near great of his own land, when he cites Cramb in such an unfortunate but to him eminently satisfactory manner. One ought not to be surprised then, when on turning to Cramb's work to verify the quotation, one finds the first part of Mr. Mayer's citation on page 49 (E. P. Dutton's edition, 1914), and the second part, "So long, etc.," on page 16. Whatever be the true explanation of this inversion, it is a small matter, whether intentional or inadvertent. What is much more serious is the error into which apparently Mr. Mayer permitted himself to be led by his earnestness and strong convictions. He appears to believe, or intends that his readers shall believe, that he is quoting what was Professor Cramb's own personal opinion of England and of what she really is. In his all-consuming zeal Mr. Mayer seems to have given only a cursory attention to the context of both his quotations. Or is he deliberately misstating? At any rate, from a moderately careful perusal of Cramb's text the reader cannot but become aware that Cramb, far from giving to his fellow-countrymen in these words his own personal opinion or that of any other Englishman or Englishmen, was really giving what he conceived to be the opinion in regard to England prevalent at that moment in German circles.

W. A. MCLAUGHLIN.

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 3.

DR. CONYBEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue for July 15, Dr. Conybeare writes from Oxford on June 29 explaining that he had been "over-hasty" in charging Sir Edward Grey with responsibility for the war. But on the front page of the same number there is an advertisement of the *Open Court* for July, in which an extract is given from an article by Dr. Conybeare, still making his charges against Sir Edward Grey. The advertisement (for which, of course, Dr. Conybeare is not responsible) is headed: "How one man's personal grudge has cost one million lives." It is also said that the article was originally sent to an English publishing agency and declined.

Which is the true view of Dr. Conybeare? It is natural to assume that this is to be found in his letter from Oxford, dated June 29. If so, we may rightly ask Dr. Paul Carus not to allow his pro-German partiality to prevent him from making the necessary correction in the August number of his magazine.

W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS.

Toronto, July 15.

[Dr. Conybeare's letter naturally expresses his revised judgment. Had the advertisement been brought to the attention of the editors, it would not have appeared.—ED. THE NATION.]

"THE BREAKDOWN OF INTERNATIONALISM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The possibility, or otherwise, of Internationalism seems to me to depend on a question of personality.

Euclid tells us that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts, but it is equally true that the whole is often quite different from the sum of its parts. We ourselves, for in-

stance, are made up of many millions of cells, each living its own life and quite unconscious of the whole of which it forms a part, yet depending largely for its welfare on the actions of that whole, over which it has, however, little or no control.

Now, if the analogy holds, and we are each of us, while living our own lives, parts of a higher individuality—a nation, the real superman—Internationalism is an impossible dream, for we cannot really influence that higher personality; still less can we destroy it. But if the analogy does not hold, if a nation is an Idea, if its character is a kind of resultant of the character of its component individualities, Internationalism is possible, for one idea can be replaced by another.

In spite of the fact that the character of the German nation seems, unhappily, very different from that of the Germans I know —they do not, however, belong to the ruling classes of that country—I believe that nations are ideal existences and that Internationalism has a future. We have simply got to think in terms of humanity rather than in terms of nationality, and the latter idea will gradually fade away. But if such a change be desirable, patriotism is not a virtue, but a vice.

RICHARD KAY.

Hartland, N. Devon, July 1.

Notes from Two Capitals

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

The ex-First Lord of the Admiralty is not the first of his name to break up a powerful Ministry because he could not have his own way at a particular turn of affairs. Lord Randolph Churchill's son is, like his father, as headstrong as he is capable. He found his match in "Jack" Fisher. Suave in manner, modest in estimation of his own qualities, the late First Sea Lord, once driven into an attitude of resentment, is an exceedingly tough person to deal with. Naturally gratified when amid national plaudits "the dropped pilot" was, when war broke out, picked up again, he gave himself up heart and soul to administering the affairs of the navy he had created. All went well for some months, the success of the navy in casual encounters with the enemy and in the great task of keeping sea-room open for itself and its Allies testifying to the unity of capable direction at headquarters. Unfortunately, hereditary instinct asserting itself with his chief, Lord Fisher, believing his appointed domain was being systematically encroached upon, cut the painter. The Admiralty barge got hopelessly adrift, and before he quite knew where he was the Prime Minister found added to overwhelming duties and responsibilities the task of re-forming his Ministry.

Winston Churchill entered the House of Commons handicapped by the circumstance common to several members of the present Parliament, fatal to most of them, of being the son of a father illustrious in Parliamentary record. The younger and the older Pitt form a rare, perhaps unique, example where such accidental connection proved no obstacle to the triumphant progress of the son. Winston would be the last man to claim equality with his father, who died too early to justify expectation raised by supreme, statesmanlike qualities occasionally obscured by brilliant guerrilla tactics. We get only one Randolph Churchill in a century. To old friends the son in many ways recalls the presence of the father. He does not resemble him in facial appearance, but has many mannerisms startlingly reminiscent. Designedly or unconsciously, he addresses the House of Commons in the same attitude Lord Randolph assumed when, with open hands resting on hips, feet set well apart, and head bent forward, he worried Stafford Northcote, or with the confidence that shone on the countenance of David when he went forth to fight Goliath, he girded at Gladstone.

More important resemblances between father and son are their capacity for work, their intuitive grasp of a question, their lucidity and force of speech. While he was still a private member it was noted that when Winston rose to speak on whatsoever subject, whether it was Fiscal Reform, War Office Administration, or the Aliens Bill, he had mastered all the bearings of the case, carefully thought out their ramifications. His set speeches were even at this early time admirable contributions to debate. Even better, more immediately effective, were his remarks in the give-and-take discussion of Committee, or his interjected questions addressed to the Minister in charge of the business before the House.

Inheriting the rich gift of memory with which Lord Randolph was endowed, he is accustomed to write out his set speeches, learn them off by heart, and declaim them to a listening Senate. This habit on one occasion led to disastrous consequence. Nearing the end of a luminous address, recited with an ease and fluency that obscured the secret of the manuscript, he, towards the conclusion, lost his cue. He could not remember how the ultimate sentence of his speech was framed. After struggling for some moments he gave up the attempt, abruptly resuming his seat, his speech unfinished.

That was an accident inseparable from the method. A rarer and more precious gift in House of Commons debate enables a member to express in two or three pointed sentences a weak or a strong point observed as in a flash of lightning. Winston Churchill possesses that gift and improves it with daily practice.

It was characteristic of the statesman who, by a flash of grim humor, has upon the reconstruction of the Ministry been relegated to the obscure sinecure of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, that he should first present himself in the House of Commons as critic of an important measure introduced by the Government under whose flag he had won election at Oldham. The war in South Africa being in full blast, Mr. Brodrick, called upon to save the State, formulated a scheme of army reform warranted to avert repetition of catastrophe at the moment threatening the existence of the army and the stability of the Empire. The young member for Oldham, who had the advantage over the Secretary of State for War of having smelt powder and heard bullets whizz on more than one stricken field, sharply criticised it. He did more. One of a small minority, he went into the division lobby to record his vote against it. Two years later, further consideration of the Brodrick scheme resulting in general condemnation, organized attack was made upon it. As many as nineteen Ministerialists backed their hostile opinion by a vote in the Opposition lobby. With the young member for Oldham, fresh to the Parliamentary arena, lay the double credit of shrewd insight into the real value of the portentous plan when first introduced with the blare of trumpets and the rattle of drums, and of courage in testifying to conviction by his vote.

This was an ominous launching of a promising bark. A steady stream of circumstance finally drifted it into the sea of Liberalism. Winston's constitutional independence, his blunt honesty, unfitted him for companionship with the well-drilled Parliamentary ranks of Conservatism. Nevertheless, had Mr. Balfour thought it worth while to have given his mind to the task, he might have captured and retained one who later became the lion cub of a Liberal Cabinet. From the first he openly resented the indiscipline of the son of his early comrade of Fourth Party days. The more he was snubbed, the more intractable Winston became.

Early in the session of 1904, when the long predominant Unionist Government was staggering to a fall, a motion for the adjournment was made from the Opposition side with intent to give them a helping knock on the head. It was Lloyd George who led the irregular attack. By coincidence—strange, in view of the close relationship established between the two young Cabinet Ministers under the Premiership of Mr. Asquith—Winston Churchill, still seated on the Ministerial side, rose to second the motion. Immediately, at a concerted signal, the shocked Ministerialists jumped up and with one accord left the House. They were prepared with more or less unconcern to sit out an attack on the Government opened from the enemy's camp. It is the business of the Opposition to oppose. When the assault was joined in by one from their own ranks, they marked their resentment of what they regarded as treachery by shaking the dust of the matted floor from off their feet.

That was the beginning of an inevitable end. Two months and a day later, Winston Churchill, sauntering in from below the Bar, paused a moment, looked round the House, and, turning to the right, seated himself in the Liberal camp.

Since the removal from the scene of the commanding figure of Joseph Chamberlain, the front bench of the Unionist party in the Commons has not been so fully endowed with strength and capacity that it could afford to drive out of the camp so promising a recruit. To its subsequent exceeding sorrow it succeeded in doing so.

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

We must show our teeth to Germany, says Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, unless we are willing to be kicked around like Champ Clark's houn'-dawg. This is in line with the advice of Col. Roosevelt. The two men have usually been in accord since the time when Mr. Bonaparte, having pretty well made up his mind that the Republican party was on the road to ruin, singled out the Colonel as the good man in it to whom the people could afford to pin their faith.

The metaphor used, including its illustrative draft upon recent history, has a unique flavor, coming from an ex-Attorney-General of the United States; but then, Charles Joseph Bonaparte has a unique personality. It might be too much to say that he would be recognized at sight as a member of the former

imperial family of France; yet, in a company of a thousand men, if it were known that a Bonaparte was present, there would be no mistaking any other for him. The general mould of his features, the shape of his head, and the way it is set on his shoulders, would settle that, for the suggestion of the Corsican conqueror is there, beyond a question. What does puzzle one in this man is his speech and manner. The inflections of his voice are so soft, and run such a gamut of gentle undulations, as to be almost wheedling; the fastidiousness of his enunciation is made more effective by an inimitable drawl, and everything he says is sweetly put, even while he is inserting the spit of his sarcasm between the ribs of the victim whom he intends in a moment to roast alive. No matter how severe the treatment he is about to administer, the smile never fades from his lips, and, at the close of every remark which admits of a brief pause after it, one hears issuing from them a faint sound which might be either a suppressed sigh or a guttural chuckle, and which comports quaintly with the bird-like tilt of his head as he utters it.

There is no man in the United States who stands more solidly on his own two feet and asks fewer odds of the world than Mr. Bonaparte. Fond of politics as both a duty and a pastime, and mixing for years with the active movers in political affairs, he courts the favor of no bosses, and lets no one shape his conduct or his opinions against his will. It goes hard, indeed, with the fellow who tries to, for he brooks no trifling with his dignity. His hatred of shams is intense, and he lets everybody know it; still, even his chosen associates sometimes differ with him in judgment as to what is a sham and what is not. Though calling himself a Republican, he insists on maintaining his own standards, and in local campaigns may be found working with one of the other parties when he considers that his party needs a dose of punishment for its soul's good. He never was a candidate himself for any public position except the purely honorary and unsalaried one of Presidential Elector. That was in 1904, and he was the only Republican Elector who pulled through in Maryland—a result which dumfounded some of the critics who had sneered that his refusal to run for office and his general partisan independence were due to his consciousness of weakness in any appeal to the people for their votes.

As a compendium of human contradictions, Mr. Bonaparte is the despair of biographers who are wedded to the conventional in their work. Though by no means indifferent to the distinction of his name, he has steadfastly declined all opportunities which have come his way to remove to France and receive the honors due to one of his blood. He denounced mercilessly the policy of annexation which saddled us with the Philippines; but when the native revolt broke out, and the Anti-Imperialists went to the length of encouraging it, he cut loose and reproved them, declaring that, whatever individual opinions a citizen might proclaim and promote in time of peace, the outbreak of war was his summons to unequivocal support of his Government; and that, the treaty of Paris having become the law of the land, it was as much the duty of the President to crush a rebellion in the annexed provinces as it had been for Lincoln to crush the Southern Confederacy. Albeit President McKinley, during his first term, repeatedly drew upon himself the censure of Bonaparte, the latter supported him for a second term; this, however, did not prevent Bonaparte from standing out against his colleagues on the board of governors of Harvard University when they voted to make McKinley an LL.D., or from publicly asserting that the President was not worthy of the degree.

On one question his worst enemy has never accused Bonaparte of inconsistency: his loyalty to the Catholic communion in which he grew up. In recognition of his fidelity and services to it, he has been decorated with the Lætare medal. Surely, all Bonapartes in this country have reason to feel kindly towards a church that could not be bullied or blandished into abetting the outrage which Napoleon I tried to put upon their first American ancestress.

VIEILLARD.

Literature

PROFESSOR KITTREDGE ON CHAUCER.

Chaucer and His Poetry: Lectures delivered in 1914 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.25 net.

The lectures that make up this volume are six in number. The first is entitled "The Man and His Times"; the remaining lectures deal successively with "The Book of the Duchess," "The House of Fame," "Troilus," and (two) with the "Canterbury Tales." It should be said at once that the treatment of the subject is fresh and readable and that the book complements in a worthy manner the very large output of special monographs, and articles relating to the poet, which for many years past has made the English department at Harvard under Professor Kittredge's direction the most active centre of Chaucer investigation in the world.

It is only in regard to certain matters in the first lecture that we feel disposed to take issue seriously with Professor Kittredge. This lecture contains much that is suggestive—for example, the proposal that we should abandon the tripartite division of Chaucer's literary career and adopt a period of transition between the French and the Italian periods. The new division is really necessary, if we are to comprehend clearly the development of Chaucer's genius. During this period of transition his production was slight, but he was reading enormously in Italian and Latin, in history, philosophy, and romance, and when, emancipated by his wider outlook from the French models of his earlier years, he turns again with renewed energy to composition, he shows himself a new man. On the other hand, an outstanding feature of this first lecture is the endeavor to refute some of the current ideas concerning Chaucer and his age, *e. g.*, that mediæval writers are prone to digress, that Chaucer satirized the Church—above all, that the fourteenth and twentieth centuries are separated by a great disparity of conditions. We do not think that Professor Kittredge has been very successful in these contentions. For example, as regards Chaucer's attitude towards the Church, one may acknowledge the beauty of his portrait of the country parson, but then we have in the same Prologue the inimitable satirical pictures of the monk, the friar, the summoner, and the pardoner. As for the tales themselves, what a modest rôle the priest plays on the journey, as compared with his more worldly fellow-ecclesiastics! After all, when everybody was attacking the Church as it was then constituted—and justly enough—it would have been strange if a clear-headed humorist and man of the world like Chaucer had not joined in. Moreover, to say nothing of his contemporaries, we cannot acquit of a proneness to digression the writer who inserted a summary of the "Æneid" in his description of the temple in the "House of Fame," and who spun out beyond the requirements of humor the learned discourse of the cock in the Nun's Priest's Tale. Does it not also betray a wide difference between our own age and Chaucer's when we find him penning with equal sincerity the Miller's Tale and a translation of Pope Innocent's treatise on the "Wretched Condition of Mankind"? Professor Kittredge has, of course, reflected on these familiar instances before advancing the views which we have cited, but it is hard to understand how, having done so, he should have reached such conclusions. There is something of the same paradoxical spirit in his denial of the quality of naïveté to Chaucer. One may say, perhaps, with some truth, that this was a quality of the age, but, if so, in this, as in other things, the poet was the child of his time. The Prioress's Tale, the Clerk's Tale, the digressions cited above, all illustrate this quality, to say nothing of many a line where the artless addition of a phrase to gain a rhyme or to fill out the requisite number of feet excites a smile in the reader of a more sophisticated generation. Take, for example, such lines as "Swiche as men callen daysyes in our toun." The flowers were so called, of course, in every man's "town," but a rhyme was needed here for "affecciouñ" in the next line. Similarly, Troilus bids Pandarus preserve his ashes "In a vessel that men clepeth an urne," and Palamon and Emily are united by the bond "that highte matrimoigne or mariage." We have never felt convinced that the line, "Right as our firste lettre is now an A" ("Troilus," I, 170), which Professor Lowes interprets as implying a compliment to Anne of Bohemia, was not merely another instance of this naïveté of expression.

The lecture on the "Book of the Duchess" constitutes the most elaborate criticism of this poem that we have. Professor Kittredge has shown very well how the elegy is a tissue of conventions borrowed from contemporary French poets, and yet how these conventions have been vitalized. He has aimed especially at bringing into relief its dream character, to which it owes the haunting charm that "eludes analysis, but subdues our mood to a gentle and vaguely troubled

pensiveness." It is not Chaucer who converses in the forest with the mourning husband, but a dreamer whom his dramatic imagination has created to accord with the sense of the transitoriness of life, love, and happiness which the fate of the mourner awakens.

Just as the "Book of the Duchess" is the love-vision of the French poets adapted to the purposes of personal elegy, so, according to Professor Kittredge, the "House of Fame" is an adaptation of the same conception to a "wonder-journey of intense ironical significance." He rightly rejects ten Brink's effort to read an allegory of Chaucer's own life into the First Book. "The temple and the desert are simply devices to transport the poet into the fantastic regions of dreamland where the eagle can swoop down on him conveniently." The author's discussion of the "House of Fame" appears to us thoroughly sound, and the same thing is true of his lecture on "Troilus." We note here particularly the pages on the relation of the love-story to the mediæval code of courtly love and the analysis of the characters of Troilus, Pandarus, and Cressida. The last-named he takes to be neither a victim nor a scheming adventuress. She is not insincere in her love for Troilus, and she does not encourage him out of any selfish regard to her personal interests. When she seems to be turning her mind to such considerations, "she is merely seeking to justify to her reason the interest she is beginning to feel in her gallant lover." She is the same to the end as at the beginning, "amorous, gentle, affectionate and charming altogether, but fatally impressionable and yielding. Her strength of will is no match for her inconstant heart."

The two concluding lectures on the "Canterbury Tales" call for less comment. Only the dramatic quality of the Tales, which is striking enough, to be sure, is overemphasized. "From this point of view (*i. e.*, of structure), which surely accords with Chaucer's intention," says Professor Kittredge, "the Pilgrims do not exist for the sake of the stories, but vice versa." A mere comparison of the number of lines given to the tales and the connecting links, respectively, shows, however, that the "Canterbury Tales" is primarily a collection of stories. Moreover, the stories do not in every instance fit inevitably with the characters to whom they are assigned. So with the Merchant's Tale, for which nothing in the description of this character in the Prologue prepares us. And, *pace* Professor Kittredge, the same thing obviously holds good of the rollicking envoy of the Clerk's Tale, if, as he assumes, this outrageous piece of anti-feminist fun is to be regarded as the utterance of the Clerk. As a matter of fact, it is headed "Lenvoy de Chaucer." The lectures on Chaucer's masterpiece, however, like the rest of the book, are written with lively sympathy and, as it is hardly necessary to add, with a full grasp of the material, and they make agreeable reading, both for the scholar and the general reader.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Bride of the Plains. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is no disparagement of Baroness Orczy's tales of romance and adventure like "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "The Laughing Cavalier" to say that we welcome cordially her departure in manner in the present volume. Indeed, almost an ideal way for the gifted author to spend the rest of her career would be in writing alternately these two styles of fiction. "A Bride of the Plains" has a timeliness—can we help judging everything now by the norm of slaughter?—which is emphasized in the touching dedication to Louis Kossuth: "What would you have said now—O patriot and selfless hero—had you lived to see the country which you loved so well . . . tied to Austria's chariot wheel, the cat's-paw and the tool of that Teutonic race which you abhorred?" The Baroness but voices the sentiment universally felt by those of her adopted country towards one—and that one perhaps the bravest—of the peoples with whom they are at war. Save for the preface, there is nothing of war in Baroness Orczy's new novel, although the first chapter opens with a vivid picture of the departure of the lads of a Hungarian village for their three years of military service. For the rest, while by no means devoid of interest in incident and plot, the book is principally valuable for its detailed and sympathetic description of life in a Hungarian village, among some of the simplest, merriest, and most charming people of Europe. Even those whose sympathies are most strongly on the side of the Allies in the war, if they read this book, cannot but find some consolation for the enforced retirement of the Russians from their positions in the Carpathians in the thought that these smiling plains of which Baroness Orczy gives so picturesque a description, have been spared, for a time at least, the desolation which follows in the wake of marching armies.

The Red Geranium. By William Carleton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Romance in workingmen's budgets and pictorial possibilities in agricultural bulletins—these are Mr. Carleton's own peculiar discoveries. We do not know of any one more likely to promote an active belief in scientific farming among rural readers, nor any one who more temptingly sets forth the substantial advantages which modern farm life has to offer the city dweller, nor of any public service better worth rendering than these. Certainly, American audiences for whom making a living is ever the dominant theme are little likely to find fault with him as a story-teller. His imagination frankly balks when it is a question of the terrors besetting a resourceless mother of three in the city without a heart, but once past this uncongenial situation there is no gainsaying his persuasive pen, as he has shrewdly hastened to disavow all the more widely suspected fallacies as to fortunes in poultry and other too, too hopeful illusions of the amateur countryman. He can figure out a heroine's livelihood in red geraniums, and a fair margin of profit for a hero who supplies tenement babies with certified milk below market prices—and that with a reasonableness in which there is a touch of positive genius. His calculations, at once inspiriting and plausible, will afford the disinterested a thrill of satisfaction akin to that which Stevenson professed to derive from the inventory of Crusoe's salvage.

The Seven Darlings. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of this comedy has made sure his place as an interpreter for those who chew gum of what they call the Four Hundred. That the sextet of heroines here provided have the souls of gum-chewers beneath the surface of their amazing beauty and social security will doubtless give them the last supreme endearment for their predestined clientèle. Mr. Morris has done all that is necessary in the direction of making them otherwise human, and Mr. H. C. Christy, who, with Mr. C. D. Gibson, has also settled down to the manufacture of chewing-gum, charmingly decorates the package with his well-known "types." The thing is all about a brother and six sisters who are left with nothing but an expensive "camp" in the Adirondacks, turn it into an inn, and promptly pair off with the first guests who arrive. That is putting it baldly, of course. There are various episodes sufficiently "piquant" to arrest momentarily and thrillingly the busiest youthful jaw.

Waiting. By Gerald O'Donovan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The theme of this story has now become almost hackneyed, and the present writer has failed to give it special freshness of interpretation. Like Mr. O'Donovan's "Father Ralph," this is an uncompromising picture of a priest-ridden Ireland. As before, a sharp distinction is drawn between the few and for the most part powerless priests of spiritual and intellectual force, and the ruck of ignorant and self-seeking oppressors of the people. Father Ralph's solution was to leave the church and to leave Ireland. The Maurice of the present tale is not a priest, but a schoolmaster with the makings of a statesman. His independence early makes an enemy of Father Mahon, the priestly bully of the tale, who has officially the whip-hand as "manager" of Maurice's school. This school is by law secular and undenominational, but is really under the control of the church, and when Maurice outrages Father Mahon by asking for a dispensation to marry a Protestant (a dispensation which he is in no position to buy), he is dismissed from his post. Maurice marries his Protestant at a registry office, and becomes a not unsuccessful journalist. When, however, he follows his inclination and capacity into active politics, a churchly issue is made against him on the grounds of his marriage, all the

authority of the priesthood is marshalled to defeat him, and he is easily beaten at the polls by a rich and scoundrelly publican. Mahon's culminating act is a refusal of absolution to Maurice's old and dying friend, because he has supported Maurice in his marriage, and now harbors his wife and child under his roof. "You'll get no sacrament, no absolution, no communion, no anointing from me, a priest of God, till you repent of your sin, and make reparation to me and God by turning out these people from under your roof." But old Driscoll will not buy salvation at that rate: "God won't ask me to do what I haven't the heart to do myself—His own Mother, they say, was once turned out in the snow, and He within her." In his spirit Maurice determines to stand by Ireland, in the hope of a better day: "Truth and freedom must come of faith and love—we'll stay here, working, enduring, waiting." Which interprets, at last, the title of the story.

AN ESSAY ON ESSAYISTS.

The English Essay and Essayists. By Hugh Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Like most of its predecessors in the series, The Channels of English Literature, this work is thoroughly readable. As a piece of literary history, however, it still leaves something to be desired. We had no extended systematic account of the essay, and Professor Walker has not altogether supplied the deficiency. For the general reader, he has provided an agreeable introduction. For the student, he has rather revived pleasant impressions than pointed out fresh prospects. He raises the really difficult question of defining his subject, but he dismisses it unanswered. Though he hints at a distinction between "essays of the centre," like Lamb's, and essays of the periphery, like Fuller's, he admits or excludes almost any piece of expository prose without reference to any clearly stated or maintained principle.

Let us illustrate his somewhat casual procedure. He has a chapter on the "character-writers"; and, of course, he admits the imaginary portraits of the De Coverley papers; but he has not a word on the imaginary portraits of Pater, whom, with a brief condemnation of his philosophy, he relegates to the domain of literary criticism. He admits the "Biographical Studies" of Bagehot; but he does not mention Walton's "Lives." He touches on White of Selborne and gives a page and a half to the hectic revery and word-painting of Richard Jefferies; but he says nothing of Walton's "Complete Angler," which is for the most part in the perfect vein of the essay-according-to-Montaigne. He discusses the letters of Junius and the pamphlets of Paine; but he ignores the indubitable essays of Jeremy Collier, Shenstone, and Edward Young. He includes Fuller's "Holy State," Browne's "Religio Medici," and Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection"; but he leaves quite unnoticed the "Meditations and Contemplations" of Hervey and Traherne's "Centuries of Meditation." He yields, though grudgingly, a place to Ruskin's lectures on art; but passes in silence the admirable "Discourses" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He declares that lecturing and laying down the law are "utterly foreign to the spirit of the essay"; yet in the previous chapter on the "historian-essayists" he has treated such lecturers and absolute law-givers as Carlyle, Macaulay, Froude, and Freeman. In the end, one is rather more than less in the dark than before as to the nature of the genus "essay" and its "species."

Professor Walker is apparently satisfied with the time-honored notion that Bacon was the father and Montaigne the grandfather of English essayists—which is as much as to say that he is comparatively incurious about literary origins, relationships, and influences. The true relationship between these two worthies, who are from nearly every point of view so conspicuously dissimilar, awaits the elucidation of an investigator who will compare them both not only with their contemporaries, but also with the "essayists" of classical antiquity—Plutarch, Tacitus, Seneca, Cicero, Plato, and Aristotle—to whom they are both so deeply indebted, and to whom many of their successors made independent returns. An extended discussion of the essay in England might reasonably be expected to make some acknowledgment that the essay was not "invented" in England nor in France. It might be expected to call attention to a certain analogy between the Epicurean self-examination of Montaigne and the religious self-examination of monastic writers, and to trace to mediæval and other sources the mystic elation of religious essayists of the seventeenth century. It might be expected to show how fresh foreign models, such as La Bruyère, as well as social forces and periodical publication, operated in the eighteenth century to give to the essay a social, objective, and satirical character. It might be expected in discussing such a writer as Hazlitt to bring out not merely his flashing intelligence, but also his romantic sensibility; to relate him not merely to the Restoration wits, whom he loved, but also to Rousseau, whom he adored. To write an account of the English essay without mentioning the author of the "Confessions" and the "Rêveries"—and Professor Walker does not mention him—is to ignore its second Montaigne; is to be just a bit "insular."

The virtue of the book is in its wholesome æsthetic treatment of individual authors, rather than in any notable additions to literary cartography. It presents fairly adequate appreciations of many admired writers from Bacon to John Synge. It says in general just about what one should expect it to say; but its prevailing orthodoxy is occasionally relieved by an attempt to touch up a neglected reputation or to make a new point for an established celebrity. There is a well-merited flash of enthusiasm for the mellifluous gravity of Drummond's "Cypress Grove"; an approving nod for Clarendon; an interesting exaltation of Goldsmith at Addison's expense, with a special plea for the recognition of the "inspired idiot's" philosophical and political wisdom; a strong accent upon the "wisdom" of Lamb, which few will resent; a good word for the obsolescent Alexander Smith; a place for Gissing just below Stevenson; and friendly salutes for the recently departed shades of Leslie Stephen, Richard Middleton, Andrew Lang, and Francis Thompson. An honest, substantial volume; one is among old acquaintances; their quips and aphorisms bear repetition; and one is soon enough at the last page—in excellent humor. As an extended essay on the essayists, one is ready to give it a cordial welcome.

A FORECAST OF THE WAR.

The Anglo-German Problem. By Charles Sarolea. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

"Europe is drifting slowly but steadily towards an awful catastrophe which, if it does happen, will throw back civilization for the coming generation, as the war of 1870 threw back civilization for the generation which followed and which inherited its dire legacy of evil." This is the opening sentence of a most interesting book, published in 1912, the fulfilment of whose prophetic insight we are witnessing to-day. So remarkably, in fact, have the author's predictions been fulfilled, and so well have his assertions been justified by events, that one can easily pardon the rather complacent "Foreword" to the edition of 1915, much of which is an elaboration upon the theme, "I told you so!"

Mr. Sarolea is "a Fleming by birth and a Dutchman by origin," who has spent years in close study of German history, literature, and ideals, and who in 1912 felt moved to write out the conclusions to which his studies had forced him concerning the relations between England and Germany, conceiving that a recognition of the truth by both countries was the only thing that could avert an armed conflict. His work covers a wide field, but its leading theses may be reduced to two: first, that Germany's grievances against England are, for the most part, imaginary; and, secondly, that the causes of conflict between the two nations are by no means imaginary, but are to be found in essentially incompatible ideals. In the preface of 1912 he writes:

> The present conflict between England and Germany is the old conflict between liberalism and militarism, between progress and reaction, between the masses and the classes. The conflict between England and Germany is a conflict, on the one hand, between a nation which believes in political liberty and national autonomy, where the press is free, and where the rulers are responsible to public opinion, and, on the other hand, a nation where public opinion is still muzzled or powerless, and where the masses are still under the heel of an absolute government, a reactionary party, a military Junkertum, and a despotic bureaucracy.

Assertions of this latter sort about Germany

are, of course, common enough to-day, and, in fact, they were common even in 1912; but nowhere else, so far as the reviewer is aware, is there to be found so logical and convincing and unprejudiced a massing of facts in support of the assertion. With fine mastery over his material and a keen insight into the nature of the issue, the author analyzes such matters as the almost universal distrust of Germany in 1912; the contrast between Prussia and Southern Germany, and the mastery of the former over the latter; the tendencies towards reaction in Germany; its sham democracy; the Prussian idealization of the state; the stupid oppression meted out by the Government to its Polish subjects; the unsteady policy of the Kaiser, whose influence, in spite of his real desire for peace, has tended almost entirely towards militarism and the war spirit; and the futility of German Socialism, which, with all its talk of peace and progress, is really the mainstay of reaction and militarism, since the Government constantly uses it as a bugbear to frighten the Liberals into the arms of the Junkers.

Mr. Sarolea brings equal ability and learning to the analysis of the German grievances against Great Britain. These are chiefly two: namely, that England has prevented the expansion of German commerce and colonization, keeping her from a place in the sun; and that, under the guidance of Edward VII, that arch-plotter, she has stirred up Europe against Germany, encircled and isolated her, and "that in the Concert of Europe she has wrested the conductor's bâton from the hands of the Kaiser." The first of these grievances is disposed of rather easily by showing that Great Britain, with her free trade and her many colonies, has been Germany's best customer and best friend, and that Germany's lack of colonies is due, first, to her late arrival in the game of colonial expansion; secondly, to Bismarck's throwing away of what opportunities she had; and, thirdly, to the fact that Germans lack the qualities of adventure and the training in self-government that make successful colonists. For the second grievance there seems at first to be some ground. Certainly, if we compare the position of Germany at the Berlin Conference in 1878 and her position at Algeciras in 1905, her loss of prestige is sufficiently striking. But to lay all this to Edward VII is, in the author's opinion, a very amateurish way of reading history. In Germany's own conduct is to be found a quite sufficient reason for the falling off of each of her old supporters. The cordial friendship of England she certainly might have retained had she not, by brooding over imaginary grievances, and by enthusiasm for England's enemies, nursed among her people a jealousy of British colonial expansion and an unreasoned dislike for their island neighbor; and by the upbuilding of her fleet, the talk of her Kaiser, and the direction of her policies forced England to search for other allies.

As this review will indicate, Mr. Sarolea's book is frankly partisan in its critique of Germany and its defence of England. But this does not mean necessarily that its author is prejudiced. Certainly he has had every opportunity to form an impartial judgment. And, however one may feel about his conclusions, the facts which he presents and his method of handling them are such that few will read his book without gaining new insight into the great political problem of the day.

THE RUSSIAN SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS.

Modern Russia. By Gregor Alexinsky. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The author was a Deputy in the short-lived Second Duma, a member of the so-called Majority Social-Democratic faction, one of its leaders and its best speaker. He was elected to the Duma from the workingman curia of Petrograd, and had been in charge of lectures in courses organized for workingmen. He had also engaged in the work of local provincial councils, had been one of the so-called "third element," which, of all classes, has come into actual, close contact with the peasantry. He is therefore able to give us an interesting point of view on many aspects of Russian history and politics; and, as he explains, he is giving in this book a "small encyclopædia of Russian life." It is important, as well as interesting, that the views of the Russian Social-Democrat should become more widely known to the English-reading public.

The writer takes the usual attitude of the urban Socialist towards the peasant; for him the peasant is a potential, if not an actual, bourgeois—a word which appears, in italics, throughout the text. The writer speaks of the "romantic hopes" of that branch of Russian Socialists who devoted their attention to the peasantry. Similarly, he tells us that "the Russian novel of the nineteenth century, with such masters as Gontcharov, Turgenieff, and Tolstoy, was largely the fruit of 'aristo-serf' culture." Tolstoy was educated in a pre-capitalist environment, which left its mark on him. The writer quotes at length from the work of a young scholar, Pavlov-Silvansky, a Social-Democrat, who writes particularly on the question of feudalism in Russia; but, as the author states, the views of this scholar represent the opinion of a minority among Russian historians.

At many points we find the orthodox economic interpretation of Russian history. In speaking of the reforms of the law courts of 1864 the author says: "The new justice was evoked by new economic necessity; the development of the capitalistic production and exchange calls for the protection of the person and material property of every Russian, a protection which the old judicial system could no longer extend." He accepts the usual and much-exploited idea of an inevitable antagonism between Russia and England in their respective imperialisms; he sees no basis for common economic interests between the two countries. Treating of the subject of other than economic antagonisms, he declares: "We have a right to assert that the revolutionary movement of the popular masses, the working class, the peasants, and the army and the navy is the best and principal guarantee of a pacific attitude on the part of the Russian monarchy." Recent facts tend to invalidate his conclusions made a year ago.

It is always the Russian Social-Democrat that we recognize clearly in the author's interpretations of Russian politics and life. The present Duma is even less than useless. The Second Duma failed because the Liberals were too cowardly. It will be recalled that the Second Duma was dissolved because the Social-Democratic members had interpreted their mandate from the people as obliging them to keep in touch with soldiers as well. They had received petitions from soldiers in active service, "in which the soldiers expressed the cause of their discontent." The writer is, however, always careful to state that he represents only one section of the Russian public, for by no means all the Russian "intellectuals" are Socialists: "The disciples of Socialism form the most democratic sphere of the intellectual classes, and the highest sphere (professors, advocates, engineers, etc.) is in sympathy with the *bourgeois* Liberals and Radicals."

It is important that we should learn the views and programmes of all political parties in Russia, and Mr. Alexinsky is well qualified, particularly by reason of his broad, practical experience in public life, to give those of the Russian Social-Democrat.

CITIZENS FROM SCANDINAVIA.

The Scandinavian Element in the United States. By Kendric Charles Babcock. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Social Studies, Vol. III, No. 3. $1.15.

This careful study of the immigration from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, in its relations to the progress of the West, is presented as a part of the story which has supplanted the views of the New England school of historians, but it has not altogether renounced their methods. It offers a detailed account of whatever religious motives have influenced the course of Scandinavian immigration—though the author finds that the most notable experiment in this kind, the Swedish settlement in Illinois in 1846, was founded on economic or philanthropic rather than religious motives. The failure of this communistic society did not indicate that Scandinavians were unfit for industrial coöperation; and a discussion of the indebtedness of the Middle West to later immigrants for the development of co-operative dairying would have added to the value of this work. It is shown that the stream of immigration from the Scandinavian countries was largely directed to Minnesota and the adjacent States by an organized appeal to the economic motive by State governments and railway companies; and the agricultural progress due to this

movement is graphically described. But it is not pointed out that these immigrants, the Norwegians especially, are almost as apt to be seamen or fishermen as farmers. The notable advance of the Scandinavian element on the Pacific Coast, where it constitutes more than a fourth of the foreign population of cities like Seattle and Tacoma, is largely due to opportunity for maritime pursuits. The Scandinavians are more capable of founding homes without giving up going to sea than other mariners.

As might have been expected from Dr. Babcock's previous works, the question of education is competently handled. While the Scandinavians are credited with loyalty to the public school system, it appears that there has been some misdirected effort in keeping up parochial schools and in multiplying poorly equipped seminaries and colleges to which it is difficult to attract pupils. The Grundtvigian "high schools" are mentioned as keeping alive the traditions of Denmark; but we are not told whether they have done anything in America to promote the organization of rural communities in the Danish fashion. The redemption of agriculture in Denmark during the last generation has been associated with the educational ideas of Bishop Grundtvig—who surely deserves a place in the index of this volume. The campaign in Wisconsin in 1889 against compulsory education in English is narrated, though the results are rather vaguely stated, and the Minnesota statute of 1883, which provided for a "professorship of the Scandinavian language and literature in the State University" is denounced for the looseness of its terms. Had the nouns been plural, the clause might pass without censure.

The considerable political activity of the Scandinavian immigrants is discussed with candor and moderation. It is curious to find them voting steadily against saloons and the liquor traffic, in view of the European standard in such matters; but it may be that the occasional indulgence in raw alcohol, which has been noted in the case of many of the Swedes, has caused mischief enough, especially in promoting insanity, to account for the feeling in favor of restriction. On the whole, Dr. Babcock is fortunate in dealing with a body of immigrants whose moral and political progress towards complete Americanization presents so few problems. The history of previous assimilation in Great Britain is of favorable augury, which is borne out by the records of some millions of our fellow-citizens of Scandinavian stock. Though the services of such men in the armies of the Civil War are acknowledged, something might be said of the value of the same element in the navy, where scores of Scandinavian seamen have become warrant officers.

The author sees danger in the demands for "recognition" in the distribution of offices on the part of "Swedish-Americans or other hyphenated Americans"—he was writing before last September; but he sums up by assigning "a mighty, silent, steadying influence" for peace and righteousness to the Scandinavian immigrants. The book closes with a valuable critical essay on materials and authorities and a series of tables derived from the reports of the census. The index is rather scanty, though it offers topics as well as proper names.

Notes

The Macmillan Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "The Pentecost of Calamity," by Owen Wister.

"Marie Tarnowska," by Anne Vivanti Chartres, and "Habits that Handicap," by Charles B. Towns, will be published shortly by the Century Co.

The following volumes are announced for publication on August 28 by Henry Holt & Co.: "American Diplomacy," by Carl Russell Fish; "Some Musicians of Former Days," by Romain Rolland; "Jane Clegg," by St. John Ervine.

The Writers' Publishing Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "Dennis Hathnaught," by James Philip MacCarthy, and "The Serio-Comic Profession," by L. J. de Bekker.

The announcement a year ago that a civil government was to be established in the Canal Zone naturally gave the impression that some other form of government had existed previously, and the further step of naming an army officer as Governor seemed to mean military instead of civil rule. It was the purpose of George W. Goethals, Governor of the Canal Zone, in the Stafford Little lectures at Princeton this year, to remove this impression by showing that essentially the Government of the Canal Zone is now what it has been since April 1, 1905—"a Government by executive order." The only real difference is that the system formerly prevailing rested upon the Executive orders of President Roosevelt, the last one of which, vesting all authority in the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, "while not in exact accord with the law, secured the end desired," while "the new conditions are founded on law." Gov. Goethals's lectures, now put in book form ("Government of the Canal Zone"; Princeton University Press; $1 net), trace the administration of the territory from the treaty with the new republic of Panama in 1903 to date.

The first two volumes of "A History of England and the British Empire," by Arthur D. Innes, as noted in an earlier number of the *Nation* (March 26, 1914), reached to the year 1689. The third and fourth volumes, now before us (Macmillan; $1.60 each), extend respectively to 1802 and to the outbreak of the present war. As the British Empire expanded enormously during these two centuries and a quarter, the author's task of giving adequate attention to the growth of its component parts and yet of avoiding a mere patchwork of disjointed details, became more difficult. But he has met his task with good skill and success. The material is blocked out clearly and simply. Paragraph headings, maps, and a good index in each volume will be welcomed by students. As in the earlier volumes, the author sums up effectively at intervals the most significant constitutional, economic, and literary movements of a period. He is never tempted into fine writing, nor does he have a distinct style, as did Green and Froude and Macaulay; but his short, vigorous sentences are clear and well suited to his purpose. His history ought to find favor with those who want a consistent and up-to-date account of the growth of the British Empire, which will be fuller than the school textbooks and less heavy than the many-volumed coöperative histories of England.

Among pro-German advocates, Prof. Kuno Francke has the exceptional merit of dignity and moderation—based naturally on respect for the opinion he is fain to attack. These qualities are prominent in the little book, "A German-American's Confession of Faith" (B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net). We have a selection of the author's letters to the press, and magazine articles of recent months. With the origins of the war he does not deal explicitly, though he plainly shares the notion of *Einkreisung*. He dwells rather upon the positive political merits of the German system, upon the ability and representative character of the Kaiser, upon the intense patriotism of the race. When, however, he represents Germany as struggling for the freedom of the seas, and deserving of international support in the endeavor, his sense of humor, to say the least, is at fault. In a century the most serious impairment of the freedom of the seas has been the submarine warfare. Professor Francke, in seeing straight the issue of exporting arms and the duty of German-Americans at this crisis, has shown admirable poise and great courage. Declining to associate himself with separatist movements, he admits that to permit the traffic in munitions, however morally reprehensible, has become a part of our duty as a neutral. We have no right to change conditions during hostilities in a manner favorable or unfavorable to any of the combatants. Professor Francke's cool sense in this disputed case contrasts very favorably with the sophistical distinctions recently advanced by the expert in international law, Professor Burgess. Poems, in German, scattered through Professor Francke's text attest the depth of his German feeling. We wish his book a wide reading, both here and abroad. He is the spokesman of that silent majority of German-Americans who, with their new loyalty to America intact, still sympathize with the Fatherland in its ordeal. It is well their voice should be heard. They have been sorely misrepresented by self-appointed agitators. Professor Francke's loyal, calm, yet deeply felt utterances do much to restore the true balance of things.

Those who have puzzled themselves over the rather confusing data presented in the "Compendium of Philosophy," translated a few years ago by Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids, will welcome the concise yet clear exposition of Buddhist Psychology given by the same competent scholar in the little manual of the Quest Series, entitled "Buddhist Psychology. An Inquiry into the Analysis and Theory of Mind in Pali Literature" (Macmillan; $1 net). In it an attempt is made not only to elucidate the psychology of the Buddhists, but also to determine its historical growth, as revealed in turn by the Nikāya and Abhidhamma. Whether Buddhistic psychology will

ever be regarded as adding anything to our real knowledge cannot fairly be determined till we are in possession of all the literature on the subject. Possibly the works of Buddhadatta, which Mrs. Rhys Davids assures us will soon be accessible to English readers, may instruct as well as interest historically the western investigator; but it is more probable that the value of all these works will remain what it is now, and consist not in fresh discoveries, but in the demonstration that there is a certain similarity between views attained long ago in the East, and those advanced by modern European scholars. Yet from the scientific point of view, Buddhist psychology repels at the outset, since we find ourselves nonplussed by the analysis of mind on which the whole system is based. As the author herself vividly expresses it, "Our logic kicks against" a coördination of consciousness and phases of consciousness as being ultimates. Nor can we learn anything psychologically from an analysis of consciousness as moral and immoral. Yet whether we learn anything or not we cannot but be attracted by the struggles of the Buddhists to express for the first time the relation among mental factors. Thus the recognition of "neutral feeling," which "is comparable with ignorance," is perhaps illogical, but the confusion of feeling and knowledge is a phenomenon worth noting. To the Occidental, however, there remains a hopeless confusion in the fundamental distinction between *saññā*, defined as conscious state, sense-perception, and recognition, and *viññāna*, defined as a consciousness of tastes, each being an "awareness" of difference in sensations, yet making a distinct "aggregate," the latter term also representing "any awareness of mind." Mrs. Rhys-Davids is hopeful that some day we shall find a wise man of the East who will explain the logical anomaly and "do justice to the subject." More important is the treatment of Ideation, with its explanation of the Jhānas, or states of ecstatic musing, induced by auto-suggestion; in which the subject remains master of himself, not so much "possessed," as ecstatically self-possessed and able to enter into or emerge from the trance deliberately. The final chapters of this excellent book take up the "Questions of Milinda" and mediæval developments, the substitution of four for the five "aggregates" by Buddhadatta, etc. It is the clearest exposition of the project we know.

"America and Her Problems," by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant (Macmillan; $2 net), is based on recollections of various lecture trips which the author made in the interest of peace and of amity between France and America. The tour covered the country broadly, and brought the acquaintance of many academic audiences, and of our more progressive spirits generally. From such an inception, the book assumes a curious literary form. It is an interweaving of travel sketches with what are virtually short editorials on manifold issues of American policy. This journalistic impression is enhanced by running headlines, sometimes two or three to a page. It cannot be said that the literary results are engaging. The latter part of the book deals in more extended discussion and is more valuable. We have not seen a better or more impressive statement of the moral *impasse* reached in the negro question. What is said about inland waterways is timely and excellent. Entirely sympathetic and just is all the comment on our educational system, though the author is too amiable to express the real danger of intellectual plebification. What is written about German policy, evoked by Milwaukee, reads like prophecy. It was written a year or so before the war. The author was in California during the suffrage campaign, and became a willing convert to the cause. With entire consistency he is the enthusiastic champion of co-education. Very interesting is the hint of our universities as centres of antimonarchical revolution, and perhaps justified by the results in China. In a passage which rises to real eloquence, he describes the appeasing and disciplinary effect upon the workman of the new machine tools. Yet it was the housesmiths' union which made a specialty of dynamiting. There is much that is weighty and interesting in the book, but it is evident that the author dealt too exclusively with a certain type of idealist, and not unnaturally got, in the main, courteous echoes of his own pacificist views. His earnest protest against the fortifying of the Panama Canal will find many dissenters. The idea that the Suez Canal is secured by an intangible world consensus will to common-sense readers seem fairly mystical. It too plainly is secured by the British fleet. It will seem to many a doubtful service to assure Americans that the two oceans are her all sufficient guard against invasion, especially when this dictum is accompanied by a protest against our very moderate naval programme. Nor is it in accordance with our previous military experience to laud our militia as an adequate first line of defence. Again the fear that Washington is becoming imperialistic, and hence un-American, seems at least exaggerated. These appear to us the more contestible positions in a generally just and stimulating book. Such lapses are perhaps the inevitable penalty of an idealism so generous as is the author's.

A book on "The Salon and English Letters" was yet to be added to the innumerable volumes, most of them poor things, indeed, that have been made recently out of the gossip of the eighteenth century; and such a book (Macmillan; $2.25 net) has been put together by Prof. C. B. Tinker—with laudable success. The material has been well sifted, and the results have been presented with the needed lightness of touch, yet with no affectation of wit. The style has the right professional ring. Professor Tinker, for the origin of the Salon, goes back to the Italian courts of the Renaissance, of which the ideal model is portrayed in Castiglione's "Cortegiano," and from its origin and its history deduces the characteristics of the institution in Paris and London. Of the tone of the conversation he has this to say:

> It would be a simple explanation of all this respect for the Salon and its discussions to observe that England was now enjoying an age of free speech. It is even simpler to point out that there was much discussion because there was much to discuss. There were problems confronting the public which were no less important than novel. This is all true, but somewhat lacking in subtlety. The peculiar adaptability of these problems to conversation was due to the fact that they were, in general, still problems of a remote and idealistic kind. They did not yet demand instant solution, for better or for worse. Exception must, of course, be made of questions purely political, but the rest of them—the theory of equality and the republican form of government, the development of machinery, the education of the masses, humanitarianism, the problem of the dormant, self-satisfied Church, romanticism, and the whole swarm of theories popularized by Rousseau—had been stated and widely discussed, but they had not yet shaken society to its foundations. They were still largely theoretical. Men's thoughts were engaged, and their tongues were busy, but their hearts were not yet failing them for fear.

The writer of that paragraph knows the eighteenth century. And he knows its men and women. The names that first come to one's mind when the English salon is mentioned are probably Walpole, Mrs. Montagu, and Dr. Johnson, and in all three cases Professor Tinker has said the right thing. He knows how to praise Johnson; he can estimate the degree of seriousness in Walpole's mind, and can like the man while not forgetting his foibles; and he has the grace to laugh philanthropically at the prodigious Mrs. Montagu, while still seeing what she accomplished for English letters. Those are three difficult things to do, and, being done, they make a good book.

The sundial was a picturesque and sufficiently accurate method of measuring the hours, from the time when Isaiah declared that he would cause the shadow of the dial of Ahaz to move backward ten steps, down to the introduction of watches and clocks in the eighteenth century. Its simplest form was the "noon-mark" of old New England houses—a line cut across the window-sill to mark the shadow on the frame at twelve o'clock. The sundial at the present time is principally used as an ornament to "old" gardens, unconsulted, save as a curiosity, or by romantic persons like Dolly and Mr. Carter, of the well-known "Dialogues." The latter, it will be remembered, translated the motto "Horas non numero nisi serenas—" as "A woman counts all hours lost which she does not spend in the society of her husband." To make more than six hundred apposite rhymed mottoes for the dial, each with its temporal or mortal sting, would seem to be no mean task; yet it has been done by Geoffroy W. Henslow in "Ye Sundial Booke" (Longmans; $3.50 net). Here are about four hundred pen and ink illustrations of the sundials of many places and periods, each with a motto by the author. There is an overflow of a dozen pages of additional verses, generally rhymed couplets, at the end of this well-made volume. One specimen taken at random will give a taste of the quality of this ambitious Father Tabb of the sundial.

> Injure not this dial,
> Damage not your friend,
> But let me teach awhile
> Life's hours to better spend.

Needless to say, the illustrations are better made than the verses.

A more comprehensive and convenient history of our State constitutions than that given in the scattered chapters devoted to the subject in Francis N. Thorpe's "Constitutional History of the American People" has been long needed. It is furnished in a tripartite work by James Q. Dealey, entitled "The Growth of American State Constitutions" (Ginn: $1.40 net), and carrying the subject from 1776 to the present year. The first two divisions are mere labors of analysis and synthesis, one treating the development of the constitutions of the various States through conventions and amendments, the other examining contemporary instruments to determine their provisions with regard to the sev-

eral departments, the regulation of important interests by commission, the suffrage, and so on. No attempt is made to deplct the background for the various constitutlonal movements, as, for example, the growth of the upland farm districts which early led in the seaboard States of the South to the enlargement of the suffrage, or the agrarian discontent and other causes leading to the present radicalism in many Western States. The least formal of the three divisions, therefore, is the last, which offers certain constructive suggestions as to the probable trend of constitutional change in the next few years. These are conservative enough, for it requires no special prescience to foretell that we are certain to see a greater concentration of power In the State Executive, that the reorganization of our Legislatures will decrease the use of the initiative and referendum, and that the States are bound to follow the cities In the employment of experts and in insistence upon civil-service rules. The volume should be equally useful as a reference book and a text.

A thoughtful attempt to estimate the mlssion and character of Jesus, popular in form and intended to qulcken the courage and faith of the Christian reader, has recently been made by Prof. F. L. Anderson in his "Man of Nazareth" (Macmillan; $1 net). The main source employed Is the Synoptic tradition; it is not, however, rigidly adhered to, as is evident both from repeated references to the Fourth Gospel and from the remark that the kingdom of God, "looked at from the divine side, is a new birth" (p. 121). Indeed, the attentive reader may properly inquire whether, without the Johannine conception of life, the conclusion could have been reached that "the kingdom of God is first of all a spiritual kingdom wlthin men" (p. 123). The fact that the book Is "not an Investigation but a statement of results" and that it purposely omits a detailed treatment of the evidence on which the conclusions are based explains much to which otherwise exception might be taken. It explains, for example, the Inadequate discussion of such crucial passages as Mark x, 45, and xiv, 24; it explains the failure to mention that the summing up of the Torah in love to God and love to neighbor which is one of "the elements of originality" in Jesus and is "the profoundest and most valuable contributlon to ethics ever made," is assigned by Luke to a Scribe of that very Pharisaism which "so filled the whole horizon with the thought of the law, that the idea of God and immediate relation to Him was shoved (*sic*) into the background" (p. 102); and it explains the sketch of the character of Jesus in which there are singled out for mention certainty, courage, joy, love, wisdom, power, and goodness, attributes apposite in a large measure to a prophet like Jeremiah. It Is to be hoped that the author will take seriously his readiness "to defend his position In the scholarly arena"; for his openmindedness, his willingness to observe what he calls "the rules of the critical game," and his obvlously wide acquaintance with the relevant literature encourage us to expect from him a solid contribution to learnlng.

Although the rigorous censorship of the present European war has left little opportunity for the war correspondent, the adventurous experiences of correspondents in former wars are not likely soon to lose their fascination for readers young and old. To readers who have not time for the extended biographies and other works of these earlier military reporters, F. Lauriston Bullard's "Famous War Correspondents" (Little, Brown; $2 net) may be commended. In addition to accounts of a dozen famous correspondents, from Sir W. H. Russell and Archibald Forbes to Winston Spencer Churchill and James Creelman, Mr. Bullard gives us comprehensive sketches of reporters and their work during the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, and a well worked out chapter on the rise of the war correspondent and his problematical future. The style is extremely readable, and the whole book well worth attention.

Bernier's "Travels in the Mogul Empire" has been reprinted and translated too often to need revlewing, but all scholars will welcome the new version of Constable's (1891) "Travels" as revised by the indefatigable historian of India, Vincent A. Smith (Oxford University Press; 6s. net). The references to Catrou In Constable have here been converted into references to the orlginal "Storia do Mogor" of Manucci, recently made accessible, emendations of earlier slips and actual errors (as, for example, the origin of Hanscrit for Sanscrit) have been introduced wherever necessary (silently or through a special note), and the whole work has been thoroughly gone over by a master hand and published In one handy little volume. A book which reveals so much of India in the seventeenth century and served Dryden as the basis for his "Aureng-Zebe" will always remain valuable, and it is satisfactory to have it in what should be its definitive English dress.

"The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom, 1795-1813," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Doubleday; $2.50 net), embraces a period of Dutch history which has been altogether overshadowed by the infinitely greater world events which were taking place over the border in France. It is a period also of which Dutchmen have no great reason to be proud. It began with the ignoble flight of the Orange Stadholder, William V; and it was filled with a succession of subservient concessions to the increasingly insulting demands of the French. Ichabod! Ichabod! might those well exclaim who remembered the glorious days of William the Silent and William the Third. But out of this humiliation, after Napoleon's defeat at Leipzig, came the restoration of the Orange family in the person of William I as King with wide powers, and the beginning of better days, though it was not until about the year 1870, says the author (p. 259), that there was really "a more hopeful attitude in the point of view of the Dutch nation. Then, at last, it recovered from the blows of the first twelve years of the century. Then it regained the courage of its own individual convictions, and once more was ready to take up the burden of nationality." The author Is evidently well acquainted with the facts of his country's history. He has reproduced a number of interesting old prints. He conveys some information and a point of view to one who, like the reviewer, has retained sufficient patience to read the short book through from cover to cover. But his style is offensive, not because he may not be using his mother-tongue, but because of his cheap wit, inappropriate flippancy, and self-conscious attempts at cleverness.

Edward Hutton's "Naples and Southern Italy" (Macmillan; $2 net) shows the familiar characteristics of an accomplished cicerone —an agreeable style, well-proportioned information, a strong Catholic bias. Primarily it is a guide to the antiquities. Here it may be compared with Edward Lear's travels of sixty years ago. The painter had little eye but for the people and scenery. Mr. Hutton affords just about the historical background that an intelligent tourist in these seldom-visited regions will need. It is interesting to learn how the motor omnibus is opening up formerly almost inaccessible routes in Calabria. There are a number of color plates after Frank Crisp's water colors and a few photographic cuts. We note a few slips. Augustus, not Tiberius, built the Capri palaces. Giotto did not paint in the Castel dell' Ovo.

Two interesting books on the machinery of war, which largely supplement each other, are Henry Smith Williams and Edward Huntington Williams's "Modern Warfare" (Hearst's International Library Co.; $2 net), and Hrolf von Dewitz's "War's New Weapons" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net). The former of these is a history of the development of the principal tools of war, from the invention of gunpowder up to the present time, with special emphasis upon the weapons that are being used in the great war of our day. The two authors are experienced compilers, one of them being editor-in-chief of the Historians' History of the World, the other an associate editor of the Britannica; and while they make no pretensions here to original research, they have used their various secondary sources with skill. Their aim has been to collect and arrange a number of facts most of which are well known to military men and historians, and to answer the many questions that most laymen want to ask when they read in the newspapers of howitzers and *mitrailleuses*, and when they wonder how a submarine manages to go down and a Zeppelin to go up.

If Dr. Williams deals in facts, Baron von Dewitz gives us facts, fiction, and philosophy. The facts form the bulk of the volume; the fiction is injected in poetical descriptions of imaginary battles used as introductions to the various chapters; and the philosophy is intermingled with the facts and the fiction, and added In unadulterated form In a Preface and an Epilogue. Unlike "Modern Warfare," "War's New Weapons" deals only with the present world conflict, and, being written by a man who (as Mr. Hudson Maxim says in his Preface) "has a masterful knowledge of military tactics and the philosophy of warfare," It presents the reader with a good deal of interesting and useful information. The tone of the book, however, is decidedly different from that of Dr. Williams's handy encyclopædia. For the Baron is not an editor of a History of the World or of the Britannica, but a military man and a philosopher, and he seldom tries to hide his patronizing contempt for the ignorant civilian—and particularly the American civilian—for whose instruction his book is written. Nor is the Baron satisfied with a mere presentation of the facts about war's new weapons. He has, be it remembered, "a masterful knowledge of the philosophy of warfare"; and the moral of the importance of preparedness is ever to the front. Moreover, though the Baron is a subject of Denmark, one of

his principal aims is to set the American public right on the question of Germany's innocence and especially of her all-round superiority. England, to be sure, has a larger navy, but the German submarine has nearly made up for the English Dreadnoughts, and the secret big naval guns and the super-Zeppelins which Germany probably has up her sleeve may yet more than counterbalance the initial advantage of the Allies upon the sea; while in nearly every other kind of war tool, including super-commissariat and super-strategy (and apparently also supermen), Germany is far better supplied than her foes. One exception, however, should be made—namely, the fountain-pen, which as a war weapon in the hands of English and American correspondents has done great deeds for the Allies and has completely misled the American public on many important questions. The book is prefaced by a short sermon by Hudson Maxim, who, taking the whole work as his text, draws the moral in the shape of a terrible picture of this country invaded by an up-to-date army of any number you please, from 100,000 up, equipped with war's new weapons, to which America is able to offer absolutely no effective resistance. Such a picture presents, in Mr. Maxim's view, not a remote possibility, but a very real probability in the near future, unless we rouse ourselves from the valor of ignorance and arm to the teeth at once. For it is his opinion, deliberately expressed, that "whichever side wins [in the present war], the United States will likely have to fight the winner within a short time after the war is over."

Arthur G. Sedgwick, who killed himself in a hotel in Pittsfield, Mass., on July 14, was a New York lawyer and a distinguished critic and had served for several years on the editorial staffs of the *Nation*, the *Evening Post*, and the *American Law Review*. He was the son of Theodore Sedgwick, of New York, and great grandson of Judge Theodore Sedgwick, Speaker of the House of Representatives, 1799-1801. Mr. Sedgwick contributed much to the literature of his profession, editing several editions of Theodore Sedgwick's "Treatise on the Measure of Damages" and collaborating with Frederick S. Wait in a "Treatise on the Trial of Title to Land." In 1908 he was asked to deliver the Godkin lectures at Harvard, which were started in 1903 in memory of Edwin Lawrence Godkin, for many years editor of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*. Mr. Sedgwick was born in New York on October 6, 1844. He graduated from Harvard in 1864, and from the Law School in 1866. In 1870 his university gave him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He served in the Civil War. Mr. Sedgwick's connection with the *Nation* began, as he wrote in his contribution to the semi-centennial number only two weeks ago, in 1868, when he contributed weekly letters, while editing the *American Law Review* with Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. In 1872 he came to New York to take up the position of assistant editor of the *Nation*. Nine years later he became an editor of the *Evening Post*. In 1886 Mr. Sedgwick was sent by Secretary Bayard to Paso del Norte and Chihuahua, Mexico, to examine the papers in the Cutting case. During the previous winter he delivered at Lowell Institute a course of lectures on "Lawyers." Mr. Sedgwick was a member of the New York Bar Association and of the Century Association.

Drama

Under the title of "Chief Contemporary Dramatists" (Houghton Mifflin; $2.75 net), Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson has published twenty plays, as representative of the best product of the modern movement in the theatre, by English, Irish, American, German, French, Belgian, Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian writers. In a modest preface he sets forth the somewhat elastic principles which governed his selection and the obvious difficulties attending a task of which the ultimate value and utility must be somewhat doubtful. The modern movement, as he sees it, may be defined roughly as that which is commonly, but not always accurately, ascribed to Ibsen and his disciples. Mr. Dickinson disarms captious criticism by his frank acknowledgment that many students will decline to accept his selection as complete and authoritative. He hints, moreover, that in some cases he has been compelled to subordinate his own opinion to that of the authors concerned. Manifestly he has attempted the impossible. The mass of matter is too great to be sampled fairly within the prescribed limits. It may be readily conceded, however, that he has compiled an interesting and instructive volume for the casual reader, and, in most instances, has exhibited sound judgment. Mr. Dickinson expresses regret, without assigning any reason, for his inability to include any play by Shaw or Barrie, and explains the absence of Ibsen by the fact—which applies, of course, equally to many others—that he could not be fairly represented by a single piece. This last remark would not be valid in the case of St. John Hankin or John Masefield, either of whom could fill profitably the pages alloted to Strindberg. But Mr. Dickinson furnishes a liberal allowance of good reading.

In the preface to his "Theatre of Ideas" (Doran; $1), Henry Arthur Jones, referring to his own experience, seems inclined to adopt the ancient heresy—beloved of most modern managers—that the public and the critics are incapable of appreciating really good plays, and that, therefore, to write or produce them generally results in waste of labor and money. He cannot seriously believe it. The ample success of his own best works is a sufficient refutation. Moreover, the acknowledged masterpieces of drama, adequately interpreted, have always been supported by the masses. Plays of great merit sometimes fail, undoubtedly, but it by no means follows that their failure must be attributed to their virtues. It might be hinted that authors are not always the least fallible judges of the absolute values of their own inventions. Mr. Jones, who is nothing if not self-reliant, would not subscribe to that notion. But on most theatrical subjects he speaks with great authority, and he is a fluent and entertaining writer. Skeptical as he is on some points, and radical on others, he is at heart an essential conservative. His contempt for faddists of all sorts, in and out of the theatre, is infinitely wholesome and refreshing. It is as an apostle of common-sense that he laments the disappearance of true burlesque from the stage. He professes an ambition to revive that form of pungent satire in order to assail the varieties of current humbug, impervious to the lighter shafts of comedy, with the savage strokes of the humorous bludgeon. He is, perhaps, somewhat too fond of that homely weapon. Some of his best work is at times marred by over-emphasis. His burlesque sketch, "The Theatre of Ideas," which he has cast in narrative instead of dramatic form, contains much robust and well-aimed satire, with some humorous illustrations not unworthy of their model; but it would be more effective if it were a little less extravagant. It could be greatly improved by judicious pruning and editing. His plea for the one-act play is timely, and it is to be hoped that he may be encouraged to continue his efforts in this direction. His "The Goal," printed in this volume, was one of the most notable one-act pieces produced in the Princess Theatre, and is in many ways a striking and excellent bit of workmanship. "Her Tongue," described as comedy, but really more akin to farce, tells how a silly woman frightened off a desirable wooer by foolish chatter. Two-thirds of it is admirable, but in the end the designed effect is weakened, if not destroyed, by the undue prolongation and elaboration of a capital comic situation. In his little Cornish tragedy, "Grace Mary," he ventures upon the dangerous expedient, in a modern play, of a speaking apparition. In itself, it is a moving and vigorously written tale. A Puritanical old fisherman exacts from his daughter—to whom he is devoted—an oath that she will neither see nor listen to her drunken, ne'er-do-well lover. The latter, knowing her to be within hearing, vows to devote himself to eternal perdition if she will not come to him. Distracted by conflicting emotions, she dies of a broken heart, but her wraith appears to the frenzied lover and pledges him to reform, promising to rejoin him in the beyond. The piece exhibits literary and technical skill, and is theatrically and emotionally strong.

There is cleverness of an uncommon kind in the half a dozen one-act plays which Percival Wilde has published under the title of "Dawn" (Holt; $1). They are well written and exhibit genuine dramatic instinct, as well as a keen sense of theatrical situation. Moreover, they indicate an excellent inventive faculty, all the plots being ingenious and, in their way, effective. Most of them take unexpected turns, the dramatist evidently having great faith in the efficacy of surprise, which is always a dangerous expedient. The ordinary audience is apt to resent a trick which upsets its calculations. But a device of this sort is not only legitimate, but entirely appropriate, in a purely comic episode like "The Noble Lord," in which one is employed with capital result. In "Playing with Fire," however—a delightful little episode, in itself, in which a young girl tests the sincerity of her lover—the whole apparent meaning and significance of the piece are nullified by a development wholly capricious. In much the same way the title-piece, "Dawn," a thrilling little bit of melodrama of the realistic kind, is weakened at the very last moment by an unexpected and amateurish recourse to the preternatural, which is entirely subversive of the intended effect. The most ambitious play in the book, "The Finger of God," also combines the mystical with the melodramatic, but in more artistic fashion. "The Traitor" is a military and "A House of Cards" a social melodrama. In both the audience is deliberately put upon the wrong track—a sure sign of inexperience—but without serious injury to the climactic situations. As a whole, the plays evince clear and original dramatic capacity.

Finance

THE WAR AND THE WORLD'S RESERVE OF CAPITAL.

One of the anomalies of the present economic situation was witnessed last week in the American stock and bond markets. After almost uninterrupted weakness during the period between the announcement of the new British war loan and the closing of the subscription lists, prices suddenly recovered simultaneously with the news that the huge sum of $3,000,000,000 had been subscribed by English investors, and would presently be taken from the reserve of investment capital. Yet if the world's resources, available for investment in securities of old or new enterprises, are to be suddenly reduced by so prodigious a sum, it might be supposed that investment markets in general would somehow be affected.

Since the war began, England has raised $4,750,000,000 through Government loans, and Germany $3,500,000,000; Austria $1,200,000,000; France $1,500,000,000; Russia something over $750,000,000. This is a total of $11,750,000,000, irrespective of loans raised by Turkey and Italy in preparation for the war, or of loans issued by neutral governments. Every one knows that the belligerent nations, including England, have shut down firmly on nearly all issues of new securities in their home markets, except in connection with the war. At London, for example, where there were floated, during the first half of 1914, $470,000,000 stocks and bonds outside of Governmental issues, $65,000,000 made up the total for such purposes in the first half of 1915.

But this has not gone far towards protecting the accumulated supplies of capital. The largest amount of new securities ever subscribed in a single year on the English market was the $1,335,000,000 of 1910. The largest ever subscribed in Germany, by the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* figures, was the $800,000,000 of 1909; though the Imperial Secretary of the Interior insisted on a total of $1,035,000,000 for the same year. Clearly, these high records would not go far towards matching the requisitions of the past twelve months. Eight years ago, the French economist, Leroy-Beaulieu, figured out that "the civilized world provides $2,400,000,000 in available capital annually for investment in securities." To the fact that the bankers of the world attempted in 1907 to absorb $3,250,000,000 of such capital—an amount which "the world has not got, and therefore cannot provide"—he largely ascribed the derangement in the money markets of that year.

One is inclined to wonder what the financial expert of 1907 would have said, if somebody had suggested that in place of his estimated available maximum of $2,400,000,000 per annum, five European nations would between them, less than a decade later, ask for nearly $12,000,000,000 in a single year. But a further question naturally brought up is this: If the very much smaller requisitions of 1907 were nevertheless so large as to break down the credit situation, force up money rates to 8 and 10 per cent. in almost every great market, and drive half a dozen countries into a disastrous panic, why is the present vastly larger over-absorption of capital proceeding with so little apparent disturbance?

One answer to the question is, that Leroy-Beaulieu was talking of the world's annual increment of capital, whereas the belligerent Powers to-day are already undoubtedly drawing on the reserves, invested or uninvested, of previous years. Now, the outbreak of war last summer, with all the financial consequences involved in it, came at a moment when, financially speaking, the world was better prepared for it than in very many years. Market values of investment securities had been steadily lowered; the depreciation of the half-dozen years before the war had reduced immensely the requisitions on capital. Ultra-conservatism and cautious husbanding of financial resources had been the absolute rule in Europe, at least since the middle of 1911.

The financial and business community of the United States had thoroughly readjusted itself in the years after 1907, and had continued a policy of only the most cautious expansion, at times when the country's economic situation would ordinarily have warranted an enthusiastic "boom." In further explanation, it will be recognized that every one of the belligerent states had instantly constructed a machinery of emergency credit which still exists, and which utilizes all imaginable facilities of credit, as they are utilized to stop an actual panic at its crisis. How much of a positive influence has been exerted by the increase of more than $3,000,000,000 in the paper circulation of the belligerents, is another doubtful question. To a certain extent, this immense expansion of credit issues by Europe's state banks, in the form of currency, is bound to have the same effect as the issue of Government notes directly from the public treasury. The French Government, for example, has already borrowed something like $1,000,000,000 from the Bank of France, the Bank giving out the proceeds in the form of new circulation.

All things considered, the economic experience of the war to date strongly suggests the extent to which the character of the resultant phenomena in a period of the sort may depend on the circumstances of the time in which the war broke out. Let people who remember 1906 try to imagine what would have been the course of events, if the present war had begun in that year. Or, as concerns our own position, it is interesting to imagine its having begun in a year like 1911, of American harvest failure.

The country's position in the field of international finance could not very well then have been exactly what it is; and it is not easy to conceive of our taking the economic leadership of the world if the war had come nine years ago, with New York enormously involved in a floating debt to Europe, and with all American markets on a top level of speculative inflation. But even these considerations do not answer the question, how long even the conservative hoarding of capital resources, in the past half-dozen years, will serve to meet the requisition of the war, or what sort of process will be involved in the post-bellum reconstruction, if the fighting states should meantime have used up the great part of their reserves of invested capital.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butler, H. E., and Owen, A. S. Apulei Apologia sive pro Se de Magia Liber. Oxford University Press.
Leach, H. G. Scandinavia of the Scandinavians. Scribner.
Sharp, B. A Captain of the Vanished Fleet. The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Steed, H. W. L'Angleterre et la Guerre. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Torchiana, H. A. van Coenen. Holland: An Historical Essay. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1.25 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Gray, J. M. M. The Old Faith in the New Day. The Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Halfyard, S. F. Cardinal Truths of the Gospel. Methodist Book Concern. $1 net.
Sheldon, H. C. Studies in Recent Adventism. The Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
Troward, T. The Creative Process in the Individual. McBride. $1.25 net.
Webb, C. C. J. Studies in the History of Natural Theology. Oxford University Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Burns, C. D. Political Ideals. Their Nature and Development. Oxford University Press.
Edgeworth, F. Y. On the Relations of Political Economy to War. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Gerber, G. H. The High Cost of Living. New York Book Co.
Goebel, J. The Recognition Policy of the United States. Vol. LXVI. No. 1. Longmans, Green.
Hadley, A. T. Undercurrents in American Politics. Yale University Press. $1.35 net.
Hsu, M. C. Railway Problems in China. Vol. LXVI. No. 2. Longmans, Green.
Papers and Proceedings of the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Minnesota Academy of Social Sciences. Edited by J. F. Ebersole. By the Society.
Seventieth Annual Report of the Prison Association of New York, 1914. Albany: J. B. Lyon.
The Cry for Justice. Edited by U. Sinclair and J. London. Philadelphia: Winston. $2 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Belloc, H. The Elements of the Great War. Hearst's International Library Co. $1.50 net.
Bradby, E. D. The Life of Barnave. Vols. I and II. Oxford University Press. 18s. net.
Collected Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the European War. Doran. $1 net.
Coupland, R. The War Speeches of William Pitt. Oxford University Press.
Courtney, W. P. Bibliography of Johnson. Oxford Historical and Literary Studies. Vol. 4. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Falconer, R. A. The German Tragedy and Its Meaning for Canada. Canada: University of Toronto Press.
Garrod, H. W., and Mowat, R. B. Einhard's Life of Charlemagne. Oxford University Press.
Headlam, J. W. The History of Twelve Days. Scribner.
Martin, L. C. The Works of Henry Vaughan. Vols. I and II. Oxford University Press.

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NEW YORK TIMES.

That esteemed periodical, the *Nation*, fitly celebrates the completion of the first half century of its useful existence by the publication of a special number of extraordinary interest to its readers. . . . We have rarely found a special number quite so readable as the *Nation's* half-century souvenir. . . . Its continued prosperity is a matter for general congratulation.

NEW YORK GLOBE.

The *Nation* celebrates its fiftieth anniversary with a gratifying exhibition of vigor and ability in its latest issue. During its entire existence the *Nation* has been a conspicuous power for good in American politics and literature. Its chief goal has always been influence in the direction of high thinking and vigorous action; and in these respects under the inspiration of Godkin, Garrison, and their worthy successors it has been signally successful. In its own particular field its premiership will be unchallenged, and as a potent factor in American literature no publication has a better record. Readers of the *Nation* will undoubtedly offer their sincere good wishes, in the hope that it will indefinitely continue to labor for sane politics and progress.

LOWELL COURIER-CITIZEN.

One of the significant issues of the past week was the semi-centennial number of the *Nation* (New York). This admirable weekly, founded in 1865, made a name and position for itself at once for thoughtful and censorious journalism which has never been lost. . . . Whether one reads the *Nation* with a compliant and consenting mind, or whether one reads it in a spirit of honest antagonism, a desirable object is attained—either of being stirred to a righteous opposing indignation, or to a saner conception of what is going on in the world, with a corresponding benefit to one's own readers. Long life, then, to the *Nation*, and continued success to its editors and producers! The country could not well do without it; and if it has the defects of its qualities, it is like all the rest of us—only a thousand times better.

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WILMINGTON MORNING NEWS.

The *Nation* was not long in taking its place as the foremost publication of the kind in this country, and it soon ranked with the best of the reviews of the world. The *Nation* for many years has occupied a field peculiarly its own, making a special appeal to the intellectual classes and producing in its columns the higher thought.

SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS.

The jubilee issue marking the semi-centennial anniversary of the *Nation's* existence needs no words of commendation. Like the fifty years' record of the *Nation* it speaks for itself far more eloquently than any one else can. The *Nation* has been a potent force in American journalism during the past half century and the personnel of the men who are at its editorial helm is the best guarantee that its admirable record will be maintained and new laurels added to those already won. That it may exert as great an influence on the intellectual life of America during the next fifty years as it has during the first fifty years of its life is the hope, and also the belief, of its friends, whose name is legion.

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KANSAS CITY TIMES.

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As a consequence it always has maintained a literary style of rare quality, combined with scholarship, abundance of information, and independence of thought. In particular its book reviews have proved almost indispensable for persons who wish to keep in touch with the latest developments of scientific and philosophical thought. In Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard the *Nation* is fortunate in having a head who is deeply interested in maintaining its best traditions. Such a periodical is a national asset.

NEW YORK COMMERCIAL.

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NEW REPUBLIC.

The New York *Nation* has celebrated during the past week the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Its owners and editors have good reason to look back with satisfaction upon its record of achievement. . . . At a time when American public opinion was possessed by catchwords and dominated by special political and business interests, the *Nation* made a fine and successful fight for intellectual candor and independence, and for the subordination of private to public interests.

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In 1889 POET LORE pointed out the supreme importance of Ibsen's dramas. It spoke of Ibsen then as "below no one but Shakespeare" to a nation that then only had heard enough of him to jeer. In the same year it gave its readers a review of Shakespeare's influence on Japanese literature. That was eighteen years before anybody else in this country even knew that there was such a thing as a great literature in "barbarous" Japan.

In 1890 POET LORE discovered and introduced to this country the lyric poet Mistral, whom other periodicals did not begin to notice until *fourteen years later,* when he shared with Echegaray the Nobel prize for literature in 1904.

In 1891 POET LORE made its readers acquainted with the work of Strindberg, who has but lately become generally known to the literary public of America.

In 1892 POET LORE brought to America some masterpieces of Bohemian literature, and it published Björnson's play, "A Glove," in the original Norwegian version of *En Hanske,* authorized by Björnson himself. It differs strikingly from the version made later for Germany.

In 1893 POET LORE published Maeterlinck's "The Blind," *which was the first publication of any of Maeterlinck's works in English.* In the same year it printed a *critique* whose very title is sufficiently significant of its priority: "Mauriee Maeterlinck, Dramatist of a New Method."

In 1894 POET LORE published Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses" and "Pélléas and Mélisande."

In 1895 there appeared in POET LORE Maeterlinck's "Alladine and Palomides"; and an appreciation of the genius of Robert Bridges was printed.

In 1897 POET LORE brought to America another of the now world-famous dramatists, Sudermann, giving to English readers their first glimpse of him in that little masterpiece, "Teja," from his "Morituri."

In 1898 POET LORE published "The Sunken Bell." *This was the first English translation of any of Hauptmann's plays.*

As early as in 1899 POET LORE contained a story of Selma Lagerlöf, whose name even now, after she has won the Nobel prize, is unfamiliar to all except pioneer readers.

In 1900, Echegaray, the great Spanish dramatist, who in 1904 won the Nobel prize, was already well known to the readers of POET LORE.

In 1903 the readers of POET LORE were made acquainted with the unusual genius of Brieux, whom the general educated public in this country did not learn to know till about a year ago.

In 1904 POET LORE began the publication of Gorky's plays, and also introduced its readers to the hidden treasures of Icelandic literature.

In 1905 POET LORE was as usual first among the pioneers in recognizing the real significance of the new Irish literary drama by the publication of plays by Synge and Hyde.

In 1906 POET LORE presented the dramatic work of Schnitzler in English for the first time.

In 1907 Andreyev was first made known to America by POET LORE, and in giving, then, "To the Stars," and his later masterpiece, "King Hunger," when that was written, POET LORE has introduced his finest dramas. In the same year, D'Annunzio's noblest play, "The Daughter of Jorio," and the first English translation of any of Bracco's plays, "The Hidden Spring," appeared in authorized version. Bracco's "Phantasms" followed. Frank Wedekind's work was also made known this year to POET LORE readers.

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The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; John Palmer Gavit, Sec. and Treas.; Emil M. Scholz, Publisher.

Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street. London Office, 16 Regent Street, S.W.

HAROLD de WOLF FULLER, Editor.
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In view of the large library and college and family circulation of THE NATION, it is safe to assume that not less than 30,000 people read it each week.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1915.

Summary of the News

The American note to Germany, in reply to the German communication of July 8, was delivered at the Foreign Office in Berlin on Friday of last week, and the full text was published in the American papers of the following morning. The note, which bears date of July 21, is noticeably stronger in tone, as it is briefer in phraseology, than either of its two predecessors on the same subject. The last German note is characterized as "very unsatisfactory, because it fails to meet the real differences between the two Governments"; the attitude of the United States in regard to the rights of neutrals is reasserted; the German suggestion for the licensing of ships is brushed aside with curt comment; it is pointed out that specific instances during the past few weeks have shown that action by submarines may be kept within the limits of international law, and the note concludes with the significant statement that a repetition by German naval commanders of the acts complained of will be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly." The note also, while declaring that the United States "must regard the conduct of other belligerent Governments as irrelevant to any discussion with the Imperial German Government," takes up the question of "the freedom of the seas," for which, it is stated, the United States will continue to contend, "from whatever quarter violated, without compromise and at any cost."

Publication of the note in the Berlin papers was withheld until Sunday. It is obvious from comments by the German press that the firm tone of Mr. Lansing's communication came as a painful surprise, not only apparently to the public, but also to official Germany. With the general attitude and some of the misconceptions of the German press we deal elsewhere. By the press and public of the United States, in the West as in the East, the note has been received with enthusiastic and virtually unanimous approval. In England also President Wilson's attitude has met with cordial welcome, although the reference to the British Order in Council implied in the phrase, quoted above, "from whatever quarter violated," is frankly recognized. In this connection it is appropriate to record the receipt, announced by Secretary of State Lansing on Monday, of Great Britain's long-delayed reply to the American note of March 30 protesting against the British Order in Council. The text of the note was to have been published yesterday, but on Tuesday Mr. Lansing was advised by Sir Edward Grey that the British Government desired to send a supplementary note and therefore requested that publication should be delayed. It is expected that the supplementary note will reach Washington next week.

After the dispatch of the note to Germany President Wilson returned to Cornish, N. H., where, it is stated in dispatches from Washington, he intends to give his consideration to questions of the national defence. Apart from any exigencies of the present situation, it is said that the President has been studying this question for some time, and it was officially announced from the White House last Saturday that on his return from Cornish he would confer with Secretaries Garrison and Daniels "to formulate a sane, reasonable, and practical programme of national defence."

A ghastly disaster occurred in Chicago last Saturday when the excursion steamship Eastland, loaded with between two and three thousand passengers, keeled over at her pier in the river. The loss of life is estimated to have been over 1,500. The cause of the disaster has yet to be determined, and both local and Federal inquiries have been initiated. We comment more fully on the incident in our editorial columns.

The strike at the Remington works at Bridgeport, Conn., was settled last week with the grant to the workers of an eight-hour day. After a conference of labor officials on July 23 it was stated that similar demands would be made in munition works throughout New England. Serious riots, in which lives have been lost, have occurred at the works of the Standard Oil Company at Bayonne, N. J., which finally shut down on July 20, after various demands of the employees had been refused.

A report on an investigation conducted by Collector of Customs Dudley F. Malone, of New York, into the recent attack by a submarine on the liner Orduna, which we recorded last week, was presented to the State Department on July 23. Dispatches from Washington state that Secretary Lansing will direct Ambassador Gerard to make inquiries at Berlin for the information of the Department.

Only time will show whether the recent unusually prolonged period of relative inactivity on the part of German submarines has been in the normal order of procedure, according to which periods of activity are succeeded by periods of rest, or whether some more efficient means have been discovered by the British Admiralty for combating subaqueous attacks. At any rate, during the week which ended July 22 not a single British merchant ship or fishing craft was sunk, the only two victims being Russian vessels. Since then, however, up to the time of writing, eight vessels (apart from trawlers) have been sunk by torpedoes—two British, one French, one Russian, two Norwegian, one Danish, and one American.

The American ship was the freighter Leclanaw, bound from Archangel to Belfast with a cargo of flax, and sunk off the Orkney Islands on July 25. According to accounts available as we write, the crew was ordered to take to the boats and the vessel was then sent to the bottom. In that case the incident will probably be regarded as analogous to that of the William P. Frye, which is still a matter of dispute between the Governments of Germany and of the United States, but will not be regarded as coming under the category of acts "deliberately unfriendly." The locality of recent activity by submarines suggests the theory that they may have changed for the time being their principal field of action and be devoting their attention not so much to the rather hopeless task of driving British commerce from the high seas as to cutting off supplies from reaching Russia by way of Archangel.

The British Parliament adjourned yesterday and will probably reassemble, unless in case of emergency it should be called together earlier by an Order in Council, on September 14.

Dispatches from Christiania on July 23 announced that the British Government had expressed regret to the Norwegian Government for the violation by British warships of Norwegian territorial waters, especially by the seizure of a German steamer within the three-mile limit.

Sir James Murray, the editor-in-chief of the "New English Dictionary," died on Monday at Oxford, England.

Cablegrams received by the State Department from Peking last week stated that from 80,000 to 100,000 lives had been lost in the recent floods near Canton, China.

The text of a somewhat remarkable document, signed by the committee of the German Humanity League and addressed to its associates and to friends in Europe and America, was cabled from London under date of July 20. The manifesto consists of a bitter arraignment of Prussian militarism and aggression.

The situation in the Balkan states has been the subject of much speculation during the past week. On Monday was published a report, apparently well authenticated, but not, as we write, officially confirmed, that Turkey had ceded to Bulgaria the Turkish part of the Dedeaghatch Railway. The dispatch from Sofia declared that "the agreement implies no engagement of a political character," but it is generally considered unlikely that Turkey would make so considerable a concession unless she were to obtain in return some tangible advantage, at the least a neutrality that would be "friendly" to the extent of permitting the passage of contraband to Turkey. On the other hand, speaking in the House of Commons on July 21, on a motion for an additional war credit of $750,000,000, Mr. Asquith made the significant statement that "advances to our allies might also grow as adhesions to our cause of those states which did not take part in the war in its early stages came forward." The reference to the Balkan states is unmistakable, and would hardly have been made unless the Prime Minister had strong grounds for believing that the active adherence of one or more of them to the cause of the Allies was to be expected in the near future.

News was received from Hayti on Tuesday that the revolutionary movement against President Guillaume, which broke out under the leadership of Dr. Rosalvo Babo last March, had assumed more serious proportions. There was severe fighting at Port-au-Prince on Tuesday.

The Week

One insinuation, or complaint, of the German press, in commenting on the American note, is familiar. The United States, it again asserts, is playing England's game. The "British shadow" rests upon the White House. This has been said so often before that we suppose the German editors couldn't help repeating it. But they can scarcely believe it. For unless they have failed to read President Wilson's notes with due attention, they must have discovered two things: the clearest differentiation of the American case, and the plain indication that we do not propose to overlook any just grievances which Great Britain may have given us in the war. If this is not obvious in Germany it certainly is in England. The English press is not so blind as not to perceive in the note to Germany a distinct implication that, as the *Manchester Guardian* puts it, "in President Wilson's opinion this country is an offender against the principle of the freedom of the seas." It adds that the note "may well occasion some very serious reflections" in England. Yet we fancy that the German newspapers will go on with their silly talk about American subservience to Great Britain! The truth is that our Government has limited itself to insisting upon the rights of neutrals, and particularly those of Americans.

Several German newspapers protest against the idea that an "academic professor" in Washington can lay down international law for Germany. This is dangerous trifling. And still more dangerous is the assumption that German arms may do whatever "military necessity" is thought to dictate. Even in an ordinarily sober paper, the *Vossische Zeitung*, we read: "Victory over the enemy is the supreme law for every belligerent." This is the doctrine of stark outlawry. If it were once to be admitted, there would be an end, not merely of the rules of war, but of civilization and humanity. Nobody would be safe, for no right would be respected. If a ship may be sunk without warning because it carries munitions of war, despite the fact that hundreds of noncombatants are killed, then a ship may be sunk similarly because it is going back to get a cargo of ammunition, or because it is carrying food or clothes that may help keep alive the civilian population of an enemy country. There is simply no limit to the theory of "military necessity," once it is set up and made operative. And any nation which, in the madness of war, has got such an insane notion into its head ought to make haste to get it out again. For the civilized world will never consent thus to be placed at the mercy of barbarism.

A vivid reminder of the insecure and perilous footing of our relations with Germany has been given by the news of the sinking of another American ship by a German submarine. It is appalling to think that the two countries might be plunged into hostilities through the rash act of a naval commander, yet that possibility has all along existed. In the case of the Leelanaw warning was given, and all pains were apparently taken to secure the safety of the crew. The affair then appears to be very like the sinking of the Frye by the Eitel Friedrich. That was admitted by the German Government to be in violation of our treaty rights. A similar admission may be made now by Germany, with a like offer to pay damages. Our Government may be depended upon to take the proper steps. But there is no denying the gravity of the occurrence, both in itself and as an indication of what may happen any day to take the whole question out of the realm of peaceful negotiations.

Prof. Theodore S. Woolsey had an article in *Leslie's Weekly* last week on "The Case for the Munitions Trade." It is a statement admirable in its compact completeness. The chief questions of law, policy, and morals involved are touched with a sure and firm hand, and the conclusion reached is that "every belligerent has bought, every neutral has allowed its citizens to sell, munitions since modern war began." One might not have thought this true after reading Austria's protest to our Government against the present shipment of arms from the United States. Yet it will be easy for our State Department to show that the protest by Austria overlooks not only the well-settled provisions of international law and the Hague Conventions, but her own practice in the past. In our Civil War, for example, Austria freely supplied the Confederate army with rifles, cannon, shells, and other material of war. The proof is ample. In Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," he mentioned the early sending of an officer to Europe "to buy and to make contracts for arms and munitions." This was Major Caleb Huse, a graduate of West Point. Davis quoted a letter from him, written from London, December 30, 1861, in which he spoke of the "immense" stores of rifles, powder, etc., on the docks ready for shipment. And this same Major Huse afterwards published a little work on "The Supplies for the Confederate Army," on pages 26 and 27 of which we find an interesting account of his experience in buying arms in Austria.

Col. Roosevelt had a "bully" time last week at San Francisco, and he made the most of it. But can he be sure that the American people are not getting just a bit tired of hearing him prove, for the hundredth time, that he is the only President who never made a mistake, and that everybody is entirely wrong who does not agree with him in every respect? The Athenians banished Aristides because they were wearied of hearing him called the just. Would they have waited so long as they did if Aristides had gone up and down vociferating that he was the only just man in Greece? And Americans, just at this time, have special reasons for irritation at a public man who shouts about the fearful mismanagement of affairs at Washington. We are facing a crisis in our foreign relations. The rest of us are trying to keep still, and by restraint and patience to help the President discharge his delicate and difficult task. Nobody can take it out of his hands by railing at him; and the country as a whole, mindful of this fact, shows a strong desire to uphold President Wilson. And this is the juncture which the Colonel, a master of flouts and jeers, seizes to endeavor to kick up a rumpus.

With Republican Presidential candidates as thick as blackberries, we see no reason why Mayor Thompson of Chicago should not put himself forward. He announces his willingness to make the sacrifice, provided "the younger element of the Republican party wills it." We should say that it must be a very young element that would take Mayor Thompson at his own valuation. He is ready with a "tentative platform." It will contain planks against the income tax, unless the Government provides an income to be taxed, and another against "a war tax when our country is not at war." Then, too, the Mayor is to make everybody prosperous by a high tariff. But why does he speak of all this as especially appealing to the younger element? His body of doctrine is hoary with age. It is at least as old as Absalom, who was one of the earliest politicians to ask for votes on the ground that if only *he* were king, everybody would be fat and flourishing. And a high-tariff youth-

ful! It was long tottering, senile and decrepit, on the edge of the grave into which it finally fell two years ago.

To those responsible for the choice of American diplomats, Senator Phelan's report on the career of Minister Sullivan offers a clear definition, in certain respects, of what such officials should not be. They should not be men of illiberal general education, uninformed on the ordinary legal, political, and economic questions that are their routine work. They should not lack all the finer graces of manner, trying to atone for tactlessness and boorishness by a certain back-slapping amiability. They should not be so devoid of judgment as to permit themselves to be drawn into compromising situations with business interests affected by their authority, as to write slanderous letters about the character of the people among whom they represent our Government, and as to play a part in the partisan quarrels of that people. They should not, in brief, interpret the office of Minister from one nation to another as something like the office of a careless commercial "drummer" between two firms. "Tested by ordinary standards," says Senator Phelan, "there could scarcely have been any general expectation that the training, education, and experience of James M. Sullivan would have resulted in his acquiring those attainments needed." This the Department of State should have seen. His task was one of peculiar delicacy and responsibility. He succeeded only in earning the distrust of the Dominican people, and the contempt of the representatives of other countries stationed in Santo Domingo.

What shall we think one day of the fact that among the matters investigated and placed on record by the research department of an educational institution was the number of lynchings committed in the country, the supposed crimes for which they constituted the punishment, and other circumstances about them? This is the grim task at Tuskegee. The showing for the first half of the present year is an increase of 60 per cent. in this form of lawlessness. Of the victims, twenty-four were negroes and ten were white. Eight of the whole number of lynchings occurred in Georgia. The striking feature of this group of crimes is the ground of them. Only seven were due to accusations of attacks upon women. Some were brought about by accusations of stealing, cotton, hogs, and cows being the objects missing. Here, then, we must have a new justification for resort to this out-of-court method of punishing offenders. According to the law, the stealing of even the objects named does not constitute a capital crime. In these cases, therefore, lynching becomes necessary, not because the criminal may not be convicted, but because he cannot be punished as severely as the plaintiff desires.

Mr. Gompers is quoted as saying that he is prepared to make good his statement that a German emissary had attempted to bribe labor men to bring about strikes in American ammunition factories. Until evidence of this nature is produced, the public will naturally be governed in its view of the probabilities of the matter by the course of events. There has been an epidemic of strikes and disturbances, in all manner of industries connected with the production and shipping of war supplies. Some of these appear to have been quickly settled, but on the other hand the indications are that there are plenty more to come. It may be possible to judge from the circumstances whether they are ordinary bona-fide labor movements or the result of alien instigation in the interest of a belligerent Power. But the matter is too serious to be left entirely to that kind of judgment. Without undertaking to pass upon the truth of the assertions of foreign machination or conspiracy, we feel that the question is one that should engage the earnest attention of the Federal authorities. Doubtless agents of the Government have already been at work quietly investigating the matter. Whether such inquiry will have the effect of quieting suspicion or of confirming it, the result in either case would be valuable. And in the latter event, it would become the duty of the Government to take measures to protect American producers against alien interference with their lawful business.

"That the Government is wofully and pitiably lacking in ordnance, in field-guns, in all the equipment that modern warfare has made essential to successful operations, is known to every military man and every military authority within this country." Thus Mayor Mitchel of New York pays his respects to the able and industrious men who constitute the Ordnance Corps of the army. Presumably he has not read the testimony given before the House Committee on Appropriations by the Chief of Ordnance, Gen. Crozier, Secretary Garrison, Gen. Weaver, Chief of Coast Artillery, and others. Gen. Crozier testified (February 9 last) that, given certain alterations to make possible a greater elevation of our seacoast guns, which can be quickly done at a slight cost, our fortifications "will be of such power that naval officers would not put their ships against them in a fight." These alterations, he said, would give our guns a range of 17,000 yards, which could even be increased to 19,500 by the use of a lighter projectile, thus practically equalling the range of the newest British super-Dreadnought. He did not hesitate to stake his professional opinion upon our defences being "adequate for maintaining a successful combat with vessels of war armed with any gun which is now under construction anywhere in the world to my knowledge." Secretary Garrison, too, declared his faith in our fortifications, while Gen. Weaver, in charge of our coast defences, said: "I know of no fortifications in the world, as far as my reading, observation, and knowledge go, that compare favorably in efficiency with ours."

The mode in which problems in industrial invention may be attacked by organized endeavor is well indicated by some of Britain's proposals for her War Board. The London *Nation* remarks that both the submarine and torpedo suggest only a series of physical problems. They have speed, momentum, and move in a physical medium. The difficulties they raise may be investigated as in a college laboratory. Indeed, the article proceeds, there are various lines of research which might be taken up in connection with the mere deflection of a torpedo. "To direct a torpedo, the submarine officer must have taken the bearings of the ship, and must steer his torpedo by these bearings. Is there no means of putting his compass out of order?" Other proposals are for the development of submarine signalling, the repulsion of air-attacks by blinding searchlights, and the setting off of explosives at a distance. The war has imparted impetus to organized invention in Germany and England simply because it has given unusual prominence to certain necessities, and has brought home the need of concentrating upon them. Were there a peaceful field in which the general demand for meeting an emergency should be as great, the public interest in organized invention there would be as strong. Just so far as it is appreciated that progress depends upon that comprehensive activity which—in engineering phrase—ascertains "the state of the art" by reviewing all related knowledge, and brings every useful scientific fact into connection with every

plausible hypothesis, so far will organization be demanded.

It is time that our own agencies of defence took a few lessons in enterprise from our great manufactories. But a greater good would be served if the country as a whole could be made to take the same interest in the labor of industrial invention that the world is now taking in organizing military invention. The informed few have never lacked such interest. "Every thoughtful man of science," Sir Michael Foster, of Cambridge, once remarked, "who looks round on what others besides himself are doing will tell you that nothing weighs more heavily upon his mind than this: the multitude of questions crying aloud to be answered, the fewness of those who have at once the ability, the means, and the opportunity of attempting to find the answers." The various scientific War Boards should constitute a powerful if indirect plea for the greater encouragement of scientific research and of invention in all fields.

Caught as the express companies have been between the two fires of the parcel post and the reduction of rates effective in February, 1914, there will be general approval of the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission granting a scale of charges from one to four per cent. higher. It has been well known that, with the exception of those of the Southern and Wells Fargo Companies, express dividends have steadily decreased. The Commission's figures show how marked was the loss in revenue caused by the rate decision which became operative last year. For the full year of 1913 preceding the cut in rates, the decline in the gross income of all the companies amounted to about $2,500,000. For the year following there was a decrease, according to the press reports, of more than $13,500,000. "As a whole," the Commission admits of the companies, "they are operating at a loss." The new rates do not approach those of 1913, but they will afford substantial relief. Above all, they may be interpreted as another guarantee of the desire of the Commission to treat business liberally, and to correct hasty or mistaken decisions.

There is unusual fitness in setting up a tablet to commemorate Stevenson's residence at Saranac Lake. The same sculptor—Gutzon Borglum—has already erected one at Stevenson's Californian home. Other authors, as Kipling in Vermont, are commonly unaffected by brief foreign sojournings. To Stevenson the setting was as often as not the inspiration of his stories, and the wintry stillness of Saranac was one of the impressions that cried aloud for an appropriate narrative. The best portions of "Baliantrae" are by no means those detailing the journey of the land-steward and his master through the uncleared forests of America, but the romanticism of the book may be claimed as the romanticism of the place where it was written. His American marriage, his American collaboration, his publications in an American magazine, give us no such reason for special remembrance of Stevenson as this response to American scenes. But we show little consistency in the erection of a tablet of this kind while the haunts and the residences of so many American writers are unmarked, and places so well known as the House of the Seven Gables are virtually uncared for.

Only by a relief map can the natural obstacles met by the Italians in their push across the Isonzo be appreciated. The Isonzo, rising at Caporetto and flowing one hundred miles to the sea, has been in itself a serious barrier, especially as its rapid current has been swollen by rains; and in the valley of Gorizia it is from 900 to 1,500 feet in width. On the upper Isonzo, from its source to Tolmino, the river is faced on the Austrian side by a branch of the Julian range, a wall reaching heights of from 6,000 to 7,200 feet; while on the Italian side are peaks approaching 5,000 feet. Below this range and stretching south to Gorizia, the natural bastion is on the left of the river, in the shape of the plateaus of Laschek and Tarnova, covered with forests and admirably adapted to defence. South of Gorizia, to the sea, the Vipacco hills separate the plateau of Tarnova from that of Corso, only three hundred feet in height, on which the Italians have now a secure footing. They have lost much time from unfavorable weather.

If Sir James Murray did not live to finish the enormous work upon which he had been engaged for a generation, he came much closer to doing so than almost any one had expected. For years there has been a kind of rivalry between him and his great undertaking, the "New English Dictionary," as to which of them would be the slower to take its place in the catalogue of completed things. He lived to see the tenth and final volume well on its way, and so has missed by but a year or two the attainment of a goal which his friends rather hoped than believed he could reach. But he might have missed it by a much wider margin without impairing the uniqueness of his labor. For an adequate comparison to the immense project which never daunted him one must go outside the field of writing. His activities were rather like those of a man for whom no English word seems so suitable as the French *entrepreneur*. He was an organizer of scholarship, calling for recruits, as Sir Walter Raleigh called for them in the days of his dreams of a flourishing Virginia, and leading them into half-explored or virgin territory, there to spy out the land as a preliminary to setting down what they found, with such accuracy and fulness that no one else should need to go over the ground again, except to supply a detail here and there or to cross an occasional t or dot an occasional i.

But the greatness of his task lay less in its mere magnitude than in its infinity of detail. "Ten, twenty, or thirty letters," the editor remarked in the preface to Volume I, containing the words under A and B, "have sometimes been written to persons who, it was thought, might possibly know, or succeed in finding out, something definite on the subject; and often weeks have passed, and 'copy' advanced into the state of 'proof,' 'proof' into 'revise,' and 'revise' even into 'final' before any results could be obtained. It is incredible what labor has had to be expended, sometimes, to find out the facts for an article which occupies not more than five or six lines; or even to be able to write the words 'Derivation unknown,' as the outcome of hours of research and of testing the statements put forth without hesitation in other works." It is partly its unique comprehensiveness, even more its unrelenting testing of "statements put forth without hesitation in other works," that makes Murray's Dictionary a veritable Authorized Version of the English language. Yet not its least interest must always be the man who made it. When the project was first planned, he was assistant master of Hawick Grammar School, in the neighborhood of his birthplace. When he revived the idea, he was an assistant examiner in English at the University of London, and president of the London Philological Society. But his learning did not make him less a man. His prime qualification for his life's task was the adventurous spirit that never failed him in toiling at the work, "which," as he once wrote, quoting from Dr. Johnson's preface to his less ambitious Dictionary, "would in time be ended, though not completed."

THE SUM OF THE WHOLE MATTER

There is a difference between an ultimatum and a last word. It is not an ultimatum which the Government of the United States has sent to that of Germany, but it is a last word. That is to say, the note delivered at Berlin on July 23 is intended to put an end to the controversy which has existed between the two countries since May 7. The evident purpose of President Wilson is to make it impossible for the German Government longer to evade the issue, or to offer any more shifts or suggestions which are aside from the plain and simple merits of the case.

These are again stated by the note to Germany with entire explicitness and with a clearness and firmness that are wholly admirable. There can be no further excuse for "misunderstandings" in Berlin. If in that capital there lingered any illusions created by the Bryan-Dumba conversation, the last of them must be dissipated now. The note is obviously most serious; taken seriously in Washington; to be taken seriously in Berlin. If the German Foreign Office has been misinformed, or has suffered itself to be misled, as to the real state of American sentiment, or the solemn earnestness of the American Government, its eyes must now be fully opened to the truth. Not Dr. Dernburg, not Herr Gerhard—not any German agent or purveyor of reports from the United States—can longer blink the facts. In this sense, at least, the President has made an end of controversy. None can hereafter be blind to exactly what he means and what he will do. In addition to renewing his demands for satisfaction on the score of past outrages, he serves explicit notice that any repetition of them will be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly." That, of course, is the diplomatic phrase for act of war.

This latest note of our Government is to be read in connection with the two that have preceded it. The three make a whole. They are one in body of doctrine; they have a common logic; they breathe the same spirit of indignation at rights violated and humanity trampled upon; and they are eloquent of the same demand for law and justice. Some may wonder that the latest note does not make more of the case of the Lusitania. But there was no reason for going over it again. And, besides, the essence of it lies in the quiet assertion of the belief of our Government "that the Imperial Government will no longer refrain from disavowing the wanton act of the naval commander in sinking the Lusitania, or from offering reparation for the American lives lost, so far as reparation can be made for a needless destruction of human life by an illegal act." There could not well be anything more explicit than that. It catches up all that our Government has said before on the same subject, and gives it a sharper edge.

As a mere piece of writing the note calls for high praise. Its argumentative skill is of the deftest kind. The reasoning of the German Government is turned against itself in a deadly way; and the makeshift proposals of Minister von Jagow are brushed aside as really aggravating the original offence. And in direct statement the note has a power all the greater for the way in which it keeps passion latent. The language vibrates with deep feeling, but there is no rough hectoring. Nor is it merely that the President desired to make use of the terms of conventional diplomatic politeness. There is truth as well as courtesy in his reminder to Germany that she and the United States have stood together for the freedom of the seas. This is no aimless flattery. It undoubtedly refers to the fact that on the proposals made at The Hague for the immunity of private property at sea, Germany voted with the United States—for the historic contention of the United States—and against Great Britain. This frank admission, besides being a guarantee of this Government's impartiality and entire neutrality, is used by the President with great effect in calling upon Germany here and now to make good her professions of the past.

One misunderstanding, or misrepresentation of the note in Germany, appears in the article of the naval expert, Capt. Persius, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. He declares that the note "expresses a determination to rob us of the weapon to which we pin the greatest hopes in the war on England." But when has the Government of the United States objected to submarine warfare, so long as it was conducted in accordance with the rules of international law and the elementary dictates of humanity? In the latest note itself mention is made of the fact that the German submarines have latterly shown a disposition to submit to the established laws of war. If they do that, we have nothing more to say. They may sink every ship of war that they can catch; they may freely exercise the .right of visit and search; if they overhaul a merchantman under a belligerent flag, they may destroy her, after providing for the safety of the non-combatants on board; they may stop neutral ships, to find out if they have contraband in the cargo. In other words, the submarines may do exactly what any other war vessel may do; but what the others are forbidden to do, they are forbidden to do. They may not attack neutral ships. They must not imperil or take the lives of Americans on the high seas. But in legitimate warfare the submarines are not in danger of being hampered by anything the United States has said or may do. The nonsense on this subject which has been printed in the German press—and the German-American press also—is patent, and ought not to be repeated.

Amid the mass of newspaper comment upon the note, it is interesting to observe the utterances of this same German-American press. They are not all in a similar tone. A few complain that the President is seeking to force a war upon Germany. But other German-American editors believe that the President has yielded something, as the German Government has also done, and that the difficulty can be solved by further concessions. All will hope so. But it is plain that the concessions on the main principle will have to come from Germany. On that, our Government is committed irrevocably. There it stands. It can do no other. What the result is to be, it is for the German Government to decide. Its answer will be awaited by Americans hopefully, but with a steadfast determination to stand by the right, as God gives them to see the right.

THE CHIEF LESSON OF THE EASTLAND CALAMITY.

To the horror of the Eastland disaster, no touch of poignant anguish is wanting. Not only does it surpass almost all records in the sacrifice of human lives, heightened in its sadness by contrast with the joyful spirit of the thousands of holiday-makers a moment before the disaster, but in this awful event, more than in any other that we can recall, there is driven home to us the sense of its utter needlessness. A fire, an explosion, a collision—one feels that all the precaution in the world may not suffice to prevent the occurrence, some time or other, of a disaster brought about by causes such as these. But for a great ship to turn over on its side while still moored to its dock, and that so suddenly as to cause the death of the greater part of its two or three thousand passengers—this, one is entitled to say without hesitation or reserve, should be ab-

solutely impossible, and is absolutely inexcusable.

How it did come to happen will be made the subject of the most searching examination, by both the local and the Federal authorities. We shall not attempt to forestall the result of these inquiries. But there can be no doubt of the nature of at least one of the elements that have gone to the bringing about of the terrible result. And to dwell upon that element in the matter is the prime duty of any one who, at this stage of the case, wishes to aid in drawing from the disaster a lesson of real usefulness. Whatever specific faults on the part of inspectors, or acts of carelessness on the part of captain or crew, may prove to have been committed, there is one general fault which we know prevails in a lamentable degree in our country and which unquestionably had a vital share in making the calamity to the Eastland possible.

The fault to which we have reference is the unwillingness to enforce strictly and unbendingly any general rule or principle, when such enforcement inflicts immediate pain or loss which it is disagreeable to contemplate, while the consequences of non-enforcement are remote and indefinite, and may seem in the particular instance to be improbable. This disposition is characteristic of our people, and is manifest in every direction. It was this unwillingness to cause pain or suffering to particular individuals that led a perfectly well-meaning professor to fail to do his duty as a citizen when he recognized in Holt the wife-murderer Muenter. It is this short-sighted good nature which causes the processes of criminal justice in this country to be so long-drawn-out and so uncertain as to result in a record that no less sober a man than ex-President Taft has declared to be a disgrace to American civilization. It is this weakness which causes the sufferings of a broken swindler or bank-wrecker to soften the hearts of judges and juries and executives, who, mitigating the punishment of the individual directly appealing to their senses, in that very act virtually decree that thousands of innocent persons not present to their eyes shall be driven to ruin, and not a few to suicide, through the operations of future Siegels or Morses.

Does any one think that the association of the Eastland case with our tender-heartedness towards criminals is far-fetched? If so, let him consider the kind of thing that is said about the Eastland, not by those who are making accusations, but by those who are putting the best face possible on the case. A fair sample is this, from Capt. Eames, a former master of the steamer:

> The ship itself was thoroughly seaworthy. I would have sailed her around the world. She wasn't top-heavy. I have had her loaded to Government capacity, and have run into the stiffest kind of northeast gales, and never had the slightest trouble. But she was cranky, like all lean hull vessels, and required constant watching.

Why was a ship which, though "thoroughly seaworthy," was "cranky" and "required constant watching" permitted to do an excursion business, carrying unusual numbers of people and naturally subject to conditions in which the danger of any failure to keep the "constant watching" up to mark was exceptionally grave? In view of the whole story of the Eastland's past, is it not certain that the thought of danger was present again and again to the inspectors that allowed her to continue in that line of business? Why did they dismiss that thought? Inquiry may show that there was gross incompetence or recklessness; but we are not asserting anything of that kind. What we do assert is that if the officials who passed upon the subject had taken their stand sternly upon the principle that the lives of passengers must not be exposed to danger—that the margin of safety must be far greater than that afforded by the supposition of no lapse ever occurring in the care with which the ship was managed—the disaster never could have happened. And the reason that this was not sternly insisted on was that to do so would mean a heavy loss to certain particular persons who had invested their money in the ship, and who were doubtless quite well-meaning persons, while to take a more easy-going view only meant a more or less remote possibility of the drowning of thousands of men, women, and children that nobody could name, and the desolation of hundreds of homes which nobody could point out, at a time that nobody could predict.

And indeed there is a closer point of contact. "Inquire strictly and fearlessly," so runs Secretary Redfield's telegram, "whether any official neglect or incompetence. None is now assumed, but none can be pardoned." "I intend," declares the Chicago Coroner, "to use every effort within my power to punish every person directly or indirectly responsible for this disaster. None shall escape." That is the way we all feel at the moment. But how long will the feeling last? What happened in the case of the Slocum, as regards the persons responsible for the atrocious conditions which were the real cause of the calamity? Nobody wants vengeance; nobody wants to prejudge either captain or inspectors. It is possible that no person was guilty of criminal negligence. But if they were, is it likely that the courts will try them promptly, that juries will convict them, that an endless process of appeals will not be resorted to, that punishment will be inflicted with such solemnity, such severity, and such expedition as to make the example salutary and effective? If so, the experience will be one by no means in keeping with those good-natured ways which usually characterize our dealings with these matters, both before and after the event.

THE QUESTION OF THE SINGLE TERM.

The Committee on Governor and Other State Officers of New York voted last week to report favorably to the Constitutional Convention a proposal making the Governor's term four years instead of two, and making him ineligible for reëlection. The first of these proposals is eminently desirable; concerning the second there is much room for doubt. Two years is obviously too short a time to permit of the deliberate and undisturbed carrying out of large policies of governmental improvement. If it be objected that the election of a bad Governor for a term of four years would be a serious public misfortune, the sufficient answer is that this fact would naturally be so appreciated by the public that both the nomination and the election of an unfit person would be rendered far more improbable than it is at present. With voters called upon to make the choice only at the long interval of four years, and with the knowledge that the consequences of a bad choice would be so serious, the standard of qualification demanded in a contest for the Governorship would be sure to be considerably higher than it is at present. Let us base the Governorship on the idea of giving a good Governor a chance to show what he can do, and not on the idea of getting rid of a bad one in short order.

The ground assigned for making the Governor ineligible for reëlection is that this would make him "free from the temptation of building political fences, a labor that not infrequently in the past has diverted the attention of Governors from the work the people elected them to do." But the validity of this argument is very questionable. If the Governor is really intent upon political aspirations, he may be looking to the Presidency or to a Senatorship quite

as probably as to a reëlection to the Governorship; and the temptation of building political fences would in that case by no means be removed. On the other hand, the man who wished to make such a record in the Governorship as would commend his administration to the approval of the people of the State without distinction of party might, through the prohibition of a reëlection, be deprived of a natural and wholesome stimulus. And the mere fact that it was certain that he could have no further power in the State Government after the expiration of his term would tend, in the nature of things, to diminish his effective power during a considerable portion of his term. Take it all in all, we believe that the prohibition of reëlection would do more harm than good.

Between the question of the ineligibility for reëlection of a Governor and that of the President of the United States there are important points of difference. Both the reasons in favor of and the reasons against the proposition are of greater force in the case of the Presidency than in that of the Governorship; but the net result of weighing the two classes of considerations is far more emphatically against the proposal in the case of the national than of the State office. The prime reason urged for confining the President to a single term is based on the tremendous powers of his great office; to make his administration of it free from all thought of personal advancement is regarded, by advocates of the single-term plan, as a safeguard against dangerous abuse or misuse of so mighty a trust, perhaps the greatest resting upon any single individual in the modern world. But if there is much to be guarded against, so also is there much to be lost by the adoption of the precaution. And while the precaution would at best serve only to mitigate in some degree a vague evil—an evil, too, which in our present state of political development seems to have little reality—it would operate as an absolute bar to freedom of national action when such freedom might be of the most vital moment to the nation. For the sake of a hypothetical and by no means certain improvement in the administration of a President unworthy of his great trust, the country would cut itself off from the possibility of retaining at the helm the one man, tried and found true and strong, whose wisdom, patriotism, and hold upon the confidence of the people, might, in a time of stress, constitute a priceless possession of the nation—the best assurance of its safety, honor, and prosperity.

Nor can we admit that, even from the standpoint of its influence upon the conduct of a given incumbent of the Presidency, ineligibility to reëlection would be calculated to cause more good than harm. On the contrary, the feeling that his administration is being watched by his countrymen, with a view to passing judgment upon it at the close of his term, cannot but serve as a powerful incentive to the highest effort. It is by no means only in the manœuvrings of politics that the aspiration for a second term is embodied. Even the most mediocre of men, when honored by the nation with its highest trust and its most splendid distinction, must be impressed with a sense of the elevation to which he has been carried, and must instinctively desire to show, so far as he can, that he has proved equal to his trust. With reëlection out of the question from the beginning, with no public career to look forward to at the close of his term, the President would be in large measure cut off from that inspiration which a just ambition and a wholesome desire for public approval naturally supply. Moreover, he would from the beginning, and in a progressive degree as his term approached its close, be deprived of much of the prestige and influence which—quite apart from any idea of office-mongering—is a natural and necessary part of the power of the executive head of the nation. It might be said that these arguments would equally apply to a third term, or a fourth; but the mere fact of a single reëlection would remove nearly all of the drawbacks we have been putting forward. And furthermore there is a vital difference between an unwritten law, which may, in time of urgent national need, be waived, and a constitutional prohibition the setting aside of which would be an act of revolution.

DEMOCRACY, MEDIOCRITY, AND THE COLLEGES.

There seems to have been a lull, of late, in the activities of the critics of our colleges. Whether this is owing to the absorption of all interest in the great war, or whether the time had come, in the ordinary course of nature, for an ebbing of the tide of fault-finding, the fact is that we have recently been hearing comparatively little of the woful ignorance of college graduates and the inability of sophomores to spell correctly or to write passable English. But within the colleges themselves the searching of hearts goes on continuously. No professor who takes himself seriously seems ever to be at ease in his Zion. Is his work doing all the good it ought to be doing? Are the aims of the college as a whole what they ought to be? Above all, is the college playing the part that such an institution ought to play in a democracy, in a vast, new, conglomerate democracy like that of the great American Republic?

Upon one phase of this question Prof. Henry Seidel Canby, of Yale, writes with much vigor and point in the August number of *Harper's*. "The Colleges and Mediocrity" is the theme of his paper, and it discusses in many aspects the age-old question of the professor's duty towards the average or inferior student on the one hand and the youth of exceptional ability on the other. An age-old question we have called it; but between the question as it might have figured in a magazine article of a few decades ago and as it is almost sure to figure in such a discussion to-day, there is, unless we are much mistaken, a marked difference. In an earlier generation, the question would have presented itself as one whose human appeal was at once narrower and broader than that which is apt to be the centre of a consideration of it to-day, and which is constantly manifest in Professor Canby's article. The professor's concern would have been primarily with the intrinsic value of what might be achieved, as seen in the individual himself, and secondarily with its value from the broad standpoint of human culture and progress. What Professor Canby appears to have in mind above all else—or perhaps what, in obedience to a dominant tendency of thought and feeling in our time, he thinks he has in mind above all else—is neither the fruit of intellectual expansion or accomplishment as seen in and felt by the individual, nor the value of it as part of the long and splendid story of man's aspirations and achievements. The professor's duty to do what he can for the mediocre many and his duty to stimulate all the possibilities of the gifted few are alike predicated on the specific needs of a democracy, and especially of just such a democracy as ours.

The main point of Professor Canby's thesis is that for the successful working of a democracy like ours it is equally essential to care for the intellectual sustenance of the common run of youth and to stimulate the highest possibilities of young men of talent. "America," he says, "just now provides the greatest exhibition the world has ever seen of successful mediocrity"—a mediocrity that is stamped all over our life in

every direction. And he holds that our colleges, and their professors, have fallen in with this; the "desire to do something for every one has made us neglect the exceptional man and actually favor the mediocre." But he ascribes this defect not, as is often done, to the mere desire for big numbers, but to a motive far more creditable. "It is the American passion for democracy," he says, "that makes us lavish our energies upon the multitude of the mediocre. For a belief that the right to an education is as universal as freedom is ingrained in the American mind." Nor does Professor Canby find any fault with this idea; what he contends for is that democracy needs signal ability in its leaders quite as much as it needs a satisfactory level of mediocre culture spread throughout the community. And when this shall have become thoroughly recognized, he feels that the problem will solve itself; for the resources of our great institutions of learning are now abundantly sufficient to compass both of the ends, once the vital need of both is truly realized.

With this view we have no disposition to quarrel. But we cannot help feeling that it does not, after all, get down to the heart of the matter. It is not through any calculated estimate of specific results that the cultivation of high intellectual objects can be made truly to flourish. Not from devotion to democracy, but from devotion to learning, joy in the triumphs of mind, delight in the beauties of literature, spring those enthusiasms and passions out of which high intellectual achievements grow, and which give rise to that distinction and individuality whose rarity in our country Professor Canby so deplores. So long as we have not the courage to assert the prerogative of intellect, to prize for its own sake the exercise of high powers in the pursuits of science and literature, mediocrity will continue to fill the stage, leaving to high gifts and rare individualities scant recognition and encouragement. The doctrine that no exertion of personal effort and no expenditure of public resources is really worthy unless it points directly to what is called "service" is fatal to that generous ardor which is the inspiration of the intellectual worker, and to that uncalculating admiration which is so large a part of his reward. Democracy will be well served by the promotion of talent and the cherishing of genius; but it will be infinitely better served if it is willing to take chances on any by-product of "service" which they may happen to yield than it can be through a strident insistence on its own claims.

A SURVEY OF THE WAR.

"To the question 'Have we won?' there is only one possible answer: So far, the Germans have won rather than the Allies." Such is the frank statement of an English writer on the war in the July *Fortnightly*. And the press in England is equally plain-spoken. It admits that things have gone badly on land for the Allies. Their hopes have been dashed on the Russian frontier and in Flanders and along the French front. The expectation that by this time the Germans would be driven far back from their conquests in Belgium and the North of France has been frustrated. But little has been accomplished there, and that at an appalling cost in life. Moreover, it is now conceded in England that the campaign in the Dardanelles was wretchedly mismanaged.

A survey of the strictly military situation to-day cannot fill the Allies with either pride or hope. Germany's soil is virtually uninvaded. Except for a small portion of Alsace, she has lost no territory, while both East and West her troops are occupying lands belonging to her enemies. And her latest campaign against the Russians is proceeding with great strength and precision. At last we are seeing the historic tactics of the German General Staff in successful operation—the plan, that is, of hurling converging armies upon the enemy. As to the actual result of the movement on Warsaw, there is still doubt, but to make the outlook for the Allies as dark as the most optimistic German sees it, let us assume that Warsaw will fall, and the Russians be driven out of nearly all of Poland.

On this basis, what are the reasons why the Allies should lose no jot of heart or hope? One reason may be seen in the attitude of the German Government itself. It is unquestionably ready for peace. And it would accept a peace which, from the German point of view, would be on very reasonable terms. These, of course, have nowhere been formulated. Yet the intimations of their general nature have been too thick and too authoritative to admit of much doubt that if, for example, Germany could end the war to-morrow by going back to the *status quo ante*, she would jump at the chance. Now, what does this signify in a military sense? The inference is unavoidable that the Germans no longer think themselves able to impose their will upon Europe. Great and wonderful as has been their display of fighting power, they are not deceived by it into thinking that they can change the map of Europe at their pleasure. They know what a terrible price they have already paid. Moreover, the greater their exertion of military strength, the clearer the evidence of its real failure. This is not meant as a paradox. The whole German theory of the war was that it was to be short. By a series of swift and bloody strokes, Germany was quickly to garner the advantages of her long years of preparation. Paris was surely to be taken last September. By January, Germany was to be in a position to dictate peace. But here we are at the end of July, with the prospect of the war going over another winter. Germany may be invincible, but her plans of last year have broken down, and her rulers and her people know it.

And if, from the fluctuating battle-lines, west, north, and south, we look to the large and steady elements of strength on the part of the Allies, we may well understand how they believe that time is fighting on their side, and that all they have to do is to set their teeth and see the thing through. First of all comes the great fact of their having absolute control of the sea. From it German commerce has been swept clean. The German navy for offensive purposes—excepting the submarines, and even they have been able barely to gnaw at the real sea-power of England—is as if it did not exist. And this hampering of Germany, heightened by the spectacle of her colonies falling one after another, is likely to be even more severe and telling as the months go by. A nation whose whole industrial life has been for years shaped for over-seas commerce cannot be cut off from the ocean indefinitely without receiving vital injuries. And the Dardanelles campaign is not to be thought of as an isolated venture. It is, in the first place, one evidence more of what sea-power means, and it is also a far-sighted movement which, if pushed to success, may prove far more important than any battle fought in Galicia or in France. With Constantinople captured, Russia free to come and go in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and all the Balkan states wheeling into line with the Allies, the German cause would have suffered a fatal blow. In that case, the Allies too, would have their giant pincers, closing from the North Sea and from the Bosporus.

Thus we think that a cool estimate of the actual forces pitted against each other is not so discouraging for the Allies as the present superficial military situation might seem. The ultimate resources are theirs; and if determination is not lacking—and there is not the slightest evidence that it is—they will be the lords of their fate.

Foreign Correspondence

THE GERMAN NOTE — JOURNALISTIC REPUTATIONS—J. L. GARVIN.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, July 13.

The general British feeling in regard to Germany's reply to President Wilson's note of June 11 may be concisely summed up in six words addressed by Cicero to Catiline: "Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra?" The German explanation of why the submarine had to sink the Lusitania drives me again into a foreign tongue: "Cet animal est très méchant; quand on l'attaque, il se défend."

As in all times of great national stress, reputations are now being made and unmade daily in England. Especially is this true in the sphere of journalism. Certain daily and weekly organs, from which we hoped for better things, have shown clearly that with them the pure "journalistic" instinct has been the predominant influence—the desire to create sensation, to demonstrate their power, to split the ears of the groundlings, to increase their circulation. Fortunately for our self-respect, there has been at least a saving remnant of newspapers to which this description does not apply. Without prejudice to others that might be named, it is fair to say that the *Observer* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* are conspicuous in this latter group. These two journals, the one appearing on Sunday, the other on each week-day afternoon, are edited by Mr. J. L. Garvin; and it may unhesitatingly be affirmed that this gifted Irishman is one of the men whose reputations have been distinctly enhanced by their attitude and activity during the war.

As Mr. Garvin and his papers belong to a political party with whose councils I have generally been little in sympathy, and as I used to look with considerable misgivings on some, at least, of his ante-bellum editorial articles, I may assert that this judgment is made without prejudice and is based solely on observation of the accomplished fact. Though it be at the expense of my own power of intelligent anticipation, I have to confess that it has been one of the many surprises of this great struggle that I find myself able to extend my admiration of Mr. Garvin's brilliant literary gifts to include also his political judgment and his ethical standpoint. He seems to me to have shed, for the time being at least, all those attributes that belonged to him merely as the clever journalist, the "able editor," the vigorous supporter of partisan views that drove inevitable wedges into the body politic. He now appears in the rôle of the judicial thinker, the single-minded patriot, the national conciliator. He has shown that he is no mere "journalist," but that his aim is to make a practical application of philosophic temper and principle to politics —a problem never to be perfectly solved but never to be given up as hopeless. He has most unmistakably, since the war began, subordinated his party leanings and party loyalty to the service of the state. No party hack has upheld the Liberal Government, as a war government, more cordially and persistently. He has deprecated all personalities, and especially the efforts to make scapegoats of particular Ministers. To use the words applied the other day by Mr. Balfour to Joseph Chamberlain, he recognizes "that there are moments when criticism is not only useless but absolutely mischievous." Though he has long desired a Coalition Government as the right government for an emergency like this, and has, consequently, good reason to congratulate himself on the present Ministry, he is yet broad-minded and courageous enough to deplore openly the loss of services like those of Lord Haldane, and this in spite of the fact that he cannot be suspected of any sympathy with that statesman's military policy. He refrains scrupulously from reviving old scores; he ignores as far as possible the mistakes and faults of the past; he even compasses an almost heroic avoidance of the "I-told-you-so" attitude. Thus, though he is now as ever an advocate, in principle, of compulsory military service, he realizes that we entered this war with the voluntary system in existence, and that we must therefore work it to the best advantage until it is proved to have broken down. He sees that the only tolerable position for every sane patriot is to assume (in the absence of overwhelming evidence to the contrary) that the Government is doing its best, and to resolve to strengthen its hands in every way. He has always, so far as my memory goes, refrained from exploiting mere journalistic sensations as such (in spite of what must often have been strong temptation), and this feature is very obvious, just now, in his handling of such topics as ministerial differences or technical inconsistencies. And, while he is by no means a full-blown optimist, his long weekly articles in the *Observer* have been eminently calculated to strengthen the feeble knees and to direct our attention to the real points in our favor.

His treatment of America's relation to the war has been marked by singular understanding, moderation, and restraint. When journals, even of avowed Americophil tendencies, were publishing articles that undoubtedly gave great umbrage in the United States, the *Observer* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote steadily of President Wilson's attitude with as much consideration, patience, and insight as any of his own party journals. Thus, after the sinking of the Lusitania, the *Observer* wrote: "We shall certainly not rank ourselves among those who urge the United States to abandon their neutrality" [already quoted in the *Nation* for June 3]. If Mr. Garvin has now any desire to have the United States join forces with the Allies, it is based on the belief that America's intervention, if sufficiently inspired by conviction on the big moral issue, would raise the United States to greater moral stature, completing the work of Washington and Lincoln, and insuring the reign of peace, freedom, and democracy under a supreme court of nations. For he is convinced not only of the inherent justice of the cause of the Allies, but also that their success is necessary for the good of civilization. And it is interesting to notice that he holds this view with great tenacity, in spite of the fact that he has always been profoundly interested in German thought, and is deeply versed in German history and literature. To use words of his own, Germany became a second home for him "in a manner that immensely deepened the historical sense, the geographical sense, the economic sense, and gave a practical idealism to life and an invigorated direction of effort. For this I cannot ever be too grateful, though well aware that the German tendency to over-egg every possible pudding is a thing to beware of." He has long cherished the ambition to write a "Life of Bismarck," and to attempt to write it in the way absolutely essential to show through what a swaying of ideals and realities the age of Frederick and the French Revolution passed at last into the present greater age of Armageddon.

The new Military Hospital in Endell Street is the first of its kind to be entirely staffed and run by women. It accommodates several hundred patients, and is under the management of "Major" Garrett Anderson. I understand that some of the first wounded men to arrive were a little dismayed to find that they had been handed over bodily to the tender mercies of the gentler sex; but my cross-examination of as many patients as I could reach proved that this had been a very temporary phase, and that the prevailing feeling now is that they would not for the world be anywhere else. Certainly, in all the superficial features that come under the eye of the casual visitor, this hospital can hold its own with any other military hospital in London; and nowhere have I seen a more cheerful set of patients. Given equal skill and attention, it must be æsthetically pleasanter to be looked after by these red-collared doctors and blue-collared orderlies—to say nothing of the nurses—than by the ordinary male attendants. And assuredly a man from the front must have had his fill of association limited to his own sex. Besides all the usual equipment of a hospital, there are a recreation room with a good stage and almost daily performances, and a library presided over by the well-known novelist Miss Beatrice Harraden.

CONSTITUTIONALITY AND WAR—DEMOCRACY, LIBERTY, NEUTRALITY.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 10.

Burning constitutional questions have been set aflame by this incendiary war in all the countries of Europe. The answers which have been elicited may bring out of the shadow certain constitutional principles of our own.

In a financial debate of the French Chamber of Deputies (June 29), Prime Minister Viviani found it necessary to go back to first principles in defining the necessary relations of the Legislative body with the Executive. He spoke "from the point of view of *contrôle.*"

Now we Americans have considerable experience of the fact that the French word has not the full meaning of our English "control." In virtue of the difference we possess the Philippines, as every one who followed the negotiations of the Treaty of Paris knows. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the French meaning implies nothing more than a gentlemanly supervision. What Parliament claims of Government in France is an efficient check of its measures. This M. Viviani admits as a self-evident condition of any really democratic government: "Parliament has the control, Government has the execution. That is the essential principle of all democracy. . . . And parliamentary control must involve permanent session."

This would condemn our Congress to sit and countercheck President Wilson all through the dog days. Now the French Prime Minister's idea of what is "essential to all democracy" is that of the founders of the Third Republic. Gambetta not only adopted the formula "parliamentary omnipotence," but also, at the turning point of the young Republic, insisted violently that government of the people by the people has for its essential condition this predominance of Parliament. That is, the representatives of the people in Parliament hold proxies in blank for their constituents; and the Executive, being the result of the choice of Parliament, does not represent the people directly as the President of the United States is supposed to do.

This question of the French Parliament's powers "over" Government or of Congress over our President is not the same as that which arises from the United States, unlike France, being constituted under a "limited representative government." The American system "of the Fathers" left whole regions of human activity without state control of any kind. Besides this differing general theory of the rights of the community or state over the individual, the object-lesson of France is worth consulting.

The question of "control" is involved in the additional powers now exercised by the great parliamentary commissions and the new creation of under-secretaryships in the War Office. The latter has very commonly been considered an expedient to avoid attacks on Government itself by those who have so long held the reins of power in France and now, under pressure of war, see party grooves wearing dangerously smooth. The fact that one of the new under-secretaries has been chosen from the Republican Centre, next door to the Moderates, should dispose of rumors that Radicals and Socialists have been trying to upset the Government. The French have a proverb of their own—"Don't change your shirt in a draught of air"—which serves their common-sense as well as Abraham Lincoln's "Don't swap horses in crossing a stream."

The unanimous votes of both Chamber and Senate bear decisive witness to Parliament's deliberate confidence in the present Government and military command. However much the political underside exists, the talking about it is quite as dubious as that about secrets of diplomacy. And the exercise of parliamentary control in close commissions is far preferable to debate and open wrangling in public sessions of Parliament. Gambetta's principle was based on what he considered a self-evident fact, that only the people's voting for members of Parliament is to be recognized as "the decision of the master of us all—universal suffrage." Even so, the French people are just now in no mood to accept Parliament as a permanent Committee of Public Safety.

In Switzerland, too, these times which try men's souls have brought out low-lying differences in the understanding of the first principles of free government. In the Federal Council (reported by the *Gazette de Lausanne* of June 17) M. Hoffman, chief of the political department, thought it necessary to say:

"From the beginning of the war we have had to struggle against a false conception of neutrality, which tends to represent the state as neutral politically, but the citizen as free to express his opinions, even if they are in contradiction with such neutrality. The state is made up of the community of citizens, and the duties of the state are those of each citizen. We have therefore the right to require each one to repress his sympathies in so far as it matters to the state, for the state cannot suffer citizens to endanger its policy of neutrality."

This identification of citizens with the state, with all its dangers for the liberty of the individual, was used to defend varying measures taken by various authorities, civil and military, in restriction of liberty of speech and of the press—liberties guaranteed by the Swiss Federal Constitution.

Thus M. Fuglister, a Swiss engineer long settled in Louvain, was not allowed in Berne to give an account, even before a privately invited audience, of what he had seen during the destruction of that city. In Lausanne, numbers of the French *Illustration* were excluded from sale at the stands and shops and from the cafés, although the highly offensive German *Simplicissimus* was tolerated. A book by Walter Vogt (a son of Carl Vogt, one of the founders of biology) and the preface of another book on Belgium were placed on this Index Prohibitorius of the Government of free Switzerland. Serious newspapers like the *Journal de Genève* and the *Gazette de Lausanne* were publicly reprimanded and threatened.

This seems all the more one-sided in that most of the examples had been made in French Switzerland at the demand of the representative of Germany at Berne. It is also felt that, while the sympathies of the German-speaking cantons of Switzerland have been all along with Germany, their preponderance in both the central government and in the army seems to be exercised—in spite of a certain painful neutrality—at the expense of the French cantons. A final vote of the Federal Council showed this sharp division of race and sympathies—twenty-one German-speaking Deputies against eight of French or Italian cantons.

Now the very elementary and scant Constitution of Swiss cantons into one Federation was intended to restrict any use of central powers beyond absolute necessity. Edouard Secrétan (a Deputy and director of the *Gazette de Lausanne*) remarked at once that the "system of full powers" which, by a common vote at the beginning of the war, had been confided to the Federal Council and by this to military jurisdiction "has no constitutional basis." The Socialist Deputy Graber, of Neuchâtel, illustrated by an example: "In the Italian Parliament, M. Salandra, Prime Minister of a monarchical state, has been able to assert that measures of rigor which may be taken for Italy will still be far behind those applied since the beginning of the war in Switzerland."

M. Ador, of Geneva, protested solemnly in the name of liberty: "With profound regret I have listened to M. Hoffmann's declaration. In what he has said there is the Germanic notion of the absolute subordination of the individual to the state—a notion that will never find entrance in a Latin head. Such a theory is utterly opposed to our way of thinking."

In France, Senator Clemenceau, without interfering in Swiss constitutionality, took the concrete instances of neutrality and summed them up after his usual manner in a word: "M. Hoffmann's justice *Germanizes*."

This debate in the Federal Council and the publicity given it have produced some result. Proceedings are no longer to be taken directly on denunciation by a foreign government, but must first pass under the judgment of an organ of the Federal Council itself, which also will not leave everything to the military jurisdiction. The ways and means of not exercising freedom in governmental measures are so manifold that we must wait and see what will be the outcome. The whole thing is an instance of the recklessness with which Germany has risked her previous undisputed peaceful penetration of surrounding countries. It may be remembered that an inordinate number of professors in the Swiss universities are Germans by birth, breeding, and nationality.

It should be added, to the credit of the Federal Council, that its position has been of utmost difficulty in matters of vital concern to the Swiss people. This may help to explain its somewhat rigid interpretation of neutrality. M. Hoffmann said:

"The situation in which our country finds herself is much more serious than is generally believed. By the force of things, a deep chasm has been opened between what our situation rightfully ought to be and what it really is. In the fierce economic and commercial war which the belligerent states are waging with each other, each strives to cut off the other from traffic and communication with the rest of the world and, in particular, to make it impossible to provide through neutrals all it may need to keep up the war and assure its own living."

Notes from the Capital

THE RAPIER-LIKE MR. MACVEAGH.

The ex-Attorneys-General of the United States seem to be ranging up very definitely on the side of the Allies, notwithstanding the President's plea for the preservation of a neutral attitude by our citizens at large. Mr. Bonaparte's oratorical utterances are not more pungent than Wayne MacVeagh's published survey of the situation of the world-war. Indeed, nobody can excel MacVeagh at pungency when he has something sharp to say, and this regardless of what cause he has espoused. He was just as cutting in his retorts upon the persecutors of his saintly client, Oberlin Carter, as he is now in exposing the duplicity and general viciousness of the Kaiser's Government.

His controversial vocabulary is unmatched in America. Sometimes he draws on it for thunder, sometimes for a lightning-shaft; and, once he is resolved upon its use, it appears to make no difference whether the object of his attack is a former friend or a lifelong foe, an utter stranger or a kinsman. Simon Cameron, his father-in-law, and J. Donald Cameron, his brother-in-law, have been special targets for his missiles in reformatory campaigns, and the sincerity of the domestic feud was well attested by the spirit in which the Camerons turned upon him once and tried to defeat confirmation when he was nominated for an important office. Grant made him Minister to Turkey, but that did not prevent his working, in the Republican National Convention of 1876, for ex-Secretary Bristow, who represented everything inimical to Grant, or from publicly re-

buking Bristow, four years later, for supporting the candidacy of Arthur. Having always been accounted a Republican, in Harrison's campaign for reëlection he went over to Cleveland, and became to that extent a Democrat; yet in 1900, although a leading anti-Imperialist, he supported McKinley as a protest against Bryanism.

Among the liveliest partisan battles he has had were those with William E. Chandler and Benjamin F. Butler, in the later seventies. Notwithstanding that it was Chandler who largely planned the eleventh-hour movement which seated Hayes, and that MacVeagh headed the commission which went to launch the new President's policy in Louisiana, a violent antagonism sprang up between the two men; and when Garfield named Chandler for Solicitor-General, MacVeagh, then Attorney-General, was probably, more than any other one man, instrumental in defeating confirmation. Chandler did not forget this, and tried to reciprocate a dozen years later, when President Cleveland nominated MacVeagh for Minister to Italy; but the attempt failed.

Butler's grievance grew out of MacVeagh's work in Louisiana, where the General seemed to regard himself as possessing a monopoly of everything of interest. Their duels in print served only to illustrate the disadvantage a combatant armed with a meat-axe suffers when faced by an adversary with a rapier and long training in its use. The worst that Butler could do was to taunt the reformer MacVeagh with having married into the unreformed Cameron family. This, MacVeagh professed to fear, was such a symptom of failing powers that it "would go far to destroy that reputation for effective scurrility" which Butler had "so sedulously fostered for years." His chief purpose in continuing the controversy was, he explained to Butler, "to exhibit you as a warning to younger men, by showing them that, in spite of great ability and energy, you had become the leper of our politics, by reason of the general conviction that you habitually disregard the eighth and ninth commandments." And he added that he should not take the trouble to notice any more of Butler's attacks, "for those who know me will not believe anything you say against me, and those who know you of course will not believe anything you say against anybody."

My metaphor of the rapier was suggested by MacVeagh's personal appearance, for physically he more resembles a sword-blade than any other familiar object. Sharp-featured, keen-eyed, painfully lean of frame, you could guess, almost at a glance, the sort of phrases he would employ in a dispute. Like these expressions, he seems a marvel of condensation, for he is a small man with a commanding head, and his manner and gait mark him as a closely wrapped bundle of nerves. This does not mean that he is of so tense a temperament that he cannot let himself go on occasion. Once, when he was presiding at a charitable entertainment where "Bill" Nye spoke, he enjoyed the fun so much that he quite forgot where he was, and wriggled and rolled about in his big chair till the lecturer halted, turned towards him, and remarked in mournful tones: "While profoundly appreciating the honor done me by the distinguished gentleman in presiding here, I must say that, unless the audience pays less attention to the chairman and more to me, I shall have to retire."

Sometimes, too, he makes people hold their breath by some bit of humorous effrontery. He dislikes to pass a night away from home; and, one afternoon while he was living in Philadelphia, he had to argue a case before the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington, and discovered in the midst of his speech that he would have just time to get home if he stopped then. "May it please your Honors," said he, pausing in his argument, "I move that the court do now adjourn. I wish to catch the four o'clock train for home." Any ordinary attorney, guilty of such assurance, would have received a sharp rebuke; but this man is an exception to all rules, as was shown when the Chief Justice calmly made the order without another word.

VIEILLARD.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful

A SIGNIFICANT MODERN TREATMENT OF THE METAPHYSIC OF ÆSTHETICS.

By HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

It is some twenty-three years since Dr. Bosanquet published his valuable "History of Æsthetic," in which he gave fairly clear indications of his own views, but only to one who took the trouble to read between the lines. The student, therefore, must welcome the publication of the volume of lectures* delivered last year by the author at the University of London. The book is much more important than might be suggested by its brevity; for in it our author gives us an epitome, almost completely stripped of historical and illustrative material, of the positions he maintains, and adds certain acute and just critical estimates of the views of two significant theorists, Lipps and Croce, whose work has gained prominence in the philosophical world since his "History" appeared.

One is prepared to find the lectures, coming from such a source, frankly addressed to that small group of thinkers who are thoroughly versed in the technique of modern "idealistic" metaphysics; but the author is commendably clear in his exposition, although in his fondness for paradoxes, and in his general mode of treatment, he plainly shows the influence of Hegel, the movement of whose thought is fraught with difficulties which the average reader finds impossible to overcome. This influence is especially marked in his treatment (p. 98 ff.) of the Æsthetically Excellent, or real beauty, as inclusive of both the ugly and what we usually call the beautiful. The book is replete with examples of keen insight and appreciation of Art, especially interesting being the author's discussion of diverse grades of beauty in Lecture 3.

Dr. Bosanquet's whole mode of approach is influenced by his failure to distinguish the radical difference between the attitude of the creator of a work of beauty, and that of the uncritical or critical observer. He tells us (p. 35) that "the spectator's attitude" is "merely a faint analogue of the creative rapture of the artist"; and (p. 111) that "the whole world of beauty . . . is the individual operation of a single impulse, the same in spectator and creative artist." To this one may object that the attitude of the artist is that of the creator; he is led by impulse, and in his creative moments is careless of the "world of beauty," or of any aim other than the expression in his medium of the conception he has in mind. In this his attitude is that of the inventor, of the scientific discoverer, and he gains, as all inventors and discoverers do, the joy which creativeness always carried with it. In his creative moments, however, he is, as just noted, not appreciative of the "world of beauty" in which his work is to take its place. When he does gain this appreciation, as he must from time to time in intervals between these creative moments, he at once takes the position of the observer, and his whole attitude changes. He is not then creative, but perceptive. He is not concerned with the joy of accomplishment, but with the complex impression that yields beauty. It is without doubt true that the studious connoisseur finds in this complex impression some elements of sympathetic comprehension of the artist's attitude, some "faint analogue of" his "creative rapture"; but it is clear that "the world of beauty" of the great body of those who are thrilled by artistic products cannot be appreciably involved with this sympathy, and it is especially difficult to see how one can maintain that the beauty discovered in nature may be expressed in terms of this "creative rapture of the artist." This failure to distinguish between the attitudes of the observer and of the creative artist must be borne in mind when we consider our author's emphasis of expression; when, for instance, we read (p. 36) that the æsthetic attitude may fairly be described as "feeling expressed for expression's sake."

The term expression may have two distinct references in this connection which really involve two distinct meanings. It may refer to the object that yields the impression of beauty; which object is thus supposed to bring out, or express, some hidden significance that is not given in the mere appearance. Thus Dr. Bosanquet tells us (p. 55) that "Nature has in it a life and divinity which it is attempting to reveal." Taken thus, expression can only appeal to one who assumes the attitude of the observer. Or the term may refer to the creative effort of the artist who attempts to interpret or "express" some conception that is hidden from the insight of the spectator to whom his artistic product appeals. To have in mind the definition of the æsthetic attitude as "feeling expressed for expression's sake" (p. 37) is thus likely to lead to obscurity of thought on the part of one who fails to discriminato between these two attitudes. Dr. Bosanquet gives us an alternative definition of this æsthetic attitude, "so far as enjoyable," as "the pleasant embodiment in an appearance presented to imagination or imaginative

*Three Lectures on Æsthetic. By Bernard Bosanquet. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

perception" (p. 36). Here he evidently has in mind the attitude of the observer who finds some special meaning expressed in the observed object. But he makes it clear that he does not limit his conception to this expression in the object, as, for instance, where he tells us (p. 34) that "imaginative expression creates the feeling in creating its embodiment," in which case the expression must inhere in the creative activity of the one who produces the embodiment.

To this position he is doubtless led by his sympathy with Hegel's conception of the significance of the correlation of contradictories under higher syntheses; and although he gives us no clear view of the synthesis here supposed to be involved, he is evidently inclined to look for it in the attitude of the critic (p. 35), although not without considerable hesitancy (p. 36).

In giving a definition of the æsthetic attitude like that referred to above—"feeling expressed for expression's sake"—it is, of course, important to comprehend the meaning to be attached to "feeling." The word is used so loosely in common speech, and in every-day writing, that careful analysts nowadays hesitate to employ it at all, while Croce, the eminent Italian æsthetician, whose general views on æsthetic are allied with those of Dr. Bosanquet, and not a few other authorities have held it to be altogether unintelligible. Acknowledging this difficulty, Dr. Bosanquet therefore attempts to define the term (p. v), telling us that he means by it "the concernment of the whole 'body-and-mind'"; and adds (p. 7): "In it mind is all body, and body is all mind." Here there is surely a lamentable lack of clarity where clarity is most important.

But assuming the meaning to be grasped we cannot but ask whether "feeling expressed for expression's sake" is always æsthetic, as it must be if Dr. Bosanquet's definition is to prove satisfactory. It certainly is not always æsthetic, if æsthetic is to be identified with the appreciation of what our author calls "the world of beauty"; for, on the one hand, this formula applies, not only to the product of the great artist which arouses our enthusiasm, but also to that of the tyro who fails altogether in his effort; and, on the other hand, it does not seem possible to make it applicable to the beauty of nature without altogether changing the reference of the term expression. We are bound, therefore, to agree that our author and those who approach his mode of thought are not dealing with æsthetic as the study of what is ordinarily called the beautiful, but rather with a special concept for which no more can be asserted than that it finds its most interesting exemplification in the quality which attracts the lover of nature and of fine art, and which is known to the average man as beauty. That Dr. Bosanquet is dealing with a concept of this kind is indeed very evident to one who follows the course of thought of the modern idealists, from Baumgarten and Kant, through Schelling and Hegel and the modern descendants of these great thinkers, to our author himself. Yet this quality of beauty was surely referred to in the treatment of æsthetic by Baumgarten, who invented the term, and by Kant, who established its common use, and by Kant's immediate followers in the metaphysical field; and, in fact, we must hold it to be this quality to which Dr. Bosanquet himself refers by the term æsthetic, if we judge him by the language of the descriptive and illustrative passages of his "History" rather than by his theoretical dicta.

At all events, it is clear that it is this quality of beauty to which the average cultivated man refers when he uses the word æsthetic, and he is fully justified in asking how far the later development of metaphysic has aided the spectator in the appreciation of beauty, the critic in the guidance of his judgments as to the relative value of works of art, the artist in his effort to attain his goal. Dr. Bosanquet would probably be the first to acknowledge that this metaphysic cannot be said to aid the artist, whose work is distinctly creative; and he would consider quite natural such disdainful rejection of its tenets as we find among artists who mistakenly think this aid is offered. That it has broadened the appreciation of beauty so far as it has led to the introspective studies of men like Schiller and Goethe cannot be questioned; but it must be looked upon as having been the stimulus to introspective studies of this kind rather than as their effective basis. That it has brought into prominence certain valuable principles of criticism must also be granted; but this is because it has involved the concentration of thought upon the quality of beauty as given in experience rather than because of the appreciation of any necessary implications of the tenets presented for consideration.

The student of æsthetics thus finds his thought turned from metaphysic to the psychological study of the experience involved in the appreciation of beauty, feeling sure that here alone he may hope to gain the fundamental grounds for a just appreciation of beauty in all its fulness, a well-balanced critical judgment, and a helpful view of the relation of the artist to his work. He acknowledges that he owes a great debt to the metaphysical studies of Plato and Aristotle, and even to Plotinus, and perhaps as great a debt to those of the modern idealistic philosophers and to the talented writers influenced by them, for they have given him data which are of inestimable value in his work of investigation. But he is convinced also that the metaphysical problems raised by this study can never be solved until the philosopher bases his thought upon firm psychological grounds. This position was fully recognized by Aristotle, although psychology, being in his day still in its infancy, could give him relatively little aid. It has been almost entirely overlooked by the modern metaphysician to whom modern psychology should have been an open book. It must be recognized, and taken account of, by the philosopher of our day if the metaphysic of the beautiful is to be developed coördinately with the metaphysic of the good and of the true.

Recent Volumes of Verse

Collected Plays and Poems. By Gale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 2 vols. $3 net.

Collected Poems. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The Flower of Peace: A Collection of the Devotional Poetry of Katharine Tynan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Silk-Hat Soldier. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Co. 50 cents net.

The Winnowing Fan. By Laurence Binyon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cents net.

I have not read all the lyrics that occupy more than 600 of the 1,283 pages in the present substantial and handsome edition of Mr. Rice's collected plays and poems. The excuse furnished by their bulk may be supplemented by the observation that they exhibit in a remarkable degree similarity in kind and equality in merit. Mr. Rice is versifier rather than melodist, and even his verse has its unmistakable opacities. The movement, however, is good, and the ricochet of certain rhymes at places remote from the primary point of incidence gives surprise and pleasure to the ear. For the rest, the charm of these poems resides in an alertness, an aplomb, the buoyancy and confident "So-ho" of the post-horn in setting forth, which hides for the moment the comparative fruitlessness of the journey.

What the lyrics fundamentally and fatally lack is real experience beneath and behind them, and the excursions into Europe and Asia which they copiously reflect may be viewed as rather the confession than the confutation of this lack. Greece, Japan, India, China, the South Seas, have flicked the author's spirit airily, leaving no enduring or memorable mark. Not that Mr. Rice is consciously or willingly superficial; on the contrary, his evident purpose to plumb the deeps, to rifle or ransack experience, is one obstacle, I should say, to his success. The following is a highly favorable specimen of his power:

> Day for the mind,
> But night for the soul.
> Sun for delight,
> But moon to console.
> Song for the glad,
> But silence for rest.
> God for the world—
> But you for my breast!

Mr. Rice's one-act plays, "A Night in Avignon," "Giorgione," "The Immortal Lure," "O-Ume's Gods," and "Arduin," are brief and sudden inroads into those rich old-time civilizations—the Renaissance and modern India, for instance—in which decay redoubles vitality. Like the lyrics, they are less remarkable for the booty they bear off than for the swiftness and impetuosity of the foray.

In "Charles Di Tocca," a picture of the Renaissance, the situation is, so to speak, a "carbon copy" of the embroilment more

trenchantly presented in Schiller's "Don Carlos," in Byron's "Parisina," and in D'Annunzio's "Daughter of Jorio"—the rivalry of father and son for the same woman. The girl is neither wife nor mistress to either suitor, and the situation, after long delays, acquires tension by losing probability when the father orders the execution of the son for offences that are merely psychological. A real, and somewhat notable, efflorescence of phrasal force and beauty in this play cannot offset the failure to impart anything like life or interest to the forcible-feeble protagonist, Charles Di Tocca.

The Renaissance overtakes Mr. Rice even when he retreats from its fumes into Palestine and the pre-Christian centuries. In "David," its chief embodiments are two daughters of Saul, one diabolical, one virtuous after her fashion, but both amorous of David and both equally destitute of intelligence and charm. Neither David, in whom, if legend be true, the youth of the world found an immortal embodiment, nor Saul, in whose obscure and morbid psychology its old age seems so strikingly foreshadowed, discloses any sympathetic or salient quality in the perfunctory handling of Mr. Rice.

In "Yolanda of Cyprus," a play assigned to the sixteenth century and dedicated to Ida M. Tarbell, the old but still fertile situation of the innocent young girl who shoulders the guilt of the compromised wife is revived with moderate effect in act i. There follow two lingering and harassing acts, in which the mainsprings are hairsprings, dynamically adequate perhaps, but elusive of the eye; and in act iv the "sceptred pall" of tragedy is not unpicturesquely draped round a catafalque of spectacular solemnity.

In all these plays Mr. Rice had done little more than fail handsomely—fail, that is, in the gallant and adventurous fashion which is sometimes the prognostic of success. In "Porzia" (Naples, about 1570) that prognostic is all but verified. The excellent main situation is not the less penetrating and, very possibly, not the less spontaneous for reproducing in essentials one of the most moving inventions of the post-Elizabethan theatre—the plot of Otway's "Orphan." The thunderbolt of act i has an intensified repercussion in act ii, and the afterclap in the conclusion is of reduced but still satisfying vividness. An ingenuous, almost Saxon, tenderness qualifies the poignancy of the Neapolitan theme, and the tragic atmosphere is touched with a blitheness which, like the azure of the sky of Naples, envelops the very lips of the crater.

Viewing Mr. Rice's plays as a whole, I should say his prime virtue is fecundity or affluence, the power to conceive and combine events resourcefully, and an abundance of pointed phrases which recalls and half restores the tradition of the great Elizabethans. His aptitude for structure is great, too great, indeed, for the chastened contours of poetic drama; he tends to structural ingenuities and virtuosities, which make the third act of "Charles Di Tocca" exotic and the corresponding act in "David" even puerile. His blank verse seems tentative and inchoate; crude indeed, but livingly crude, showing both the rudeness and the tingle that accompany experiment. There is as yet no real success in characterization; "Porzia" succeeds not by increasing the supply of that desideratum, but by silencing the demand. But for "Porzia," indeed, I should have said that Mr. Rice's work exhibits only a blithe play of sprightly talents, over a surface whose gleam covers neither reality nor depth. But I cannot and will not say this after "Porzia." It remains for Mr. Rice to show whether that play is to be classed with fortunate exceptions or with happy auguries.

The mysticism expressed or exhaled in the poems of A. E. is ultra-Christian; it has no part either in the joyous vigil of Bethlehem or in the heart-breaking one of Calvary. Celtic by origin, Oriental by culture, A. E. is the meeting-place of two ancient and divided traditions, and Brahma and the Irish Dana, with their co-responsive vowels, "answer each other in the mist" like the bells of a younger tradition. That embrace of God and man which is the passionate core of Christian mysticism from Thomas à Kempis to Alice Meynell is hardly perceptible in A. E.; it is distance, not intimacy, that impresses his spirit. His God is the Ancient of Days or the Mighty Mother; transmigration appeals to him less for its expiatory or disciplinary virtues than for the temporal immensities to which it is the key; he makes even the lips of his beloved the starting-point for a plunge into infinity.

This poetry is naturally "caviare to the general." Mysticism has a primordial right to be vague; its success as literature depends largely on the possession of fervor enough to counterpoise its vagueness. But A. E. can scarcely solve the complaining school janitor's problem of "warming all outdoors." I have a sense, moreover, in these lyrics of a vast, muffled, loose envelopment, as if even the effect of space itself were blurred by a yeastiness in the atmosphere. A. E. has an intense predilection for twilight; he loves dusky splendors and iridescent glooms. In its brilliancy, its unexpectedness, and the absence of any incisive or demonstrable likeness in the comparisons, his imagery is markedly Oriental.

In spite of all these encumbrances, to which a total defect of contour and a measure of Celtic waywardness and inconsequence must be superadded, the presence of true inspiration and of haunting beauty in these poems is incontestable. Dim and unrelated, homeless and orphaned, as it were, at the outset, they draw nearer both to reality and to excellence as the volume proceeds; the human element which had pined among the infinities, like a child hushed on the knees of a venerable graybeard, asserts its vitalizing presence towards the end. The beauty when it appears takes, as I have hinted, the form of a dim richness, a sumptuous gloom, an august mystery. I cite the poem called "Blindness":

Our true hearts are forever lonely:
A wistfulness is in our thought:
Our lights are like the dawns which only
Seem bright to us and yet are not.

Something you see in me I wis not:
Another heart in you, I guess:
A stranger's lips—but thine I kiss not,
Erring in all my tenderness.

I sometimes think a mighty lover
Takes every burning kiss we give:
His lights are those which round us hover:
For him alone our lives we live.

Ah, sigh for us whose hearts unseeing
Point all these passionate love in vain,
And, blinded in the joy of being,
Meet only when pain touches pain.

A single line of "The Flower of Peace," "'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries," typifies the infolded tenderness, the cradled innocence, the poetic and perfumed languor, of Miss Tynan's devotional verse. I quote one delightful but not markedly characteristic stanza:

O praise Him, all ye orchards now,
And all ye gardens deep in green,
Ripe apples on the yellowing bough,
And golden plum and nectarine,
And peaches ruddier than the rose,
And pears against the southern wall;
But most the little wind that blows,
The blessed wind at evenfall.

"The Silk-Hat Soldier," which dedicates its contents to the Belgian King and its profits to the succor of his people, discloses the skilful, if slightly tired, hand of the accomplished craftsman, and a patriotism in which English vigor is allied with Gallic sensibility. The best poem is "Christmas in War-Time (Boer War)":

Be happy softly, children, for a woe
Is on us, a great woe for little fame—
Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year,
Its berries are too red.

I could wish that Mr. Le Gallienne had chosen for the refrain of his title-poem a line less obscurely musical or less obviously unmusical than "For he loves England well enough for England to die." The music of refrains should not be coy, but bountiful.

Mr. Binyon's war-time verses are of manly and generous fibre; and if they endear the man more than they exalt the artist, this does not mean that the art is undiscoverable or is unworthy of its high companionships. There are phrases of the moving directness, the plain energy, of Scott or Wordsworth, poets with whom, in an hour less intensely English, Mr. Binyon would hardly expect—would perhaps hardly welcome—affiliation. I quote two or three examples:

We give, we dare, and we believe

O wronged, untamable, unshaken
Soul of divinely suffering man.

But there are heavens serene
That answer strength with strength; they stand secure;
They arm us from within, and we endure.

O. W. Firkins.

Book Notes and Byways

THE JEFFERSON-LEMEN COMPACT.

By HORACE WHITE.

Among the transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society of the year 1908 was a narrative of a movement initiated by Thomas Jefferson in 1784 to prevent the introduction of slavery in the Northwestern Territory. The narrative was presented in a paper read by Mr. Joseph B. Lemen, of O'Fallon, St. Clair County, Ill., and was included in the published volume of that year. Jefferson had failed by one vote in the Congress of 1784 to pass an ordinance excluding slavery from all of the unoccupied territory of the United States, both north and south of the Ohio River. He was bitterly disappointed by this failure, and he turned his thoughts to other means for accomplishing his purpose in the Northwestern country. To this end he induced a young friend, Mr. James Lemen, a Revolutionary soldier, residing near Harper's Ferry, to migrate with his family to the Illinois country and make it his principal business to prevent the introduction of slavery there. This was described by Mr. Joseph B. Lemen, a grandson of James Lemen, as "a secret anti-slavery pact or agreement" concluded at Annapolis, Md., on May 2, 1784. Jefferson offered to pay the expenses of the journey, but Lemen declined to accept anything for himself. He did subsequently accept $100 from Jefferson's agent to be used for charitable objects in his own discretion in the new country. Jefferson soon afterwards sailed as envoy to France and was absent in 1787, when the ordinance reported by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, which prohibited slavery in the new territory north and west of the Ohio River, was enacted. In 1786 Mr. Lemen navigated his own flat boat down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi to St. Clair (now Monroe) County, Illinois, with wife, children, and goods.

It was stated in Mr. Joseph B. Lemen's paper that when William H. Harrison, the Governor of Indiana Territory, forwarded petitions to Congress requesting that the anti-slavery clause of the ordinance of 1787 be temporarily suspended, Jefferson wrote to Lemen urging him to get petitions signed in opposition to those of Harrison and to send them to Congress, which Lemen did.

The attempts of Harrison and his legislative council to get the ordinance suspended were very persistent, being renewed at each Congress from 1802 to 1807. Jefferson himself was President at that critical period, and he managed, without showing his hand, to defeat the aims of the petitioners. On the last occasion opposing petitions were sent in from inhabitants of the territory, and these led a committee of Congress to report emphatically against the Harrison scheme, which was never heard from again. Probably these petitions were the work of James Lemen under the prompting of Jefferson.

After the publication of Joseph Lemen's paper in 1908 a question was raised as to its authenticity, since it was not supported by any original documents, although the author said that there were such documents still in existence. Another element of doubt was found in the fact that Mr. James Lemen had signed one of the Harrison petitions for the temporary suspension of the anti-slavery clause of the ordinance of 1787.

Mr. MacNaul's paper,* the subject of this notice, was read before the Chicago Historical Society on February 16, 1915. The author takes up the subject not as a party to a controversy, but as a collector of materials for a history of the Baptist Church in Illinois. Mr. James Lemen had been reared as a Presbyterian, but later he connected himself with the Baptist denomination and eventually became a licensed preacher and a great light of that faith. An entry in his diary, dated New Design, Ill., February 26, 1794, says:

"My wife and I were baptized with several others to-day in Fountain Creek by Rev. Josiah Dodge. The ice had to be cut and removed first."

Mr. MacNaul's collection embraces extracts from the diary of the Rev. James Lemen, sr., running from Yorktown, Va., September 26, 1781, to New Design, Ill., January 4, 1821, from copies certified by his son, the Rev. James Lemen, jr. Also a history of the confidential relations existing between Thomas Jefferson and James Lemen, sr., written in 1851 by the Rev. John M. Peck, the leading Baptist minister in Illinois, during the attempt to make it a slave-holding State in 1824. The Rev. Mr. Peck was one of the great lights of the anti-slavery cause in that struggle. His testimony few persons will question who know the history of that time. Concerning the secrecy of the Jefferson-Lemen compact, Mr. Peck says:

"The original agreement between Jefferson and Mr. Lemen was strictly confidential on the part of Jefferson, because, had it been known, his opponents would have said he sent paid emissaries to Illinois and Indiana to shape matters to his own interests, and the extreme South might have opposed his future preferment if it were known that he had made an anti-slavery pact with his territorial agents, and it was secret on the part of Mr. Lemen, because he never wished Jefferson to give him any help, and his singularly independent nature made him feel that he would enjoy a greater liberty of action, or feeling, at least, if it were never known that his plans and purposes to some extent were dictated and controlled by another, not even by his great and good friend Jefferson; so the agreement between them was strictly private."

The remainder of the brochure consists of letters from Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, and other public men, showing that they believed in the "Jefferson-Lemen anti-slavery pact" as an undoubted fact. The letters of Lincoln and Douglas both bear the date of March, 1857. They are not in the collected writings of Lincoln or in any biography of Douglas, but they were printed in the Belleville (Ill.) *Advocate* in April, 1908.

Perusal of the testimony brought together by Mr. MacNaul leaves no room to doubt that the paper of Mr. Joseph B. Lemen published in 1908 is authentic history. The signature of Mr. Lemen, sr., to one of the Harrison petitions for a temporary suspension of the ordinance of 1787 is not explained, but is nothing remarkable. There were many men working sincerely against slavery in those days who were themselves slave-holders.

**The Relations of Thomas Jefferson and James Lemen in the Exclusion of Slavery from Illinois and the Northwest Territory, with Related Documents, 1781-1818.* By Willard C. MacNaul. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1915.

Correspondence.

A PERSIAN PROHIBITIONIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reading, the other day, those delightful letters of the Italian Della Valle, I was interested to find that Russia is not the only country which has gone dry by royal decree. As far back as 1620, a prince greater than Nicholas the Second, by a stroke of his pen, prohibited the drinking of wine throughout his kingdom. The prince was Shah Abbas the Great, of Persia, and Della Valle, who was in Ispahan at the time, describes in detail the working of the decree.

No one knew the exact reason for the prohibition. The Shah had recently been ill, and it may be that indulgence in wine had aggravated his malady; or perhaps, during his sickness, the notorious drunkenness of his subjects had weighed upon his conscience. Della Valle believed, however, that military necessity was the deciding cause—a curious parallel to the situation in Russia three hundred years later. Shah Abbas was obliged to maintain a very large army for his continual wars against Turks and Tartars; but prohibition was not with him, as with Czar Nicholas, a question of military efficiency. It was rather a method of economy: by forbidding wine to his soldiers, he was able to cut off from their pay the amount (by no means inconsiderable) which they had formerly spent on drink!

The Shiite Mohammedans of Persia have never included abstinence from wine as one of the tenets of their creed. Their poets have sung the joys of wine with only less fervor than the joys of love. When, therefore, the cup was forbidden to all Mohammedans in Persia (the edict did not apply to Christians), the people felt the new law very keenly. The decree was strictly obeyed, says Della Valle; and by way of explanation of the readiness of the Persians to abide by it, he adds that drinkers were punished by having molten lead poured down their throats, and that wine-sellers were disembowelled.

Above all, the courtesans of Ispahan were affected by the edict. They made every effort to bring about its repeal, and collected a large sum of money wherewith to bribe two of the Shah's favorites to use their influence with him. For, said they, since wine had been forbidden, they had no following and were dying of hunger: *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.*

The Mohammedans felt it especially hard that they should be forbidden the wine which their Christian neighbors continued to enjoy. And we may believe that these latter—Georgians and Armenians to whom privileges of any kind were seldom accorded—did not hesitate to display their rare advantage. "How I have laughed," says Della Valle, "to see with what passion, with what gesticulations, these poor Mohammedans stand about, watching the Christians who drink in public; with what sighs, with what words of envy they bewail themselves! . . . And I have laughed more at certain persons who now call on me much more frequently than formerly, to enjoy the privilege of my house; where, as a guest of the King, I may not only drink freely myself, but may serve wine to the Mohammedans who come to visit me; provided that it be done with discretion and that my guests do not allow themselves to be seen drunk on the street. Thus it often happens that, in the

case of certain persons of consequence, I am obliged, after having regaled them with long *symposia*, to give them a place to sleep to digest their wine, that they may free themselves from the madness of Bacchus before they issue into the square in the sight of men."

Alas for the efforts of the royal prohibitionist! His subjects failed to profit by his paternal regulations for their welfare. Forbidden the joys of wine, they sought consolation in opium. So rapidly did this drug grow in popularity, especially in the army, that the Shah was forced to recognize it as a more serious enemy than the liquor which he had banned. Within eight months of the promulgation of his first decree, he published another, this one a prohibition of opium. And since it was pointed out to him by his advisers (the same favorites, perhaps, who had received money from the daughters of joy!) that men accustomed to opium would not be able to tear themselves suddenly from all stimulants, he gave universal permission that his people might drink wine as before. "In short," concludes Della Valle, "Bacchus will reign in Persia more than ever; not the king himself, with all his power, and with all the diligence he has shown, has been able to expel [the god]."

It is a judgment which any visitor to Persia will confirm. In that country of poverty and pestilence, of burning sun and biting cold, the grape and poppy alike bring forgetfulness of present misery; and Shah Abbas, were he to reign again, would hesitate which first to place under his ban.

Will Czar Nicholas succeed where Shah Abbas failed? It is difficult to believe that the habits of a whole nation can be reformed in the twinkling of an eye. But—*qui vivra verra!*

C. C. Edwards.

Douglaston, L. I., July 10.

A JAPANESE SCHOLAR ON WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After I had stayed for some little while in Paris, where the life (what an elderly, urbane French life!) well conserves itself and laughs at itself, and its unnaturalness, when it is unnatural, is that of a civilization turning through fatigue or whim into ornament or criticism, I soon found myself in Germany, the land of one Kaiser or a hundred kaisers. There Nietzsche, whether he be a philosophical "blond beast" or a scholarly Europeanized *Samurai*, with his iron teaching, exclaimed, "Lo, I teach you the Superman!" When the train crossed the German frontier, the view of nature, with the trees intense in color, with such large open fields of corn or wheat, reminded me at once of the Western country of America, not from the point of magnanimous wealth, but from its extravagance. I duly arrived in Berlin, and exclaimed: "This is a Chicago, the town of madness and wild appetite of life. Oh this is the European Chicago." I confess that she impressed and even startled me, but never attracted me; again, like that American city, common and businesslike, in sack-coat, with the inartistic regularity of her buildings and the equally inartistic statues of soldierly rigidity at nook or corner, even the pictures of Böcklin, I declared, looked to be spinning the dark, weird refrain of Poe's Nevermore. The Germans are, in more than one aspect, the Americans in Europe, in their abnormal activity under the artificial glare of a strongly emphatic light invented by their egotism. I felt that it would be difficult, even impossible, to find here the spirit of sympathy without whose endorsement physical phenomena, however great and enormous, could never become a living force to enrich and strengthen my own soul. I thought that I had nothing to do with Germany or the Germans or German civilization. Individually in the Germans I felt their incommunicable crudeness and uncouth self-expression. And, as in the individual, the German civilization is a civilization without gentlemanly culture, whose eye is set on life's strife and contest; it has no personality.

It is from this reason, more than from any other reason, that the German civilization fundamentally lacks in reflective elements. By saying that it is a civilization without sympathy, I mean that it is a bewildering problem, because it can never harmonize, by the communication of soul, with the other civilizations of the world. Indeed, to have one civilization, if it were really good and true, should mean to possess all the other civilizations; but the German civilization, from lack of reflection, thinks of itself too proudly, and shuts itself into its own egotistic castle. As a result of its defying the other civilizations, it has to fall back on itself for its maintenance; then from the passion of impatience or madness it may tear itself to pieces. And this is exactly the case with present Germany. It would not be surprising if the present war should be done with the tearing of the so-called German civilization to shreds. It seemed that there was nothing more necessary for Germany than the very lesson of spiritual perspective or inner reflection, because she has been for some time on the terrible verge of being threatened by the greatness of physical dissatisfaction, and in danger of acting foolhardily in spite of herself, just as a savage boy challenges the other boys to fight for no other reason than his having too much vigor. And Eucken failed to save the country from the danger with his philosophy of spiritual life. When he prostitutes his philosophy (what a pity!) in the defence of his country's war and civilization, it proves, alas! that his philosophy was not founded on irresistible faith. It is the saddest sight to see a scholar finally deny his own philosophy and rub it out.

Some time ago I read somewhere, in a Japanese translation, an open letter, signed by many German professors, with their usual false argument of the matter, which was more stupid than anything else. The letter said in part that they were sure in their belief that the American people would intelligently understand Goethe and Kant and regard them as the foundation of the highest civilization in the world. There may possibly have been a time even in Germany when she made much of the artistic civilization, perhaps with Goethe and Kant as its foundation, as the many learned professors wished the Americans to believe, or of the ethical civilization builded on the overflowing, rhythmic love of community and friendship; but it was the time of many years ago, when the German mind was not spurred by the modern understanding of civilization in which the creative instincts are everything. The modern German ideal of civilization is creation itself, in all the phases of life and the world in their best development; and such a civilization was supposed to be only created by the Superman, to use Nietzsche's words, "who longs to feel in his own soul the whole range of values and aims that have prevailed on this earth till this day, and to sail around all the coasts of this ideal 'Mediterranean Sea'; who, from the adventures of his own innermost experience, would fain know how it feels to be a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal." And Nietzsche says: "Such a man requires one thing above all for his purpose, and that is great healthiness—such healthiness as he not only possesses, but also constantly acquires, and must acquire, because he is continually sacrificing it again, and is compelled to sacrifice it!" The present Germans, with that great healthiness of Nietzsche—indeed, the dangerously healthy healthiness—with such eagerness, frantic in their curiosity and lust of possession, could not content themselves to stay in their own places; and from the pitiful lack of reflective deliberation or sudden falling into mental disease, they rose up from their horizon with swords and cried for the exuberant and most tragic ghost of Superman. It is, of course, natural and just that Germany shall lose her war. As the reward of her lost game, she will receive a lesson of civilization with a personality and a morality.

I have often heard the Englishmen singing Henley's lines:

> Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.
>
> It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul.

The civilization of the English people (the English people with the solidity of Henley's verse) is not accidental. Its development deliberately follows, step after step, the movement of true freedom, born in the very bosom of conservatism. It is free; therefore it is clean, like a pure water cleaning our hearts. It is ethical; therefore it is kind, like an earth gladdening our minds. The most prominent quality of the English civilization is sympathy, wisely regulated by their own sense of practicability; the real consciousness in the English mind rarely lets them miss their perspectives, spiritual or otherwise. As they always search for unity or harmony with the outside heterogeneous complexity by their inner wisdom, they are blessed by repose or peace. The English people do not hurry, nor do they stop. They are like a slow but hastening stream in the quest of eternity. I heard so often the word "character-building" while I was in England, and I was highly pleased to know that even the squalid, shamefaced gutter-snipes of East London would never violate the unwritten law of "fair-play." Indeed, in England everybody is endowed with a possibility of becoming a gentleman. The great strength of the English civilization is in its power of organization for the perfection of a social life in which people, from their confidence of being men-in-the-kingdom, and not merely men, keep a clear vision of life's fulfilment. As some German philosopher declared, the English civilization is nothing but a practical civilization. Emerson remarked, speaking of the English people: "Their practical vision is spacious, and they can hold many threads without entangling them. All the steps they orderly take, but with the high logic of never

confounding the minor and major proposition; keeping their eye on their aim, in all the complexity and delay incident to the several series of means they employ. There is room in their minds for this and that—a science of degrees." This ability for practicableness, or, to use a common phrase, the well-disciplined common-sense, has a weakness in dulling and discouraging individualism or individual self-expression. A sad monotony or colorless harmony will soon control the English mental horizon.

If the present war can be called the war of England and Germany, it can be called with justification the war between morality and energy, or the war between common-sense and dream. If England needs some force to deliver her from life's stagnancy, or to rejuvenate her, she is, I believe, not fighting with Germany fruitlessly. Whether she wins or loses, it is sure that she is learning a great lesson of the importance of creative instinct in life and country. And it is not too much to say that the present European war is more than a question of one country's fall or another country's rise.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Keio University, Tokio, June 10.

THE LATE A. G. SEDGWICK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An outline of the facts of Arthur Sedgwick's life gives but an imperfect idea of an exceptional personality which his many friends will remember as long as they remember anything, and the vivid memory of which arouses a wish to make the record a little less incomplete. But, though a fuller portrait of him would be of unquestioned interest to those who never knew him at all, it would be difficult to make effective because of the delicacy at once and the simplicity of its traits. It would call for a hand like his own, so capable of firm and straightforward, and yet reserved and decorous, delineation. One may, however, be pardoned for yielding to the impulse to set down more or less at haphazard a few of those impressions of his life and character which his sudden death brings into greater definition, though even it can hardly have deepened them.

The first of these is perhaps that of his loyalty in the friendships he formed. So aristocratic a spirit would naturally not form such relationships loosely, but he was exclusive mainly in the presence of the commonplace, and some kind of distinction in mind or nature or breeding was a prerequisite to the awakening of an interest which, nevertheless, within the suggested limitation, was conspicuously tolerant, and his friends were of as many kinds as the marked individualities they were apt to possess naturally implied. Yet it was always *you* and not your capacities or acquisitions or achievements that interested him. An intimacy, once formed, he always treated as a positive source of enjoyment, and he cultivated it in this sense. It is quite impossible to associate the idea of sentimentality with him. Effusion was a stranger to his native reserve, and his expressions of all kinds were eminently self-contained. But his friends learned that in trouble of any sort, from ordinary difficulties, from the depreciation of others, for example, to such sorrows as those of bitter bereavement, his effort to render help was instinctive, sustained, and successful. He was himself a veteran in such experiences with which the warfare of human life is so thickly strewn, and mere contact with his fortitude was, automatically, consolation.

All of which implies that his social side was uppermost. No one was ever more companionable, because precisely of this fundamental friendly quality so thoroughly *felt* as to be independent of specific expression, and constituting thus the ideal basis for the interchange of real views, sentiments, and ideas on all sorts of subjects, without danger of misconception. Conversation on these terms he especially delighted in, probably stimulated by the consciousness, which he must have had, that he gave at least as much as he got out of it. It needed no excuse of occasion, no buttress of incident or other topic; only, the moment it ceased to be sincere and serious, in an intellectual sense, he lost interest in it, and his contribution promptly ceased. Naturally, thus, he was not one who "shone" in those excesses of what is called general conversation that really resolve a company into an orator and auditors. His antipathy to the commonplace made him a little restless, perhaps, with all varieties of bores. And in this category, also, the facetious man—a type that has become extremely prevalent with us of late years, doubtless through a distorted view of what constitutes humor—eminently belonged. Facetiousness had to have an edge on it, a joke had to be a good joke, a story have a real point, to pass muster with him. The flat was, in his eyes, not so much an aggravation of the low as a variety of it. His own wit was conspicuous, and was conspicuously wit, rather than humor. Partly this was because of a constitutional indisposition to effusion, to expansiveness, and partly because, as a corollary of this, he was impatient of surplusage. Embroidery left him rather cold; since it contributed to neither clearness nor energy, its essential inappositeness was what struck him most.

For artistic expression of all kinds he cared less than for the truth of statements and their value, though he had the cultivated man's appreciation of the imaginative field, and his acute sense and judicial soundness were reliable guides here, as elsewhere, and promptly detected the meretricious on the one hand, and appreciated the excellent on the other. He was a lawyer—congenitally, one may say; and where it was applicable he took the lawyer's point of view. Of course, he was all his life a writer, too, but his legal training and proclivities were apparent in his handling of whatever subject he treated. He was a great reader, and his talk about letters was personal and penetrating. The classics of his own tongue were familiar friends to him, and what he read of the current product was its substantial part. His taste was sure, and based on the standards, but it was catholic and uninterested in heated and superfine discriminations. In fiction, for example, he admired both Poe and Trollope—especially Trollope—and did not admire Bourget. He would have smiled at the notion of "outgrowing" Macaulay or Tennyson. His own style—and it was very much his own—was the exact envelope of his way of thinking. It sought no external graces and eschewed the figures of speech, though it had great personal savor and a truly idiosyncratic energy, combined with economy. The last sentence of his recent contribution to the *Nation's* jubilee number, referring to the criticisms of Mr. Godkin by his opponents, "The Athenians had not been told that Socrates was more wicked," is a characteristic example, and, as style, perfect. It was the acme of well-bred simplicity, argumentative cogency, and as clear as a bell, because he simply never experienced mental confusion. If he reached that point, he stopped thinking and resorted to more knowledge.

Knowledge, in fact, was an element he was inveterately prone to insist on in every expression of mental activity. He deprecated, for example, the discussion by American lawyers of the virtues of the "code" system on the ground that nobody here knew anything about them. And he was much struck at one time by the discovery that the South generally at the time of the war was always talking about the view of the makers of the Constitution, and yet had never read the *Federalist*. He was one of our few journalistic writers entitled to be called publicists. His book, "The Democratic Mistake," is the work of an accomplished publicist. Public questions of a fundamental and legal character, notably those relating to government, interested him greatly, but less in a speculative than in an analytic way. Good government for him was what secured justice through order. Beyond that he was too much of a skeptic to be a partisan. Good citizenship was, however, as definite an ideal with him and as rigorously and self-sacrificingly followed as his social ideals, which were eminently those of the "gentleman," accented now and then with a slight edge of punctilio. Altogether, one always noted, a mind and nature impatient of the superficial and the crude, distrustful of ill-regulated enthusiasms, living habitually on a high plane, rather pointedly neglectful of those who did not, and a convinced devotee of simplification in both thought and life. If a thing couldn't be simplified, he became incurious about it, and distrustful of the quality of its attractions for others. With al a great admirer of Kant, and sufficiently schooled in philosophy, as well as in all fields of general culture, and an accomplished linguist, but temperamentally an Aristotelian, not a Platonist, and morally a stoic *pur sang*. The inner spirit, that fused these traits and talents into a particularly idiosyncratic individuality, it is impossible to characterize. The charm this had for his friends is, however, faintly, at least, suggested by his whimsical and smiling query to one of them during a hopeful interval of what may truly be called his final illness: "You are not going to be offended because I am going to get well?" Evidently, Emerson's remark about "the neighbors" in such circumstances was in his mind.

W. C. B.

New York, July 18.

THE HARVARD ENGLISH PLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 1 (p. 14) J. M. H. comments on your editorial on the Harvard English plan, printed in your issue of Apr 22 (p. 431). As a teacher of English in a technical institution, I find the views of J. M. H. interesting, but not altogether convincing.

The solution of the English problem is one in which all teachers of English are, of course, deeply concerned; and it is an auspicious sign of the times that faculties of other departments are becoming interested, and are joining with us in the task of teaching students to write clearly and idiomatically. It is this fact, no doubt, that has helped bring about the

adoption of the new plan at Harvard, and the same plan, or a modification of it, at other institutions.

I am not so sanguine as to believe that the system will make a finished writer of every student, but I do think that a plan of this kind will go far towards bettering a condition among our students that is little short of disgraceful—a condition that was characteristically shown by a freshman at the close of his last English class of the year: "Now," he said, as he flung his notebook into the hedge, "I've got a pass in that stuff; I can write for the rest of my life as I please!"

And so he could. Probably he did go—like thousands of other students—from that day on through his college course, disregarding every principle of good writing, turning in papers and reports that were "technical mush." But suppose that, on the day that he finished his freshman theme course, he had known that at any time in the next three years any instructor in any subject might call him to account for his poor work in English and refer him to the English department for review and drill in his weak points, would he have cast his books away with his flippant remark? When a student knows that at any time he may be sent back to repeat his freshman English, or any part of it, he will exert himself to get the principles of writing and constantly to apply them.

I quite agree with J. M. H. when he says that "good writing is the business of every teacher"; but I do not think that it should be left to each department to "sweep its own doorstep." Teaching his own subject is a serious business for an instructor, and his time is quite taken up with it. Often, too, he is not qualified to show students how to correct their poor English. It is no reflection upon the teacher of technical subjects, or even upon the teacher of such a subject as history, to say that, although he is able to see the faults in the English of a student, he is not always able to show him how to correct them. As the teachers of English are, let us hope, specialists in their subject, it is only logical and right that other departments send their students to the English department for their English training.

Finally, as to the injustice to the English faculty. We all know that the English teacher has enough to do, is indeed overworked; but that fact scarcely justifies us in throwing off some of our work upon other departments. If the new system increases our burden, all we can do is to accept it, feeling that compensation for our additional labor lies in more efficient instruction. HARRY F. FORE.

Lafayette, Ind., July 8.

A FLESHLY POET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: May I request, through your columns, some information as to the authorship, circumstances, etc., of a curious book that I bought some twenty years ago in a second-hand book-shop? I paid little attention to it at the time, but have been recently reading it with interest and amusement. Inquiry of the English department at Harvard failed to elicit any information. The title is "The Obliviad—A Satire—With Notes—together with—Additional Notes, Preface—and—Supplement—by—The American Editor—and—The Perpetual Commentary—of the Athenæum," followed by a Greek quotation: "Λήθη κατενεμήθησαν—Diom. Schol. apud. Bent, and Iliad XVI, v. 406," and one in Latin, "Plin. Hist., Lib. XIV Proem. New York: James Miller, 779 Broadway; London: B. Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly; MDCCCLXXIX." On reverse: "Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1879, by Dr. William Leech, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C."

A brief dedication to Dion Boucicault is followed by a list of names of persons celebrated in the poem. Among these names (occupying five pages) I may note Barnum, Accius Labeo, Guido Colonna, Mark Twain, Lais the Courtezan, Swinburne, et al. Then follows a list of works quoted (in seventeen pages). May be mentioned: Aluredi Beverlacensis Annal. sive Historiae de Gestis Regum Britanniae. Plays of Mrs. Aphra Behn. Blue Laws of Connecticut. Bosio, Roma Sotterranea—Roma, 1632. Chanoine Bossu, Traité du Poëme Epique—Paris, 1718. Trial of Rev. Ward Beecher, D. Crantz. History of Greenland, two volumes, London, 1767, etc., etc. Then follows a Catalogus Vitandorum, which is so rich that I must quote it in full:

Dixon, W. Hepworth. Spiritual Wives.
Dove of St. Mark, by Joaquin Miller.
Fanny Hill or Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure. John Cleveland. London, 1750.
Harlot, History of, with the names of the principal Pimps and Puffers in her pay. London, 1868.
Laus Veneris and Other Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London, 1866.
Petronius. Lusus Diversorum Poetarum in Priapum. Leipsiae, 1711.

The poem itself and the commentary show a really enormous amount of perverse learning. CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Tufts College, Mass., June 30.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Apropos of your very interesting article on the Hon. John W. Foster, in the *Nation* for June 17, in which you say he attended Wabash College, allow me to say that Indiana University gladly yields to Wabash College her vice-presidents, but must lay claim to John W. Foster, who graduated there in the class of 1855, and has proved yearly, by word and gift, his great loyalty as an alumnus. KATE MILNER ROBB.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 24.

GEORGE MUNRO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: I do not write to congratulate you on the fulness and beauty of your semi-centennial number, nor to tell you that ever since my college days in the sixties the *Nation* has been to me and many fellow-students our guide, philosopher, and friend, for whose opinion we always looked before making up our minds. My purpose is the humbler one of making a slight correction in one of your many historical articles. The Munro publishing house was established by George (not John) Munro. I cannot refute the statement that he vigorously opposed the attempt to secure international copyright. It would be natural that he should do so. But it should be put to his credit that he used a large slice of his earnings in the endowment of quite a number of professorships in Dalhousie College, one of which was the George Munro professorship of international law. This chair was held until last year by Dr. R. C. Weldon, a Ph.D. of Yale and alumnus of Heidelberg, who sat in the Dominion House of Commons from 1887 to 1896 and was the father of the so-called Weldon act to provide for the deportation and thus facilitate the proper punishment of the wealthy rascals who took refuge in Canada, their delinquencies not being within the extradition treaties.

B. RUSSELL.

Halifax, N. S., July 22.

THE "NATION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: I wish to contribute my little note of congratulation among many others that you will undoubtedly receive at the completion of the fiftieth year of the *Nation*. In the spring of 1865 I returned from a service of over three years in the Union army. My school education ceased when I was thirteen years old, but I was blessed with a taste for reading, and somehow I took to good periodical literature. So I began reading the *Nation* with the first number, and have been a constant reader of it during all these fifty years, and for nearly all that time a regular subscriber. As a young man who needed instruction and direction, it was of invaluable assistance to me, and through all the intervening time I have received from it great help, and it has given me much-needed light on matters political, economical, and literary.

Now, at seventy-five, I value it as a tried and faithful friend, and look for its weekly visits with pleasurable anticipation. I expect to continue to receive good from it as long as my mind retains its power of action, and hope that its influence will continue for the benefit of future generations.

EDWARD G. SHERLEY.

Albany, N. Y., July 2.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: It gives me pleasure to express my high appreciation of the jubilee number of the *Nation*. The admirable articles by Lord Bryce and others have made me realize more clearly than ever the high aims of the weekly and the good it has done in forming a body of intelligent public opinion. Please be assured of my best wishes for and belief in your future. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Windsor, Vt., July 13.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: For a reader of the *Nation* during forty-eight years, who rejoices at its long life, it is praise enough to say that the semi-centennial number is worthy of its subject. The look behind the scenes, the intimate knowledge of the relations between Godkin and Garrison, are of vital interest to those of us who never failed to wonder each week how such work could be done. How glad we are to have sat at their feet in company with so many men whose influence has been for righteousness! Godkin was a leader of public opinion—of the opinion of the best, and it is a tragedy that, on account of the pessimism of his later years, he could not appreciate the wholesome influence that he had exercised. How he would have rejoiced at this semi-centennial number! Quoting Emerson, with a change in the application, it may be said, "And I think this is a good country that can bear such" an editor as he was.

JAMES FORD RHODES.

Seal Harbor, Me., July 11.

Literature

THREE BOOKS ON BELGIUM.

The Spell of Flanders. By Edward Neville Vose. Boston: The Page Co. $2.50 net.

Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

Belgium. By R. C. K. Ensor. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.

Of these three books on Belgium, the first two are illustrated. Mr. Vose, a recent tourist, whose vacation tour began in May and ended in July, 1914, had been prepared by a rich culture and thorough knowledge of the country's history. Hence, keen perception of what is beautiful in the past and charming in the present is here found. Of books that describe fully the northern part of a country that has so often been devastated by armies, not only of the chronic enemies, Gallic and Teutonic, but also from the north and south, this is the latest and probably the best.

With insight and critical appreciation of Flemish art and social evolution, Mr. Vose has made his pages delightful reading and the copious illustration forms an interpretative commentary upon his text, because his pictures are so admirably selected. He takes us into old towns and villages where history is indeed a resurrection. In the midst of a potato patch may rise a mighty tower, which, to the scholar, tells of vanished orders of knights or guilds of burghers that once were among the complex social forces which shaped the early communes. It is in these local units that the patriotism of the modern Belgian is rooted. To-day one may find the memorial of a vanished town only in architecture which recalls the past. The critical student or local antiquary sees and enjoys, while the hasty tourist passes blindly by.

Among the amazing number of battles, one here vividly described is that of Courtrai, when golden spurs were the trophies and the flower of French knighthood became fertilizer for the swampy soil. Equally accurate and stirring is the story of the struggle at Nieuwpoort, where, in 1600, Maurice, son of the William postbumously called "The Silent," won a decisive battle against Albert the Archduke, and also where in the year of Belgium's greatest desolation, 1914, the army of Albert the King made its last stand, holding the ground until reinforced by the Allies. Especially appreciative, also, is the author of that unique institution of northern Belgium, the carillon. He gives not only an account of the music and the listening crowds, but also of the mechanism by which the charming effects are produced. Other countries have chimes, peals, and varieties of dulcet sound, furnished by massing of the bells, but the Low Countries excel in this music of the sky, which furnishes a perpetual orchestra for the people. Scarcely anything of value relating to Flanders, from the point of view of reader or tourist, is omitted from this work, in which literary craftsmanship and dainty bookmaking unite. A full index and a good map, with the reproduction of photographs and four pages in color, make this a book the charm and accuracy of which are alike praiseworthy.

Mr. Charles Morris, a veteran compiler, has furnished in one volume a popular rather than critical résumé of the history of the Low Countries. It is chiefly a digest of Motley's chapters, with, however, a continuation of the history to the present time. The illustrations are well selected and in harmony with the text. The description of the Netherlands in the twentieth century is apparently at second hand, and not drawn from actual observation. The windmills, for example, in Holland, instead of increasing, are steadily diminishing in number; for steam, which can be depended upon to obey the will of man, being in the long run a much more serviceable power than wind, has reduced what was once a prime motor to the grade of an auxiliary. Even less assuring than the text is the preface, which gives one an impression that the author has not followed the first authorities, for he keeps up the traditional but inaccurate idea that the name Holland is derived from words which mean Hollow Land rather than Holt (wood, or forest) Land. "Van" Tromp, here inaccurately referred to, for Admiral Martin Harpentzoon Tromp, exists with this prefix only in English books and writings. The preface also holds the traditional but unhistorical broom at his masthead. Strange to say, nothing is said in the book about the Walloons, who still inhabit one-half of the land of Belgium and are nearly as numerous as the Flemings. In the seventeenth century, out of the hundreds of thousands of these French-speaking southern Netherlanders, driven out by the Inquisition and Alva's army, at least half became exiles for conscience' sake in the Dutch Republic. One company, in the ship New Netherland, in 1624, made the initial settlements, with women and children, of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. The first white children born in New Belgium (Novo Belgico)—the political name of the geographical expression and the region of New Netherland—were Walloons. In this volume of Belgic and Dutch history (p. 348), nothing is said of these people, whose societies and churches, even in the Holland of to-day, are numbered by the score. Yet the Walloons initiated every revolution in the history of Belgic Netherlands, from Cæsar to the great industrial strike of 1914, which foreshadowed the heroic resistance in August of the same year. The compiler further cheapens his work by omitting an index.

No. 95 in the Home University Library is written by an Englishman who was sometime scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. It shows on every page the mark of one who knows the country from personal observation, as well as from books. His chapter on the general characteristics of the country gives a fresh epitome of the geology, geography, political and racial divisions, and commercial possibilities of the land. He shows how handsomely human skill and wisdom have contributed to make a certain area on the earth's surface, small and richly gifted by nature, a place of happiness and comfort for an unusually large population. He discriminates between the Walloons and the Flemings, contrasting in a scholarly and graphic manner their diverse temperaments, characteristics, and achievements. Taking us into their homes, he shows us the secret of the Belgians' tenacity to their native soil, from which few in modern days have emigrated, explaining why it is that a di-ethnic and bilingual people are so patriotic. In the chapter on The Historic Glories of Belgium the roots of national pride are revealed. Though in historic subjection to many masters, Belgian patriotism is rooted in those municipal rights and local privileges which, after long contests, were confirmed by charter many centuries ago. The dynastic struggles of foreigners on Belgian soil and repeated invasions have failed to eradicate this passion of freedom. As early as 1642, the unfortunate geographical situation of the Belgic Netherlands was noted. The phrase "the very cockpit of Christendom" was coined, probably by James Howell, a clerk in the diplomatic service of England, in his quaint book entitled "Instructions for Forreine Travell." He declared that in Brussels we could "behold a constant military court and provincial government, with a miscellany of all nations; and if there be any leaguers (*i. e.*, sieges) afoot or armies in motion, it should be time well spent to see them." In other words, the seventeenth-century tourist is recommended to "the cockpit of Christendom," because there he may have the chance of seeing, almost as in a regular programme, what the war correspondent of to-day does literally so dearly love to behold.

In describing the Battle of Waterloo, Mr. Ensor effectually disposes of the legend, so long current in England, and elaborated by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," that at both Quatre Bras and Waterloo the Dutch and Belgian regiments fled in cowardly retreat. On the contrary, they acted as did the Union army at Gettysburg, when the infantry retired before Pickett's charge and re-formed behind the guns. Mr. Ensor's chapter on the establishment of Belgian independence is probably the best account in English literature of the revolution which made of the long oppressed provinces a sovereign nation. His treatment of The Belgian Constitution and Politics and Parties is clear and luminous, while in the chapters on Social Conditions and Art and Literature we enter the penetralia of the subject. One is almost forced, in reading this book on Belgium by a true scholar of our year, to contrast his work and Motley's. Despite the fascination of the American's brilliant rhetoric, this little book of Mr. Ensor's suffers little in comparison. The author in his comments on contemporaneous literature shows both acuteness and

sympathy. Of Verhaeren, he says that this poet is still a Fleming, though he uses a French medium, and that in his verse the personalities "cease to be individuals" and become "those tendencies and processes of society in whose tentacles the individual is held," and that "no poet of our age has kept closer together the spheres of actuality and vision." Outline maps, bibliography, and index make this book, not for the sightseer or tourist, but for the serious student, the best volume on Belgium extant in English.

Perhaps two criticisms may be justly entered. The general appeal of Mr. Ensor's book is to an English audience, though the frequent unfairness of British writers towards Belgium is justly criticised. An American, even in a condensed work like this, would have welcomed a more generous treatment of the period of "The Troubles," when, despite the earlier work of the Dukes of Burgundy, the statesmanship of Charles V, and the wisdom of William of Orange-Nassau, the unity of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands was forever broken and union of the Dutch and Belgians made impossible. Yet even Motley scarcely mentions the personality or work of the Walloon martyr Guido de Bres, whose Belgic Confession of Faith is one of the outstanding monuments of the Reformation and whose work had so vast an influence on the flight of the Walloons into Holland, and on the development of the seven northern provinces which first made the Dutch Republic, and then began the settlement of New Netherland; in a word, on universal history.

CURRENT FICTION.

L. P. M., the End of the Great War. By Stewart Barney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Fortunately, the conscientious reader of Mr. Barney's novel of the war can take refuge in the conviction that it is not worth the expenditure of great intellectual effort, and so absolve himself from the task of placing it in any definite category. Indeed, it is only towards the end that one begins to entertain doubts as to the author's intent. Through many dreary pages one assumes it to be an honest but misguided effort to emulate, if not Jules Verne, at any rate the earlier manner of Mr. H. G. Wells; it is only at about the penultimate chapter that a dawning consciousness comes that the author may be indulging in satire on a variety of fads and movements of the day. In any event we must give Mr. Barney credit for the excellence of his intentions. Obviously he doesn't care who wins so long as Germany is beaten. Good intent, however, does not atone for poorness of execution. Mr. Barney uses an idea which is perhaps none the worse for being old, since in detail it is susceptible of almost any number of variations. He pictures the end of the war being brought about by means of a superdreadnought of the air, the invention of a young American millionaire, Edestone (incidentally we may note that the practice of using slight variants of real names is irritating), who constitutes himself a sort of free lance pacificator and finally imposes terms of universal peace upon the world. This laudable object, however, is achieved only after the author, through Edestone, has hectored and lectured the crowned heads of Europe and their advisers to the top of his bent. In his didactic pages Mr. Barney gives evidence of some shakiness concerning the English Constitution—he is apparently under the impression that King George is rather a powerful person in the government of his country—and it may be doubted whether even the Kaiser is quite the half-crazed bully that Mr. Barney would have us believe.

The Auction Mart. By Sydney Tremayne. New York: John Lane Co.

Jacqueline is the illegitimate daughter of a dilettante reprobate who decides to bring her up as an experiment in cynicism. To develop her own personality untrammelled by consideration of others and to exact from the world a high price for all that she gives to it: this is the creed he teaches her, and hence the title of the book. Concerning the author's optimistic view of human nature, we may be permitted to make mental reservations, for the motive of his story is the triumph of the innate goodness of his heroine over the unpromising influences of her environment. The point of view being granted, however, Jacqueline's is an interesting character, and its development is well traced through a series of incidents that are conceived with not a little fertility of imagination. Just the same, we cannot quite share the author's confidence in Jacqueline's future with the very perfect English gentleman whom he has picked out as her mate. He has perhaps impressed us too much with the brilliance and fascination of his heroine, and the unregenerate, it may be feared, will cherish rather the picture of Jacqueline dancing with her interesting, but alas! drug-addicted partner in a Parisian café than that later one of Jacqueline as the chatelaine of a modest but impeccable British establishment.

The Crayon Clue. By Minnie J. Reynolds. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The author of this story was born in New York State; became a schoolma'am in a Colorado mining camp; by way of mining gossip worked into journalism, and served on the staff of a Denver daily; became one of the pioneer suffragists in Colorado, and has since been chiefly busy with the advancement of that cause—or effect. This is a spirited and a decidedly breezy and Western tale of a young schoolma'am who deliberately pitted herself against a corrupt municipal school system and came out winner. The schools of the big city of Bartown are under the control of the "Columbian Book Company," which works with the city politicians, and maintains its power by means of graft of all kinds. It has virtually appointed the superintendent of schools and owns the School Board. The superintendent, Dreiser, is an utterly shameless, though plausible and well-mannered, grafter. Not content with a large salary, he exacts commissions from teachers to whom he gives appointments, and accepts them from the purveyor of schoolbooks and supplies. Only the books of the Columbian Book Company are used in the city schools. Many of them are worthless books, but the teachers are forced to use them. The final stroke is the foisting upon them of a worthless kind of chalk. It is this which really rouses our heroine, "Billy" Pennington, and sets her on the warpath. Documents incriminating the superintendent fall into her hands, but at first she is unable to make use of them. The newspapers, as well as the schools, are involved in the general corruption of the city. "Billy" is destined to triumph in the end; meanwhile, there is a sufficiency of stirring incident, including an abduction.

THE TURK IN YEMEN.

Arabia Infelix. By G. Wyman Bury. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

With western eyes fixed upon the outcome of the Turk's desperate struggle to remain in Europe, this intensive study of a province in his Arabian dependency is of particular significance. Strictly speaking, the Turk's hold on Arabia has never been complete; the vast, unclaimed interior, the north of which is not unproductive, has never acknowledged his suzerainty. Except for an important sector on the Persian Gulf, where England has contested his claims to the port of Koweit, Turkish influence is confined to the Red Sea littoral of Arabia, and includes the large and fruitful province of Yemen, where the only semblance of imperial prestige is maintained. Officially the only province open to Europeans, in contrast to the barren interior, Yemen has won from ancient times the suffix of "Felix" for Arabia, chiefly because of her high, cool plateaux adjacent to the sea. Mr. Bury's challenge of this title is based upon an intimate study of Turkish rule, and the enormous disabilities it has placed upon the happiest province of Arabia.

Turkey's negligible spheres of influence are limited to Hejaz, Asir, and North Yemen, while Yemen proper, until the recent truce with the Imam, has always been the scene of intermittent violence and unrest. This nominal power has obliged the Turk to collect his taxes with the aid of troops, and the unintelligent manner in which the taxes are imposed has embittered the indigenous tribes. His despotic régime is also capable of blunders like the bribing of the Bedouins and of temporizing with fanatical leaders like the Imam in Yemen, a task he is already finding onerous and expensive. In the near future Mr. Bury thinks he will face the need of reconquest in Yemen as well as of contesting the growing strength of the

Emir of independent Nejd in the northern desert.

Mr. Bury toured Yemen in the rôle of an ornithologist, and has an invaluable chapter on its flora and fauna, but his experience of Turko-Asian politics and his keen eye for the ethnic differences among the tribes commend his book to our attention. The impression derived of the stupendous task that Turkey has so indifferently faced is definite: naturally Turkish ineptitude and the policy of exploitation have kept Arabia in the guise of a huge, plundered apiary, with her truculent tribes consistently living up to the reputation of her famous bees of Yemen and Hadramut. The forty-odd years of Turkish administration record the failure of the one race qualified to govern these restless, fanatical tribes. As Mr. Bury remarks, the Turk is the natural ruler of Islamic races by birthright, creed, and temperament. The futile war on the Egyptian hinterland in the present crisis marks the collapse of Pan-Islamism as an effective vehicle merely because Turkey lacked the vision that could avail itself of the Moslem genius for obedience and organization.

Thus in Yemen we are shown her pusillanimous rule. In order to stay the fanatical activities of the Imam, who is regarded as an inspired leader by the fierce, marauding hill tribes, the Porte conceded his authority at the important town of Sanaa, and now pays a personal monthly subsidy of 1,000 Turkish pounds. Since Imamship, like all Oriental leadership, is founded on personality, Mr. Bury prophesies trouble when a new or rival Imam appears, and Turkey's espousal of the losing cause will inflame the entire *vilayet*. A short-sighted policy towards this welter of sharply defined races and creeds is not the only reason for Turkish failure: among these primitive Moslems the demoralization of Turkey, owing to the adoption of Western unbelievers' methods and ideals, is far more harmful to her prestige. Since Turkey has fostered in Asia Minor a strong anti-Christian policy, if her knell sounds in Europe, she may find herself at odds with her fervid co-religionists in Asia Minor and Arabia because of her anomalous position.

In the light of the British reclamation of Egypt, Mr. Bury regards Yemen as a greater potentiality. The persistent exploitation and neglect of Yemen's agricultural and industrial resources, hitherto paramount, certainly makes Arabia's new suffix deserved. Whether or no any change at Constantinople compels the Turk to put his house in order, he will find his work cut out for him. In the north, the young and capable Emir of Nejd is attracting the desert tribes by the prestige he won two years ago in driving the Turk from the adjoining province of al-Hassa. In the south the unconquered Bedouin, though bribed by the Porte, has the important pilgrim route at his mercy, and to keep his Caliphate the Sultan must remain guardian of the pilgrims and the Holy City. In rich Yemen the irreconcilable Asiri of the hills are waiting their chance. With the steady and increasing influx of modern arms and ammunition to these fighting tribes, the future of Arabia is an unknown quantity. Mr. Bury credits the Emir of Nejd with a vision of an Arabia governed along the pre-Ottoman, patriarchial, tribal lines; but the collapse of central authority will reëstablish the historic internecine warfare that has long exhausted the land. What influence a religious revival of Islamism may have in bringing order out of anarchy is uncertain: schisms are frequent, and the possible repetition of a galvanizing movement, like that of the Wahabi sect, is always before Islam.

It is interesting to learn from Mr. Bury's pages that Yemen was once in fief to the Biblical Queen of Sheba (Saba); that the Prophet, until just before his death, suffered Christianity and Judaism to flourish side by side; that the Arab coffee grower still uses the stars for guiding the season's toil; that Mokha is no longer a coffee port, but is now famous for the only adequate lighthouse on the Red Sea littoral. The Brazilian competition, Turkish taxation, and the rise of British Aden doomed Mokha.

REMINISCENCES OF LIBBY AND OTHER PRISONS.

Lights and Shadows in Confederate Prisons. By Homer B. Sprague. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"In peace," declares King Henry V, "there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility; but when the blast of war blows in our ears, then imitate the action of the tiger." No such philosophy colors the work before us. With his ears ringing with the German affirmation that war is useful and highly honorable, and that any means, however frightful, if necessary to insure success or hasten victory, are praiseworthy, Colonel Sprague recalls Wesley's assertion that "The business of war is the business of devils," but hastens to add that at heart few are enemies, none devils.

Every incident in his absorbing narrative heightens this impression, as, for example, that of his capture at the battle sometimes called the "Battle of the Opequon" in the Shenandoah Valley. Though told with an oath that the force of which he was a part had killed their "best general," he was complimented by the Confederate officers and treated with all the consideration of which the situation would admit. The hardships of the march to prison were great, but they appear to have been due rather to unavoidable circumstances than to any intention or desire on the part of the captors. To be sure, robbery was not infrequent, but in this connection it is necessary to recall how sadly in want the Confederates themselves were. As we look back on that march we see much that makes us smile, but nothing that bespeaks the devil. Our author, for example, got into a lively discussion of slavery with an officer of the provost guard. Arguments from the Bible, Moses Stuart, Nehemiah Adams, George B. Cheever, Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, Garrison, Phillips, and others flew thick and fast. The debates apparently had an amusing termination:

> I had some reputation as an elocutionist in those days, and Sergeant Reed, who was listening with open mouth, broke in with, "I'll be hanged, Colonel, if you warn't cut out for a preacher! By —— I should like to hear you preach." The best reply I could make was: "You'll undoubtedly be hanged some time; and if I were a minister, nothing would give me more satisfaction than to be present at your execution and preach your funeral sermon." He replied: "Now, Colonel, you don't mean that. You don't think I'll ever be hanged!" "Indeed I do, if you don't stop your profanity and general cussedness." "I'll be hanged if I will," was his last word to me.

More dead than alive, the prisoners finally reached Richmond and were shut up in the Libby prison. There they were searched. Our author had shrewdly compressed two ten-dollar greenbacks into a little wad in one corner of his watch fob, and that corner escaped inspection. Another prisoner, it was whispered, had secretly stuffed $1,300 in greenbacks into his canteen, but all canteens were appropriated as contraband of war, and nobody but Uncle Sam profited by the concealment.

Though Libby has a hard name, Colonel Sprague says it was the most comfortable of the six Confederate prisons of which he saw the interior. With all his alleged brutal severity, "of which I saw no manifestation," and his ravenous appetite for greenbacks, "for which we could not blame him," Dick Turner seemed an excellent disciplinarian. Everything went like clockwork. The daily food supply consisted of one gill of boiled beans, one-quarter gill of bean broth, one half loaf of soft bread, four ounces of meat, and a little salt. Of pure water there was happily a copious supply. After a few days our author and his companions in misery were transferred to Salisbury, North Carolina. Here were incarcerated about 320 officers and some 8,000 non-commissioned officers and privates.

Eighty officers obtained permission to occupy four empty log cabins which formed part of the prison equipment. Each house contained but two rooms. For the most part these were without glass windows or even sashes; the spaces between the logs were not stopped up; there was a single fireplace in each house, but not half enough wood to keep a blaze; there were no tables, benches, or chairs; no cooking utensils; no knives, forks, spoons, or plates; often no cups or dishes. They were without blankets, or any clothing but the scantiest summer outfit, though it was October when they arrived; without books or paper; without water sufficient for washing, or soap if water could be obtained. Across a "dead line" were the privates, who had no shelter, hardly a scrap of blanket. Every rain made their

beds a pool or mass of mire. The officers could tell how severe the weather had been at night by the number of dead found in the morning.

In less than a month there was another removal, this time to Danville, Va. It would be hard to imagine a condition more nearly approaching absolute destitution than that in which the prisoners now found themselves. Colonel Sprague's diary shows, for example, that in fifty-three days after Christmas, 1864, they received meat only three times. The suffering from cold was excruciating. The suffering of another character can best be divined from a remark of one of Colonel Sprague's companions: "Hard, indeed," he said, "must have been Pharaoh's heart, and tougher yet his epidermis, if the lice of the third Egyptian plague were like those of Danville, and yet he would not 'let Israel go.'" It was reported, "and believed," that in the following April a returned Danville prisoner entered an apothecary shop in Annapolis and called for unguentum. "How much do you want?" he was asked. "Well, I reckon about two pound." "My dear sir, two pounds would kill all the lice in Maryland." "Well, I vow I believe I've got 'em."

Yet we are told that Lieut.-Col. Robert C. Smith, who commanded the Danville prison, appeared to be kindhearted, though woefully destitute of "faculty." He had been a student at Yale in the forties. He had once been a prisoner in the hands of the Federals, and had been fairly treated. He repeatedly expressed his regret at not being able to make the prisoners committed to his charge more comfortable. As a matter of fact, the spectacle of the hopeless mass of misery in the four Danville prisons seemed to render him powerless, if not indifferent.

This is such a capital story that the reviewer is in danger of forestalling the pleasure of Colonel Sprague's readers. Attention should be called, however, to the fact that, though frankly a narrative, this brief work—it hardly exceeds one hundred and fifty pages—is not without touches of philosophy. It begins, indeed, with a mild criticism of Sheridan's Shenandoah campaign, and ends with strictures on the Federal Government's policy with reference to the exchange of prisoners. It is recalled that 22,576 Federal prisoners died in Confederate hands, but that 26,436 Confederates died in Federal hands. The significance of this is enhanced by the fact that the North held 220,000 Confederates, against 270,000 Federals held by the South; so that the percentage of deaths in Southern prisons was under nine, while the percentage of deaths in Northern prisons was over twelve. A prompt exchange of prisoners would, declares Colonel Sprague, have saved almost all these 49,000 lives. The responsibility for this enormous loss he lays upon the Government of the United States, which, rather than draft again—with the riots of July, 1863, in mind—as it would have had to do if it had allowed the South to reinforce its armies with returned prisoners, left "myriads of our soldiers to sink into imbecility and death."

Though he pictures conditions in Southern prisons in such ghastly colors, our author recognizes that much can be said for the South. Its destitution was extreme; its soldiers needed the food, clothing, and medical care for want of which its prisoners were suffering; its people were threatened with subjugation, its government with annihilation.

A STUDY IN HAGIOLOGY.

Dedications and Patron Saints of English Churches. By Francis Bond. New York: Oxford University Press. $3 net.

The present volume is a cogent refutation of those who look upon hagiology as a form of sentimental indulgence for idle ritualists. In the first place, it demonstrates, all the more conclusively because unconsciously, the importance of the subject to the student of mediæval art, life, and history. We discover, for instance (p. 214), that the dedication of churches to Celtic saints decides a moot point about the boundary between Britons and Saxons in the southwest. The fondness of the mediæval mind for romantic narrative is strikingly corroborated by the disproportionate popularity of those saints whose legends are composed of sensational adventures. The significance of hagiology for a proper understanding of religious art requires no demonstration: the composition and, in the case of painting, even the color-scheme depend not only upon the master's invention, but also upon well-defined conventions of iconography.

In the second place, the author has shown that the subject is capable of a thorough and scientific treatment. The extensive bibliography that he has prefixed to the work is in itself an index to the growing scholarly interest in hagiology. His copious material he has acquired by the most painstaking research, and he has arranged it with systematic clarity. After an introductory chapter on the meaning of dedications, he classifies them all under three general headings by distinguishing the churches named after the martyrs over whose bones they were built, those named after the founders, and those named according to personal predilection. He then proceeds to gauge the popularity of the different saints in England by appending to each name in a long list the respective number of dedications. The heavenly throng are next divided into such categories as Biblical personages, holy kings and queens, and evangelizers, and the following chapters take up these categories in detail, revealing the obscure and often curious reasons for commemoration and relating the legends in such brief and convenient form that the volume will prove an excellent book of reference. Part I concludes with chapters on topics suggested by the previous discussion. Mr. Bond draws up statistics as to the comparative vogue of the saints in the several English counties and seeks to explain the variations; he sets side by side the calendars of Bede and Sarum with additions from those of York and Hereford; he examines certain anomalies in dedication, and he even prescribes methods of procedure for the investigator. But the most valuable chapter of this section, based largely on Delehaye's "Introduction to Hagiography," has to do with the historical criteria applicable for determining the credibility of the legends.

Much of the material in Part I bears upon the other countries of Europe as well as upon England, and Parts II and III constitute a manual upon ecclesiastical symbolism, vestments, and iconographic emblems. The double alphabetical tabulation according to attributes and according to names of saints increases the practical usefulness of the book. Certain sins of omission are bound to appear in a compendium of this kind. The reviewer has noticed that for St. Sylvester the emblem of the portraits of Sts. Peter and Paul is not mentioned. The easiest way of recognizing St. Augustine of Hippo—by the black monastic cowl over the cope—is passed over, and in general a short account of the garbs of the various Orders would have assisted the ordinary student for whom the book is designed.

For such absences, however, which are perhaps caused by the fact that the author is thinking always rather of England, there is ample compensation in the presence of unexpected and delightful digressions upon topics like the christening of bells or the symbolic significance of the deviation in the axis of churches. The pages are enlivened, also, by many well-chosen illustrations, often from less familiar monuments. The work as a whole is a creditable addition to the series upon ecclesiastical art in England of which Mr. Bond is editor and to which he himself has contributed several volumes.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE.

The Study of Shakespeare. By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

For the fifteen years that Professor Stephenson has been teaching Shakespeare, he has brought out a book in the field every five years. "Shakespeare's London" was well received and has continued to be useful to many students. "The Elizabethan People" was interesting, but was disfigured in places by careless statements. The present volume on the study of the playwright himself comes in natural sequence, and is the work for which the others are the logical preparation. It leads up to the critical consideration of eleven plays by attempting to initiate the reader into the social and dramatic conditions of the time, so that he may assume the Elizabethan point of view, and to familiarize him with the stage arrangements under which the plays were originally produced. The manual, though similar to others in the market, is some-

what more comprehensive because of the detailed comment on the eleven plays.

Every one will recognize this undertaking as very important, not only because of the subject itself, but because of the advances of scholarship in this field in recent years. The volume does give a clear and forceful account of London and its playhouses in the sixteenth century, of the publishing and structure of Shakespeare's dramas, as well as vigorous criticism of the characters and the staging of the most popular plays. The exposition is admirably lucid. The only doubt one harbors is whether the notions instilled conform to present scholarly opinion. It is naturally somewhat disappointing to find easily accessible investigations overlooked or ignored.

The Swan Theatre is worthy of careful notice. It has the unique distinction of appearing in the earliest contemporary drawing of the interior of an Elizabethan playhouse. Professor Stephenson, indeed, reproduces the sketch of that Dutchman, John DeWitt, who probably visited London in 1596. Of the house he says: "Though one of the largest theatres, it was not long, and never exclusively used for plays" (p. 28). Now, the researches of Prof. C. W. Wallace have shown that it was unquestionably used for plays for a few years at the time of DeWitt's visit, for the period 1611-1615, and again in 1621. His further statement that "it possessed a movable stage which could be taken down when the interior was to be used for bear-baiting" is also now somewhat discredited. And this for a very simple reason. Any one who accepts the drawing at all and looks at it steadily can hardly be brought to believe that those sturdy pillars and heavy bases do not rest on a solid platform. With regard to those columns, the author says of the Elizabethan theatres in general: "There must have been secondary curtains, . . . probably merely draperies temporarily placed for the occasion of need. Possibly there were side curtains used" (p. 38). Now, Reynolds, Archer, and Child have all shown that the notion of curtains between the pillars is untenable. Since there is no evidence for the use of such curtains before 1640, there is no ground for adhering to the conjecture maintained by Brodmeier. With the greatest assurance, Professor Stephenson declares that "the play before the king and the court in 'Hamlet' was acted on the upper stage" (p. 31), where Juliet stood in the famous balcony scene. Professor Baker, to be sure, in his production of "Hamlet" at Harvard used such an arrangement, but students of Elizabethan staging to-day would not generally fall in with this view, preferring to have the play within the play acted on the inner stage, where it would not divert attention from the conduct of King Claudius. Other examples are unnecessary to illustrate how consistently Professor Stephenson states absolutely views which no longer justly represent scholarly opinion.

His statement of doctrine is similarly direct. The theory of dramatic structure which he expounds through a chapter harks back to Freytag, with his exciting force and pyramidal structure and all that. He nowhere takes occasion to emphasize sufficiently what goes to the heart of many features of Elizabethan tragedy—the necessarily declamatory nature of drama in such a theatre. In the interpretation of separate plays he is likewise individual in his dogmatism: "It is my belief that Macbeth, at the opening of the play, is an honest, high-minded man outwardly, who has as yet entertained no ideas of guilt" (p. 265). Of course, Professor Stephenson is not so much alone in that belief as one might infer, but others have not so impatiently brushed aside the evidence against this conception. The emphasis of the lecture-room appears at times also in a redundancy of expression, as in "Such a play need not necessarily be a tragedy, though hardly an out-and-out farce" (p. 64). We should hope not. These shortcomings are the more regrettable as the volume is, on the whole, an interesting and even illuminating introduction to Shakespeare.

Notes

"The Lost Prince," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, will be published shortly by the Century Co.

T. Fisher Unwin, of London, announces the publication of Gregor Alexinsky's "Russia and the Great War," and a book of "War Cartoons," by D. H. Souter.

Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve's "The Creed of the Old South," with another essay on "A Southerner in the Peloponnesian War," has been republished by the Johns Hopkins Press.

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces that it will publish early in the autumn a biography by Beckles Willson of the late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. This, it is stated, is the only biography authorized by the Strathcona family.

We are requested to announce that the next meeting of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States will be held at Nashville on Thursday and Friday, October 28 and 29.

In a notice of "The Gods of Northern Buddhism," by Alice Getty, which appeared in the *Nation* of June 17, the reviewer assumed that the author was the wife of Herbert H. Getty. The collector's name is Henry H. Getty, and the author is Miss Alice Getty, his daughter.

If American tourists in Europe are conceivable in the unhappy year 1915, let it be recorded that there is a new Baedeker for Southern Germany, comprising the kingdoms of Bavaria and Württemberg, brought up to 1914. (Scribner.)

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of the Yale University Press: "A Census of Shakespeare Quartos," prepared by Henrietta Bartlett and Alfred Pollard; "Journeys to Bagdad," by Charles S. Brooks; "The Port of Boston," by Edwin J. Clapp; "Miscellaneous Babylonian Inscriptions," by Albert T. Clay; "Some Christian Convictions," by Henry Sloane Coffin; "A Bibliography of Medieval French Literature for College Libraries," by Lucien Foulet, edited by Albert Schinz and George H. Underwood; "Writings on American History, 1913," compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin; "Civilization and Climate," by Ellsworth Huntington; "The Covent-Garden Journal by Henry Fielding," edited by Gerard E. Jensen; "The New Infinite and the Old Theology," by Cassius J. Keyser; "The Life and Times of Tennyson," by the late Thomas R. Lounsbury; "A Series of Eight Etchings of Yale University," by Huc-Mazelet Luquiens; "Municipal Citizenship," by George McAneny; "The Liberty of Citizenship," by Samuel W. McCall; "The Dated Alexander Coinage of Sidon and Ake," by Edward T. Newell; "A Voice from the Crowd," by George Wharton Pepper; "Sappho in Levkas and Other Poems," by William Alexander Percy; "Selections from the Symbolic Poems of William Blake," edited by Frederick E. Pierce; "Economic Development of the British West Indies, 1700-1760," by Frank W. Pitman; "Lombard Architecture," Vol. I (Atlas), by Arthur Kingsley Porter; "The Social Legislation of the Primitive Semites," by Henry Schaeffer; "Electoral Reform in England and Wales; the Development and Operation of the Parliamentary Franchise, 1832-1865," by Charles Seymour; "Leonardo da Vinci; The Artist and the Man," by Oswald Sirén; "Ethics in Service," by Howard Taft; "A Manual to the Writings in Middle English, 1050-1400," by John Edwin Wells.

In his three lectures on "German Philosophy and Politics" (Holt; $1.25), Prof. John Dewey puts aside the idea that the philosophy of Nietzsche is responsible for the German attitude in the war, and directs our attention, very naturally, to Kant, Fichte, and Hegel. According to him, the underlying motive of German militarism—and of militarism everywhere—is to be found in the system of absolute idealism, which has its source in Kant's idea of an absolute moral law. Following the course of German thought and German institutions, Professor Dewey traces in a very interesting fashion, with plenty of historical illustration, the development in Germany of the idea of manifest destiny and of the mission of Germany to establish the Kingdom of the Absolute on earth. The treatment is impersonal, but the collocation of facts forms a telling piece of sarcasm. And the conclusion is simple and clear: either militarism or pragmatism; there is no middle ground—we use the convenient "catch word"; Professor Dewey prefers "experimentalism." And where the philosophy of the absolute lands us, German egotism has shown.

Professor Dewey is clearly on solid ground. No one who studies the German conception of the organized state—whether militaristic or socialistic—can fail to see that it is built at least upon Hegel. Compared with Hegel, Nietzsche seems recent and accidental. And yet from a simple belief in absolute truth to militarism and an armed propaganda for German *Kultur* is rather a far cry. Probably every deep conviction of duty rests upon some conception of absolute truth. It seems harder to connect moral seriousness with an "experimental" attitude. At any rate, it is quite

as easy to derive moral skepticism from experimentalism as to derive fanaticism from a belief in absolute truth. A belief in absolute truth may be conjoined with a critical attitude and a sense of humor. It is one thing to believe in the absoluteness of truth, another to believe that one enjoys the exclusive possession of truth, and still another to believe that truth is found in the exuberance of animal impulse. To account for the present pitch of Teutonic extravagance, we need something more than Hegelian intellectualism; we need just that romantic confusion of might and right, of animal impulse with the moral self, which we find in Nietzsche. If Hegel sustains the sober German, Nietzsche is his favorite intoxicant.

"Meditations on Votes for Women" (Houghton Mifflin; $1) is the title of a refreshing little book by Samuel M. Crothers, in which he amuses himself by poking fun at feminists and anti-feminists alike, while offering some views that are both original and instructive. In Mr. Crothers's opinion, too much fuss has been made about the whole matter. When the feminists boast and the anti-feminists fear that the social organism will be turned inside-out by votes for women, he reminds them that women have existed since the beginning of the race and have had their part in human development. As for feminine competition in business, he thinks it more likely that women will eventually develop new fields of their own. That there is a magical property in the franchise he regards as a huge joke, kept alive by men for their own purposes. The vote is simply an instrument for registering the popular will. "It is an invention like the cash-register—only simpler." Evidently agitators bore him. But the agitator has his legitimate field, and it is too much to ask that he should not make himself disagreeable. And in the end it is gravely suggested that votes for women would permit the man of the house to control his own. "The husband of a woman with a conscience elicits my sympathy."

The war has drawn countries together as well as separated them, and one sign of this relationship is the comically sudden appreciation of one another's civilization which some of them are expressing. In England's hailing of Russian culture as the two nations draw the sword side by side, the cynical might find matter for comment. Their sneers, however, could not touch the unpretentious pamphlet of J. W. Mackail, "Russia's Gift to the World" (Doran; 25 cents), because, for one thing, it is a calm presentation of Russian achievements in literature and science, and, for another, it speaks of German attainments as dispassionately as if we were still on the other side of August, 1914. As if to prove his detachment, the author, who was formerly professor of poetry at Oxford, expressly recognizes Russian shortcomings. His brief and popular, but authoritative, survey will be of value to a large audience which will rejoice that, if it was prompted by martial events, it reveals one man at least who can praise an ally without either flattering him or slandering the common foe.

The 20,000 women employed in trade, transportation, and clerical occupations in 1870, and constituting 1 per cent. of the total number working for wages, increased by 1910 to more than a million, constituting over 14 per cent. of the whole number employed. Of this million, nearly 600,000 were in offices, and it is this large group that is the subject of "The Public Schools and Women in Office Service," which is volume viii of the Studies in Economic Relations of Women issued by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. The book is a study of one aspect of the question of vocational education. Among its specific conclusions are: "The direct relation between education and opportunity for advancement shows the obvious advantage of a four-year high-school course for all who can avail themselves of it"; "a fifth year intensive course of technical training might well be developed in all high schools where the attendance would justify"; "shortened undergraduate courses in the day high school for the skilled occupations in office service seem to be a very questionable experiment"; "part-time schooling for office service seems to promise real advantages."

When, just two hundred years ago, death came to Dr. John Radcliffe, the great physician whose name is connected with the Camera and Observatory of Oxford and with other benefactions, the gold-headed cane, which, as was the wont in those days, he had carried as a sign of his profession, passed into the possession of the Dr. Mead, of whom Johnson said that he lived more in the sunshine of life than any other man he knew. From Dr. Mead it passed to Dr. Askew, then to Dr. Pitcairn and Dr. Baillie, and last to Sir Henry Halford. By this time a cane ceased to be the regular equipment of a physician, and on June 24, 1825, the day before the opening of the New College of Physicians in London, the cane, now wearing the arms of its previous possessors engraved on its gold head, was deposited in a corner closet of the college Library. In 1827 Dr. William Macmichael, a friend of Halford's, had the happy idea of writing what purported to be the autobiography of "The Gold-Headed Cane," and now, in lieu of the centenary celebrations for Dr. Radcliffe at Oxford, which have been given up under the stress of circumstances, a reprint of the second edition of this work has been brought out by Paul B. Hoeber (3), with an Introduction by Sir William Osler and a Preface by Dr. Francis R. Packard. It is altogether a delightful book. In the course of its rather loquacious memoirs, the Cane contrives to draw life-like portraits of its great possessors and to give some account of the history of medical practice from the early seventeenth century to the early nineteenth. The interest of the sketches is primarily for physicians, but by no means exclusively so. There is nothing technical in the language, and always the human side of the profession is uppermost. The book belongs to one of the pleasant byways of literature, and does something to fill one of the great gaps in English biography—the gap which will be closed when some eminent physician, who is also a philosopher and man of letters, shall give us the true and unreserved story of his own life, with the reflections on human nature and on life in general as these would come to him in the course of his peculiar experiences.

Though virtually unknown to readers of the present day, Philip Skelton was one of the noteworthy men of the eighteenth century, and his "Life," by Samuel Burdy, among the most entertaining biographies in the English language, was worthy of the charming form it has received in the reprint from the Oxford University Press. Skelton was born near Lisburn, Ireland, in 1707, and died in Dublin at the age of eighty. He was a priest of the Anglican Church and held several cures, the last being at Fintona, in the county of Tyrone. In character he was so scrupulous that he would not even sell a horse without warning the buyer of the animal's defects, and was so charitable that twice, in times of dearth, he parted with his books in order to raise money for the starving population. He was an original, in the old sense of the word. Though a man of extraordinary strength, he suffered most of his life from what was then known as the "hips." This was the more remarkable because he had himself some skill in medical science, and "by this means," as his biographer states, "was of great use to his parishioners, for he cured many, and killed none, which but few of our doctors can boast of." He might be called one of the earliest practitioners of "muscular Christianity," and never hesitated to resort to physical means of persuasion when arguments failed. On an occasion when at an inn an insolent young officer refused to stop cursing when appealed to by the parson, and even turned his blasphemies against the parson himself, that gentleman "fell to him with his fists, and cuffed him through the hall of the inn, and soon cooled the captain's courage, and made him quiet and submissive." And thus, adds the biographer, he exerted "his valor in the service of God and religion." So many are the good stories in the moderate compass of this book that the reviewer is quite at a loss to select from them, and can only assure any lover of anecdotal literature that here is God's plenty for him, with matters for serious consideration besides. As a scholar, Skelton made some name in his day. One of his pamphlets was attributed to Swift, who, according to his strict determination never to acknowledge or disavow any anonymous performance, merely observed, when the piece was brought to him, that "the author of this has not continued the irony to the end." Perhaps the most important of Skelton's works (at least it is the only one the present reviewer has read) was his "Deism Revealed," one of the best of the treatises brought out by the great religious and philosophical controversy of the day. This is in dialogue form, and is not without permanent literary value. As the argument of the book is directed in part against Hume's skepticism, there is some piquancy in this account of its publication:

> Upon Mr. Skelton's arrival in London, he brought his manuscript to Andrew Millar the Bookseller, to know if he would purchase it, and have it printed at his own expense. The Bookseller desired him, as is usual, to leave it with him for a day or two, until he could get a certain gentleman of great abilities to examine it, who could judge if the sale would quit the cost of printing. The gentlemen who examine manuscripts, in the Bookseller's cant, are called *triers*. "Can you guess (he said to me) who this gentleman was, that tried my 'Deism Revealed.'" "No, I cannot." "Hume, the infidel." He came it seems to Andrew Millar's, took the manuscript to a room adjoining the shop, and then said to Andrew, *print*.

An English translation of Robert Koldewey's "Excavations at Babylon" has been prepared by Agnes S. Johns and published by the Macmillan Company ($5.25 net). It is sufficient to say that the translation has been carefully done and reads very smoothly. The book makes a very handsome appearance, though it is somewhat heavier than English

publications as a rule are. Many English readers will no doubt welcome the translation, which gives a most interesting survey of the important work done on the site of the ancient city of Babylon through the excavations conducted under the auspices of the German Orient Society for a period of over ten years. As a result of these excavations many architectural and archæological problems have been solved and also some historical material added to our knowledge of the later period of Babylonian history. The 255 illustrations and the several plans of the ancient city greatly enhance the value of this important contribution to Oriental archæology.

From the Imperial Japanese Government Railways, at Tokio, we have received the first three volumes of a very ambitious publication, to be known as An Official Guide to Eastern Asia, and intended to deal with Manchuria, China proper, Chosen or Korea, Japan, Farther India, and the "South Sea Islands" (Yokohama, Japan: Kelly & Walsh). Of the three volumes at hand the first deals with Manchuria and Chosen, the two others with Japan. A great deal of original investigation has gone into the making of the books. Where Baedeker can be reproduced in the East he is followed faithfully, down to the characterization of hotel bedrooms and the price of breakfast. The special value of the books is in their mass of gazetteer and statistical material, displayed with systematic thoroughness. There is a wealth of illustrations, both text cuts and full-page inserts, the latter of unusual merit.

In a recent study entitled "Paul's Doctrine of Redemption" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), Prof. H. B. Carré, a Methodist divine, presents the thesis that salvation to Paul is that future peaceful state of the universe in which God, having emerged successful in the cosmic conflict with his demonic adversaries such as Death, Sin, and Law, becomes all in all. The agent of redemption is Christ who dies not to expiate sins, but, by resurrection, to enter into a life of power in which, on the one hand, he wages warfare against the evil beings, and, on the other hand, enables frail humanity, hitherto powerless to cope with the supramundane demons, to sever relations with them, join forces with God, and finally, after the Advent of Christ, to be assimilated to the nature of God. The book is lucid and worth reading; but it is too brief to be convincing. We venture to hope that the author, who is obviously equipped for the task, will revise and enlarge the volume, amplifying the exegetical grounds for his main contention, and above all making good the present failure to discuss either Paul's contrast of Flesh and Spirit or the significant tradition, accepted by the Apostle, to the effect that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."

Into a volume of most agreeable reading, entitled "Vanishing Roads and Other Essays" (Putnam; $1.50 net), Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has collected some of his writings published from time to time in various magazines. The first essay names the book, presumably because "the vanishing road of a song in the air, the vanishing road of the spring flowers and the winter snows, the vanishing road of the winds and the streams, the vanishing road of beloved faces" pervades most of what follows. Whether it is a meditation on Christmas, or a visit to a long-ago frequented restaurant, or a tramp along an old American canal, or reflections on the snows of last year, or even the last call for the dining-car "suggestive of momentous opportunity fast slipping away," there is an ever-present consciousness of the unstable, transitory nature of all things earthly; not of necessity, however, tinged with sadness. "The Passing of Mrs. Grundy," for instance, prophesies with joyful belief the approaching demise of that (Mr. Le Gallienne to the contrary notwithstanding) not wholly unprofitable lady. Not so much because they are better than their companions, as because their subjects make a special appeal to readers, we may notice the essays, "The English Country Side," "On Rereading Walter Pater," "Fiona Macleod," and "Frédéric Mistral," and in quite different strain, but not the less to be valued, a sympathetic little story of a fox terrier.

Some articles by Reuben E. Bakenhus, of the Navy Corps of Civil Engineers; Capt. Harry S. Knapp, of the Navy, and Prof. Emory R. Johnson, originally published in the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute, have been collected into a volume entitled "The Panama Canal" (John Wiley & Sons; $2.50 net). The book deals in a matter-of-fact way with the history of the project, the construction of the waterway, the problem of sanitation, the effect of the canal upon the navy, its international status, and its commercial importance. Capt. Knapp scouts the idea that the canal will double the effectiveness of the navy, and holds that its effect in that direction "cannot be mathematically demonstrated." Another book in this field is W. Leon Pepperman's "Who Built the Panama Canal?" (Dutton; $2 net). The purpose of this volume is to remind the country that Theodore P. Shonts laid the foundation upon which Col. Goethals has builded so successfully, and to prevent the credit due the former from being swallowed up in that received by the latter. The book is full of pertinent and interesting detail, but its most valuable feature is the score of drawings by Joseph Pennell. Superior to either of these volumes as a comprehensive survey of the subject is Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "The Panama Gateway" (Scribner; $1.50 net), of which a new edition, the sixth, has been issued. As secretary of the Canal Commission, Mr. Bishop had unique opportunities for knowing about various matters, but his skill is shown also in his treatment of parts of the subject concerning which he had no such advantage, as in the story of the French effort and failure, which he tells most entertainingly. Yet his account is incomplete in places. A reader will search his pages in vain for an explanation of why we made the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Mr. Bishop is content to recite one after another the list of treaties pertaining to a possible canal without stating, even briefly, the circumstances that led to them. Nor does he see anything wrong in our "taking" of the canal. Nevertheless, his book remains the leading one on the subject.

"The Notebook of an Attaché," by Eric Fisher Wood (Century; $1.60 net), gives many vivid sidelights on the war, and provides, in addition, the most understandable account of the battle of the Marne which has yet been printed. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Wood was a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in architecture. Casually noting the confusion that the care of the Germans and Austrians brought to the American Embassy, he offered his services. First he devoted himself to aiding our temporary wards, the harried Teutons in France. He carried dispatches to Germany and Austria. Immediately after the battle of the Marne he motored over the battlefields, and with the aid of the American military attaché read the vicissitudes of the fray from the wounded and dead, who still lay where they fell. These were great experiences, which Mr. Wood fortunately set down in letters and diaries, at the time. From these the book is woven together. It has the actuality of the best newspaper writing, more simplicity, and naturally more comprehensiveness. The tone is singularly just, though the frankness of some of the paragraphs might make a resumption of the author's diplomatic adventure a bit difficult. Not the least interesting pages are those devoted to Germany and Austria-Hungary in war time. The contrast between the rather ugly tension in Germany, where the author suffered something like persecution from police surveillance, and the generous hospitality which he everywhere received in Hungary, is very striking. In Hungary he was the guest of Count Apponyi, whose views on an ineluctable conflict between Slav and Teuton make reading more interesting than convincing. We can touch on only a few of the more attractive features of a book that is always vivid and at times thrilling. The author has risen well to exceptional opportunities. Few of the professional chroniclers have done as well. Fifteen photographs, mostly from the battlefield, and facsimiles of military passes, etc., give a documentary character to the fresh and ingenuous narratives.

As richly illustrated as its predecessors, the sixth volume of Professor Firth's edition of Macaulay's "History of England" (Macmillan; $3.25) comes to hand to complete the great undertaking. The total of illustrations reaches 900, of which forty-four are full-page plates in color. The latter include, in the final volume, pictures of Sir Isaac Newton, the Earl of Halifax, the Princess Anne, with her son, and three others, all from paintings in the National Portrait Gallery. In addition, there is the usual wealth of reproductions of plans, medals, portraits, scenes, broadsides, and cartoons, among them being St. Paul's Cathedral as it stood, half-completed, in 1695; Whitehall and its surroundings in 1724; the congratulatory poem "To the High and Mighty Czar of Muscovy," now known as Peter the Great, on the occasion of his arrival for a visit in England in January, 1697-8; a "List of the Seven Thousand Men" constituting "The Standing Forces of this Kingdom" in 1699, and a proclamation against pirates by the Lords Justices in 1696. The index is new, the old one being incomplete and in many items in error. The finished set constitutes a notable achievement, being not only a tribute to his popularity, of which Macaulay could not fail to be proud, but also a worthy memorial of British scholarship and bookmaking.

The first of the Harvard Studies in Education, "The Oberlehrer," by William Setchel Learned (Harvard University Press; $1.75), is an informing essay, attractively written, in spite of the remote suggestion of the doctor's thesis. Mr. Learned's review of the gradual rise of schoolmastership in Germany to the status of a dignified profession, and his account of the democratic conditions that pre-

vail in the *Kollegium*, seem to show that American schools "need the benefit of German example." We may believe also that they are in some respects in advance of the schools in Germany. One wonders, however, whether the "standardization of curriculum" and "minute regulation of method," which, according to the author, hang like a leaden weight about the neck of the German schoolmaster to-day, are not, for the American schools, impending evils rather than evils from which they have been delivered.

The small volume of "African Adventure Stories" (Scribner; $1.50), by J. Alden Loring, one of the collectors who accompanied Roosevelt on his African expedition, is a rather heterogeneous collection of incidents and stories. Some of the former occurred on the expedition itself, and others rest on narratives told by various hunters or travellers. The reader is warned that the facts in the concluding seven chapters are at least "not improbable." The author's style is a free and easy one, unconnected, and amateurish as to vocabulary, but several of the chapters stand out in interest far above the general text. The account of the grass-fires is one of these, a less detailed but more personal sketch of the same incident which Roosevelt describes in his "African Game Trails." The method of shooting and observing animals with the jacklight at night is described in an interesting way, as is the "driving" of creatures which have taken shelter from the sun in dongas or clumps of brush. The most original chapter is entitled Wild Animals That I Have "Et."

A noteworthy bibliography of material bearing upon the antecedents of the war has been compiled under the direction of Hermann H. B. Meyer, chief bibliographer of the Library of Congress. The pamphlet is entitled "List of References on Europe and International Politics in Relation to Present Issues." It excludes the merely controversial literature that has appeared since the war began, but includes the official documents issued by the various governments. Consultation of the list is facilitated by grouping the titles under several headings in addition to divisions by countries, as "Growth of Nationalities," "Balance of Power," "Neutrality," "Marine Insurance," "Triple Alliance and Triple Entente," "Aerial Warfare and Law of the Air." The references are given without comment.

The "Tabular Views of Universal History" (Putnam; $2.50 net), which were originally compiled by George P. Putnam in 1832, under the title "The World's Progress," have been continued to the outbreak of the present war under the editorial supervision of George Haven Putnam. Their character is well indicated by the sub-title: "A series of chronological tables, presenting, in parallel columns, a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to the present day, together with an alphabetical index of subjects." There are also some mediocre maps, a few genealogical tables, and an ingenious chart picturing racial and national development since about 2500 B. C. More than a third of the text, however, with its parallel columns of events, relates to the last fifty years. So far as we have tested it, the book is fairly accurate in statement and judicial in selection, and therefore convenient for purposes of reference or of cramming.

Science

VOLCANISM.

The Problem of Volcanism. By Joseph P. Iddings. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5 net.

This book, embodying the substance of the Silliman Lectures at Yale University in 1914, attempts to present a theory of volcanism expressing current opinions on problems in petrology, geology, and astronomy. The author, trained in the Rocky Mountains in the service of the Geological Survey, has been for years professor of petrology in Chicago University and is the author of a well-known text on Igneous Rocks. After he has reviewed in the first chapter the phenomena of volcanism, including Mont Pelée, Krakatau, Kilauea, Taal, Perry Peak on Bogosloff Island (misnamed "Parry Island"), active volcanoes are dismissed, and ancient volcanic fields of Wyoming and Montana, of Massachusetts and Connecticut, come in for mention under the "phenomena" of volcanism. Thereafter, throughout the book, the author deals with cosmogonic and lithologic theory, until the last chapter, on the "extrusion of lavas," compels some further mention of the active vents. The author at the outset declares his intention of presenting the problem "rather than a theory or a supposed explanation of it."

In view of this statement, therefore, it is regrettable that the author deals so little with the empirical data now available concerning eruption, its mechanism, its progress, and its recurrence. The idea of evolution at a normal volcanic vent, following a definite sequence in accordance with comparatively uniform laws, has not presented itself to Dr. Iddings. In fact, the evolution and classification of volcanoes is not treated in this book, and the question, above quoted, of recurrence in the same region is not discussed as a prevalent characteristic of volcanicity on any other page.

Instead of being an unprejudiced expression of current opinion, this book is an expression of the biassed opinion of the inner circle of American petrologists and geologists who have produced the quantitative classification of rocks and the planetesimal theory. The principal references in the book are to Chamberlin, Gilbert, and Suess. There is no mention in the text of Mercalli, Omori, Brun, Brigham, Hitchcock, or Perret, and the new textbooks of von Wolff and Schneider are mentioned only in the bibliography. Dr. Iddings's conception of a volcano as a steam engine shows little advance beyond Scrope, Judd, Dana, Hull, and Bonney. The problems of gas-fluxing elaborated by Daly and Perret, two-phase convection, juvenile water, and differential ascensional force, are neglected, the rise of lava being considered a question of relief of pressure, and fracture induced by warping and flexure. There is no sufficient treatment of experimental volcanology in the field and laboratory, nc summary of problems to be solved in the study of active volcanoes, and the reader finishes the book with the antiquated notion that volcanoes are essentially dangerous and that the main sources of our information are the ancient rocks and the physico-chemical laboratory.

We learn that volcanic activity has not occurred at any one time in all parts of the earth, and that it breaks out in new localities at widely remote periods; "*in some instances*" (the italics are the reviewer's) "not to reappear in the same locality so far as our powers of observation go." Geikie is cited on recurrence of lavas in successive geologic ages in the British Isles, but this is apparently an exceptional case (p. 26), for as in the case of assimilation of sedimentary wall rock by magma, cited by Lacroix in the Pyrenees, it would not fit the theory of a heterogeneous earth to grant that volcanic recurrence and assimilation were general and widespread.

Nebular hypotheses are reviewed from Descartes to Chamberlin, and a severe indictment is brought of the shiftlessness of the average geologist. We are told that "a nebular hypothesis as to the origin of the solar system, and therefore of the earth, has come to be a widely accepted theory among geologists, who have restated it in various terms, in some instances with elemental simplicity and misleading terminology, not infrequently dignifying their invention by calling it the Laplacean hypothesis." We are further informed that the formulæ of geologists in this matter are some of them "as crudely simple as the cog wheels of a mechanical toy." One would suppose that Dr. Iddings believed himself to be the first geologist who ever took the trouble to look up the history of nebular theory and the work of modern astrophysicists. The chapter on nebulæ has in view the determination of how hot the interior of the earth is. Our author thinks there can never be direct means of observation of this. He speaks of the so-called "green" nebulæ as characterized by the bright spectral lines of *incandescent* gases (p. 40). On another page (44) he tells us that the luminosity "is probably not due to heat. Hydrogen and helium gases only exhibit spectra when excited electrically . . . and the temperature of such nebulæ may be near absolute zero." We know nothing of the cause of the light of the white or spiral nebulæ; we know "by observation that the sun possesses such explosive energy that it projects jets of its substance thousands of miles from its surface at velocities greater than three hundred miles a second," and that it is analogous to some parts of these nebulæ; but after discussing various forms of the hypothesis of accretion for the origin of the earth, Dr. Iddings concludes that a nebular hypothesis "does not at this time furnish any basis for a determination of the temperature of the inner portion of the earth." Elsewhere we learn that "it appears to be quite possible that the temperature of the interior of the earth is not greater than that of the

hottest volcanic lavas at the surface, from 1,000 degrees C. to 1,500 degrees C."

The thesis of Professor Iddings to account for the origin of the igneous rocks is that we must begin with a heterogeneous globe. This gives us opportunity for petrographical provinces of diversified rock composition. The earth is an elastic solid subject to accumulating stresses that periodically exceed the limit of elasticity and cohesion. An accretionary hypothesis permits the innermost part of the earth to have aggregated the heavier meteoric particles with lighter matter on the outer portions of the planet, but not uniformiy, iarge nebuiar nuclei having failen in to make the denser ocean basins. The central portion contracted through crystallization and chemical readjustment at varying rates, owing to heterogeneity, and warping or fracture took place for the same reason, permitting irregular release of pressure over a "pseudo-rigid" zone where fluidity is dependent upon pressure. Gases are acquired partly by dissociation, but more especially from wail rocks. The temperature of the magma is never very high, certainly never high enough to melt the wall rocks, except in rare instances. The diagrammatic sections of the lithosphere drawn by Dr. Iddings do not permit any batholithic bodies, such as granites, etc., to eniarge indefinitely downward into the substratum, but all are drawn as dikes or flat sheets bounded on both sides by wall rock.

A very singular inconsistency is exhibited in the discussion of the acquisition of new gas, especially water vapor, from the wall rocks. The author strenuously objects to intrusion by solution, because this would involve excessive localization of storage of heat, and he objects to the hypothesis of overhead stoping for the same reason; and without localization such heat in the zone of primitive magma would undermine the outer rock crust, or lithosphere. No such difficulty confronts him, however, when it comes to dissolving gases in magma. In spite of the relativeiy low temperature of magma, by his hypothesis, and the acknowledged poor conductors that rocks make, "the contact of moiten magma with rocks containing water necessarily involves the conversion of water into gas at high pressure, and the absorption of a large part of the gas by magma. Nothing can prevent its entering the magma but impermeable wall rocks and a higher vapor pressure within the magma." Johnston has completeiy disposed of Daubrée's percoiation theory, but nevertheless "at considerable depths, where water-charged rocks are under great pressures, the heating to magma temperatures should produce water-gas at a very high vapor pressure, and there should be a flow of gas into the magma, which may completely dissolve it."

In view of the conclusion above stated, that the earth's interior is not possibly hotter than 1,500 degrees C., the following comment in the discussion of liquid lavas seems somewhat inconsistent: "Some have been seen to issue from orifices at white heat, about 1,500 degrees C. How much hotter they may be at considerable distances below the surface of the earth, before entering the cooling zone, there is no direct means of knowing." This appears to be an acknowledgment that there is a cooling zone far below the scene of volcanic outflow, which would imply that the lavas emerging at 1,500 degrees C. are already considerably cooled. Why, then, lay stress on so improbable an hypothesis as that the whole earth's interior is no hotter than these lavas merely because extrapolation on discordant curves of thermal gradient is inaccurate? There are many reasons based on our knowledge of the sun, of volcanoes, of geology, and of the well-considered opinions of conservative astronomers and physicists, for agreeing with Arrhenius that the interior of the globe probably possesses a temperature of many thousand degrees centigrade. The argument of Dr. Iddings is merely the death-struggle of a school of thought which combats the doctrine of assimilation.

Chapter IV, on the petrology of the earth, is a useful summary of up-to-date work concerning the physical character of rocks and rock minerals, their melting points, and the arrangement of rocks in comagmatic series. The statement (p. 90) that hardness and rigidity are identical is questionable, as hardness is a composite quality. The repetition of the oft-quoted "white heat" of Mauna Loa lava is probably a repetition of error. The discussion (pp. 109-112) of the hypothesis of assimilation-differentiation and its brief dismissal show ignorance of the hypothesis and great unfairness towards Professor Daly, of Harvard, who is not even cited.

The work of Day and Shepherd in collecting gases at Kilauea is extraordinarily misapplied in direct opposition to the conclusions of these authors. On page 7 it is stated that "the clouds of vapor that rise from craters and lava streams are mostly water-vapor. . . . Other gases are abundant in some instances, but from the nature of eruptions little has been learned or will ever be discovered, from observation and investigation" of craters. "From the lava pool of Kilauea, whose surface temperature is about 1,000 degrees C., water-gas should issue much above its critical point and pass into the tropical air, however moist, without producing clouds." Does this mean that when the relative humidity of the atmosphere on Kilauea is 100 per cent., as it frequently is, more water-vapor may be added to it without showing as a cloud of condensed moisture? Day and Shepherd are cited as having collected water-gas in abundance along with other gases, but these authors clearly acknowledge that the relative proportion of water-gas is still in doubt. They also consider the assemblage of gases collected as deep-seated in origin, yet Dr. Iddings cites them (p. 173) on heating effects in combinations of gases "acquired from wall rocks," and "from near the earth's surface and sedimentary strata." Dr. Iddings takes very little account of juvenile gases as agents in the heating and ascension of lava, though he does acknowledge in one place (p. 244) "that most of the characteristics of extrusion, apart from the eruption of great volumes of lava, are attributable to the action of gases." But it is exactly what he here excepts, eruption of lava, that modern thought is coming to discern as due to a convectional foaming under gas pressure. He even explicitly denies this on page 245.

He states that there is a striking analogy between the behavior of lavas and that of geysers; but in the discussion this resemblance proves to be purely a superficial one. "In the eruption of lava from volcanic craters the explosive agent is the gas within the lava, which is in fact the vapor of the lava, *just as steam is the vapor of water.*" (The italics are the reviewer's.) This would seem to mean that the boiling point of magma were reached somewhere in the depths, but then the author goes on to explain that silicate compounds are only slightly vaporizable, that the chief gases are other things, and virtually that the explosive agent is not the vapor of lava, and is in no wise comparable to the vapor of water. The long-overworked comparison with the geyser could not be more effectually refuted than in this "striking analogy," which his own discussion destroys when it turns out that a temperature is needed far in excess of what the author will allow.

This discussion ends with the statement that the explosions of Krakatau and of Taal and Pelée were the result of the influx of water to contact with molten lava, and that the birth of a new volcano is probably occasioned by the access of molten magma to underground reservoirs of water. There is not the slightest proof of these things, and abundant evidence in the quiet activity of submarine lavas that the forces of volcanism are actuated otherwise.

The hopelessness of the author's point of view concerning the science of volcanoes is expressed in the statement (p. 236) that while something of the life history of a volcano may be made out from new outbreaks, active cones, and eroded sections, still "there may be infinite variety in the experience of volcanoes in different localities." Ours would certainly be a heterogeneous earth if this were true. Fortunately, modern volcanology is finding order in this seeming chaos by realizing that the variety of volcanoes is far from infinite, that the volcanic process is remarkably uniform, and that the differences are evolutionary stages of growth.

The failure to conceive succession of volcanic cycles for the same region, along with misinformation about certain regions, has led our author to the conviction that early volcanic activity in a given region is explosive, while the later stages produce fluent lava. This is singularly at variance with the probabilities of terrestrial history and with the evidence of geological history treated by volcanic cycles for the same region.

It is unfortunate that the author of this

book was not more familiar with the Hawaiian volcanoes. On page 239 he writes: "At Kilauea explosive eruptions from the crater are almost unknown, certainly none of considerable magnitude, but lateral eruptions of non-explosive lava frequently break out upon its slopes, and also on those of Mauna Loa; however, parasitic cones are rarely formed." Again, "the play of fountains of lava within crater pools (p. 245), which occasionally occurs at Kilauea." In fact, Kilauea is a tremendously explosive volcano at long intervals. Great ash-beds lie within the lava flows of the crater walls, and the explosion of 1790 was comparable with that of Mount Pelée in 1902 and similarly destroyed human life. Lateral eruptions of lava are rare at Kilauea, but common on Mauna Loa. Parasitic cones are common on both volcanoes, and are nearly always formed at the sources of the lava flows. Lava fountains have been continuous features of the activity of Kilauea in the nineteenth century throughout the time that it has maintained lava pools in the crater; they are invariably present on Mauna Loa when that volcano is active. In both volcanoes the emission of vast quantities of gas is a constant feature of lava activity.

Even within his own field of petrology, in dealing with the texture and composition of rocks, the author of this book seems to be pessimistic about finding orderly relations. "No distinctions can be discovered between rocks solidified under different pressures or at different depths; consequently, distinctions that were formerly supposed to characterize rocks as 'plutonic' or 'volcanic' have been found to be inappropriate and without actual significance." This wonderful assertion marks the climax of hopelessness, left in the mind of the young student who may read this book. It is an assertion which either aims at sensationalism, or is designed to enforce the conclusions of the four petrographers, Professor Iddings among their number, who tried to secure general acceptance of their so-called "quantitative classification of the igneous rocks."

The writer of this review regrets the polemical attitude which he has taken in this notice of a book which is bound to excite discussion because of the distinction of its author and the excellence of his achievements in petrology. But any other attitude on the part of a reviewer would be hypocrisy in one trained to an eclectic point of view, and in view of the author's professed intention of expressing *current opinions* on volcanism. This book, von Wolff's "Vulkanismus," and Daly's "Origin of the Igneous Rocks," are the three works of the year that bring up to date the growth of science on this topic of geology, and von Wolff's book is the only one of the three which is unbiassed and more or less encyclopædic. The books of Daly and Iddings are diametrically opposed; both show scholarship of high order, both claim eclecticism, and both represent extreme schools. Dr. Iddings in *Science* has seen fit to criticise Dr. Daly's book as dangerous in its departure from accepted ideals of geology and likely to lead students astray. Just the same danger lies in his own production, which he modestly recommends in that review as a model of conservatism, when in reality it is radical in the extreme in its doctrine of a cool, heterogeneous, planetesimal earth and non-volcanic moon, and it is narrow in its insistence on steam absorption from wall rock and steam explosion; it is out of date in its neglect of modern volcanology, and of a rational evolutionism in volcanicity, and it is unduly pessimistic in seeing no hope of ever making experimental conquest of the facts concerning the temperatures, pressures, and gases of the inner earth.

Dr. L. Doncaster's book on "The Determination of Sex" (Putnam) is meant for the "untrained reader." It starts out, indeed, in a very elementary way, with simple definitions of protoplasm and other biological terms, but the reader is soon confronted with a variety of generic names and special cases of sexual and asexual reproduction, with rather complicated schemata attached, that requires some concentration to follow intelligently. The book gives a good account of all the recent important work upon the determination of sex, but the author is apparently less enthusiastic than most recent writers in the acceptance of some of these results. He still finds it worth while to discuss seriously such theories as the alternate discharge of male-determining and female-determining ova from the ovaries, and the influence of external conditions in modifying or determining the sex of the fertilized ovum. The glossary at the end of the book is not so helpful as it should be. Some of the definitions might be greatly improved, both in clearness and accuracy, those of hormone and interstitial tissues, for example.

By the first term of Percy E. Davidson's title, "The Recapitulation Theory and Human Infancy" (Teachers Coll., Columbia University; $1 net), is meant, in Haeckel's terminology, that the outgoing or development of the individual is a short and rapid recapitulation of the evolution of the race. As applied to the psychical or psycho-physical side it implies that as the individual develops he will rehearse in chronological order the chief stages of the psycho-physical evolution of the animal phylum to which he belongs. This theory in its bearing upon human infancy is discussed carefully by the author, but not in a luminous or interesting way. He rejects the theory so far as the interpretation of human infancy is concerned, but his own conclusion that infancy is "the ancient structure of maturity . . . shorn of and supplemented by those things which plasticity presupposes" is difficult to comprehend clearly, except possibly by the professional psychologist.

Volume III of Prof. L. H. Bailey's "Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture" (Macmillan; $6) covers the subjects from F through K. There are more than 500 large pages and about that number of figures. These statements will indicate the widened scope of this valuable treatise, which bears at every point the marks of great editorial skill. This work, in its earlier edition, has been reviewed with commendation in previous numbers of the *Nation*, and we can now merely add that, in its new form, it has not lost any of its good features. Like all cyclopædias, it is bulky and somewhat inconvenient, but this cannot be helped. It is trustworthy and exhaustive, and meets every need of the commercial and the professional cultivator of garden plants. More than this, it is admirably adapted to the more exacting requirements of the amateur.

The Missouri Botanical Garden, at St. Louis, has published for more than twenty years an annual report which gave a full account of the activities of the institution. Hereafter, the annual report will appear under an entirely new form. The reports of the officers of the board of trustees, and of the director, will be given in monthly bulletins, while the results of the scientific work at the Garden, by its staff, by advanced students in the contiguous Washington University, and by visiting botanists, will appear in a quarterly publication, to be known as the *Annals of the Missouri Botanical Garden.* Four of these quarterly numbers, bound together in a substantial volume of 432 pages, now appear as Volume I, and cover the scientific contributions for the year 1914. The range is wide, the volume is well printed, well indexed, and well illustrated.

Until the appearance of Carlton Ellis's "The Hydrogenation of Oils" (Van Nostrand; $4 net) the literature on hydrogenation had been scattered through many periodicals, and the author has performed a valuable service in collecting, arranging, and editing the considerable mass of material. The first two chapters give in chronological order the methods which have been proposed for hydrogenation. Catalyzers and the part they play in the process are then discussed, and, after a chapter on the analytical constants of hydrogenated oils, their general characters and uses are described. There follows a very full description of the practical methods for producing hydrogen for the hardening of oil—from water gas, hydrocarbons, by steam or acids on metals, by electrolysis, etc. Full reference to the original articles and to the many patents is made, and the work closes with an Appendix on the litigation over patents of hydrogenated oil. The author is well known, and among the many patents which he has taken out seventeen relating to the hydrogenation of oils are cited in this volume. He has included in his text virtually all that has been advanced on the subject, but has avoided critical comment as inadvisable at this stage of a young and rapidly growing process. As he remarks: "A few years hence, when oil hydrogenation will have found its measure and the more important points have reached definite settlement," much of the material here presented "may be considered superfluous." The publishers have produced a well-made and handsomely printed book, which, like their "Industrial Chemistry," is made unnecessarily heavy by their choice of paper.

A fifth edition of the second volume of Professor Minchin's "Treatise on Statics" has been issued by the Oxford Press under the editorship of H. T. Gerrans. The work has been recognized as a standard treatise for so long a time that it is necessary merely to note the changes in this new edition. For the most part, they consist in omitting certain sections which were somewhat irrelevant and in adding more than five hundred problems as an appendix.

Drama

"HANDS UP."

In presenting this piece at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre the Shuberts have done a signal service in defining a summer review. On the programme "Hands Up" is announced as a "musico-comico-filmo-melo-drama," and this is so complete that the present reviewer feels much of his task has been done for him. Mention should, at least, be made of the fact that the cast is an attractive one, including Maurice and Florence Walton, Ralph Herz, Irene Franklin, Burton Green, and Bobby North. The management, however, has evidently found difficulty in meting out due measure to each of these important people, and the result is that "Hands Up" runs well into the fourth hour, which is too long. There is a great deal of wholesome fun in the piece, and particular mention may be made of an excellent bit of burlesque by Mr. Herz, Miss Franklin, and George Hassel. A novelty of the entertainment is a scene called "The Animated Screen," in which the effect of the cinema is acted out. The costumes and the settings are remarkably good, and the chorus is all that the chorus of a summer review should be. L.

In the thin and unpretentious little volume entitled "Homeric Scenes," by John Jay Chapman (Lawrence J. Gomme; 60 cents), is contained choice literary and scholarly work. Mr. Chapman has taken episodes from the Homeric story and recast them in dramatic dialogue, in which the tone and spirit of the original text are preserved with singular felicity, notwithstanding the flavoring of modern thought with which they are occasionally spiced. He divides them in two parts, "Hector's Farewell" and "The Wrath of Achilles." In the first, which is very brief, Hector, prescient of fate, but gallant and undismayed, bids a cheery, tender adieu to Andromache and his infant son, and proceeds to the fatal field. The second contains six short scenes in which the closing incidents of Achilles's career are compactly but effectively set forth. Thus, at the instance of Ulysses, who represents the peril of the Greeks in a vigorous speech, Agamemnon is induced to make reparation to Achilles, who is sulking in his tent, and to restore Briseis. Achilles, however, is not to be appeased, either by the crafty, flattering argument of Ulysses or by the intercession of his old nurse, Phœnix. He resents the proffered bribe and vows that he will sail with his ships on the morrow. Then Antilochus brings news of the death of Patroclus, through the direct intervention of Apollo, and Achilles, bent on instant vengeance, proclaims his reconciliation with the hated Atreidæ, and hurries to gird on the new armor provided by his mother Thetis. The scene of reconciliation, as described by Thersites, is one of the most notable passages in the book. In the following episode the terrible strife of gods and men, about Scamander, and the death of Hector, are described in vivid and sonorous lines by Antilochus and another messenger, to Briseis and others, until Achilles returns, bloody and war-worn, to sacrifice his captives and give the body of Hector to the dogs. From this purpose he is dissuaded, first by the ghost of Patroclus, who prays for instant burial, and secondly by a visit from old Priam, whose pathetic appeal moves him to mercy and generous treatment of his fallen foe, as he meditates upon his own imminent death. The final scene shows him stark upon his bier, with Thetis mourning over him. Literary and descriptive as the little piece is, in the main, it is not devoid of dramatic possibilities, and it might even be effective in the theatre if actors capable of speaking it and interpreting it in the proper heroic mood could be found. It is most notable, however, for the purity and vigor of its English. The blank verse is robust and rhythmical, and a word of special recognition is due to the prose of Thersites, which is of Elizabethan quality and charged with vitriolic humor. Mr. Chapman, of course, had a rich well of inspiration to draw from, but his success in preserving the spirit of his original, in condensed and original paraphrase, is a praiseworthy achievement.

An interesting study of the varying fortunes of the monologue or dramatic soliloquy is given in Dr. Erwin W. Roessler's "The Soliloquy in German Drama" (Columbia University Press; $1 net). This dramatic convention, after a glorious career, suffered an ignominious ending in the final decades of the nineteenth century, owing to the influence of Ibsen and other naturalistic forces. The author distinguishes, on the one hand, the expositional soliloquy, a crude makeshift which has been a device too much favored in the German drama, and on the other hand the reflective, deliberative, emotional soliloquy, whose disappearance he thinks is much to be regretted. The soliloquy, of course, flourished amid the naïve crudities of the old Shrovetide plays, and the Renaissance tradition did not dislodge it. The first reaction came from the pseudo classicism of the eighteenth century. Gottsched, influenced by arguments of common-sense and by the sparing use of the monologue in the later plays of Corneille, was resolutely hostile to it. It was probably in conscious opposition to Gottsched's precepts that Lessing reinstated the soliloquy, attempting at the same time to make it more realistic. Goethe and Schiller accepted the convention unquestioningly without worrying over its naturalness. Dr. Roessler points out, however, that Schiller, in particular, vitalized the soliloquy by such elements of dialogue as apostrophe, questions and answers, exclamations, etc. In the nineteenth century most of the leading German dramatists employed the monologue unhesitatingly. We find it, for instance, abundantly in Grillparzer and excessively in Hebbel, where the frequency of soliloquies and asides is in keeping with the author's proneness to morbid introspection and self-analysis. Kleist is the only notable exception to this ready acquiescence until our own generation is reached, when the technique of Ibsen becomes dominant. The author observes that the characters in Ibsen do not seem to suspect that they are characters in a drama performed for an audience. Hence they do not proclaim themselves except through the natural channel of dialogue. This achievement is all the more noteworthy since the construction of Ibsen's plays, which generally begin with the catastrophe, inevitably tempts the playwright to the use of the clumsy expositional soliloquy. The influence of Ibsen in these matters is apparent upon Sudermann and Hauptmann. But, as the writer points out, Hauptmann in his desire to avoid the artificial device of the soliloquy has usurped the prerogatives of the novel by employing the epic method. His stage directions frequently make impossible demands on the actors, are, in fact, intended for his readers. What actor, for example, is chameleon enough to interpret the direction "Seine Farbe wechselt oft," which occurs in "Das Friedensfest"? Facial expression or pantomime is substituted for the old emotional soliloquy, and the result is a loss of clearness and no gain in naturalness. Dr. Roessler's conclusion is that, since the performance of a play rests upon conventions, it is absurd for the stage to attempt to be a faithful copy of life. Granted that the old expositional soliloquy was a slovenliness the departure of which none will regret, it is nevertheless a pity that the soliloquy of thought and feeling has been eliminated so completely from the contemporary drama. This well-arranged little monograph is valuable for the miscellaneous information which it furnishes, and for the reflection which it stimulates.

Two years ago Mr. Alfred Noyes wrote a little one-act play called "Rada," an imaginary episode of the war in the Balkans. That was little better than a pot-boiler, a lurid, sentimental, but not ineffective bit of melodrama of no particular distinction. "A Belgian Christmas Eve" (Stokes) is the same story, rewritten and greatly expanded, with the scene laid in Belgium during the present European upheaval, and is a much more ambitious and thoughtful piece of work, with poetic qualities to which the earlier version could lay no claim. As drama it is somewhat tricky and conventional, but the literary execution is vigorous, and, in places, carries a note of genuine inspiration. The victorious German hosts are running wild in a Belgian village. Two privates, university men, having killed the local physician, have billeted themselves in his home on Christmas Eve. With cynical jocularity, quoting Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, they strive to rally the despairing widow, Rada, who, they are convinced, is trying to conceal something from them. Finally, an old half-witted schoolmaster, Nanko, a pensioner of the doctor, innocently betrays the fact that Rada's little twelve-year-old daughter, Bettine, is asleep in the bedroom. Then Rada throws herself on their mercy, and, while she is speaking, the child enters in her nightgown. The soldiers, melted by her innocence—this is a true and gracious touch—play Santa Claus and affect to join her in a Christmas Tree festival. But the party is disturbed by the irruption of a band of other drunken soldiers, who have seen the female figures through the window and are bent on outrage. The two students try to defend Rada, who has concealed herself in her bedroom, but the intruders proceed to batter down the door, and the woman shoots herself and her child, while the thunder of advancing guns tells of the approach of the British forces. The dramatic incidents are virtually identical with those in the earlier piece, and, as has been intimated, have too strong a savor of the purely theatrical in their calculated contrasts and somewhat trite sentiment to carry the impress of reality. The dialogue is of a much superior order. The prose spoken by the soldiers is vital, rugged stuff, and much of the blank verse in which Rada's protests and appeals are couched has a fine swing and is charged with pathos, scorn, and passion. It is to the half-crazed Nanko, however, that

some of the most poetic lines are allotted. He has a fine description of the great Belgian cities, and his long soliloquy with which the play closes—outside the chamber from which the blood of Rada is trickling—is strikingly imaginative in thought and expression. But, after all, the noblest English in the play is the Biblical story of the Nativity which the child Bettine, with a curious disregard of the probable, is made to recite before her Christmas Tree. Mr. Noyes is at his best, perhaps, in his "Dedication," in which a solemn thought is expressed with dignified simplicity, and in his epilogue, which, breathing a prayer that the war may bring about an era of human liberty, is inspired by a noble spirit of comprehension and tolerance.

Finance

"MUNITIONS CONTRACTS."

In a very extraordinary way, all the speculative interest on the Stock Exchange of last week converged on stocks of manufacturing companies, who have taken "war munitions contracts." One day last week, at the height of the week's speculation, 75 per cent. of the day's transactions on the Stock Exchange was in shares of industrial companies subject to such influences. Stocks in which the average daily trading, four or five months ago, was only a few hundred shares, on several days were dealt in to an amount twenty times as large as such stocks as Union Pacific or Reading. In one of these stocks, which had not changed hands at all on the New York Stock Exchange until three months ago, 90,000 shares were sold on a single day.

The spectacle is not new to Wall Street, though unfamiliar during recent years. It is one of those well-known phenomena which occur when the public and the stock exchanges are in a gambling mood, when money is easy and the outsiders' surplus funds abundant, when something has happened to set on fire the popular imagination regarding the prospects of a given group of stocks, and when—this is not the least important condition—surrounding circumstances are such that the buyer cannot ascertain the exact facts of earnings possibilities, and therefore may picture what his own enthusiasm suggests. It is the case of the railway shares in 1901 and 1902, when nobody knew the limit of the "buying for control."

Is there, then, no way of throwing any light on prospective profits from the "munitions contracts"? One fact in the matter, not without significance, is that no responsible manager of any company now engaging in the munitions business, has in a single instance made any statement bearing out the extravagant Wall Street expectations. Only two official statements have been made. At the annual meeting of Bethlehem Steel shareholders, on April 6, President Schwab remarked:

> The matter of paying dividends on the common stock has not even been considered by the management. There were years when we paid no dividends on the preferred stock. I shall maintain the same policy regarding the common stock while funds of the company are needed for its development.

The other statement, published last week, came from a member of the executive committee of the Crucible Steel:

> I can see no reason why the common stock of the company should be able to pay dividends for a good many years.

Wall Street laid more stress on a remark in the second of these statements, that, on the company's $15,000,000 munition contracts the profit might be $5,000,000 to $6,000,000 "providing everything goes according to calculation." Supposing Wall Street's favorite estimate of $1,500,000,000 for such contracts in the aggregate to be correct, that rate would mean a profit of more than $500,000,000 for the American manufacturers. But the experienced part of Wall Street hesitated to jump at that conclusion.

Why? In the first place, because the estimate of orders placed is itself doubtful. A good part of the orders has certainly duplicated itself in the calculation. Orders have been sub-let by original contractors, and the process has frequently been repeated by the sub-contractors. In the market's estimates, which do not always distinguish between the processes, the total of the sub-let orders has been constantly added to the original contract of which it was a part. Nor have original contracts been free from exaggerations. Stock Exchange estimators had named for the Crucible Steel, for instance, an aggregate of more than $60,000,000 war contracts, some going as high in their estimates even as $150,000,000. Last week those orders were officially stated as $15,000,000.

But even supposing the estimate of $1,500,000,000 to be correct; what then? One offset to calculated profits is the possibility of strikes for increased wages. Another is the chance of rejections, on the part of foreign buyers, of shells, cartridges, guns, or rifles, which are turned out, but do not meet specifications. One company which lately entered the munition business had a large consignment of rifles (possibly 100,000) thus rejected this very week.

But the most impressive factor of uncertainty lies in the unfamiliarity of the American manufacturers with the business to which they have unexpectedly diverted their machinery. The *Iron Age*, commenting editorially on the caution required in booking contracts of the sort, cites this case in point:

> A business man whose contract for shells looked like 100 per cent. profit when it was taken, now says that so many unexpected hindrances to rapid and efficient production have turned up that he may not make a dollar.

Further:

> A machine-tool manufacturer, who sublet parts of his machine to increase production, scrapped the first batch of parts he received in its entirety, and cancelled the contract.

The chairman of an English company whose machinery had been thus diverted from its ordinary purposes reported to his shareholders that this "sudden influx of work with which we were unfamiliar has resulted in a falling off in the money value of the output"—that is to say, the profit was less than that of the company's ordinary business. On the whole, a safe conclusion is that Wall Street will know a good deal more about "munitions contracts" twelve months hence than it knows to-day.

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FICTION.

Chambers, R. W. Athalie. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Holgar, P. From the Shelf. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Hunt, V. The House of Many Mirrors. Brentano's. $1.35 net.
Stratton-Porter, G. Michael O'Halloran. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Haverfield, Prof. F. Roman Britain in 1914. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
International Crisis in its Ethical and Psychological Aspects. Lectures delivered by E. M. Sidgwick and Others. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
The Wayfarers Library.. 40 volumes. Dutton. 40 cents net each.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Charles, C. An Attempt to Recover the Original Order of the Text of Revelation. Oxford University Press.
Cox, J. C. Pulpits, Lecterns, and Organs in English Churches. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Macnicol, N. The Religious Quest of India: Indian Theism. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.
Stevenson, Mrs. S. The Heart of Jainism. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.
Stork, T. B. The Will in Ethics. Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Vanderbyll, H. R. Challenging a God. Sherman, French. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

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Crowell, J. F. Trusts and Competition. McClurg. 50 cents net.
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BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Eydoux-Démians, M. In a French Hospital. Duffield. $1 net.
German Culture: The Contribution of the Germans to Knowledge, Literature, Art, and Life. Edited by Prof. W. P. Paterson. Scribner.
Hansbrough, H. C. War and Woman. Duffield. $1 net.
Irwin, W. Men, Women, and War. Appleton. $1 net.
Mitchell, P. C. Evolution and the War. Dutton. $1 net.

POETRY.

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Caldwell, W. M. Pan's Reeds, and Other Verse. Privately Printed.
Cammell, C. Casus Belli. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Cromwell, G. The Gates of Utterance. Sherman, French. 80 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Baynes, E. H. Wild Bird Guests. Dutton. $2 net.
De Voe, W. Healing Currents From the Battery of Life. Vita Publishing Company. $1.50 net.
Drury, H. B. Scientific Management. Vol. LXV. No. 2. Longmans, Green.
Publications of the Astronomical Observatory of the University of Michigan. Vol. 1. Ann Arbor: By the Society.

TEXTBOOKS.

Jaeck, E. G. Madame de Staël and the Spread of German Literature. Oxford University Press.

Jones, H. C. Electrical Nature of Matter and Radioactivity. Third edition. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Méras, A. A. and B. Le Premier Livre. American Book Co.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; John Palmer Gavit, Sec. and Treas.; Emil M. Scholz, Publisher.

Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street. London Office, 16 Regent Street, S.W.

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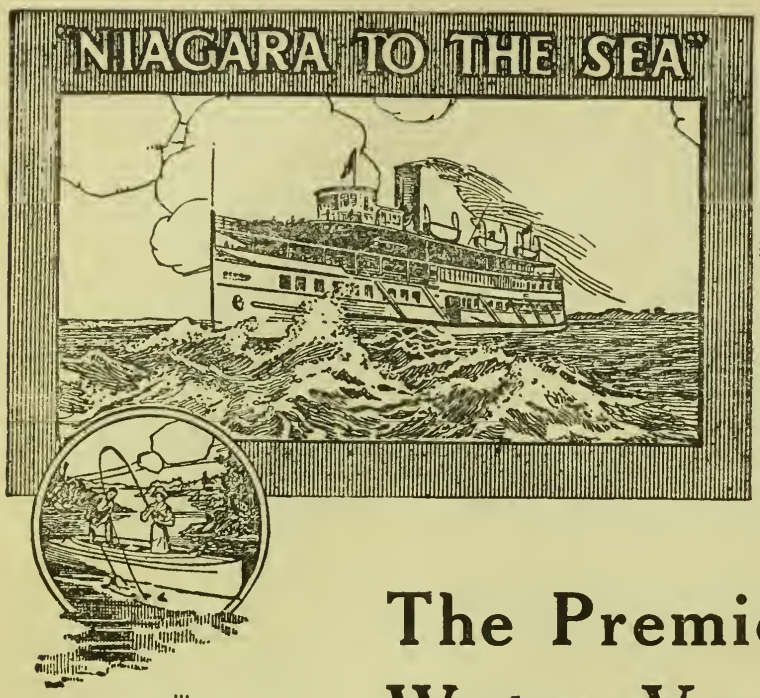

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1915.

Summary of the News

What may be termed "secondary" notes have passed to and fro in abundance between this country and other Powers during the past week. Concerning the main issue between the United States and Germany there is, however, nothing definite to report. Indeed, it is freely suggested that Germany will solve the difficulty, so far as she is concerned, by not replying to the last American note on the subject of the sacrifice of the lives of American citizens through the submarine warfare.

So far as other notes and queries addressed to Germany are concerned, there is little to record, beyond the bare facts of their dispatch. A note of inquiry in regard to the attack by a German submarine on the British steamer Orduna was presented by the American Ambassador to the Foreign Office in Berlin on July 27. On Monday the reply of the German Government to the last American note on the sinking of the sailing ship William P. Frye by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich was received by the State Department. Dispatches from Washington state that the note reiterates the former contention of Germany that the destruction of the vessel was justified under the treaty of 1828, provided that Germany is willing to pay compensation. Representations in regard to the sinking of the American steamship Leelanaw, which, as we noted last week, would appear to have been a similar case to that of the Frye, were, it is understood, made to the German Government at the end of last week.

The receipt of two supplementary notes from Great Britain was announced by the State Department on Monday. Of these, the one amplifying that which was received on July 26, but was not published by request of Sir Edward Grey until the arrival of the present communication, covers the *caveat* of the United States, in which the rights of this Government and of its citizens in connection with all prize-court matters in Great Britain were expressly reserved; the other explains the action of the British Government in detaining the Neches, a vessel carrying goods from Rotterdam to the United States, some of which are alleged by the British Government to have been of German origin. As the full text of these notes was not published until yesterday, we shall withhold comment on them until next week.

German submarines have had an exceptionally successful time during the past few days, having sunk twenty fishing vessels and thirteen other ships. The fishing vessels were all British. In attacking the others submarine commanders displayed a fine impartiality towards flags, belligerent or neutral. Four Danish ships were sunk, two Norwegian, two Swedish, one Belgian, and four British. The only vessel destroyed that has a direct interest for this country was the Leyland liner Iberian, on which three American citizens were killed. The case, however, is likely to present no international difficulties, since, on the evidence before us, it would seem probable that the Iberian was summoned to stop and was only shelled by the submarine when the captain disregarded the order. It was in the course of this shelling that the Americans were killed. On the captain stopping his vessel, the crew was ordered off, and the ship was then torpedoed. The affair is interesting as affording another illustration of the contention made in the last American note that it is perfectly possible for commanders of submarines to observe the rules of warfare, the only difference between a cruiser and a submarine as commerce destroyers being, apparently, that the task of the submarine is slightly more difficult, since the pursued vessel has a better chance of escape.

Undeterred by the unfavorable reception in neutral countries hitherto accorded to "facts" concerning Belgium's misdeeds, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* began, on July 29, according to dispatches from Berlin of that date, the threatened publication of the series of documents purporting to be secret Belgian diplomatic reports found in Brussels by the Germans and describing international political events from the time of the Moroccan crisis until the beginning of the present war.

The reported agreement between Turkey and Bulgaria, which we recorded last week, has not been confirmed; indeed, it is explicitly denied by the Cologne *Gazette* that any agreement has yet been reached, while the Bulgarian Premier, M. Radoslavoff, as reported in a dispatch from Budapest to the London *Morning Post*, dated August 2, frankly admits that Bulgaria is negotiating simultaneously with two groups of Powers, and declares that these negotiations are "proceeding quite satisfactorily." Greek newspapers, according to dispatches from Athens, in commenting on the reported Turko-Bulgarian *entente* are unanimous in declaring that, if Bulgaria should attack Servia, Greece would consider herself in honor bound, in accordance with the Greco-Servian treaty, to go to the assistance of the latter country.

An important announcement in regard to Mexico was given out by the State Department on Monday night. An "informal conference" is to take place at the State Department to-day, at which will be present the Ambassadors from Brazil, Argentina, and Chili, as well as the three ranking Ministers of the American republics, namely, those of Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala. No details as to the nature of the proposals to be put forward are given, but dispatches from Washington last week professed to be informed that the main feature of the contemplated plan would be the recognition by the United States as Provisional President of that member of the Madero Cabinet who is entitled to the office under the law of Presidential succession. From Mexico itself there comes little that is new, except that on Saturday of last week the capital again fell into the hands of the Carranzista forces under Gen. Gonzales.

The Coroner's jury that inquired into the disaster to the excursion steamer Eastland at Chicago on July 28 returned a verdict placing the blame for the loss of life on six persons: the general manager of the company that owned the vessel, the captain, the engineer, two Federal inspectors of steamships, and the general manager of the Indiana Transportation Company, the lessee of the Eastland. An inquiry, which has aroused a good deal of acrimony, is also being conducted by Secretary of Commerce Redfield.

Charles Becker, the ex-police lieutenant of New York, who was twice convicted of having instigated the murder of the gambler Rosenthal, was finally executed in Sing Sing prison on July 30. The incident was attended by the usual debauch of lurid sensationalism on the part of a section of the daily press.

An interesting item of news was obscurely recorded in the papers of July 28. On the preceding day the first direct wireless communication was established between the United States and Japan, when messages were exchanged between the vice-president of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America and the Director-General of the Ministry of Communications at Tokio.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on July 29, raised the limit of the issue of defence bonds to 7,000,000,000 francs. Dispatches of the same date stated that the reports of the Budget Committee on Supplementary Military and Naval Credits showed that the cost of the first five months of the war to France was 6,403,000,000 francs.

Something like a Cabinet crisis was caused in Japan by the resignation, on July 29, of Viscount Kanetake Oura, Minister of the Interior, following an investigation by the Ministry of Justice into charges of bribery resulting from the Parliamentary elections last March. Viscount Oura's resignation was sanctioned by the Emperor, and Viscount Okuma, believing that he should hold himself responsible for the acts of members of his Cabinet, also offered his resignation, which was followed by those of the whole Cabinet. As we write, it is believed that the resignations are not likely to be accepted, as a change in the Cabinet would be unpopular at the present moment.

The revolution in Hayti resulted, on July 28, in the assassination by a mob of the President, Vilbrun Guillaume, who was dragged from the French Embassy, where he had taken refuge, and shot in front of the building. Admiral Caperton, on the same night, landed a force at Port-au-Prince to protect property and lives and prevent the further spread of rioting. Some resistance was opposed to the landing, and after it was effected two American bluejackets were killed by snipers. There have, too, been some casualties among the Haytians. French marines have also been landed, with the approval of the American Government, for the protection of the French Legation. Order has been restored, but the Haytian Congress, though guaranteed protection for its deliberations, has not so far taken any steps to elect a successor to the murdered President.

The Week

Secretary Lansing made a quiet announcement on Monday which is yet of the highest significance. The Mexican nettle is to be grasped firmly, but not by the hand of the United States alone. South and Central America are to help. The Ambassadors from Brazil, Argentina, and Chili—undoubtedly with the consent and authorization of their Governments—are to confer with our Department of State, and in addition the Ministers from Uruguay, Bolivia, and Guatemala will be present. And the express object is to "consider the Mexican situation." This can mean only one thing. It is a revival, with a difference, of the scheme of last year to utilize the friendly coöperation of South American diplomacy in solving the immensely difficult Mexican problem. Then it was a question of preventing war between Mexico and the United States. Now it is a question of bringing about peace and order, with some approximation to a settled government, in a sister-republic which has been torn and ravaged by internal strife for four years.

This renewed and extended effort to make the solidarity of the American nations useful is one proof more of the resourcefulness of President Wilson. His calling in the A B C Powers again is not a confession of weakness, much less an act of cowardice. Of course, the United States is strong enough to go about the business alone. It is not physical support that the President is seeking, but moral. With large foresight, he is directing his policy to the end not merely of meeting the immediate need in Mexico, but of doing it in a way to make the path of statesmanship in the future plainer and easier. Working for the restoration of security in Mexico, he is also endeavoring to provide against the suspicions and jealousies which a rough intervention in Mexico by this country, acting independently, would be sure to arouse throughout all South America. The aid previously accepted by the United States from republics to the South, in our critical relations with Mexico, made a deep and excellent impression all the way from Panama to Patagonia. Old fears and prejudices were swept away in a day, and a feeling of new confidence and friendship created. It was seen that President Wilson had transformed Pan-Americanism from a word, a flourish, into a real thing. This great advantage it is evident that he now desires to retain and to enlarge. If there is to be any intervention in Mexico at all, it will be joint. In case it falls to the United States to take the leading part, and possibly to apply the strongest pressure, we shall all the time be acting under the mandate and with the cordial approval of the other American republics.

When Wall Street and the speculating public get into the frame of mind which has lately been exhibited on the Stock Exchange, warnings are apt to be thrown away. As every one familiar with past speculative manias is aware, the fact that one stock has risen from 46 to 275 in the space of a few months (advancing 100 points since July began) and that another has risen from 18 to 83 in eleven weeks, does not operate as an argument for increased caution at the higher prices, but rather as a stimulus for an even greater rise. The problem ceases to be one of intrinsic values, and becomes one largely of psychology. We fear it is equally futile to attempt, as has been suggested, to solve the whole question by the happy thought of "maximum prices," to be arbitrarily imposed by the authorities of the Stock Exchange. The Stock Exchange can certainly take restrictive measures if it discovers fictitious trading, where one party is at once both buyer and seller, and it can arbitrarily stop a "corner," in which one group of operators has accumulated all of a given stock, and is itself bidding up the price when no one else can sell. But when an infatuated public chooses to bid against itself at an extravagant advance, using its own money or credit for the purpose, it is a little difficult to see how even the imagined "State control" could fix the limit.

There is no mystery as to the origin of this excited speculation, and there is not much doubt as to how it will end. The imagination of the speculative public has been inflamed by the highly sensational estimates of the value of the "war orders" placed with the various manufacturing concerns by European Governments. The figures named are so large as to serve for the wildest sort of estimates on probable net profits—always supposing the ordinary qualifications of business common-sense are to be ignored. In the public's present mood, they are inevitably ignored. Such considerations as the duplication of figures through "subletting" contracts which one contractor cannot execute; as the proved exaggeration in figures already published; as the offsetting influence of strikes, or rejection of output not up to specification; as the certainty that two or three years will be required to complete the larger orders, and that the European war may in the meantime suddenly end—these considerations will have a large place in after-thoughts. But as the speculator sees the facts at present, the stocks are to go on advancing, merely because they have advanced so far already. Every one of the least experience knows what happens in the aftermath of a market built up on such a basis. Perhaps the present speculation is peculiar in this regard—that it has reached its climax of enthusiasm at the very moment when a sudden turn in events of the most disturbing character, in the field of international politics, is at least a constant possibility.

Scruples about espionage, when you have once gone in for it, seem almost like fastidiousness in burglary. The German spy-system has been elaborately organized for years past—it is called, as in all armies, the "information" department—and has naturally been especially employed since the war began. Several German spies have been caught in England, and some of them executed. The latter have gone to their death courageously, regarding themselves as good soldiers and patriots. They knew that they took their lives in their hands when they volunteered to do the work of spies. And if in war all's fair, it certainly might be held to be in spying. Yet our State Department is inclined to draw the line at the forging of American passports for German spies, and has addressed inquiries to Berlin on that subject. The point is that responsible German officials are accused of supplying such fraudulent passports as a regular thing. This makes the affair different from what it would be if it were all a matter of initiative on the part of the individual spy. Liable as he is to be hanged if detected, he is at liberty to resort to any disguise or artifice. But it is another thing for his Government to furnish him with documents purporting to be officially issued by another country. That appears to be the basis of our protest in the matter of the forged passports.

The memory of 1812 was invoked by the Russian Minister of War in the opening session of the Duma at Petrograd. He was referring to the sacrifice of Moscow and the ultimate victory of Russia over Napoleon. But there is another parallel to 1812. In the face of invasion and disaster, Alexander I made his appeal to the loyalty and self-sacrifice of the people. Tolstoy has described how Moscow rallied around its sovereign in 1812. To-day, the Russian Government is

compelled to turn once more to the representatives of the people, and to renew those pledges of good behavior which adversity usually forces from an autocracy. Thus the present session of the Duma may be more important to the future than the military operations of the moment. To the Polish people the promise made by Grand Duke Nicholas at the beginning of the war is now embodied in a specific and formal pledge by the Premier, speaking for the Czar, of national, social, and economic autonomy for Poland. And for the other nationalities, without regard to difference of race, creed, or tongue, there is the promise of "impartiality and benevolence," as a reward for their "fidelity." The session of the Duma is only another illustration of how the truth is being forced upon the ruling minds of Russia that repression and efficiency cannot go together.

We do not for a moment suppose that the great body of German-Americans approve the railing accusations against President Wilson made by Henry Weismann, president of the New York German-American Alliance, at its meeting in Utica last week. He spoke of Mr. Wilson as the "dupe of Wall Street pirates." He also called him a "political bankrupt," distinctly implying that the President's course throughout the war had been dictated by a desire for reëlection. That he can be elected again next year, Mr. Weismann emphatically denied. This is the ordinary politician's rhetoric: "Anyhow, right or wrong, you can't get the votes." But the other assaults on the President go far beyond this, and must be condemned by all sensible Americans of German descent. They will consider Mr. Weismann's language in shocking bad taste, and a great political blunder, whatever else they may think of it. All such people ought to feel, or to be made to understand, if they do not feel it instinctively, that this is a time for them to display great restraint and moderation. The champions of Germany in this country have received every liberty. They must not abuse it. It would be a huge mistake for them to fancy that our American tolerance and habit of allowing everybody to have his say, provided he does not incite to violence or sedition, give them a charter to go to any lengths. They have their preferences and their prejudices, their hopes and their fears. To these let them freely give utterance. But let them do it decently. They will not only give deep offence to the mass of American citizens, but will do the greatest possible harm to the German cause, if they permit themselves to fall into abusive attacks upon the President of the United States. Level-headed German-Americans understand this perfectly. They have been heard to say that the antics of the *Fatherland*, the paper started especially to speak for Germany in this country, have been worth a great deal to the Allies.

To call Eugene N. Foss a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts is to do him scant honor. He is the fated interpreter of the popular will. Any doubt of this is removed by his own words to Charles S. Bird, who waved away the nomination which Foss offered him in his first attempt "to interpret the popular will" and thus compelled the ex-Governor "to lead the popular movement myself." The superficial and the prejudiced will dwell upon the fact that Foss has thrice led the popular movement to victory under Democratic banners, unmindful of Foss's own explanation that, as the exponent of the McKinley policy of tariff regulation, he has all this time been "the real leader of the true Republican idea in Massachusetts." But surely a man who has been the actual leader of the Democratic idea, the real leader of the true Republican idea, and is now the embodiment of the Prohibition idea, has fulfilled all the requirements of leader of a popular movement. The Progressives are wise in announcing that their candidate for the Governorship has been selected but cannot be disclosed because of "certain contingencies." It can only be a matter of time before all other candidates see a light, and for strategic reasons announce their retirement.

The international situation resulting from the Haytian violation of the French Legation is spoken of as serious, but it is not immediately complex. The natural step will be for the United States to act for the French Government in calling for full apology and reparation. Yet the incident will increase the feeling of France that the positive side of the Monroe Doctrine, involving the responsibility of the United States for the conduct of the more untrustworthy nations within its scope, demands a new expression. The outbreak at Port-au-Prince cannot but give an impetus to the movement already on foot to ask the United States to take over the control of customs, as in the Dominican Republic. The problem of oversight over civil affairs is more difficult, in that the Haytians may resent it in a way that the Dominicans have not; the country must trust to President Wilson's special knowledge. But since we stopped the long, criminal war between Hayti and Santo Domingo in 1850, it has been abundantly proved that a firm hand was to the benefit of both countries. Those responsible for the new murderous outbreak in Hayti must expect positive action.

That the excess of exports of merchandise over imports during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, was very nearly 1,100 million dollars is all the more striking because the total of imports shows no tremendous falling off. The imports aggregated 1,674 million dollars, which is only 220 million less than in the preceding year, 139 million less than in the fiscal year 1913, and actually greater than the total of imports for any year preceding 1913. In view of the fact that in the fiscal year immediately preceding the war our imports from Germany were $190,000,000, from Belgium $41,000,000, and from Austria-Hungary $20,000,000, this is particularly interesting. As for the excess of exports, besides its being more than half a billion dollars greater than the average of the preceding four years, and more than four hundred million dollars greater than the largest excess previously recorded, it is to be remembered that the usual expenditures of American travellers abroad, which are an important offset in ordinary times, have during the past year been reduced to an insignificant item. On the other hand, relief supplies sent from this country to the war-stricken lands of Europe count in the volume of recorded exports, but do not enter into the accounts of commerce; these, however, would not approach in magnitude the total usually spent by Americans abroad. The effective "favorable" trade balance, therefore, calculated so as to compare with that set down in former years, is probably fully $600,000,000 greater than the average of the past four years. The question of exceptional transportation and insurance rates, however, somewhat complicates the comparison.

But the law which proposes to make it a crime for a white teacher to help make a better citizen of the negro would put Georgia in the absurd attitude of sending her preachers and her teachers, her sons and her daughters, to foreign lands to do missionary work among barbarous and semi-barbarous people, when the descendants of a race of these very people constitute a large part of Georgia's population—that part which brands her with a disgraceful quota of illiteracy.

It is thus that the Atlanta *Constitution* speaks out against what it terms, mildly enough, "an unjust measure." It is aimed

directly at Atlanta University and other institutions for the higher education of the negro, which have been founded and supported by Northern money. In them have taught some of the noblest missionaries that have ever gone forth from peaceful homes to encounter ostracism and unbridled prejudice for their crime of laboring to create leaders for a race, in order that it shall not prove the undoing of the South by its ignorance and its degradation. In the matter of laws like these, in the South as in the North, there seem to come periods when one State hastens to follow suit to another without asking about the wisdom of the proposed statute. Florida passed a law of this kind, and, therefore, Georgia must do likewise. In its essence it is a deliberate attempt to cripple the educational facilities of the negroes, although veiled under the usual guise of preventing social equality, as if the example of the high-minded and exceptionally devoted teachers at Atlanta could be aught but a blessing to all who come into contact with it, black or white! One thing is certain: If the question were left to a vote of the Southern leaders of education in the South, this bill would perish without more ado.

Without alteration of policy, the Canadian Government will, by 1916, own and operate nearly 5,000 miles of railway; and the time is at hand when it must determine its final attitude towards the various hard-pressed lines it has assisted by subsidies, or constructed in partnership with private interests. The hope is apparently strong that further steps in nationalization may be avoided. Yet the acquisition of the two new transcontinentals, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, is being discussed on every hand, and its consideration is playing a part in Sir Robert Borden's conferences on financial affairs in London. These roads, now practically completed, are financially embarrassed, and the Western provinces guaranteed such large bond issues that failure to meet the charges would involve them deeply. Canadian newspapers insist that the fat must go with the lean, and that if the Government takes over the Transcontinental it must also take over the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern as its western feeders. These lines, states the Toronto *Globe*, "need not expect to unload upon the people the unprofitable links while they grow sleek and prosperous on the prairie sections." Complete governmental ownership would cut a Gordian knot; but the risks in taking over a two-billion-dollar investment must certainly give Canada pause. A preliminary survey by British and American experts is contemplated.

"Under the shelter of the university, and almost in its name," says the San Francisco *Argonaut*, speaking of Dr. Scott Nearing, "he was conducting an impassioned political campaign, and the board of trustees was practically in the position of paying him to do this." There is much virtue in an "almost." Dr. Nearing did not profess to speak in the name of the university; no man of sense—and, we are sure, very few people with or without sense—had the least idea that he was speaking in the name of any person but himself, or of any institution whatsoever. The thing that has got to be rubbed into the heads of people like the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, or Chancellor Day, or the editor of the *Argonaut* is that nobody can speak "in the name" of a university on any controversial matter, for the simple reason that the university, as an institution, has no opinion on the matter. It may be that every one of the hundred professors of a university holds a given opinion upon it; and, if so, that is an interesting fact and may be a fact of importance in the formation of public sentiment. But still the opinion would be the opinion of the hundred individual professors, and not of the university. And if ninety-nine think one way and one thinks the opposite way, that, too, is a matter of interest and may be a matter of importance. But if every professor who holds opinions that the trustees consider pernicious has got to keep his mouth shut, on peril of losing his livelihood, what reason is there for attaching any special interest or value to the opinions that any of them stand for?

If the issue at stake in Poland is not the holding of Warsaw, but the safe withdrawal of the Russian armies, recent reports from all capitals, Berlin and Vienna as well as Petrograd, show clearly that the danger of encirclement is not immediate. If the southward swing of the northern German armies and the northward swing of the southern Austro-German armies be compared to the closing of a pair of pincers, then the pincer ends at the beginning of the week were still about 110 miles apart, which should be a sufficiently large hole for the retirement of an army. It is true that the southern pincer end has broken the Lublin-Cholm railway to Ivangorod, and that the northern pincer end is close to the Warsaw-Wilna-Petrograd railway. Were the Russians on the offensive, the cutting of the two main lines of supply would be fatal. But for the purposes of a retirement there lies midway between these two lines the railway running east from Warsaw through Siedlce to the line of the Bug and Brest-Litovsk. Against this line the Austro-Germans are developing an attack after crossing the Vistula between Ivangorod and Warsaw. If we dismiss the matter of railways, and imagine the Russians being compelled to make their retreat on foot, it is a problem of falling back perhaps eighty or ninety miles across country, while the wings of the enemy, as we have said, are still more than a hundred miles apart.

Assuming that the Russian army escapes from its present predicament without the disastrous loss which it is undoubtedly the main purpose of the German drive to effect, and assuming that in that case the immediate object of the German offensive in Poland will have been accomplished with the occupation of Warsaw and the temporary paralysis of the military effectiveness of Russia, what will be the next move in the German plan of campaign? The deadlock in France and Flanders continues, and the prospects of success for another drive on the coast towns of northern France, with whatever determination undertaken, can hardly appear bright. It would not be surprising, then, if, after their effort in Poland, the Teutonic allies should turn their attention once more to Servia. Their purpose would be nothing less than the occupation of the country. With Servia in Austro-German possession, it is not to be thought that Bulgaria would resist the passage of troops and munitions to Turkey. That some development of this kind has been foreseen by the Allies, is indicated by the presence of French and British troops in Servia reinforcing the reorganized Servian army. Meanwhile the answer to the oft-repeated question, "Where is Lord Kitchener's new army?" is probably, "In Gallipoli and on its way there." In other words, for the Allies the Dardanelles have become for the present the principal theatre of war, and it is not, we think, a far-fetched supposition that in the near future the struggle may resolve itself into a race for Constantinople, on the part of the Allies through the Dardanelles, on the part of the Austro-German forces through Servia and Bulgaria, the latter either terrified into non-resistance or cajoled into the complaisant neutrality of another Luxemburg.

ANNUS TERRIBILIS.

The year of war was passed in review by two British Ministers, on the eve of the adjournment of the House of Commons last week. As in duty bound, they sought to put the best face possible on the situation. Mr. Asquith declared that the struggle had settled down to a question of endurance, and that the final triumph of the Allies, with their superior resources, was certain to come. Mr. Lloyd George was equally confident of the ultimate result, though he had some very blunt and unpalatable things to say of English mismanagement in the matter of equipping and supplying the army. Neither statesman was able to draw a rosy picture. Into the souls of both, as into those of all public men and private citizens in the countries engaged in the war, the grim and terrible tragedy of the past twelve months has entered. Boastfulness hides its head in the presence of the fearful sacrifices made. Even recrimination falters. It is with a sense of aghast helplessness that the whole world contemplates the misery into which civilization, all unawares, was plunged last August.

It has been a year of frustrated predictions and expectations gone wrong. In several of the warning notes which passed between the various diplomats last July, the expression was used that war, if it came, would have "incalculable consequences." It was a true word. Nobody foresaw what has come to pass. Military experts have been left looking like children. Even the German General Staff, with its wonderful organization of knowledge, has been overtaken by surprise after surprise. Financial prophecies have fallen to the earth. The forecasts of Bloch and others of his school have been beggared by the event. And not into the imagination of anybody did there enter a conception of the enormous losses which one year of fighting would bring. It has been truly an *annus terribilis*. And its gloom is projected upon the future.

The strictly military aspects of the war it is not necessary to bring to mind again. But this is to be said: the frightful mien of war has been so exhibited that never again will it be possible to clothe it with glamour. If the world had to have this lesson, it has now got it in a way not to be forgotten. When men hereafter speak of the pomp and circumstance of war, we shall know that they are referring to scenes such as can be witnessed in a slaughter-house. This war has been of a sort to revive the story of a writer in the Middle Ages, to the effect that when soldiers set up the claim of being the most useful citizens, the honor was contested by butchers with reeking knives. And he added that, whatever the motives, or whatever the services, of men going to battle, war was in its nature so cruel that it was impossible to "honest it with civil terms." It will certainly be difficult for the impartial historian to honest the war which broke out a year ago.

It has not, however, been nothing but a shambles. Even amid its horrors, the humane spirit has shone out, and moral principles have asserted themselves. Discussions about the responsibility for beginning the war have been dying out of late. But one thing we can never too much insist upon, because it goes to the roots of national morality and of civilization itself. We mean the crushing moral handicap which Germany took upon herself by her conduct towards Belgium. This she has never been able to overcome. Germans themselves admit this. They now perceive that the immense moral revulsion which shook the whole world when Belgium was trampled by German armies had an effect very like that of making the Allies a present of a million armed men. Thus we have at least one great sentiment, having to do with law and right, which has persisted steadfast all through the war. It has been a manifestation of the soul of goodness in things evil. We need not despair of the future so long as the heart of man continues to thrill over Belgium's wrongs, and so long as the consensus of civilized nations, outside the belligerents, is that no ending of the war ought to be thought of which shall not make the Belgians again independent and free.

That attainment is not yet in sight. It may have to be won by force of arms; or it is possible that it may come through mediation and diplomatic negotiations, supported as these would be by the demand of the German Social-Democrats that no annexations be made as a result of the war. All these things are still in the shadow. And what the next few months of the war may bring forth, the wisest cannot say. Facing such stupendous events, the mind feels itself reduced to imbecility. But unless we are to believe that this world is the sport of chance, and that the long history of mankind has been nothing but a blind clash of atoms, we are bound to look forward to some great good coming out of this mighty evil. If we do finally get a peace which means the discrediting and disappearance of militarism, with the exaltation of righteousness and justice between nations, it may come to seem worth the awful price that had to be paid.

INDICTING A WHOLE PEOPLE.

A letter from an American woman in the *Evening Post* last week was typical of many. The writer protested vehemently, and in part pathetically, against what she looked upon as the intolerant severity of American judgment of Germany during this war. The sentiment that she expressed has naturally been manifested often by persons of German origin and German sympathies in this country. Nor is there wanting, on the part even of those who believe that the German cause is wrong and that a German triumph would be a disaster to the world, a sense of sympathetic pain when that feeling is brought to their notice. "Read the attacks," said the writer referred to, "made upon the German soldier, then picture the feelings of a German-American, man or woman, who perhaps has just been called upon to mourn a beloved soldier-brother!" Nor is this the only aspect of the matter that awakens thoughts full of poignancy. We have recently read a letter from a German-American of culture, and of deep attachment to this country, who cannot bring himself to believe that the American people, especially those of the educated classes, having so many and such long-standing bonds of sympathy, admiration, and gratitude with Germany, can suddenly have flung away all recollection of these feelings and have given themselves over to unsparing condemnation of the German Fatherland. To no one who has known what is high and noble and lovable in Germany can such a cry of grief and disappointment be indifferent.

The truth is that Americans cherish no ill-will towards individual Germans, and do not ascribe to them as separate human beings those qualities of ruthlessness and unscrupulousness which have brought upon Germany, as a nation, the condemnation and resentment of just-minded people—condemnation and resentment so absorbing as to cast into the background, for the time being, those gentler thoughts which, when the terrible agony is over, will once more assert themselves. For the fact is that, so far from its being impossible, in this sense, to draw up an indictment against a whole people, it is precisely against a whole people that in times like these an indictment can and ought to be drawn. Indeed, when Edmund Burke made his well-remembered declara-

tion, it was not a moral indictment but a legal indictment that he had in mind. "I do not know," he said in his great speech on Conciliation with America, "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against an whole people." But the preceding part of the speech shows precisely what he meant. "There are but three ways," he had said, "of proceeding relative to this stubborn spirit which prevails in your colonies, and disturbs your government. These are: To change that spirit, as inconvenient, by removing the causes. To prosecute it as criminal. Or to comply with it as necessary." And it was the utter impracticability of criminal proceedings as a method of dealing with the American spirit, seeing that that spirit pervaded the whole body of the people and their assemblies, that Burke condensed into his famous epigram.

When it came to moral or intellectual indictment, surely no man more than Burke himself showed that that was not impossible. Right or wrong, his denunciation of the spirit which pervaded France during the Terror was as sweeping and as scathing as the power of eloquence could make it. To pass judgment upon individual Germans—to assume that we in their place would individually be better—might truly be presumptuous; but it is not presumptuous to declare that somehow or other a spirit evil and intolerable has gained such possession of those who control the destinies of Germany as to make her national conduct—in the large, and terribly often in detail—an abomination in the sight of all the nations. If the inflexible backing up of Austria in a demand so arrogant and an attitude so unyielding as to make the desolation of this war a certainty be a crime; if the violation of Belgium in cynical disregard of treaty obligations be a crime; if the punishment of the Belgian people for resisting this aggression, executed with calculated ruthlessness of the most appalling kind, be a crime; if the slaughter of non-combatants on the Lusitania, in defiance of the clearest mandates of international law, be a crime—what attitude is it possible for us to take towards the country guilty of these offences except that of indignant condemnation?

On this whole subject no better word has been spoken than that of the Bryce Committee at the conclusion of the first part of its report on the atrocities in Belgium. "It was with amazement and almost with incredulity," we are told, "that the Committee first read the depositions relating to such acts." And it finds the only plausible explanation of the acts not in some ingrained wickedness or barbarity on the part of the German people or the German soldier, but in the hold that the militarist creed has obtained upon the German nation. "The Spirit of War is deified. Obedience to the state and its War Lord leaves no room for any other duty or feeling." That the militarist doctrine is not one inherently attaching to the German people, but the outcome of a theory held by a ruling caste with whom it has become an obsession, the Committee asserts with emphasis; and the recent courageous declarations of leaders of the Social-Democratic party strongly bear out the assertion. But in the inception, and in the conduct, of this war, that doctrine has been the decisive factor; and, as the Bryce Committee says, "this is not the only case that history records in which a false theory, disguising itself as loyalty to a State or to a Church, has perverted the conception of Duty, and become a source of danger to the world."

ARE THE PROGRESSIVES HITTITES OR GITTITES?

Those who deplore the lamentable ignorance of the Bible in our day will find fresh cause for dejection in the fate that has befallen a Biblical allusion by the Chairman of the Progressive National Committee, Mr. Victor Murdock, of Kansas. In a statement positively guaranteeing that his party will be in the field next year, he said that the Progressive platform had become "the Ark of the Covenant" to hundreds of thousands of "aggressive Americans," and added that "there is not a township anywhere without its group of —— devoted wholly and solely to its preservation." The word we have left blank is variously printed in the newspapers. One of them timidly gives it as "gittites." Others boldly take the plunge and make it "Hittites." This last must seem to Kansas Progressives, who know their Bible so well, not only ludicrous but insulting. For the Hittites were, along with the Amorites and Canaanites, "driven out" by pious Israel. Andrew Lang said of the defunct London *Academy* that it was too much occupied with "obscure controversies about the Hittites." Such controversies are unknown in Kansas. There a people bred on the Old Testament understand perfectly that the Hittites are a name of reproach, and the idea that Victor Murdock could apply it to his beloved Progressives must seem deliciously absurd.

But the "gittites" that got by the proof-room of one newspaper—who are they? The word was perhaps passed as good Kansas slang—something like "git-thar." Alas for the lack of a Bible or, at least, a Concordance! Every Sunday-school child in Kansas could at once turn to II Samuel, vi, 11, where we read: "And the Ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months; and the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his household." It is that kind of Gittites who are now to be found in every American township, according to Victor Murdock. The only wonder is that, while discoursing about the Progressive ark, he did not point out the danger of laying an unauthorized hand upon it. In Kansas, at least, they would have understood him if he had referred to the fate of Uzzah, who sought to steady the ark, but was smitten for his presumption, and "there he died by the ark."

A good many Progressives are apparently in fear of similar punishment if they stay too close to the ark of their party. At all events, they are quitting it with suspicious haste and in an emphatic manner. In New Jersey, on Saturday of last week, there was a meeting of the Progressive State Committee. The first order of business was the reading of letters of resignation from four members of the Committee. One of them was from the redoubtable George L. Record, who wrote that he had rejoined the Republican party as now the best means of securing the triumph of Progressive ideas. However this may be, the New Jersey opinion of Mr. Record's astuteness is such that his defection is taken as sure proof that he sees no chance for the triumph of ideas, or of anything else, in the keeping alive of the Progressive party. Ex-Senator Colby, it is true, affirmed that it would not disband in New Jersey, but it is plain that it is already largely dispersed, and that the faithful remnant is only waiting the signal to go to one or the other of the old parties. Another Progressive Colby, the recent candidate for United States Senator from New York, is giving his former associates some amazed thinking to do. He speaks in high praise of Senator Root, whose programme for the Constitutional Convention, as Mr. Bainbridge Colby understands it, smacks of the purest Progressivism. On top of this come reports from Michigan that the Progressives of that State are strongly in favor of nominating Mr. Root for the Presidency! Do we sleep, do we dream?

Over the spirit of the Progressive dream a great change is evidently coming. It is shown by the various indications we have noted from time to time; it is also shown by both the tone and the substance of the National Chairman's manifesto. He as-

sumes, to be sure, a fighting posture. If Victor Murdock assumed any other, we should think he ought to be consulting his physician. He is nothing if not belligerent. "I am ready to say flat-footedly that we Progressives are going into the 1916 fight as a party and to win." But his explanations follow, and they are fatal. For Mr. Murdock tells us that the great "battles" of next year will be, not over candidacies, but over platforms. If that is so, the heart will at once be taken out of the Progressive party as it existed in 1912. There was then, of course, a lot of talk about the platform, but the real thing, the only thing that counted, was the leader. Never was there clearer evidence of the dominance of personality. The Colonel could have written any platform he pleased; his obsessed followers would have declared it perfect. But if next year he undertakes to frame the platform, while refusing himself to run as Progressive candidate, then there will truly be a battle over the platform. When in full command, Mr. Roosevelt could suppress incipient Progressive mutinies with an iron hand; he could cram Perkins down their throats. But as one in 1916 who refuses to hit the line hard himself, or who even declares his willingness to support "any decent Republican," in order to compass that great end at once of militarism and of social justice—the defeat of President Wilson—his autocracy will be much broken. And yet if Victor Murdock expects Theodore Roosevelt to be a humble Gittite, guarding in solitude the Progressive ark, he was never more mistaken even as a Congressman.

BECKER AND THE LAW.

The sentence of the law was finally executed upon Becker last week. Two juries, each of them of exceptionally high quality, had found him guilty of the murder with which he was charged. In the first trial, though there was naturally intense public interest, and perhaps public prejudice against the accused, there was no such state of public excitement as could be supposed to exert an overmastering influence on the jury; the second trial took place at so great a distance of time from the crime that all trace of excitement had disappeared, and the proceedings could not be supposed to be influenced in the slightest degree by any pressure of sentiment from the outside. Moreover, the judge who sat in the second trial had had no connection with the first. And finally, every resource of judicial appeal had been exhausted in the endeavor to have the second verdict set aside, and the endeavor had failed.

In these circumstances, it might be supposed that any attempt at the eleventh hour to obtain a new trial, unless based on the discovery of really new and weighty evidence, would at once be dismissed—by the public judgment at least—as utterly fantastic and intolerable. That this has not been the case is due to a circumstance to which it is worth while to give some attention. Stripped of comparatively unimportant matter, the final effort of Becker and his attorneys was based on the bad character of the principal witnesses against him, and the strong motive they had for bearing false witness in case Becker was innocent. No one can deny the force of this consideration. But the trouble with many persons is that they forget that this consideration was as fully present to the juries while the case was on trial as it can be to anybody to-day. No man of the twenty-four had any illusions as to the kind of person that Jack Rose, or Bridgie Webber, or Vallon, or any of that loathsome crew, was. In full view of the facts and with an opportunity, entirely inaccessible to the outside public, for judging the weight of all the evidence, every one of the first set of twelve good men and true, and every one of the second set, solemnly declared that he was convinced of Becker's guilt beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt. And it is to the removal of all reasonable doubt from the minds of the jury, and not the removal of all doubt from the minds of the rest of us who have no real opportunity to judge, that the prosecution must address itself. Neither absolute scientific certainty, nor the procurement of a unanimous judgment on the part of the public, is demanded of it; and obviously to make such a demand would be utterly to paralyze the arm of the law. For the sake of preventing the possibility of the conviction of one innocent man in a million cases, we should be inviting the certainty of thousands of failures of justice—thus promoting the commission of countless crimes, in which the innocent would pay the penalty for the immunity that, through a fantastic scruple, we had been foolishly granting to the guilty.

While these are the broad considerations bearing on the matter, the specific reasons set forth, with such clearness, conciseness, and force, by Justice Ford for declining to grant the motion for a new trial are not less interesting. His position rests upon the explicit and unmistakable requirements of the statute law. It is owing to the statute alone, and not by virtue of any inherent power deriving from the common law, that he could have authority to order a new trial; and the prescriptions of the statute are plain. His analysis of the claims put forward for the evidence proposed is as convincing as it is simple and direct. Of new evidence in the sense required by the statute, there was not enough proffered, says the judge, to have changed the result had it been received upon the trial. One point may be singled out as of special interest:

> Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Manton [of counsel for Becker] make affidavits to their not knowing at the time of the last trial about the matters detailed in the defendant's statement. The fatal fact is that the defendant himself did know about them at and before both of his trials.

In anticipation of this view, Mr. Cockran had said, in his plea for a new trial, that if it were to be denied on the ground that Becker had failed to bring forward his allegations at the right time, he would be executed not because he was guilty, but because he had made a mistake in the management of his case. But the requirement of law that shuts out this plea is no mere legal accident or technicality. It is the clear requirement of common-sense and effective justice; for if it did not exist, what could prevent an accused man from holding back evidence for the express purpose of presenting it as a basis for a new trial when every other device had failed, thus reducing to a nullity all the long labor that had been gone through by prosecutors and courts and juries?

The Becker case has been dragged out through three whole years. It is a horrible example of the law's delay. How shockingly the effectiveness of such a punishment as Becker's falls short of what it might do towards the prevention of crime, when it comes at the end of this long and dreary period of pulling and hauling, is self-evident. The consequence of it is that if the process ends in the carrying out of the sentence it has lost nine-tenths of its impressiveness and moral effect, while if it ends in the rescue of the condemned man it stands out as a monumental example of the difficulty with which the law has to contend, an unforgettable encouragement to evil-doers of every kind, however hard beset by justice. Against all this there might be a possibility of setting up the plea that the time, however long, is well spent which is spent upon an endeavor to establish the truth—were it not for the patent fact that mere dragging out of the time rarely tends to increase the chances of discovering the truth, and very often has quite the contrary effect. In this

very instance, there is not a thing brought out in the frantic efforts at the eleventh hour which could not have been brought out just the same if that eleventh hour had fallen two years ago, or two and a half years ago. With ten times the strain and expense, we get one-tenth the public benefit that the vigorous and rational methods in use in England bring about; and we certainly come no nearer to the requirements of truth or of justice. That in this instance the public has been spared an even longer protraction of the spectacle, we owe mainly to the action of Justice Ford in strictly following the dictates of the law.

Unhappily, the scandal did not cease with Becker's death, but followed him to the edge of the grave. The attempt to stigmatize Gov. Whitman as his "murderer" could be thwarted only by an invasion of what are usually regarded as sacred precincts, and even the failure of this attempt did not prevent over-zealous friends of the family from a last effort to dignify the man who had paid the penalty of his crimes as a martyr. Worse than these manifestations, because so easily preventable, were the scenes during the removal of the body to the church and to the cemetery. Adequate police protection in such a matter should be one of the simplest duties which the authorities are called upon to perform, and yet the public was permitted to crowd upon the procession at every turn in its journey. The disorder at the end was the final distressing detail in a disgraceful episode, which the people of New York and of the country at large will be glad to forget.

CHAUTAUQUA AND WATER.

In the Middle West, the climax of the heated season, once anticipated with dread, is now awaited with impatience, since it brings with it the recurrence of that strange medley of emotional and intellectual titillation known from coast to coast as Chautauqua. Like the year of jubilee that wiped out all debts, the week or so of the local Chautauqua buries all the disappointments of the preceding twelvemonth and starts the community off at a fresh canter. Once more the great world has brushed the small circle that feels its isolation none the less keenly for the pride that prevents the avowal. Art, Knowledge, the Sense of Something Doing—this ineffable blessing has again descended, and the whole neighborhood is in a pleasant flutter for days at a stretch. Naturally one looks to Kansas for the frankest expression of feeling. Nor does one look in vain. No false modesty obscures the revelation of the Kansian psychology, the plain man's reaction to the Santa Claus that, coming in midsummer, goes under the name of Chautauqua—with whatever individual idiosyncrasies of pronunciation.

Perhaps Emporia is more fortunate than some of her sister towns in respect of the richness of Chautauqua, but the spirit is the same in self-conscious Emporia as in more naïve Upper Dow Creek. It was in Emporia recently that Signor Castellucci, head of Castellucci's Italians, "seemed to know the tastes of the average Chautauqua audience, for instead of a long programme of high-brow music, he gave a mixture which included a little of everything and played many of the old favorites, which always are acceptable." To be more specific, the programme began with something from "Il Trovatore" and wound up with a noisy rendition of "Tipperary." But the utmost efforts of the shrewdly obliging Castellucci were thrown into the shade in the evening, we gather, when a lecturer mounted the platform for a more strictly intellectual entertainment. "Grapes of Gold" was his theme, the phrase being taken "from a Japanese legend by that name." In plain English, he meant to talk about the power of suggestion, "the value of thinking good thoughts and the evil of thinking bad thoughts." But he was no conventional lecturer. Was this not Chautauqua, and Chautauqua in Emporia? So—

> Touching upon the power of suggestion, Mr. Adams stopped for a moment, pulled out a phial, and emptied a fluid from it, saying it was peppermint and he desired to test the ventilation in the auditorium. He asked his hearers to nod their heads as soon as they smelled the peppermint. In a few seconds half a dozen heads began to nod and in less than two minutes at least thirty people in the auditorium signified that they had smelled peppermint. A few minutes later, in bringing out the power of suggestion, Mr. Adams confessed to the audience that the phial contained nothing but water. The confession brought a storm of applause and many sheepish grins from those who thought they had smelled the peppermint.

From peppermint and the power of suggestion, the lecturer gracefully proceeded to the value of a cheerful word in a sickroom, the medicinal virtues of laughter, and the desirability of young people thinking big thoughts and thus some day doing big things.

It is easy to see why those interested in the original Chautauqua should protest against the use of the name for the hodgepodge of amusement and instruction that passes so widely under the name. The institution that is centred on the lake in this State which gives it its title is not a three-ring circus, but a serious educational enterprise for the benefit of the hosts of men and women who, never having had the advantages of advanced education, long to do what they can to lessen the handicap thus placed upon them. Many a busy woman in an obscure village has followed the "required readings" of the "American year," the "Greek year," and so on, finding her half-hours for reading as she could, and finally crowned her work with a two weeks' visit at the mystic spot that has been the centre of her intellectual life for four years or longer, there to receive her tangible reward in the form of the prized diploma, meantime infusing into her home a quality of culture that in her children had full bloom. More than one rich university now provides a multitude of correspondence courses which, pursued steadily, soon bring one within sight of the same recognition as that vouchsafed to the more fortunate resident of the Quadrangle. If the popularization of education is an evil, the Chautauqua Institution no longer stands alone in it.

But is the original Chautauqua altogether blameless in the matter of the pseudo-Chautauquas, with their Neopolitan Troubadours and Sears the Taffy Man? A look at the "official programme" for any week of the summer season makes it difficult to acquit the institution on this score. No single person would find it physically possible to attend every number on this programme. From two to six events are in progres simultaneously from eight o'clock in the morning until ten in the evening. A list so heavily loaded in mere number of offerings must be relieved in places by lighter exercises. The early morning lecture on "The History of Israel in the Light of Recent Archæology" makes necessary the fixing of a meeting of the Bird and Tree Club in the middle of the forenoon, to which further variety is added by an address by Commissioner Davis early in the afternoon on "Prison Labor," and, a little later, motion pictures, a Shakespearean recital, and an oratorio. Here are three kinds of "attractions." The primarily instructive lecture glides easily into the "address" by some notability, whence the step to out-and-out entertainment is not a long one. In this mingling on the same bill-of-fare of solid food, hors d'œuvres, and dessert, all offered without distinction of value except as the purchaser may choose to distinguish for himself, is the germ of the false Chautauqua that is so much more conspicuous than the true.

Foreign Correspondence

THE WELSH COLLIERS—A SERVIAN ARTIST — "TOMMY" AT SUBURBAN FETES.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, July 20.

The strike of the colliers in South Wales is not a thing of which we are proud, but it would be as great a mistake to exaggerate its meaning as to minimize it. The miners believe that the coal-masters are making such abnormal profits now that, at the end of the war, it would leave them in a position to close down with equanimity and dictate their own terms to the men. No doubt the belief is not wholly justified, as the returns of the various mines show; but the owners cannot be altogether acquitted of blame in the matter of threshing out the disputed points openly and amicably. The strike has been declared against the will of the official leaders of the men, and without the taking of any general ballot; the assertion is that it is really engineered by a comparatively small group of syndicalist miners, mostly young men, who have cleverly contrived to secure control of the machinery of the "lodges." The miners have contributed their full quota to England's volunteer army; and it is not believed that, if the whole body could be canvassed, the result would be otherwise than patriotic. The object of the syndicalists is undoubtedly to force the state to nationalize the coal pits; but the situation, though serious, is not yet considered so desperate as to necessitate this measure or the equally revolutionary introduction of conscription. In all probability, a way out will have been found before this letter reaches America; Mr. Lloyd George is again to the front as the *deus ex machina*, though it is realized that it must have required some resolution on his part to risk his popularity in his native Wales. Even those who most sympathize with the strikers; even those who blame the Government for a certain tactlessness, precipitancy, and lack of foresight, are inclined to feel that the situation would not be permanently eased by a complete surrender to the men. It must be fully understood that the Munitions Act is not a dead letter.

It may be doubted whether the exhibition of the Serbian sculptor Mestrovic, now in progress at the South Kensington Museum, would have excited so much attention in time of peace as it has in time of war. It is not wholly clear how much of our interest is in the new artist, how much in the new ally. In justice to Mestrovic, however, it must at once be said that most of those who came to show their friendly feeling for Servia remained to study a compelling artistic phenomenon for its own sake. The very fact that his work has excited an animated controversy in the newspapers is a proof that Mestrovic is no negligible personality. The man who forces the Slade professor of fine arts to tilt at him with lance in rest is surely no lay figure; and this opinion is confirmed on the positive side by the number of defenders who have also rushed into the lists. Some of these seem to regard Mestrovic as predominantly, if not solely, an exponent of Servo-Croatian nationality. Others refuse to see anything except an individual talent, in full sympathy with the most modern development of art. Probably the truth lies, as usual, in the middle way. While it may be true that Mestrovic's work could never have been produced if M. Rodin had not lived and worked before him, it is at least equally true that none but a Slavonic pupil of that great French artist could have produced these particular works. It is easy to trace Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Byzantine, Italian Primitive, and modern influences in the creations of Mestrovic; but there is always a substratum that we are forced to believe has vital and organic connection with the nationality of the artist. His works are no mere imitations; there are features that we are driven to ascribe to a blend of individual genius and racial inheritance. This belief is strengthened and, perhaps, justified by the fact that these terrible and tragic creations, with their controlled ferocity, indomitable endurance, and illimitable sadness, so completely reflect the tale of Servian history, with its five centuries of Turkish tyranny. Surely even such minor details as the sheer-cut, almost unmodelled nose must be somehow typical of the Southern Slav. If Americans have the chance, they should certainly see Mestrovic's works.

Suburban "gayety" has recently taken on a new lease of life, as every one with a garden the size of a counterpane is entertaining convalescing Tommies to tea and strawberries. Acquaintances who can sing a comic song or recite "The Wreck of the Puffin" are in great request, and the automobiles of the district are almost monopolized for conveying the guests from and to the hospitals—by as circuitous a route as possible. The appreciation shown by the men for these little attentions is very touching, and it is obvious that the break in their monotonous convalescence has a decidedly therapeutic effect. The courage and cheerfulness, even of those who have lost a limb, are beyond all praise. A charming Polish lady, who "assisted" lately at one of these functions, came home exclaiming: "Now I know what the English are really like! The English bourgeoisie—pah! the bourgeoisie are everywhere *horrible*, but the English 'peasant' is *magnifique*, and I adore him!"

If the volunteering spirit is not quite so extensive as its votaries might wish, it has certainly a marvellous intensive power in certain quarters, as is shown by the case of a man I recently came across who succeeded in entering the British army after twenty-one previous refusals of his services. If we could believe that the strength of such a recruit as this would be as the strength of twenty-two, we might confidently rely on our voluntary system; but I fear that not even the most vehement belittler of the pressed man would venture to assert this.

One very singular vein of volunteering was recently opened by an advertisement in the *Times*, reading as follows: "Skin—Officer requires 4 in. by 3 in. of skin to cover wound and expedite his return to duty; opportunity for unselfish patriot." Upwards of fifty people, most of them women and all apparently genuine, replied to this request and offered the skin required, generally without conditions. Unfortunately, my information ends here, as I have not heard whether the Army Airman concerned succeeded in patching himself up in this way.

The Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations has arranged for the holding of meetings throughout the British Empire on August 4, the anniversary of England's declaration of war. The resolution to be moved at all of these meetings records an "inflexible determination to continue to a victorious end the struggle in maintenance of those ideals of liberty and justice which are the common and sacred cause of the Allies." The Committee wishes it to be understood that this resolution is not meant to express a spirit of glorification or triumph, but simply to renew the vows with which we dedicated ourselves a year ago to a task that has turned out to be even more vast than we believed it to be.

H. W. MESDAG—THE PAINTER OF THE SEA.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, July 15.

On July 10, 1915, Hendrik Willem Mesdag died at the age of eighty-four years. His fame, like the ships on his countless canvases, has sailed the world, and at the news of his death many an American collector will proudly have raised his eyes to the Mesdags on his walls, remembering where and when he bought them. For half a century Mesdag has enriched the world with an endless variety of seascapes, painting the same sea never the same. From the Scheveningen dunes he studied it in all its aspects and moods, rough and calm, dull and blazing, at daybreak and at sunset, in all seasons, at all hours.

Mesdag took up painting at an age at which most artists have attained the height of their power. He was bred for business, and not until his thirty-fifth year could he free himself from books and figures and follow whither his talent beckoned him. The landscape-painter, Willem Roelofs, became his master; but it was not pasture and cattle and woods, such as Roelofs taught him to paint, which attracted him most. From the very beginning he found his own domain at the seacoast, first on the beach at Norderney, afterwards at Scheveningen, near The Hague, where he settled in 1870. Little growth is noticeable in Mesdag's art. He seems, at the outset, with one bold stroke to have struck the true vein of his power. His earlier pictures have, indeed, more of the dramatic in them than his later work; a stirring scene on the beach, at the return of the lifeboat from the wreck in the dark distance, is among his most popular paintings of that earlier period. But, unlike Josef Israels, who saw the sea as the tragic background of the fisherfolk's sad, awestricken home life, Mesdag grew more and more regardless of man's share in the life of the sea, and many canvases among his later work appeal to the spectator's sense of beauty by no other means than the sole expanse of sky and sea, a grand desert of water.

There is nothing theatrical or sentimental in the bold realism of this art, and in that the painter was true to the man. Mesdag was a strong, straightforward character, in outward appearance not unlike the type of fisherman whose watery element he loved with a sailor's love.

To his own country Mesdag has been a benefactor in a double sense. He has left it not only his work and his name for a lasting glory, he also gave it the precious col-

lection of nineteenth-century art, which, during his long life, he brought together with a true connoisseur's love and knowledge. At a time when few people in Holland were yet aware of the greatness of the Barbizon school, Mesdag purchased the Corots and Daubignys, which now form the pride of his small but exquisite collection in the "Mesdag Museum" at The Hague.

ROUGET DE L'ISLE—HONORS TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARSEILLAISE."

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 17.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see!

Rouget de l'Isle, if he still remembers the obscurity of his latter days and knows the national fame which has accrued to him on this Fourteenth of July, might think in such verse. Only lately there was an old woman living who told her childish remembrances of him. He died as late as 1836 in the village of Choisy-le-Roi, just above Paris, on the Seine, eking out his old age by subsisting on two friends of the Revolution, lunching with one, dining with the other, perhaps not always to his hunger, as the French say. But "The Marseillaise" which he had written as the song of Liberty ceased never.

—The ages plead,
Present and Past in under-song.

It was so much the case that Alexandre Dumas heard it sung freely only after he was a grown man, for the restored Bourbons had done their best to silence its strains. It came back with Revolution in 1830, and, after another foolish prohibition by the Second Empire, it remains ever the spontaneous musical utterance of France through the centuries:

. . . a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame—
A people's voice! we are a people yet.

This was the burden of all that was sung and said in honor of the author of "The Marseillaise" on Wednesday when the tardy honor of the French nation brought Rouget de l'Isle's ashes from Choisy to the Invalides, where Napoleon is entombed. They are to go further, to the Pantheon of "a grateful country," when war leaves time for Parliament to place them there. This honoring of the poet who, in life, depended on the charity of his brother song-writer for the people, Béranger, was led by the President of the Republic and all its constituted bodies.

In the clear, cool morning, the stone coffin in which his remains were gathered years after his death was carried triumphantly up the Champs Elysées, hedged with troops, to Napoleon's Triumphal Arch. There it was set down before the great sculptured group in which Rude has depicted the departure of the volunteers of 1792, inspired by the notes of "The Marseillaise." This is at the right-hand corner as you come up the broad avenue from the Place de la Concorde—another name of Revolutionary remembrance matched by the present *Union sacrée* of the French people against ruthless invaders. And there the noble voices of Mademoiselle Deina and Henri Albers sang alternate strophes of the nation's song, the great crowd far down the line taking up the refrain.

Battalions of dragoons and cuirassiers kept guard roundabout, with the sun gilding their casques and their horses' caparison. Overhead aeroplanes soared and wheeled and dived. Veterans of the last war, in which France suffered mutilation, and eighteen-year-old youths who are now making ready to fight in her new struggle for life, came and laid their flags reverently on the coffin. Then, the long funereal pomp wound its slow way, with soldiers of every arm and uniform of France, to the great court of the Invalides. The catafalque was left there so that, all the day long, the people of Paris might defile before the remains of Rouget de l'Isle. The President of the Republic, flanked by all the authorities of France and the representatives of other nations, made the only speech. He is the spokesman of his people and he had something to say worth hearing in these troublous times:

"By decreeing that the ashes of Rouget de l'Isle should be solemnly brought to Paris on the national holiday, the Government of the Republic not only intended celebrating the memory of a French officer who expressed, in a tragic hour, the eternal soul of our country. It also wished to bring together, under the country's eyes, two great pages of our history and recall to every one of us strong lessons of the past, and—while once again, France struggles heroically for Liberty—to glorify the incomparable hymn whose accents have awakened so many superhuman virtues in the nation's heart.

"The sublime and improvised hymn of Rouget de l'Isle was, in 1792, the cry of vengeance and indignation of the noble people which had just proclaimed the Rights of Man and refused proudly to bend the knee before the stranger. . . . Wherever it resounds, 'The Marseillaise' calls forth the idea of a sovereign nation which has the passion of independence and all of whose sons deliberately prefer death to slavery. It is no longer for us Frenchmen alone that 'The Marseillaise' has this grand meaning. Its stirring notes speak a universal language and to-day they are understood by the whole world.

"Once more the spirit of domination has come to threaten the liberty of the peoples. For long years our toiling democracy had taken its pleasure in the labors of peace; it sought but to keep up courteous relations with all the Powers; it would have thought that man a criminal or a fool who would have dared to nurse projects of war. . . . And, on the morrow of the day when an agreement had been made between France and Germany, regulating between the two countries their Oriental interests, at a moment when Europe reassured began taking breath again—it was then a thunderstroke set the pillars of the world trembling.

"History shall tell what has followed. . . . Each of us, in all serenity, may revive his memories and examine his conscience. At no moment have we neglected to utter the word or make the gesture that might have dispelled the threat of war. If a mad attack on the peace of Europe had not long been willed and prepared by implacable enemies. We have been the innocent victims of aggression most brutal and most scientifically prepared.

"But, since they have forced us to draw the sword, we have no right to sheathe it before that day when we shall have avenged our dead and the common victory of the Allies shall enable us to repair our ruin and make France whole again and guard us efficaciously against the periodical return of provocation.

"Of what would to-morrow be made if it were possible that a lame and breathless peace should come to perch on the ruins of our destroyed cities? A new Draconian treaty would at once be imposed on our lassitude and we should fall for ever into vassalage, political and moral and economic, under our enemies. French manufacturers, French farmers, French workmen, would be at the mercy of triumphant rivals, and France, humbled, would sink down in discouragement and self-contempt.

"Who, for one moment, could linger over such a vision? And who would dare so to insult the common sense of our people and our national clear-sightedness? Not a single one of our soldiers, not a single citizen, not a single woman of France, that does not understand clearly how all the future of our race and, not only its honor, but its very existence, hang on the weary minutes of this inexorable war. We have the will to conquer, we have the certainty of conquering. We have confidence in our strength and that of our allies as we have confidence in our good right.

"No, no, let our enemies make no mistake! It is not to sign a precarious peace—an unquiet and fugitive truce between a war cut short and a war more terrible—to be exposed to-morrow to new attacks and mortal risks, that France has risen, whole and entire, thrilling to the manly notes of 'The Marseillaise.'"

Notes from the Capital

THE ANCHOR OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

To most men filling positions of importance in the Government at Washington, our present vexed relations with Germany are a momentous event; to one they are merely a notable incident. He has witnessed so many such encounters that his nerves are not easily stirred by them, for he has been in active diplomatic service for forty-five years. Boy and man, he has seen the United States embroiled in three wars—the one with Mexico, the Civil War, and that for the liberation of Cuba—and in the last named he was a direct partaker on its diplomatic side. We might add to the list, perhaps, the Philippino insurrection, and, as a near-war, the Boxer rebellion in China, during part of which he was our acting Secretary of State. Then, there were the clashes with Chili over the maltreatment of our sailors in Valparaiso; with England over the Venezuela boundary; with Italy over lynchings of Italians in Louisiana and Mississippi; with Spain over the Virginius affair, and a dozen others less worthy of mention.

Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State, might well be called the anchor of the State Department, for he is the one man in it whose permanency was never in doubt, even in an administration so kaleidoscopic as Blaine's or so spoils-ridden as Bryan's. His partisan affiliations have nothing to do with

his security, for probably not one of the ten Presidents under whom he has served has known whether he had any. Grant sent him to Madrid as Secretary of Legation; Hayes brought him home to take charge of our Diplomatic Bureau; Arthur made him Third Assistant Secretary; Cleveland promoted him to Second Assistant; McKinley made him full Secretary *ad interim*, when Day had gone abroad and Hay had not yet taken hold; and Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson have given him abundant proofs of their esteem.

What astonishes everybody on first making his acquaintance is that he could have achieved a career of this kind, handicapped by an infirmity which would have driven many a man of less strength of purpose into exile from public affairs; for he is as deaf as an adder, and has been so since as long ago as any one can recollect. He would explain this himself on the ground that persons with perfect hearing often hear too much; they suffer distractions which he is spared. When there is something he wishes to learn from the lips of another, he always can contrive a way of doing it; the rest he treats as negligible. A second marvel is how a man of so uncertain a temper as his can have gone so far in an art like diplomacy, which is supposed to require unfailing self-control. Here again, it appears, Adee exercises a wise discrimination, which has become a habit and works automatically, like a mechanism in which the cumulative pressure of steam or water, on reaching a certain point, forces open a safety-valve, lets its surplus escape, and resumes its normal operation immediately thereafter. Adee knows when to lift the valve and blow himself off. The human objects in the foreground may be startled, even disconcerted, by the phenomenon, as the new servitor was at whom tradition says that Adee once hurled an unsatisfactory luncheon; but the next foreign envoy who entered the office found the Secretary's surface as unruffled as a summer sea.

In the old times, Adee was scarcely ever seen, outside of the Department, except on a bicycle. The congestion of the streets and roads, however, now that the world has gone mad about automobiles, has made this a dangerous indulgence for one who cannot hear a horn or a gong or a cry of warning. It must have cost him no slight pang to curtail his riding, for the difficulties of continuous conversation in the streets make his walks rather lonesome affairs, and he is cut off largely from his former pastime of rural photography, which had made him an oral Baedeker with illustrations.

Adee is nothing less than an encyclopædia of international relations and usages. He is an authority on all questions of State etiquette and precedent, and can tell you who should sit where at a formal dinner, recite the seventeen sub-titles of the Sultan of Jimjamboree without a miss, or quote you the very words of President Jackson's rebuke to the Minister of the Netherlands. How so much information can be crowded into one memory is your constant wonder as you talk to him. With his short stature, his ruddy Scotch face, his auburn-gray hair and beard, and his brownish tweed suit, he looks more like a wiry, persistent little broker than like an editor of Presidential proclamations or a director of our national negotiations in Far Cathay. But, somehow, in the language of the streets, he "gets there just the same."

VIEILLARD.

Dean Swift

REFLECTIONS ON AN ENIGMA THAT DEFIES SOLUTION.

By P. E. M.

In more ways than one, Swift holds a peculiar place. He is, I suppose, not much read to-day, by adults at least, yet his name is certainly among the most significant for us in literature. When we think of him, it is likely to be with a shudder for the cruelty of his satire, perhaps the most relentless satire the world has ever known; yet "Gulliver's Travels," the book into which he distilled his bitterest venom, is now printed chiefly for the entertainment of children. He is personally one of the best-known figures of literary history, still dominating the imagination by that terrible force which awed his contemporaries; yet the mystery that clings about his motives and actions has never been, and is likely never to be, solved. The very groundwork of the man's character is still disputed. To one sentimental lady of our day he appears as the great and clean and typical humanitarian; whereas Thackeray drew back from contemplating "the caverns of his gloomy heart" with shuddering admiration. The man, he cries, "was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin." For my part, if I had to choose between these two extremes, I should say that Thackeray, though he slandered Swift in the matter of friendship, had drawn the truer portrait—as indeed all the character studies in those marvellous lectures are quite the best thing of their kind in our language.

But I would not say that Thackeray dispels the mystery that hovers about Swift's name. On the contrary, the vivid art of the novelist serves to throw into darker relief the problem of that savage indignation and self-devouring rage; and it is with this problem in our minds that we are likely to approach the six volumes of Swift's Correspondence recently brought to conclusion.* Manifestly, it is impossible in a brief essay to give any notion of the variety and importance of the material contained in this great collection of letters. Statesmen, like Harley, Bolingbroke, and Ormond, write of their varying fortunes; churchmen, like King, of Dublin, and Atterbury, bring the functions of religion into the profane councils of the politicians; the high wits of the day, Addison, Pope, Prior, Gay, make a jest of philosophy and a philosophy of jest; Arbuthnot is here, whom we still love despite his one recorded fault—"really, Brother, you have a sort of shuffle in your gait"; and here are women, high and low, including Vanessa, who gave all for love of the Dean, and lost, and left an ugly stain, I fear, on the Dean's character—only no single word from loyal, ill-spelling Stella, who lost and gained nobody knows how much. To each and all of these the Dean himself writes with a flexibility of mind and a faculty of adaptation which no one would expect from so domineering a soul. The very variety of his tones, ranging from the manner of the dignified churchman to the not-too-squeamish boon companion, adds to the difficulty of coming to terms with the writer. I confess that to me at least the man himself, after all these words to and from him, still hides in darkness; I thought to explore the man's soul, but my little lamp of criticism was extinguished in the heavy air of that cavern.

But one or two things I have, or seem to have, seen. No one, I think, can read this correspondence without being impressed by the dramatic interest of the closing period of Queen Anne's reign, and by its immense significance, not only for the actors involved in the events, but for the whole of England. Even with the omission of the confidential letters, which for obvious reasons were destroyed by the recipients, one feels the passionate tension of the struggle between the Whigs and Tories, and shares something of the confused dismay caused by the rivalry of Oxford and Bolingbroke. But it is only after the victory of Bolingbroke, and the quick-following death of the Queen, with the frightful *débâcle* of the Party, that the full bitterness of the players in that desperate game finds an outlet in words.

The first vivid account of the weakening of the Dragon, as they called Oxford, in Bolingbroke's strangling grasp, comes from Arbuthnot. "I will plague you a little," the Doctor writes to Swift, then in the country, "by telling you that the Dragon dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil; and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any settlement between the two champions." The next stage is noted in Erasmus Lewis's pretty story of the defection of Oxford's main help in the palace, Lady Masham: "Our female friend told the Dragon in her own house, last Thursday evening, these words: 'You never did the Queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any.' He made no reply [that is Harley to the life], but supped with her and Mercurialis [Bolingbroke] that night, at her own house. His revenge is not the less meditated for that. He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. Those who range under his banner call her ten-thousand

The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D. Edited by F. Elrington Ball, with an Introduction by the Right Rev. J. H. Bernard, D.D. 6 Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1910-1914. All the known letters to Swift are included, as well as those written by him. Dr. Ball's editing is admirable from every point of view. The notes are full, accurate, and apt, offering to the scholar an almost inexhaustible mine of information. Nor, as is too often the case in such editing, is the gentleman-reader ignored. Learning is here a-plenty, but pedantry is conspicuous by its absence. The text is spelled and punctuated in modern style, and everything is done to give the impression that one has to do with literature and life, rather than with documents for school exercises.

bitches and kitchen-wenches." The sequel follows soon from the same hand:

It is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me. The Queen has told all the Lords the reasons of her parting with him, viz., that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; that lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself toward her with ill manner, indecency, and disrespect.

An extraordinary indictment, and, apparently, true in every word! How that age of ceremony and decorum had learned to "rail to the pit of hell"!

Then, almost on the heels of Lewis's letter, there comes from another political friend the tale of the famous session of the Privy Council through the long day and night while the Queen lay dying, and of the discomfiture of Bolingbroke when she "gave the Treasurer's staff to the Duke of Shrewsbury, my Lord Chancellor holding her hand to direct it to the Duke." The tragic farce is ended—"the Queen is dead." Bolingbroke, the principal victim, showed a brave heart—in words. "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday," he writes to Swift; "the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does Fortune banter us. . . . I have lost all by the death of the Queen, but my spirit; and I protest to you, I feel that increase upon me." But there is nothing of this pretended serenity in the letters of the rest of the little band of politicians and wits who had been striving to hold back the onsweeping tide of change; for them it was the end of all things. Swift expressed the sentiment of the group when he wrote: "These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits"; and Arbuthnot summed up the situation in a Virgilian phrase: *Fuimus Troes* (or *Tores*, as it is sometimes quoted).

The peculiarity of this whole event for us to-day lies in the mingling, intricate beyond the common measure, of national and personal interests. Swift, reflecting later on this period of time and naïvely suggesting to Bolingbroke that he should draw up its story "fully and exactly told," was not deceived in declaring that "there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late Queen." In that momentous session of the Privy Council the old and the new England sat facing each other, and the passing of the staff from the groping hands of the sovereign to Shrewsbury instead of to Bolingbroke was the symbol of a great revolution closed. It marked the end of that high zeal of the imagination which for longer than a century had given to England something more than material empire; it foreboded the quick decline of that intellectual originality which had already caused her to be regarded as the *pays philosophe*, and which, if unchecked, might have kept her as the leader of European thought when the world sadly needed such leadership. With the coming of the Hanoverians loyalty of the imagination to the institutions of church and government left the land, or lurked in secret places, and the prose of opportunism spread over all; England was to gain in practical efficiency, but for a time she was to sink in the scale by which nations are measured against one another in things of the mind and spirit. The pity of it is that the visible object of loyalty had been so unworthy, descending at the last to that lonely, dull, well-meaning, but helpless woman who united the blood of the Hydes and the Stuarts: the irony of it is the character of the two men, Harley and St. John, who, by their folly and egotism, made it impossible, in the day of final trial, to distinguish loyalty from faction and literature from pamphleteering.

That is the piquant contradiction of Queen Anne politics; on the minds of those who partook of the movement without being practical politicians, the result was such as might be guessed. For reasons which it is not necessary here to discuss* the literature of England had been for some time tending more and more to forms of satire; so much so that "wit" had become almost synonymous with malice, and Grub Street was thought of as the haunt of men banded together against the dignity of mankind and the stability of society. Early in the seventeenth century Sir Henry Savile, the editor of Chrysostom and Provost of Eton, had avowed, if we may believe Aubrey, that "he could not abide *witts:* when a young scholar was recommended to him for a good witt, *'Out upon him, I'le have nothing to doe with him; give me the ploding student. If I would look for witts I would goe to Newgate, there be the witts.'*" By the time of Anne this spirit of opposition had grown to be internecine, to such a degree that the mark of the true wit was his success in excoriating the vermin who had debased the name. "Fools, in my opinion," said Swift to Pope, "are as necessary for a good writer as pen, ink, and paper." Now, this little group of authors of whom Swift and Pope were the acknowledged chiefs, had, for very tangled motives, let us admit, undertaken to organize the malice of wit in the service of statesmen who, in their opinion, were upholding the great tradition of England as the home of enlightenment; and they had been deceived in their political leader and defeated in their policy. If they had hated fools and Whigs before, they now extended their animosity to most of mankind. Even Arbuthnot, for a moment, caught the infection of rage: "I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness, that I always believed to be in the heart of man." All this, he declares, "really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory." Yet it is an odd sort of diversion: "God knows," he adds, "I write this with tears in my eyes."

It would be interesting to follow this improvement of their theory through the works of the various men affected. Arbuthnot, for example, though he expressed himself at the moment in what are perhaps the bitterest words of any of the group, soon regained the fine equanimity of his spirit. But in the case of the two great writers of the group, Pope and Swift, if it did not change their attitude towards life, it at least deepened their views, adding a something which raises, or lowers, their conviction into a kind of philosophy. With Pope this conviction came with the enlarged opportunity of associating with Bolingbroke, one of the leaders of the deistic optimism which was running parallel with the satirical movement and was in the end to supplant it.

Thereafter, in the same years, almost in the same breath, we shall find him composing the "Dunciad" and other satires, and in his "Essay" giving epigrammatic form to Bolingbroke's creed of universal goodness. The thought of the little poet thus calling his enemies (that is, all the world save a half-dozen exempts) every scandalous name in his rich vocabulary, while at the same time he was concocting his deistic salve for the conscience of mankind, is not nice. It troubles me in my admiration of Pope—for I am bound to admire his genius, and somehow I cannot help loving the man, too—this troubles me, I say, more than all the atrocious intrigues of his vanity.

Now, Swift, too, has dealt heavy blows to his enemies on occasion, notably to such wicked Whigs as Wharton, but in what may be called his literary pose he consciously and consistently reserves his satire for human nature itself, rarely even alluding to particular men. So, in a letter after the completion of his "Gulliver's Travels" and of Pope's "Odyssey," he draws by inference a comparison between his own method and Pope's, and summons his friend to battle with the same sort of weapons:

But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one; so with physicians—I will not speak of my own trade—soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, but do not tell, and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale* (the definition much mouthed by Bolingbroke and the deists generally), and to show it would be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, though not in Timon's manner, the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion.

On this ground the "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift," to me the greatest of his poems and very great in its way, rises into a kind of pathetic sublimity. The whole

*See the essay on the Duke of Wharton in the *Nation* of August 13 and 20, 1914.

thing is a sermon on a favorite text of the cynics, "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui nous ne déplait pas":

> As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
> From nature, I believe them true;
> They argue no corrupted mind
> In him; the fault is in mankind.

So the text is accepted, but with what exquisite art is it turned to the service of flattery:

> In Pope I cannot read a line,
> But with a sigh I wish it mine;
> When he can in one couplet fix
> More sense than I can do in six;
> It gives me such a jealous fit,
> I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
> I grieve to be outdone by Gay
> In my own humorous biting way.
> Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
> Who dares to irony pretend. . . .

And then the other side of the picture. The Dean is dead, and the wits and politicians and courtiers take their cynical advantage of the occasion, each in his own way. But—

> Here shift the scene, to represent
> How those I love my death lament.
> Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
> A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
> St. John himself will scarce forbear
> To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
> The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
> "I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

This heartiness of feeling for his friends is not peculiar to Swift. It was, indeed, characteristic of the group, giving a rare charm and beauty to their correspondence among themselves and to their poetical references to one another; and in the case of Pope as much as of Swift, this feeling is marvellously enhanced by its very isolation in a desert of jealousies and enmities—so excellent is hatred as one of the backgrounds of life. But Swift's ironical association of this genuine sentiment of friendship with Rochefoucauld's doctrine of universal egotism is quite different from, let us say, Pope's shameless juxtaposition of the two motives in his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot." From this theme Swift passes easily to a statement of his theory of satire corresponding to that which he had expressed in his letter to Pope:

> Yet malice never was his aim;
> He lash'd the vice, but spared the name.

Such, then, I take it, is the note of Swift's satire (though we must not construe the absence of personal malice too literally). His method, at least, is logical, even terrible in its logic. If you say that such personal tenderness as he showed for his friends ought to have been precluded by his theory of the universal baseness of mankind, the reply is that all generalizations are subject to exceptions. Yet let us grant a certain inconsistency between the man's mind and heart—and be grateful for it. And let us admit frankly that the cause of this broken harmony is a part of the mystery of his being which it is presumptuous to say we understand. We can go no further than to guess at its origin. He was born, one thinks, with a sensitive heart, quickly moved to sympathy by the joys and sorrows of those near him, and at the same time tortured by the pride of a Lucifer; he had a mind easily duped by appearances, yet strong and tenacious in logical deduction. With such a nature he might under other conditions have developed into the humanitarian which one of his recent biographers, with more zeal than knowledge, has actually made him out to be. But events—it is unnecessary to relate them—carried him in a different direction. He never lost his tenderness for his friends, and his sympathy for specific cases of distress, whether personal or national, remained with him so long as he kept his faculties. When the rest of Oxford's adherents were turning against him and complaining to one another of his weakness and treachery, Swift alone of his group refrained from crimination. He was kept faithful in part, one thinks, by sympathy for the man in his fallen estate, and in part also, it may be, by his notable inability to judge individuals. His own failure to rise was due in no small degree to this weakness of judgment, as was shown in the beginning of his career by the instrument he chose as his advocate with King William; and his extraordinary and manifestly sincere laudations of Oxford may be attributed to the same blindness. But if his feelings suffered little change—at least until the final silence and darkness settled over him—his early experience of humiliation and his many disillusions tended to confine his sympathy to personal relations and to preclude from coloring his general criticism of life.

We should, then, not be surprised to find the boasted malice of the wits used by such a man with devastating logic. We might almost expect, given the genius, such a work as the "Tale of a Tub," in which the author's satire, though aimed ostensibly at the absurdities of religious faction, ranges with terrible destruction over the various enthusiasms of mankind, shrivelling with its touch the aspirations of fame, the pretensions of learning, the pride of elevation, the spiritual mysteries of faith, the very hope of escape from degraded misery into calm of soul—"This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state, of being a fool among knaves." It is not strange that the reputation of this book should have overshadowed Swift through life, deterring those in power from placing him in a position of authority over the higher illusions of society.

For such a satirist there remained but one step, and that was taken, I think, when the calamity of 1714 opened the door into the darker cavern, where rage at the delusions of men was to be converted into hatred of humanity itself. From this cavern he wrote to Pope that "the common saying of life being a farce is true in every sense but the most important one, for it is a ridiculous tragedy, which is the worst kind of composition." From there also he sent to the same person his literary profession: "The chief end I propose to myself in all my labors is to vex the world rather than divert it. . . . I hate and detest that animal called man." He changed the name of the animal to Yahoo in his great book.

So the event that carried Pope into the shallows of deistic shirking lifted Swift's cynicism to a perfect philosophy of hatred, and made of him the true logician and master spirit of wit. Yet withal the author of "Gulliver" still kept his human inconsistencies of love. There is nothing, perhaps, in the book quite so sublime, shall we say, or so blasphemous, quite so cynical and so pathetic, as his parody, in the same letter to Pope, of the words spoken over Sodom and Gomorrah: "Oh! if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels."

I would leave the matter there, were it not that to write an essay, however brief and tentative, on Swift without touching on his attitude towards women would have the appearance of shirking the main problem of his character. Into the secret of his relation with Stella I shall not attempt to pry beyond the limits of safe conjecture. The story that they were both the natural children of Sir William Temple I reject as too wild for credence. Of the hypothesis of impotence it seems to me that a candid reading of Swift's works and correspondence, with a slight knowledge of the world, ought to make short shrift. Whether the marriage ever took place is still problematical; the external evidence for it is pretty strong, the internal evidence appears to me to weigh against it, and I am rather inclined to form my opinion in this case upon the latter. Further than this, if there be any clue to the abnormal course of his love, it is to be found, I suspect, in the fact that, whereas his cynicism and tenderness for men were kept separate by experience and understanding, with women they were combined into one feeling of strange and fateful power. Here his very cynicism is tender, and his tenderness cynical. He could have written of no man those inscrutable words, "Only a woman's hair"; and the critic is audacious or ignorant who would attempt to analyze the complexity of their meaning. But one can see dimly that such a feeling, while saving him from common debauchery, would strike true love with a palsy of hesitation. It brought awful repentance to him after the woman's death; how it affected her in life we shall never know.

Another woman, who rebelled against this mystery, and broke her heart in doing so, made this confession in one of her letters to him: "Could I know your thoughts, which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you. . . . Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul." That is about all one can say of the great Dean of Dublin after reading the six volumes of his correspondence.

Recent German Poetry

REVOLUTIONARY BARDS IN PORTLY MIDDLE AGE—SOME NEW NAMES AND SOME ANNIVERSARIES.

The average quality of Germany's lyrical productions is not in proportion to its enormous output. It suggests either lack of self-criticism in the poets, or lack of judgment in the publishers. To begin with the generation which in the 'eighties heralded a renascence of German life and art, it cannot be denied that since it has matured into middle-aged portliness the revolutionary spirit has yielded to a somewhat bourgeois acceptance of the material blessings of life and a supreme unconcern about spiritual values. The notes struck by the one-time bards of progress sadly recall the very ideals which some twenty-odd years ago, in the vernacular of the time, they set out to "revalue."

Among the poets whose half-century mark was celebrated last year, Karl Henckell was a conspicuous representative of the young generation that shocked the good German philistine of the century's end. The "Hundert Gedichte," which Hesse & Becker, of Leipzig, published on this occasion, are not chronologically arranged; if they were, they would give a poetical synopsis of the development of his generation. But the book is typical of the range of subject-matter treated by the young men; it contains poems on nature, love, life; reflects the awakening of the individual and the social conscience, strikes the militant notes of a rebellious youth, and in its more recent products conveys the impression of self-satisfied maturity. A slim volume of Henckell's addresses and lectures was published at the same time under the title "Lyrik und Kultur" (München: Hans Sachs Verlag). The first paper contains some valuable hints how to judge and appreciate poetry. "Von lyrischen Werten" attempts to trace the relations between life and lyric verse. The appreciative study of Ada Negri, with the sub-title, "Eine lyrische Kulturträgerin," reminds the reader that Henckell introduced the Italian poet in Germany. The autobiographical sketch, "Aus Werkstatt und Leben," also contains interesting bits of historical information.

Max Dauthendey has not yet reached his fiftieth year, but he has already to his credit two volumes of reminiscences and a slim volume of verse which represents a selection from seven previously published books. Among these "Ausgewählte Gedichte" (München: Albert Langen) are some little gems of lyric song calling for musical setting; there are love songs with something of the quality of the Biblical classic, nature moods of rare color, and delicate symbolism, and very few commonplace passages and conventional images.

A new book of verse by Adolf Frey, "Neue Gedichte" (Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta), reflects delightfully the strong personality of the Swiss writer. No imitator of Gottfried Keller and of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, but one in whom their spirit seems at times to revive and find new expression, Frey peoples the Swiss landscape with a world of mythical beings; his lyrics have always an element of narrative, allusions to the lore and history of the country giving life and animation and a deeper meaning to the scenes which he describes in a language admirably adapted to visualize his imaginings.

The latest volume of verse by Stefan George, "Der Stern des Bundes," breathes the abstract beauty and impersonal dignity which seem part of his personality. Gustav Falke has written a new book of verse, called "Anna," which shows no evidence of development beyond his earlier poems. A pathetic reminder of a figure sadly missed in the literary world of the country is a posthumous book of verse by Gerhard Ouckama Knoop. Else Asenijeff, who belongs to the same generation, has struck out into a new path by writing a novel in lyrics, entitled "Hohelied an den Ungenannten."

Among the comparatively new names that of Otto Krille stands for an unusually interesting personality. Krille was a factory-worker and made his début as a writer of plays when he was thirty-six years of age. Some books of verse followed, founded more or less upon his experiences as workingman and reflecting a certain class-consciousness. That he is outgrowing that point of view is evident from his new poems: "Die stille Stunde" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel), for the volume contains only two references to that period of his life. One is the touching episode in a factory, "Die Rose"; the other is the poem called "Poète allemand," which strikes one as a bit out of date. The poem must have been written when Krille was still an outsider to the literary world; otherwise he would have known that German poets to-day are no longer of the idealist type that used to starve in garrets in order to remain true to their muse. This type of poet is more likely to exist in the garrets of Paris, Moscow, Stockholm, or any other city but Berlin. German poets to-day know the value of advertising; their fiftieth birthdays are celebrated by special articles and editions; their friends write and their publishers circulate appreciative studies of their poetical individuality. They go about the country reading their own works, and have even come to the United States under more or less official auspices to lecture for and to write about us. Otherwise, Krille seems to have a correct estimate of the world and a sound reading of life. He has risen above material wants, looked about, and sought eternal values in the depth of his soul. "Der Wanderer" reflects the philosophy which he acquired in his quest for truth in a series of admirably worded symbols.

Paul Zech, too, is a poet whose early work was rooted in the proletaire world of Germany's coal regions. His imagination was stimulated by the picturesque features of mining life which he visualizes with remarkable power. His form is the conventional sonnet, but the spirit of his verse suggests the influence of Verhaeren. As a contribution to the poetry of labor, "Das schwarze Revier" (Berlin-Wilmersdorf: A. R. Meyer) is more direct and convincing than the verse of Krille. For Zech is the younger man, and his point of view is that of a generation that looks upon labor in a new way. His pictures of daily life on the canals and in the alleys of mining towns have light and color and vibrate with reality. There are no rare and exquisite moods translated into rare and exquisite language; but there are scenes that a painter's brush could not convey more directly to the reader's eye.

An individuality reminiscent of Dehmel and Whitman has appeared upon the horizon in Franz Werfel. With the volume entitled "Wir sind" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff) he seems to have thrown down his gauntlet and announced himself with the naïve self-assertion characteristic of the new generation. A curiously rugged individuality, he appears to be involved in the same conflicts through which the Young Germany of the 'eighties passed at the time of its meteoric début in literature.

The volume modestly entitled "Erste Gedichte," by Wilhelm Südel (Berlin: Egon Fleischel), is of a quite different character. Its charm lies in the purity and delicacy of its sentiment and in the arresting music of its lines. The personal note is strong, but it rings true. Südel's nature-moods suggest the visions of an artist; but they are always related to life, and this relation lends itself to a subtle symbolism which finds expression in images of rare beauty. The freedom with which he handles his rhymes is admirable; his three- and five-line stanzas are particularly effective. The more ambitious cycle, "Der Dichter," with the parenthetical note, "Thema zu einer Symphonie," is of a quality to inspire a composer.

The slender volumes of prose and verse which Kurt Wolff, of Leipzig, has launched under the collective title, "Der jüngste Tag," seems to be devoted to the youngest and least-known writers of modern Germany. There is an unmistakable note of juvenile defiance of the traditional canons of good taste in some of the stories, plays, and poems. While the French writers have long outgrown naturalism, the Germans seem to revel in it with a voluptuous delight in its crass and coarse manifestations. Though a title like "Junge Pferde! Junge Pferde!" is apt to prepare the reader for some Pegasus prancings of unusual daring, the author of the book so called, Paul Boldt, succeeds in administering to his readers a series of shocks. That he should with preference use the sonnet form seems more than incongruous, for his language is of savage directness and his imagery reeks with blood, if it does not offend the nostrils. The frequency with which the poet refers to the Friedrichstrasse indicates the source of his inspiration.

Gottfried Kölwel's "Gesänge gegen den Tod" has reached a second edition. The grotesque title of the first poem, "Maus, Hund, und Mond oder die dreieinige Liebe," does not encourage its perusal. But on turn-

ing the leaves one comes across some striking sentiments, which, though often awkwardly expressed, have an original charm. There is a remarkable unity in the spirit of the book. The motto, "Es giebt keine Toten," precedes the first group, "O Welt, wie bist du wundervoll!" the second, and "Ach, alles ist Liebe!" the third, and the leitmotiv throughout is an eloquent though crudely formulated eulogy of life.

Three books of verse by women claim attention as being so many reflections of the woman soul. "Das Schicksal einer Frau" (Egon Fleischel) is an anonymous volume, evidently born of experience. It suggests the conflict in which a high-spirited woman finds herself on realizing her marriage a failure and being prompted to bear it for the sake of the child. What would have made one of many problem novels is here converted into a volume of verse in which the author frankly analyzes her feelings and sings the tragedy of her life in lines which show a facile gift of verse, though no originality of form. Moods and memories are translated directly into poems which collectively make the impression of a singularly honest human document. Erika Rheinsch strikes in her book, "Die Laute" (Egon Fleischel), a variety of notes with an admirable formal certainty. She is more self-contained in her love poetry than the anonymous author of the previous volume, more the poet than the woman. The book reflects a tendency towards metaphysical speculation and ends in a group of poems written upon the old theme of regeneration through sorrow, of which "Wie Sankt Christophorus das Christkindlein trug" is a distinctly original variation. The third book by a woman poet is Marie Sorge's "Frauenlieder" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). The gem of the volume is the first poem, "Via Vecchia," with its powerful suggestion of the somnolent solitude of an old Roman highway. The "Hirtengedichte" are hardly simple enough in sentiment and language, and impress one as a rococo imitation of a shepherd dialogue. With the exception of the theme of motherhood, which in plain German is called "Der Schrei nach dem Kinde," the love poems of none of these writers strike notes that have not been struck some forty-odd years ago by Ada Christen, perhaps the only woman poet whose work has been compared with that of Heine. Only the last poem in "Frauenlieder" is new in sentiment, singing the dawn of a new era and the advent of the new woman.

Since the outbreak of the war much militant and patriotic verse has been written by German poets, and some of it has been published in handy little paper-covered booklets for distribution among the men at the front. "Der heilige Krieg" is the title of one of these collections (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). There is not a line in it reminiscent of the ideals for which Carl Schurz and other men held high in the esteem of the world chose exile some sixty-odd years ago; there is no appeal to humanity; not even a faint trace of the spirit of the 'eighties, when a young generation rose above the fatuous self-content of the elders and reached out into the larger world beyond the national borderlines, and seemed to strive for an international brotherhood. Richard Dehmel, the leader in this chorus of war-cries, follows an august example in his prayer, his sermon, and his eulogy of the nation's unanimous trust in God. Gerhart Hauptmann, Julius Hart, Cäsar Flaischlen, and others once suspected of political and other heresies, ably second him. Even Isolde Kurz, to whom the atmosphere of Imperial Germany was never congenial, exclaims, "Schwert aus der Scheide!" and Ernst Rosmer closes her harvest song with the lines:

Dem letzten Mann am letzten Herd
Schmied in die Faust das heilige Schwert—
Gott grüss dich, letzter Friede.

Alfons Petzold, the Austrian proletaire poet, is the only one who feels the universal tragedy and addresses the people, not his nation.

It is meet to notice in this connection a slender booklet by a German poet living in New York, Otto Sattler's "Krieg. Gedichte der Zeit" (New York: Rudolf Rochow), which bears the dedication:

Der Krieg hat mir liebe Menschen entfremdet. Sie kennen vorläufig keine Toleranz mehr.

Einige meiner Freunde sind aber doch frei geblieben von Rassenhass und nationalem Hochmut. Sie blicken weiter, über die Weltkatastrophe hinaus.

Und diesen Freunden widme ich meine Gedichte.

In this booklet there is dignity, and there is true pathos; not of that commonplace quality which rings through the sonorous effusions of facile rhymesters, but that genuine pathos which is too strong to heed conventional forms. Sattler's patriotism respects the patriotism of other nations as it does that of his own; it is not narrowly national, but generously human, as is indicated in the following lines:

Fest in unserem Volke stehn
Und dann hinaus
Weit über die Landesgrenzen sehn,
Dann sind wir auch in der Welt zuhaus.

Formally, the poem entitled "Es war . . ." with its personification of war as a hoary monster, half-man, half-beast, crushing the crops ripening in the sun, and laughing scornfully at the peace on earth, is the best in the book. The author's attitude towards the country of his adoption is apparent from the lines:

Amerika—
Sei du des Friedens treuer Hort,
Lass nicht der Hetzer giftig Wort
Auch dir die Fackel in die Hände legen,
Die nun Europa flammen lässt im Kriegesbrand—

Behalt, Amerika, des Friedens Segen,
Und schütze ihn mit fester Hand—
Du sollst den Weg zur Welt ihm weisen—
Und Jahrhunderte werden dich noch preisen,
Amerika.

A. von Ende.

Correspondence.

GERMANY VERSUS THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is no other great Government in the world to-day which insists so strongly as that of Germany that the individual will must bend to the collective interest of the State. Kept within proper limits, the underlying principle of this demand is sound. There must be a great deal of the bending of individual wills if there is to be a state at all, and the time is not yet at hand, or rather the time is long past, when an endurable life can be lived without states.

But for centuries past there has been coming into ever stronger life a state more comprehensive than any that ever before existed—the civilized world itself. Feeling its way slowly, it has built up a code of law based in principle on the fundamental postulates of justice and humanity and in practice on the general consent of individual nations to submit to a few restrictions on arbitrary power in return for a more orderly progress of civilization, which experience has shown to be well worth the sacrifice.

And now comes a nation which arbitrarily demands the privilege of setting aside any part of this code of law which, in its own unaided judgment, clashes with what it chooses to regard as "military necessity." How its demand will work in practice, it proceeds to illustrate by forcing its way with cannon through territory whose neutrality it was bound by specific treaty to protect and by sending to the bottom of the ocean without warning hundreds of men, women, and children, neutrals and non-combatants, whose presence where they were slain was absolutely under cover of international law.

Let Germany herself teach us what to say of all this. As there can be no Imperial German Government without a tremendous bending of the wills of individual citizens (or subjects), so there can be no such entity as "the civilized world" without a bending of the wills of individual states. The majority of individuals in Germany doubtless are convinced that it is best for all that there should be an Imperial German Government, and they insist accordingly upon bending or breaking the wills of recalcitrants sufficiently to keep it in existence and in running order. Some of these days they may change the form of it considerably and even give the will of the individual citizens much more play than it has so far enjoyed, but they will still insist that the individual must bend to the whole so far as the safety of the whole may require. Likewise the great majority of the individual nations which make up the entity spoken of as "the civilized world" are thoroughly convinced that it is best for all that there should continue to be a civilized world with its code of laws, meagre but slowly growing, which each individual member of this entity must respect as it stands until it is duly changed by consent of the nations interested. For Germany to conquer now in a struggle of nature would be merely to throw a temporary dam across the current of civilization, herself below. And with all her boasted efficiency she can mix no concrete for a dam of that kind which will not crush disastrously over her head in the near future. It is in the very nature of mod-

ern civilization that in such a contest the arbitrary will of the recalcitrant nation *must* give way to the permanent good of all nations, which demands the sacredness of international law against any individually determined "military necessity" whatever. And for planting himself irrevocably on the right side of that *must*, President Wilson will one day have the respect of millions of Germans themselves.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, O., July 27.

ITALY AND THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 27, in two successive editorial articles, you make some observations on the moral aspects of Italy's declaration of war against Austria, and on the diplomatic negotiations that led up to it. You admit that Italy "had a technical case for 'compensation.'" "Accordingly, the Italian Government at once began to press the Austrian for the 'compensations' due. At first, the Austrian Foreign Minister denied that Italy had a case; but finally—it may be under German tutelage—he admitted the force of the Italian contention, and began the long and rather sordid negotiation over terms." And further on you say: "This, of course, is a purely legalistic justification. It does not go to the moral bearings of the case. In impartial eyes, it will not make Italy's position glorious or even handsome. She has to-day too much the appearance of having invited bids for her support in the war, and of having finally gone where the highest price was offered."

That these negotiations were in outward seeming "rather sordid" may readily be admitted. The point I should like to insist upon is that whatever there was of sordidness derived from the Triple Alliance itself. After Austria's declaration of war against Servia, Italy began negotiations on the basis of compensations because the Triple Alliance admitted no other basis. The Triple Alliance, forced upon Italy in the first place, and false to the national conscience, had habituated the country and its leaders to an abandonment of the national ideals, and as Italy was always treated as the inferior partner, she became accustomed, as regarded her two allies, to remissness and acquiescence. You say that she has to-day too much the appearance of having invited bids for her support in the war. Yes, but it is only the appearance. Even from the first it was recognized that Italy could only fight on the side of the Allies. The best that Germany and Austria could hope for was neutrality. "The friends of Italy in neutral countries," you say again, "cannot help regretting that, in all this business, she has not stood more erect before the world. . . ." You are quite right. Italy could not stand erect before the world until the Triple Alliance had been denounced and war declared.

But you seem to forget that the "compensation" about which Italy negotiated so sordidly was, in other terms, the realization of national unity. You speak as if any territorial compensation, even one that could be commuted in money, would have satisfied her aspirations. Though your words imply such an interpretation, you yourselves, I suppose, would be the first to object to it. Apart from the strategic necessity to Italy of the Trentino and the eastern Adriatic shore, all that Germany and Austria could have offered her, of all the lands they hold by right, force, or fraud, would not have been accepted in exchange for those regions where Italians dwell and long for union with the mother country.

Another assertion you make, which is of prime importance to the whole argument, is that Italian statesmen "gained the delay necessary to arm, at the same time that they took up the work of shaping Italian opinion, and kept the Powers in doubt." Herein you have been grossly misinformed. It is not true that they took up the work of shaping public opinion. This work was done by the press, by books and public meetings, and finally by pamphleteering, carefully organized, accurately timed, and of extraordinary ability. The newspapers that had the strongest influence in determining the country to armed intervention were the *Corriere della Sera* and *Secolo* of Milan, and the *Messagero* and *Idea Nazionale* of Rome, not one of which had any relations with the Government. On the contrary, they were a number of times in open opposition to what were, or seemed to be, its tendencies. The *Idea Nazionale* did not conceal its discontent when Sonnino was made Foreign Minister, though it afterwards loyally admitted his courage, patriotism, and honesty. The *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome, which was founded by Sonnino and of which he is still part owner, before he assumed this office was, if not on the side of neutrality, at least very lukewarm for intervention. After Sonnino was called to the Consulta, it did indeed become more pronounced in this sense, but never to the extent of the other papers I have mentioned. Not only did it profess itself to be entirely unofficial, but the Ministry itself a number of times took occasion to declare that it had only one official mouthpiece, and that was the Stefani Agency.

Again you say: "Finally, in the most dramatic fashion, they [the Ministers] forced the hand of the King and spiked the guns of the once dominant Giolitti." I do not know whether this was a part of the abundant misinformation that is continually purveyed from Europe to the American press, or whether it was only your inference. At any rate, the fact is that the best-informed publicists in Italy were very much in doubt as to what would be the effect of the resignation of the Salandra Ministry. Giolitti's majority in the Chamber of Deputies had shown no signs of rebellion, and it seemed distinctly possible that he or one of his followers would return to power. I yield to none in my admiration for the statesmanship of Salandra and Sonnino; but their resignation, so far from being a stroke of policy, was forced upon them. With Giolitti, the leader of a strong parliamentary majority, treating over their heads and behind their backs with von Bülow, they needed a new mandate from the King and country.

In your leading article, entitled "A People's War," you begin by saying: "It is clear that nothing but the tremendous demonstrations in the chief Italian cities solved the Government crisis of last week. As it was bitterly put by the Rome corrospondent of a Berlin newspaper, 'the street has won.'" Further on you say, "And the fact is plain that the real decision was made by the Italian Government. The nation was committed without being formally consulted." Without inquiring how you reconcile these two contradictory statements, I will merely observe that it is not true that "the street won." It was the whole people that won. The great demonstrations that took place everywhere throughout the kingdom, not only in the big urban centres, as you seem to think, were the unforced and spontaneous expression of a people's will. It was such an outburst of moral and patriotic enthusiasm as falls to the lot of few to experience. It came from those depths of sentiment and reflection which are the final justification of democracy and its hope for the future.

It may be that the Ministers of the Crown felt reasonably sure of popular support in the negotiations that led up to the denunciation of the Triple Alliance, although some acute and well-informed observers two weeks before war was declared were very doubtful if even a numerical majority of Italians were in favor of armed intervention. Anyhow, it was Giolitti's unutterable infamy that caused the scales to fall from the eyes of many. Then the Ministry, sure as they could not be before that the nation's heart and conscience were with them, committed it to action. And this, I suppose, is responsible statesmanship under free institutions.

HOMER EDMISTON.

Milan, July 2.

THE REVIEWER REPLIES TO PROFESSOR USHER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Difficile est satiram non scribere,* in commenting on Professor Usher's vindication of his "Pan-Americanism," in the *Nation* of July 22; perhaps the three editorial lines appended to the letter deal with it more suitably than could any serious rejoinder. Reasoning would seem ill-bestowed upon a writer who is capable of explaining that, "in order to disown any intention of predicting or foretelling, and in the hope of avoiding the inference . . . that one probability discussed was more likely than another," he has chosen to designate his book by a term which —as his previous sentence reminds us—means "discernment beforehand, foresight of consequences, estimate of future happenings." Yet, since the letter charges the reviewer with seriously misrepresenting the book, and the author's position, through a misunderstanding of the "usage of words"—and since reviews in the *Nation* should be beyond reproach of this kind—it seems needful to examine Professor Usher's complaint with as much gravity as may be attainable.

(1.) Did Mr. Usher mean in his book to "forecast" anything at all? The review complained that the book wavered between a pretension to do so and a Gamaliel-like avoidance of choice between alternative possibilities. Mr. Usher's extraordinary talent for self-contradiction, which the review noted, did not desert him when he wrote his letter to the editor; he has contrived to assume, within less than a column, the same two irreconcilable positions. In one paragraph he declares, as has been noted, that in composing "Pan-Americanism" he had no "intention of predicting or foretelling," and hoped to avoid "the inference that any certainty was claimed for any future happenings or that one probability discussed was more likely than another." Three paragraphs later he informs us that "the book was intended to lead the reader to the conclusion that the use

of force by us, or against us, seemed to me improbable, though possible, but that an opposition of interests and views with the victor seemed inevitable."

A reviewer ought, no doubt, to be grateful to an author who, in replying to a criticism, so precisely exemplifies the truth of the criticism to which he takes exception.

(2.) Mr. Usher's researches in the dictionary seem to have left him with the final impression that the noun "forecast" is synonymous with "suspension of judgment" or "avoidance of predicting and foretelling." If his conception of "the accepted usage of words" in other cases is analogous to this, one can only express the hope that his future publications will, out of consideration for both readers and reviewers, be accompanied by a glossary.

(3.) It would appear, indeed, that Mr. Usher employs other words in highly unfamiliar senses. For his letter seems clearly to assert that when his book "forecast" an "inevitable clash" between "Europe's victor" and these United States, it had no reference to any "armed conflict or the use of force," that, in fact, it showed "the use of force by us or against us" to be improbable. Yet Mr. Usher's "inevitable clash" is expressly defined at the beginning of the volume (p. 6) as a clash over the Monroe Doctrine; and the reader is later not less explicitly assured that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine "means only one thing: war with Europe's victor in the first place, and with South America in the second place" (p. 402), and that "the probabilities indicate that the United States is about to be assailed by Europe" (p. 316). But it now seems, from Professor Usher's letter, that when he spoke of "war" he meant only an "opposition of interests and views," without "armed conflict or the use of force." I regret to observe that Mr. Norman Angell, in a review of "Pan-Americanism," which has appeared since that in the *Nation* (the *New Republic*, July 17), has also been misled by this oddity of Professor Usher's diction.

Has Professor Usher, in the course of his lexicographical studies, ever examined some of the more technical senses of the verb "to hedge"?

THE REVIEWER.

MR. GODKIN AND IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the well-earned jubilation of the semi-centennial of the *Nation*, I hope I am not sounding a discordant note when I lament the fact that none of the writers give to the late Mr. Godkin the credit that the "mere Irish" recognize was his due, viz., that he was, as Goldwin Smith called him, the "champion of his race."

During all the years that he moulded American opinion, there was continually in his breast, as in that of his countryman, Edmund Burke, as quoted by John Morley, an ardent desire of showing his love for Ireland, and that this desire, noted by Mr. Ogden in his biography, has been passed over in silence to-day is some disappointment to those of us who have either paternal or sacred literary traditions of the influence of a band of workers who founded the first journal to receive the name of the *Nation*.

This side of Mr. Godkin's work was worthy of some reference, and no wreath to his memory is complete without it.

JAS. KINSELLA.

Winnipeg, July 22.

SCHUETTELLANZ?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In glancing over the Correspondence department of the *Nation* of July 22, I notice that Agnes Repplier makes the brief statement that the Germans are trying to dupe the Americans.

There is perhaps not a student of English or of English literature, worthy of that name, who does not reverence the great Agnes Repplier, and who will not defend her assertions as the gospel truth. But when such dogmatic and radical words flow from her remarkable pen she takes one overwhelmingly by surprise. The Germans are not guilty of her epithetical charge of duping and hoodwinking. Germany is the most truthful and efficient nation under the sun, and hence it must necessarily follow, as some one has said, "To thine own self be true and thou canst not be false to any man."

J. A. BAER.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 24.

Literature

TWO CENTURIES OF STUDENT LIFE.

Memorials of Eminent Yale Men. By Anson Phelps Stokes. Two vols. New Haven: Yale University Press. $10 net.

The Yale brotherhood, to whom Mr. Stokes offers these volumes as a tribute of loyalty, will find in them ample ground for pride in the academic ancestry of a Yale alumnus. Since the day, more than half a century ago, when Sprague wrote his paper on "The Influence of Yale College on American Civilization," no one has attempted to measure Yale's influence, or, indeed, that of any other great collegiate institution, on our national life, or to discover, with any such wealth of illustration as is here given, the meaning of the title "mother of men," so often applied to the college at New Haven. Of course, the biographies of only one hundred and fifty-eight men, selected from the entire list of ten thousand deceased graduates, furnish but an imperfect record of actual achievement in the life of the country, a record the more imperfect in that the author takes no account of the seventeen thousand living graduates, who also are sons of the honored mother; but they do show that Yale has a hall of fame filled with men of rare distinction. Could similar selections be made from the alumni lists of other colleges and universities of the elder line, we should have a roll of worthies who in every walk of life have contributed something to their country's advancement. The roll would not be complete, for distinction does not depend on college training, but it would include a surprisingly large number of the men who have made the nation.

These volumes are redolent with the atmosphere of Yale undergraduate life during a century and three-quarters of changing practices and ideas. Mr. Stokes is quite as anxious to know what Yale has done for his worthies as he is to show what they have done for the world outside. He, therefore, intersperses with the biographical data quotations, often lengthy, regarding contemporary life, education, and discipline, drawn from college records, society minutes, library manuscripts, and private letters, that add both interest and local color. Many of these citations disclose the prominence of religious and classical requirements, some are satirical in their references to "four years at college dozed away," while others illustrate the cramped and artificial conditions under which students lived and worked in the days before the era of the first Dwight, when the whole system underwent renovation and the foundations were laid for the future university. Student energy, barred from most of the outside activities, found relief in drinking-bouts and rebellions. Punishments were freely inflicted, "according to the merits of the crime," and fagging was a college practice till 1804. High spirits found vent in "bullyism," as contests between Town and Gown were designated, which reached its height about 1820, and was not abolished till 1840. The "bully," the college champion in the encounters, was a unique Yale figure, and it is curious that of the thirty-seven known bullies but one attained distinction, and he not for physical prowess or the power of leadership, but as an authority on *mosses*.

These biographies are, therefore, no mere formal outlines of men's lives, such as would be found in an encyclopædia or a biographical dictionary. They are very intimate and human descriptions, in large part taken up with the college careers of the men selected, disclosing their hopes and fears, successes and failures, during the years before they became famous. Few of Yale's great men displayed evidences of greatness as undergraduates, and it was the exception rather than the rule that their classmates hit the mark in prophecy. Inevitably many left behind them records of excellence. Some were presidents of Linonia, were good at debate, and could write well; others, as, for example, Barnard, later president of Columbia, were remarkable scholars and stood among the first in their classes; but few displayed genius, as did Bushnell, when as an undergraduate he contrived a submarine, or E. P. Mason, who wrote in college his observation on nebulæ, or the mathematical genius, A. M. Fisher, who was advanced to a full professorship at twenty-five, a record surpassed only by the elder Silliman, who attained the same distinction at twenty-three. Precocious boys, such as John Trumbull, James Hadley, and William Rainey Harper, were certain to reach distinction, but their precocity manifested itself before they entered college. Harper fulfilled the promise of his early years by obtaining his doctoral degree at the unusual age of nineteen.

Conspicuous as Yale has been in the fields of religion, modern science, invention, and public service, it is as the mother of educational pioneers that she deserves greatest recognition. Leaving out those who

have been the leaders in Yale's own advancement, such as Timothy Dwight and Theodore Dwight Woolsey, the most distinguished graduate of the eighteenth century and the most beloved graduate of the nineteenth, and also those who founded colleges elsewhere, such as Wheelock and Baldwin, we have the following remarkable list: Gallaudet, the American pioneer in the instruction of the deaf and dumb; Henry Barnard, one of the men who revitalized the American common-school system; Webster and Worcester, the pioneers in shaping our mother tongue; Gilman, the founder of the true American university; Sumner, the pioneer in the teaching of political economy; Harper, who revived interest in America in Semitic studies; Harris, who improved the methods and standards of public-school teaching throughout the United States in the last quarter of the nineteenth century; and Johnson, the founder of the movement for the improvement of agriculture and the use of chemistry in modern scientific farming. When we add to this list the names of Willard Gibbs, the founder of the modern branch of mathematical physics, whose work at Yale shows "how inconclusive the size of a teacher's courses may be as a final test of service," and Othniel Charles Marsh, the pioneer in palæontology, known to college boys chiefly through the "bones" in Peabody Museum, we but enlarge a list that might be further extended were we to turn to the names of lesser rank. Mr. Stokes has not often strained a point in order to include a worthy, but in the case of Tilden, with a scant two years' residence, and in that of J. E. Brown, with but a year in the Law School, he has made perhaps overmuch of the slight Yale connection. He would have added to the value of his biographies and increased considerably the interest of the reader if he had worked out the racial origin of his eminent men.

Yale has in the past furnished but few names of first rank in philosophy and literature, and none in art and history. She has distinguished herself for service rather than scholarship, and except for those who have been members of her own faculty, she has not until very recent times deemed the training of scholars and the publication of scholarly efforts among her obligations to society. Yet Yale was the first college in America to establish the degree of doctor of philosophy (1860), and is to-day among the very few that have raised to the highest level the requirements for the master of arts degree. These volumes show Yale's traditions of scholarship as well as those of service and good citizenship, and they show that these traditions are alive and demanding recognition. When a future secretary of Yale shall publish a supplement to these volumes, covering a third century of Yale life, we believe that the distribution of honors will be less unequal than is now the case, and that service and scholarship, inseparably bound up with the idea of a university, will each have its long roll of distinguished men.

A CHAPTER OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart.: His Life and Times. A Political History of Canada from 1814 until 1873. By John Boyd. New York: The Macmillan Co.

There have been several attempts to write the life of Cartier, by De Celles, Turcotte, David, Suite, and others, but it may fairly be said that this substantial volume of some 425 pages supersedes all previous biographies of the great leader of the French Canadians, and will probably remain the authoritative work on the subject. Cartier's place in the political history of Canada, and the extent of his services in bringing about the confederation of the scattered colonies of British North America, particularly in overcoming the widespread feeling of distrust among French Canadians as to their status in the new Dominion, have never been rightly understood, and not the least of the merits of Mr. Boyd's work is the conclusive evidence it affords as to the magnitude of the debt owed by all Canadians to the memory of George Etienne Cartier. During his lifetime and after, the personality of Cartier was overshadowed by that of his political chief, Sir John Macdonald. No careful student of Canadian history is likely to underestimate the magnitude of Macdonald's services to the Dominion. He was first and always captain of the ship of state, but no political captain ever had a more loyal and invaluable mate than Cartier. Macdonald himself bore tribute more than once to the statesmanlike qualities of his colleague.

It would, of course, be impossible to write an adequate life of Cartier without giving a good deal of attention to the stirring and momentous events in which he was so prominent an actor. As has been said, "to write the life of Sir George Cartier the future biographer must write the history of Canada during an eventful and progressive period"; and this is to a very large extent what Mr. Boyd has done. While availing himself of all the material in print, and using these secondary sources with judgment and good sense, he has apparently spared no pains to base his narrative primarily on the original documents. Papers, letters, and documents in the Cartier family and elsewhere have been placed at his disposal, and it is evident that many of these were not accessible to, or at any rate not used by, earlier writers on the period. These documents, however, formed but a small portion of the material which Cartier himself collected during his lifetime, illustrating his relations with other public men of his time, his part in various political movements, and his attitude towards burning questions of his day, the heat of some of which has even now not quite evaporated. It had been his intention that this material, in the form of memoirs, should be published ten years or so after his death, and it is evident, from what he himself said of them, that these papers would have shed an exceedingly interesting light on many obscure points in the political history of Canada between, say, the Rebellion of 1837 and Confederation, thirty years of upheaval during which the fight for political freedom and responsible government was fought and won.

In some way, however, these documents, or the bulk of them, disappeared, and Mr. Boyd has had the benefit only of those that escaped or were in other hands. It is all the more creditable that he has made such excellent use of more or less fragmentary material. Cartier's life is traced from his early years in the Richelieu country and as a law student in Montreal, through the political turmoil preceding the Rebellion of 1837, the Rebellion itself, the union of Upper and Lower Canada, the struggle for responsible government, the annexation movement, the reciprocity treaty with the United States, development of party government, the fight for confederation, and the final birth of the new Dominion. Cartier died in May, 1873, having lived to see the mournful predictions of the opponents of confederation disproved in every particular, and his own virile faith in the capacity for government and coöperation of the two branches of the Canadian people thoroughly justified.

AN ISLE OF UNREST.

Ceylon: The Portuguese Era. By P. E. Pieris. Two volumes. Colombo: The Apothecaries Co. 15 rupees.

As the sub-title informs us, this is a history of the island from 1505 to 1658. Its especial value consists in the author's utilization of hitherto unpublished material found in the copy (owned by the Government of Ceylon) of the history of De Queiroz ("Conquista Temporal e Espiritual de Ceylão"), who died in 1688, after a long term of residence in the East. Besides this fount of fresh information, the author draws from nearly two hundred authorities, native and European. The story of Ceylon begins, as is inevitable, with the more or less mythical account received from Hindu tradition, but it passes rapidly to historical ground. No event of especial importance occurred in this happy land ("o melhor pedaço de terra que o creador poz neste mundo," as Ribeiro describes it), till, in the second century A. D., Gaja Bahu invaded India and, returning as a conqueror, brought back with him the jewels of the "goddess of smallpox and purity," who still remains a popular divinity. Although this conquest affected only the lower extremity of India, it is noteworthy as being the first authenticated invasion from the South and as following the lines of the Rāvana myth.

The early history of Ceylon abounds in romantic situations. In the third century the pious king of the land was so strict a Buddhist that he would have no malefactors killed, and when rebellion broke out he abdicated rather than cause bloodshed. As a price had been set on his life, he gave his head to a peasant who had befriended

him and sent him (with the head) to earn his reward. In the fifth century, after a parricide prince had seized the throne and been in turn defeated, the victor cut off countless ears and noses of the parricide's adherents, slew thousands besides, and established his own power by "importing relics of Buddha and organizing a naval force for coast defence"—for the first time. It was the son of this king who committed suttee (if the word may pass) for love of his friend, the poet Kālidāsa, by no means the first instance of a man's committing suicide from love of a friend in India, but the first case known in Ceylon. After this period war-like intercourse becomes common between Ceylon and the mainland, till at the date when William the Conqueror landed in England the whole land, after fifty years of oppression, drove out the invaders in one of the bloodiest wars the island ever suffered. Incidentally, it may be remarked that there was considerable friction with the Chinese, to whom the Sinhalese had sent missionary ladies (nuns) as early as 434 A. D. In the fourteenth century a princess of Ceylon led to the funeral pyre the royal ladies of Chittore rather than fall into the hands of the Mohammedans.

The Portuguese first landed in India in 1498, under Vasco de Gama, soon reached Ceylon, and by unheard-of cruelties and barbarous violation of the rights of neutrals made themselves the best-hated nation in the East. They were, in short, no better than pirates till, having established their power through dread, they adopted the practices of civilization, exchanging ambassadors with the King of Ceylon, a puppet in their hands, and carrying on a trade even more lucrative than piracy. Of the later history, unrolled in full in these pages, the content, it must be confessed, is not of universal interest. Naval battles, intrigues, the evil government of the native, and the worst rule of the Portuguese, all on rather a small scale measured by the world's history, repeat themselves untiringly, if not monotonously, being varied by occasional notes of interest, such as the observation of Queiroz that Anurajapur was abandoned because of war followed by smallpox, famine, and *a plague of poisonous rats*. So ends the first volume of this chronicle.

The second volume also has illustrations enough of the lawlessness, rapacity, and incredible cruelty of the Portuguese, and some romantic stories still linger in the later period; but here the interest centres rather on the exposition of the village community, the economic conditions, and the sociological data (marriage, ceremonies, names), amply recorded by the author. In so far as Mr. Pieris relies on unpublished material, he cannot, of course, be controlled; in the use of other material he appears to be judicious, and, though naturally inclined to stress the picture of Portuguese atrocities, does not fail to be fair. His acceptance of the view that the Hindus used firearms in remote antiquity is due to lack of acquaintance with literature remote from his field. We doubt also whether the Hindus were adepts at lithotomy and rhinoplasty quite so early as some scholars imagine; but Mr. Pieris is surely safe in asserting that these arts were known before the word *rhinoplasty* "was coined in the West"! The author, who is a barrister-at-law and has a Cambridge degree, is in the Ceylon civil service. His native name is Deraniyagala Samarasinha Sriwardhana. His work is inscribed to his countrymen in the hope that fuller knowledge of what their native land has suffered will lead to a better appreciation of the Pax Britannica.

THE NEAR EAST.

The Development of Modern Turkey as Measured by Its Press. By Ahmed Emin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Albania, the Foundling State of Europe. By Wadham Peacock. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

The Life of King George of Greece. By Capt. Walter Christmas. Translated from the Danish by A. G. Chater. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $4.

The cross-currents of nationalism in Southeastern Europe, ever struggling latently or openly to displace or overwhelm each other, toss to the surface from time to time such works as these three, which, very different in plan, substance, and racial sympathy, nevertheless aid each in its own way towards a comprehension of that age-long disturber of the world, the question of the Near East.

Mr. Emin's book possesses special interest from the fact that the writer is the first native Turk to be trained for historical work in an American university. His material has been an abundance of Turkish newspapers and periodicals, and his method of examination has been both quantitative and qualitative. Mingled with statistics as to the number of publications in various languages at successive periods, and calculations of the proportional space given in each publication to different sorts of material and different subjects, is to be found a valuable exposition of the development of Turkish life and thought during the past two centuries, and especially in the swift-moving days since the Revolution of 1908. The author considers his work "an attempt . . . to give a view of Turkey in her struggle for survival and betterment."

Owing to Moslem conservatism, the printing-press was not introduced into Turkey before 1728, and the small and slow beginnings of publication were state-fostered. Very interesting is the description of the dissemination of news in "pre-journalistic" days, through such agencies as criers, wandering dervishes, and itinerant theological students, and in such places as mosques and market-squares, coffee-houses and caravanserais. The first genuine progress in Turkish journalism was made after the Crimean War. Most journalists were reformers, and their papers, usually short-lived, bore such expressive names as *Liberty*, *Admonition*, and *Watchfulness*. After 1876, Abdul Hamid II gradually brought the Turkish press, like all other controllable agencies in his Empire, under rigid supervision. One-fifth of the material set up is said to have been cancelled by his censors.

The revolution of 1908 led to an outburst of journalistic activity, much of it futile and evanescent. The political struggle between the Committee of Union and Progress and its opponents became, however, reflected in journalism, and only for brief intervals was there real "freedom of the press." After the sharp humiliation and the partial recovery of the Balkan Wars, the temper of the nation was improved, and publication became more natural, supporting "earnest and constructive effort, a sign of the coming of a more fortunate balance between waste and repair." The study does not extend into the time of the Great War.

The press of a university of high rank should be more careful of its proof-reading, and of the conforming of a foreign-born writer's style to the idioms of the English language, than is the case in this publication.

With Mr. Peacock's book the reader passes from the ancient and strategically situated city, much desired by great Powers of the world, to the rough mountains fought for by peoples never yet lifted out of barbarism. A foreigner on official duty, Mr. Peacock observed externals primarily, and in the first two-thirds of his book his style is pictorial rather than reflective. Roads (or what serve as such), bridges, travel scenes, buildings, furniture, costumes, ceremonies, and visits of state fill very interesting pages. But, like an enjoyable type of after-dinner speaker, Mr. Peacock comes down finally to serious matters. His sketch of Albanian history, his narrative of the recent creation of autonomous Albania, his discussion of its possible future (alas, much water has run under the bridges since March of 1914!), and his misplaced final chapter on the Roman Catholic Church in Albania, are all remarkably accurate, temperate, and sound. He makes perfectly clear the separateness of the Albanian nationality, its persistence and capacity, and the essential justice of keeping its territory from further division between its bitter and mortal enemies. The book is well illustrated, but lacks an index.

Capt. Christmas, though usually fair in his judgments of the Balkan peoples, adopts the narrow Greek view as regards the Albanians, denying them the capacity for independent unity, and even counting them out of existence—they are not to be found in the table of inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula given on page 327. In what sense he can call them a "wandering race" (p. 311) is not clear, since they are probably the oldest inhabitants of the peninsula, and have certainly been in their present situation as long as it has had any history.

His knowledge, however, of the capable king who reigned in Greece for no less than fifty years, cannot be gainsaid. Four

visits, the first paid as a midshipman forty years ago, and the last bringing him to talk with the King only three hours before the assassin fired the fatal bullet, together with meetings in their native Denmark and frequent correspondence, provided him not only with warm interest in and enthusiasm for King George, but also with much first-hand information. A scientific biography will no doubt be prepared laboriously at some future date, defining, with the use of countless personal and state papers, King George's position and work in Greece and Europe. But the King is not likely to live as actively and humanly in such a work of erudition as in the somewhat unformed and disproportioned account of Capt. Christmas.

George of Greece is naturally not criticised adversely by his compatriot and friend. Due allowance being made for this, he is revealed as a King of very modern type. He did not occupy his time with ceremonies involving barbaric splendor, nor did he love to exhibit uniforms and clank the sword of feudal overlordship. Of respectable private life, he will no doubt join the company of notable European ancestors through his numerous and healthy progeny. A shrewd business man, he did not disdain to encourage the consumption of Greek currants, or to invest in promising commercial enterprises. Like a small Napoleon I or Bismarck, he watched the press of Europe, and at times used appropriate means to counteract opinions hostile to Greece. A travelling King, he endeavored to win and retain by personal diplomacy friends for his restless, ambitious, long discredited little state. At home he maintained the peace between kaleidoscopic factions, and by exactly the right combination of dignity and democracy, of wealth and simplicity, he retained a marvellous popularity to the day of his death. And this was in a country where, at the beginning of his reign, scenes much like those in About's "Le Roi des Montagnes" were actually enacted (see pp. 86 ff.), where he had to coöperate with forty-two Ministries in twenty years, where war was rushed into (in 1897) with insubordinate officers and insufficient preparation, where the mismanagement of finances compelled the nation to go into a virtual receivership, and where for forty-seven years he had to work without a single statesman who could rise above petty interests and partisan politics. Only after Venizelos came to power in 1910, did the Greek people work together for the larger common interests of all.

Capt. Christmas usually introduces only material which has some direct relation to King George, but he makes exceptions in discussing the war of 1897 and the first war of 1912-13. Since he begins a brief history of the latter war, and carries it to within two months of the end, the reader is surprised to find no completion of it after the description of the death and burial of King George. In fact, the failure to show the King as a real force in Greek life during his later years is a serious defect in a readable book. There is a good index.

Notes

"The Rainbow Trail," by Zane Grey, will be published on August 12 by Harper & Bros.

The Century Company announces for early publication "A History of American Literature Since 1870," by Fred Lewis Pattee.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Cinder Pond," by Carroll Watson Rankin.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce that they will publish this month "An Appreciation of Dr. Henry A. Coit," written by James Carter Knox.

Dr. J. William White's "A Textbook of the War for Americans" (Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.; $1 net) is an able abstract of the controversies about the war, so far as they affect America. Naturally, most of the citations are of quite ephemeral matter, but the author's comment provides a bond of philosophy. He is adroit in revealing the tortuous disingenuousness of the Teuton polemic by the use of the parallel column and similar devices. The compilation is clear, and turns over the case from every conceivable point of view. Of the many books of this type it is one of the fullest and best. It has the indispensable but rarely provided convenience of an adequate index.

The general impression of "Shots and Snapshots in British East Africa," by E. Bennet (Longmans; $4 net), is of a Bradshaw or Baedeker, written in the first person singular. There are ten "I's" in the first paragraph. The narrative of a six months' shooting trip is unvarnished by any abstract comment and wholly devoid of imagination or of pleasing diction. Taking it as such, we may follow the author's every move, every stolid inspection and appraisal of his surroundings; we may peruse the minutest details of his safari, and may view the rather good snapshots of natives and the less commendable ones of wounded and dead animals. The second half of the volume is occupied with a descriptive list of the game animals of the country. The book impresses one as being the result of some mechanical combination of camera, dictograph, and typewriter, so devoid is it of enthusiasm, virility, and abstract interest.

The poet and romancer Emil Lucka's recent sociological study is presented to English readers as "Eros: The Development of the Sex Relation through the Ages" (Putnam). The translator, Ellie Schleussner, provides an introduction which prepares the reader for the vividness, charm, poetry, brilliance, and fascination of the ensuing chapters. Calmly stated, Lucka's thesis is based on Haeckel's biogenetic law, but is transformed by a sea-change into a psychogenetic law which reads: "Every essential quality which the human race has evolved in the course of history must be present in every normally developed individual of our time." In his particular application it means that "every well-developed male individual of the present day successively passes through the three stages of love through which the European races have passed." These three stages, the unfettered sexual instinct of primitive life, the metaphysical eroticism of the middle ages, and the blending of sexuality and spiritual love in modern times among Germanic races, especially the second and third, which are "founded almost entirely on original research," are developed in great detail through three hundred and fifty pages. The theory, however, is not complete without the corollary that "the evolution as well as the aberrations of love have affected man alone, and, roughly speaking, to this day affect only him. He is the Odysseus, wandering through heaven and hell, ultimately to return home, perhaps, to where woman, the unchangeable, is awaiting him. That which has been woman's natural endowment from all beginning, the blending of spiritual and sensual love, man looks upon and desires to-day as his highest erotic ideal." The mass of evidence, collected from a wide variety of sources, largely mediæval, is carefully selected to support the main thesis, and will doubtless be eagerly accepted by those who are of Teutonic culture or descent. But just why woman has been free from the operation of an evolutionary law working ineluctably from prehistoric times, is not made so clear at any rate to the Anglo-Saxon intelligence.

The note of the Wayfarer's Library, a collection of some forty volumes published at forty cents each (Dutton), is lightness. Some ten may be dismissed as merely popular attempts in present-day fiction—negligible if readable books like L. Cope Cornford's "The Master Beggars of Belgium" and works by Pett Ridge and Hugh Walpole. Another dozen are novels and romances of substantial merit and perennial popularity, some of which have long deserved an inexpensive reprint. We may be grateful for a better cheap edition of Hardy's idyllic "Under the Greenwood Tree" than this country has hitherto had, and for the opportunity of securing not only Shaw's well-known "Cashel Byron's Profession" and "An Unsocial Socialist," but his "Love Among the Artists." For the inclusion of two translations, Daudet's "Kings In Exile" and Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis," the latter taxing unduly the capacity of the slender format, there was less occasion. The same may be said of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and "The Cricket on the Hearth," of which there are a thousand editions. But it is in its collections of essays that the Wayfarer's Library constitutes a deserving innovation. In this country no cheap edition of George Gissing's "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" has been heretofore available, and in consequence this masterpiece of autumnal autobiography is known to relatively few. The Library contains also Gissing's last book, "The House of Cobwebs ,and Other Stories." It could not do better than include in future issues at least two of his most robust and admirably subtle novels, "Thyrza" and "New Grub Street," both of which are now obtainable only with the greatest difficulty, if at all. The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell has consented to the collection of some of his "Essays on Literary Subjects," in which space is unfortunately given to treatment of the more prominent names — Shakespeare, Dickens, Kingsley—rather than to writers whom Russell has known personally, or to the minor figures, as John Newton, on whom he has collected peculiar facts. Austin Dobson has chosen from a half-dozen of his books a series of "Eighteenth Century Studies," nearly

all literary, with which may be mentioned Edward Parry's edition of "Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple" and Herbert Paul's "Queen Anne." Hilaire Belloc's "The Historic Thames" and George S. Street's "The Ghosts of Piccadilly" were naturally designed for English rather than American readers, but are in the pleasant essay vein opened by Leigh Hunt's "The Town," and have a fairly catholic appeal. Of more modern tone are Holbrook Jackson's "Southward Ho!"—a volume, indeed, too journalistic in manner—and A. G. Gardiner's "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," with its long gallery of informing vignettes of contemporary British notables. Some mention should also be made of two typical volumes of British humor, F. Anstey's "Baboo Jabberjee," a breezy analogue to Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," reprinted from *Punch*, and Barry Pain's "De Omnibus," with its picture of London streets as seen by the Cockney eye. It is to be hoped that the Library will grow, particularly in the field of the modern informal essay, in which it might well reach out to include France.

A recent number in that series of well-printed, handy little volumes published by Doubleday, Page & Co., under the title of "The American Books," is "The American Navy," by Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick, being a condensed summary of our naval history and an excellent guide, through its "short bibliography," for those who desire to study at length any particular phase or period. Within a narrow compass, the leading facts are given, with sample references to the authorities quoted. Less stress is laid upon the services the navy has rendered to the country and the world at large during times of peace in surveying, oceanography, the suppression of the slave trade, protecting American interests in remote lands, etc., than their importance warrants. These services have justified the existence of the navy, even when no clouds of war hung about the political horizon. "Aft of" instead of "abaft" (p. 7) is open to question as not in accordance with the best nautical usage. In the toast, "To the downfall of the barbarous Moor" (p. 99), the adjective generally employed was "barbarious," thus including jest and anathema in the same breath. The author's attitude towards the navy is expressed in these sentences: "We can only remain a world Power through a navy which can command safety and peace. Linked to such power there must be political good sense and just dealing." The absence of an index or even a table of contents makes the work less useful than could be wished.

It is not possible to define exactly the limits of Christian doctrinal liberalism—its boundaries are constantly shifting, and at any moment may appear in various shapes; but suggestions for a partial solution of the question are offered by H. W. Clark in "Liberal Orthodoxy" (Scribner; $2 net) and by J. M. Campbell in "The Place of Prayer in the Christian Religion" (Methodist Book Concern; $1). Dr. Clark gives an historical sketch of the freer Christian thought in Europe and America from the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century to the present time, pointing out the literary and scientific influences (philosophical, astronomical, biological, critical, and other) that have induced modifications of the Church creeds. His volume, learned and clear, comes near to being a history of Christian thought in the period treated; with details too numerous to be considered here. It appears from his statements that the term "orthodox" needs constant redefining—opinions are now freely expressed in circles called orthodox that some centuries ago would have entailed on those who professed them excommunication or death. Naturally liberal orthodoxy (like the physical sciences) has never announced a well-defined creed or attained a definite organization. Dr. Clark's own determinant characteristic *stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ* is the belief that Jesus Christ brought to the world not new religious information or modifications of existing systems, but a new divine dynamic creative force, the continuation of the original creation of the universe, implanting a new life in human society—a formula that obviously admits of different interpretations, and might, if adopted, lead to a fresh division into various types and sections of orthodoxy.

Mr. Campbell, while not denying God's power to modify the physical laws of the universe, lays stress on the spiritual side of prayer, and on its subjective value. Man should not pray, he urges, for merely temporal good, but only for the temporal when it is looked on as a means for obtaining the spiritual. The temper of the suppliant must be ethically pure, devoid of hate and merely selfish ends, humble also, in view of man's ignorance as to the outcome of his schemes and desires. True prayer, he adds, is calming and purifying—it brings the mind into contact with the ideal, banishes what is unworthy, and lifts life into a higher plane. The volume says nothing that has not been often said before, but its tone is restful, and its general influence will, doubtless, be to further an intelligent apprehension of the function of prayer as a communion of soul with all that is highest in life.

Henry Rutgers Marshall's "War and the Ideal of Peace" (Duffield; $1.25 net) is a book on war by a philosopher. The treatment is essentially philosophic in that the subject is considered in all its important bearings, remote as well as immediate. The unwary reader who is not familiar with philosophical writing will be astonished to learn how far-reaching are the relations of war and peace, and may become a trifle dizzy as the author whirls him off to various remote parts of the universe on his way to a seemingly near-by goal. But the goal is only seemingly near by, and before he can be allowed to reach the practical matter of preventives of war, he must first be initiated into panpsychism, learn the real meaning of "spontaneity" and of "nature" and "law," and be converted to a new metaphysical theory of creation—namely, the hypothesis of the constant production of new forms in nature, based on the analogy of human spontaneity. He must also be instructed in the nature of ideals, must be able to refute pessimism, and understand the true meaning of morality, of conscience and its origin, of religion and its function, and of human responsibility.

The argument which requires all these rather surprising excursions is in outline as follows: We are told by the militarists that lasting peace is a fantastic dream, since the impulse to war is a part of human nature, and human nature, being a part of the larger nature, cannot be changed. To refute this it is necessary to show that spontaneity is an essential characteristic of man's being, and that, since he is a part of "Nature," this, too, may be regarded as possessing spontaneity—a view which panpsychism has made not improbable. Now it is by ideals that our spontaneity expresses itself; by their aid man has been able, to a considerable extent, to remake nature. One of the forces of nature which man finds working within him is the fighting instinct; and one of the ideals which he has created is the ideal of peace. And both history and psychology show that the fighting instinct, like other instincts, may be in part repressed, in part directed into new channels. Hence, though many pacifists have been guilty of a shallow optimism in that they have failed to understand the power of pugnacity, there still is good ground for the pacifists' hope, and the assertion that war must always be because it always has been is based upon a psychology and a philosophy quite as shallow as any assertions of the pacifist party.

After disposing of the philosophy and psychology of the question, Mr. Marshall devotes one chapter to the moral and religious issues; and in a final chapter on "Our Responsibility and Duty" he considers the extent of our responsibility, and points out various practical means by which we may hasten the victory of the ideal of peace. Although the lengthy philosophic discussions of the earlier part of the book into seemingly irrelevant fields may at times puzzle the reader, the work is not only sound, but very readable, and ought to have a helpful influence at a time when a fatalistic belief in the inevitability of war threatens to saddle the race in perpetuity with the very thing which it most dreads.

"The Dawn of Christianity" (Appleton; $1.25 net), by Alfred W. Martin, contains a course of lectures on the origin of Christianity, delivered in the Meeting House of the Society for Ethical Culture, of which the author is one of the leaders. It is an intelligent and sympathetic sketch of the Christian movement as reflected in pre-Pauline Jewish Christianity, Paul, and the Fourth Gospel. In the treatment of Paul, the starting-point seems to be, not the Apostle's idea of salvation, but his conception of Christ. Hence, little is said of the mystical union of the believer with the indwelling Lord who is Spirit, a conception which, to many scholars, is distinctive of Paul, and absent from that Christianity which is untouched by Paul. In the discussion of the ideas of the Fourth Gospel, due weight is given to Paul's Christology; but, we venture to think, more should have been said of the influence of his soteriology. We miss, furthermore, a reference to the survival in the Fourth Gospel of that legal type of Christianity which is reflected in the Synoptic tradition and primitive Jewish Christianity. The chapter on Hermas is interesting and instructive; but, if the Shepherd is included, the great catholic Irenæus should not have been excluded. But, be that as it may, the important remark is that Dr. Martin has written not only with understanding, but with sympathy, on one of the most perplexing problems in the history of religions, namely, the dawn of Christianity.

In "The World in a Crucible" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net) Sir Gilbert Parker goes over the

thoroughly familiar ground of the origins and conduct of the great war. His advantage is in literary adroitness and a certain vividness. The case is conceived from the point of view of a British Imperialist; the moral is, "Wake up, England." Though the international implications of the war are mostly ignored, the survey is made with clearness and generally with entire fairness. Especially good is the brief sketch of recent history in the Balkans and its relation to the present cataclysm. Besides the political and diplomatic discussions, there is offered a brief view of the fighting, again from the British standpoint. It is not quite contemporary history, the scale forbidding, but it preserves that part of the controversies and events that will most interest British sympathizers. The fervor of the style often attains eloquence, and the book is one of the most enthralling of its numerous kind.

In "The Life of Catherine the Great of Russia" (Brentano's; $4) E. A. Brayley Hodgetts seeks to present "a really dispassionate picture of that great ruler's character and reign." In fact, he is evidently more interested in her personal life and character, which he tries to clear of many of its darker spots, than in her reign, to which he gives only the last half of his volume, and which he does not adequately appreciate. The first half of his book is devoted to a gossipy account of the unedifying reigns and court scandals which intervened between the death of Peter the Great and Catherine's own accession. With a subject as fascinating as Catherine II, his book is bound to be interesting and lively, and he does not fail to make the most of the bizarre conditions in eighteenth-century Russia. He quotes a good deal from the published dispatches of foreign diplomats resident in Russia, but his chief reliance is on the standard biographies in German by Brückner and Bilbassoff. His lack of historical method and inaccuracies of statement will be evident to scholars acquainted with the subject, if not to the more popular audience to whom his book is addressed.

The aim of "Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome in Word and Picture," by the Rev. Albert Kuhn (Parts VI-VIII), is to give to the general public a readable account of the manifold monuments of Rome in ancient, early Christian, and modern times. It is written by a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and part of its purpose is to set forth the glorious past of Rome as the centre of that Church. The book is to be issued in eighteen parts. The parts, six to eight, now to hand, complete the story of classical Rome and begin that of the city in early Christian times. Descriptions are given of the Collections in the Vatican, the Capitoline Museum, the Lateran, and the National Museum; while the early Christian sections deal with the history and art of the Catacombs. The book has no archæological pretensions, but it is brightly written and amply illustrated. Moreover, the most noteworthy works are generally selected with discrimination. A rather flagrant exception is the omission of any mention of the famous "Ludovisi Throne" in the National Museum, perhaps the most important classical work in Rome.

Offered to "the youth of the British Empire," "The British Navy," by Ernest Protheroe (Dutton; $2.50 net), will interest as well as inform a much wider audience. Mr. Protheroe begins his story at a time far antedating that suggested by his title, for in his opening chapter he traces the use of ships from prehistoric man, "who floated down a stream on a log or a branch," to the establishment of the Classis Britannica and its abolition during the latter part of the Roman occupation. But this scientific comprehensiveness must not be taken to imply dulness, either of matter or of style. On the contrary, the author has evidently aimed at producing a narrative that should reflect the fascinating romance of the sea. His pages are, therefore, full of dramatic events, in which the actors appear in all their glory. We are told just how many guns were carried by important vessels, and just how the wooden walls were sheathed below the waterline, but these details are never allowed to become burdensome, and are always part and parcel of the story that is the chief thing to be told. The effect is that of a brilliant panorama, in which the triumphs of the Mistress of the Seas are depicted in their original colors, while, incidentally, is recorded the history of naval progress from the Ark to the submarine. Very suitably, the narrative is accompanied by a profusion of pictures, some of them from old manuscripts and engravings. The last twenty pages of the volume tell the story of the British fleet from the declaration of war in August to the sinking of the Emden. An appendix contains a list of ships in the British navy by classes.

There are portions of Dr. Eugene Coleman Savidge's "The Philosophy of Radio-Activity" (The Jenkins Co.; $1.50 net), in which the ideas are sufficiently digested and the language is simple enough to be understood, but they are rare. On the whole, it seems to be a mess of almost everything, expressed generally in passages of this extraordinary nature:

DURATION, INDWELLING FRACTIONS OF SPACE, IS THEREFORE THE DETERMINING REALITY, the syntonic key which non-materiality compresses into the color patch, attuned to ignore all other chatter, and draw from about it, its precise necessity of reinforcement.

The reviewer might as well confess at once that he can make no sense of this or of the many passages similar to it.

Fortunately, the publisher, foreseeing such a possibility, enclosed a slip in the book giving a résumé of Dr. Savidge's Philosophy. Even in this simplified form it was too erudite, but as there are many who apparently enjoy such excursions into the philosophy of the "conglomerate," one or two excerpts will permit them to judge whether they will find enlightenment from the book:

Radio-activity is the "ebb of the force which vitalizes the universe." Duration and space, annealed together by the forces of the cosmos, slowly disengage according to mathematics which never vary. Though the subject is associated in the public mind principally with cancer,—and, indeed, its very close relation has opened up a true philosophy of malignancy—this is a small fraction of the whole. . . . Dr. Savidge's thesis is, that matter is involuted with selective purpose, and that there is an *"ATTRACTION OF DURATION FOR MATTER"* as mathematical as the attraction of gravitation. Whether or not he be sustained therein, there will be no question that identities in living beings are as surely selected as that an acid seeks its base.

Such is Dr. Savidge's philosophy, and whether he can be sustained or not his readers must judge. But he must be first understood.

Almost simultaneously with Mr. Roy's volume on "Rabindranath Tagore" (reviewed in the *Nation* of June 17) came another life issued by Macmillan ($1 net), the regular publisher of Tagore's works, and written by a Celt, Mr. Ernest Rhys. This, as might be expected, is a better-written book than Mr. Roy's. One good service Mr. Rhys performs, in giving us a pretty full summary, with extracts, of two or three of Tagore's prose tales, which lead the present reviewer to suspect that those are right who value these pieces of fiction above Tagore's poetry. But Mr. Rhys, like Mr. Roy and most other writers on the subject, falls into the error of thinking that the "Gitanjali" and "Sādhanā" are in the spirit of the Vedânta. He is probably excusable on the ground that he has only a distant acquaintance with the ancient books. To name old Cankara on the same page with Tagore is awful to any one who has wrestled with that brain-wracking metaphysician of the Vedânta. But the true relation is also indicated by Mr. Rhys when he shows us how easily and naturally Tagore's plays were accepted and acted by the Dublin Players, and when he intimates the similarity of Tagore's educational ideas, as practiced at his model school, with those that run through the work of Froebel and Henry George, jr., and Mme. Montessori. This relationship is, of course, not to the discredit of Mr. Tagore, and we only allude to it for the sake of intellectual clarity. But it is not quite so when Mr. Rhys holds up the spirit of this modern Hindu mysticism and romanticism as a corrective for the competitive straining after power among us, which has brought on the present war. Europe, as any one familiar with the works of Maeterlinck and a host of kindred writers ought to know, has for many years been full of the same obscurantism of the emotions; and any one familiar with human nature ought also to know that kind of sentimentalism, when it comes to a test with any of the strong materialistic forces of life, simply crumples into nothing. Europe needs more a philosophy of duty and discipline than of pantheistic relaxation.

The Rev. R. M. Lithgow, in "The Parabolic Gospel" (imported by Scribner) discovers in the parables of Jesus not only an orderly and logical development of Christ's doctrine, but a development which is in keeping with the normal spiritual growth in man. This discovery, which the author rightly asserts to be original, is due primarily to his ability to see meanings in the parables which a reader who is furnished only with a knowledge of the hopes and aspirations of Judaism and primitive Christianity is unable to see, as, for example, the idea, more than once affirmed, that the parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, and the Lost Son, the "three-one" parable, as it is called, set before us pictorially "the saving work of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The author's discovery is due, in the next place, to his contention that it is self-evident that the Gospel of Matthew, the work of an eye-witness, gives the historical and logical order of the parables which it records. The student who shares the premises of the author may, without further comment, be referred for details to the book itself.

Science

PREHISTORIC MAN.

The Antiquity of Man in Europe. By James Geikie. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.

Owing partly to recent discoveries of the first importance, and partly to the fact that older ones are now better understood, the ancient problem of the antiquity of mankind is being attacked with renewed interest from many sides. The three great lines of converging evidence, which may be called the anatomical, dealing with the skeletal remains of man himself, the archæological, that considers mainly his handiwork, and the geological, upon which we depend for a knowledge of his environment as well as of his probable age, all agree in placing the date of his arrival in Europe at an almost inconceivably remote epoch.

Geology is, after all, the court to which observers of whatever class must make their final appeal, and no saner and surer interpreter of the geological evidence could be found than the author of the present work. James Geikie's "Great Ice Age," the first issue of which appeared in 1874 and the last in 1894, in one respect, at least, furnished a new basis for the history of the earth and man; Geikie showed that what is now known as the Pleistocene or Quaternary Period in Europe really consisted of a great series of alternating cold and genial epochs, with corresponding oscillations in the flora and fauna, a view which is now generally accepted and which the author has elaborated in the present work.

Four major glacial and three major interglacial epochs, each of vast duration, are now generally attributed to the Pleistocene in Europe, and in the course of ten lectures the author here deals concisely with each, from a purely geological point of view; at the same time he correlates with them, so far as possible, the archæological stages of man at present recognized; these are seven in number, beginning with the Chellean of the older Palæolithic to the Azilian or transition stage that preceded Neolithic man in Europe. Evidence from successive faunas and floras, from caves, river drifts, glacial and interglacial deposits are briefly reviewed in the light of the most recent observations. The work ends with a succinct history of Pleistocene time, and of man's relation to it in his successive stages of culture, as they have been worked out by De Mortillet and other archæologists. Numerous illustrations and maps accompany the text, which the reader will find perfectly clear, if somewhat barren in style.

Though freely recognizing the possibility of the existence of man during the Pliocene Period in Europe, the author considers that the earliest human remains pertaining to the continent, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, belong to the Pleistocene. The animals and plants of this entire period are divided into three classes, a southern and temperate group, indicating a genial climate, a tundra or snow-loving group, corresponding to the present inhabitants of the treeless zone bordering the Arctic Ocean, or "barren grounds," as this area is called in North America, and a steppe group, which occupied low grassy plains and high plateaus.

During the milder interglacial times vast herds of deer and wild cattle, as well as elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami, ranged at will over central Europe from the Mediterranean to as far north as Yorkshire in England, and from the borders of Asia to the western ocean. Whenever the climate of middle and western Europe began to approach Arctic conditions, vast annual migrations of mammals and birds took place, and, as sometimes happens to this day on existing tundras and steppes, many were overwhelmed, *en masse*, by the raging blizzards and storms of dust. The mammoth discovered in Siberia, that had been held in cold storage for thousands of years, and was so well preserved that dogs and wolves ate eagerly of its flesh, was probably buried in snowdrifts while on a summer visit to the tundra, and subsequently covered with successive layers of sand and snow. Similarly the vast heaps of buffalo skulls and bones which were found in northern Colorado and Wyoming were probably the remains of great herds that the blizzard and drifting snow overwhelmed.

There appear to have been no sharp transitions in climate throughout the long series of epochs which constitute the Pleistocene era, but only slow changes that led up gradually to profound successive revolutions. Since man has lived in Europe throughout the entire period, and possibly longer, and since no marked change in the physical characteristics of the Old World has taken place in historical times, it is clear that the human race has existed for a vast period. As yet, however, geology can give no exact dates, but, before this subject is scrutinized more closely, the author reminds us that prehistoric time is divided into three periods, the ages of stone, bronze, and iron; the elder Palæolithic age lasted down through the Third Interglacial epoch, marked first by the Chellean, then by the Acheulian, and still later by the Mousterian stages of culture; the Fourth Glacial epoch began with the Aurignacian and ended with Magdalenian man, of artistic temperament; thereafter the Azilian race formed a transition that linked the earlier races to Neolithic man. The suppositional gap between the Palæolithic men, who retired with the final retreat of the ice, and the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe, who came in with the forests, probably does not exist.

Deposits in caves and the erosion of river valleys below them show that Palæolithic man was contented with the rudest of shelters for thousands of years; nevertheless, during the Pleistocene, he advanced from a stage when he used only the simplest and crudest flint implements to one in which he had become an artist in the manufacture of tools and weapons, in stone, bone, and ivory, as well as an adept in the art of drawing.

The second or Tyrolian Interglacial epoch was one of the longest and mildest of the entire Pleistocene series; when this genial time had reached its climax the Alpine glaciers were even less extensive than at the present day; Britain was a part of the continent, and was joined to Iceland and Greenland; the Mediterranean consisted of two enclosed seas, with land-bridges to Africa at both Gibraltar and Sicily; the Baltic was also completely enclosed, and the present North Sea was a great river-plain, the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Thames all forming affluents to one mighty stream. Chellean man hunted the elephant and the rhinoceros where to-day the elusive submarine seeks its prey beneath the waves, and the fleeter aeroplane drops bombs from the sky.

The close of the Pleistocene in Europe did not wholly end climatic disturbances; for a long period lesser oscillations continued to occur, like the feebler movements of a pendulum when coming to rest; and there were the same corresponding changes in the fauna and flora, though on a smaller scale. It was during this time that peat-beds were formed in northern Europe; the sea's level was lowered at least one hundred feet, and the rivers cut down their beds through this depth to the new margin of the ocean; while the land area was thus greatly increased, the climate was considerably ameliorated; but again followed a fresh invasion of the sea, though this time the water rose to only forty or fifty feet; then followed its final return to the present level, and the pendulum had come nearly, if not quite, to rest. In short, Geikie describes for northern Europe a Fifth and a Sixth Glacial epoch, alternating with a Fourth and Fifth Interglacial, and considers that they were correlated with changes similar to those recorded by Professors Penck and Brückner for the Alps. Even these milder revolutions in climate could not have taken place in the twinkling of an eye, but must have occupied thousands of years; the peat, a product of this time, now finds a drier atmosphere, and the old beds are suffering from denudation, and are rapidly wasting away.

In conclusion, the author remarks that he has labored to little purpose if it has not been made clear that man's antiquity is very great: "When we consider that he has lived through a succession of stupendous climatic revolutions; that he has seen widely contrasted floras and faunas alternately occupying our Continent—tundras, steppes, and great forests succeeding each other again and again—we must feel convinced that the few thousand years that have elapsed since the downfall of Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian empires are as nothing compared with the long eons that separate the earliest times of history from the apparition of Palæolithic man in Europe."

Those who must have definite dates, where none can be truly given, he would

refer to the estimates of Dr. Penck, for the reason that they are "based upon a profound knowledge of the geological data, which are best displayed in a mountainous region like the Alps, where all the evidence of glacial and fluviatile erosion and accumulation can be studied more satisfactorily than elsewhere." Penck's figures for the duration of Pleistocene time give a minimum of 620,000 years. Inasmuch as the Chellean stage dates back to at least as far as the middle of this period, it would give us "somewhere between 250,000 and 500,000 years for the antiquity of man in Europe. But if, as recent discoveries would seem to indicate, man was an occupant of our continent during the First Interglacial epoch, if not in still earlier times, we may be compelled greatly to increase our estimate of his antiquity." To continue: "It is not without emotion that we look at the beautiful art-work of the Magdalenian reindeer hunter. And when we remember the conditions under which he lived—exposed to a severe climate and the attacks of many formidable wild beasts, his home a dark cave or rude rock-shelter—we may well be astonished at his attainments as an engraver, a sculptor, and animal painter. With the simplest of tools and appliances, his best efforts rival, if they do not sometimes excel, those of our modern art-schools, and must ever be a marvel to critics who may have nourished the belief that such attainments are only possible in a civilized community.

"When we think of the countless multitudes of unknown nameless folk—of the innumerable generations of primitive peoples passed into oblivion ages before the dawn of the earliest civilizations known to history—we recall the words of the grand old physician of Norwich: 'The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knoweth when was the equinox?'"

An honorarium was recently offered for the preparation and delivery of a lecture on eugenics by a suitable member of the faculty in each of thirty-two American colleges and universities. The donor of the fund hoped in this way to disseminate trustworthy information regarding eugenics among many thousands of young adults. The plan seems to have worked out well, for in the group of scholars procured as lecturers we find the names of professors who rank high in their respective branches and whose opinions on the subject of eugenics could scarcely fail to be interesting and valuable. Twelve of the lectures are reported in full in the volume before us, "Eugenics: Twelve University Lectures" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net). In the series, the subject is presented from several different points of view corresponding to the special fields in which the main work of each lecturer has been done. The first lecture is of a general character and is provided by Professor Davenport, of the Carnegie Institution. Professor Vaughan, of Ann Arbor, discusses "Eugenics from the Point of View of the Physician." The view of the physiologist is described by Professor Howell, of Johns Hopkins. Others deal with the genetic, the ethical, the economic, and the general social view. The last lecture of the series, that by Professor Thorndike, of Columbia University, treats of "Eugenics with Special Reference to Intellect and Character." The volume will be welcomed by readers who wish to know the opinions of this much-discussed subject held by thoughtful men occupying university chairs, especially as newspapers and magazines during the last year or two have given space to many ill-considered and irresponsible pronouncements.

Art

TAPESTRY.

Tapestry Weaving in England, from the Earliest Times to the End of the XVIIIth Century. By W. G. Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book, with much citation of documents, sums up present knowledge of the history of tapestry weaving in the British Isles. The title, it may be noted, in limiting the subject-matter to England, is technically misleading. There is an instructive chapter, with information drawn from the State papers of Scotland, on the tapestry decorations that figured at Holyrood House when James IV was married. Ireland also comes into the record, for in 1677 Charles II, who had neglected the tapicer's art in England, gave support to a short-lived "Royal Manufactory of Ireland."

The comprehensive story of the Mortlake tapestry enterprise is by far the most interesting and valuable part of Mr. Thompson's work. From the fourteenth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, tapestry weaving, though practiced in England, was carried on for the most part in obscure and isolated shops. The output, although often of good quality, did not compare favorably in quantity or magnificence with the product of Flemish and French looms. Except, indeed, for Mortlake, the history of British tapestry must have been of insular and antiquarian concern. Only under Jacobean and Cromwellian patronage did England for some years witness the making of tapestries that were quite the best of their period. Their excellence, in fact, down to now, so Mr. Thompson believes, has hardly been appreciated by reason of a tendency among critics to depreciate all the arts of the seventeenth century. Because the Mortlake works are more pictorial, less naïve, and decoratively "amusing" than earlier pieces, it has until recently, especially in Great Britain, been "almost impossible to obtain a single word of praise for the masterpieces of our national manufactory. On the Continent these were always regarded with admiration; and now, in England, with the development of a more catholic taste in matters artistic, Mortlake tapestries are beginning to receive the studious and sympathetic appreciation they deserve, were it only for their splendid decorative quality and unrivalled technical achievements."

The narrative of Mortlake starts from a report made to James I that certain horizontal looms—*basse lisse* as opposed to *haute lisse*, and capable of enlarged output at decreased cost—were successful in France. A detailed description of their methods was obtained, and this was submitted to an advisory committee. By these the project was entrusted to Sir Francis Crane, an energetic man, and, by reputation, keen for favorable balances. Two workshops were fitted out at Mortlake, Surrey, and here in 1620 were settled fifty Flemish weavers and their families. An initial set of nine tapestries, for which the King had allowed an appropriation of £2,000, yielded a book profit of more than £1,000, which, however, was reduced by much trouble in collecting the money. Thereafter, with Sir Francis frequently complaining of slowness of payments, the manufactory entered upon a career of great technical success. Crane died in 1636, the royal treasury then owing him about three thousand pounds.

Strife between King and Parliament naturally disturbed Mortlake. Orders from abroad, however, and from the Dutch Congregation of London helped out, and presently, under the Commonwealth, "contrary to the popular impressions of the character of the Roundheads (especially as expressed by the bygone generation), the greatest sympathy was extended to the industry, and attempts were made to revive its prosperity in every way the Council could devise." Ten panels now at Hampton Court, representing The Triumph of Julius Cæsar, after Mantegna, were woven under personal supervision of Sir Gilbert Pickering, a Commonwealth appointee. In technical soundness and pictorial brilliancy they were the best tapestries made at Mortlake.

Charles II took no interest in the manufactory, though prominent statesmen sought to give it commissions. In 1667 important governmental work was placed, and soon after that the weavers did the series depicting incidents of the Dutch War, now at Hampton. The zenith of prosperity had been passed, nevertheless, and the decline could not be stayed. Under succeeding reigns the buildings became ruinous, and the best workmen sought other callings. In 1703 the royal manufacture of tapestry ceased.

Private initiative, nevertheless, kept the art alive under Anne and the first Georges. The celebrated John Vanderbank, tapicer, of Great Queen Street, is commemorated in a Tatler poem urging him to depict "in silk and gold and scenes of Action" the glorious successes of Marlborough's army. Stephen Demay produced excellent tapestries, and the last of the great tapicers before the revival in the nineteenth century, Paul Saunders, of Soho, whose name has lately been rescued from obscurity, was, in handling of soft, low-toned yarns, an indubitable master. The history of William Morris's restoration of the art at Merton Abbey is outside the limits set by Mr. Thompson for his admirable book.

Drama

"THE LAST LAUGH."

The best thing about Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard's "The Last Laugh," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, is its length. It does not start—or did not—until after 8:30 o'clock, and it is over at a little before 10:30. There are amusing moments in it, and these are relied upon by its authors and its producers to carry it over the barren spaces. Towards the end, it is saved from running down prematurely by being taken bodily in hand by a resourceful character, who gives it a new turn and so postpones the already evident outcome. Its theme is that of the man-monster, Frankenstein, whom it takes a rather long time to pull through his last stage of manufacture, but the audience was patient and was rewarded by several surprises. The laboratory scene, with electrical contrivances going at full speed, doctors in hospital garb, and kindred effects, had a certain impressiveness, and Edward Abeles, as one of the pair of fake Frankensteins, was occasionally diverting, but the scaffolding most of the time was altogether too conspicuous.

D.

Three plays by Maurice Donnay, "Amants," "L'Affranchie," and "Eux," translated by Barrett H. Clark, occupy the latest volume of "The Modern Drama Series" (Mitchell Kennerley), edited by Edwin Björkman. Of the brilliant, if somewhat superficial, cleverness of the first two there can be no question, but the third, a juvenile essay, is in no way remarkable, even as a bit of humorous extravagance. In a prefatory note Mr. Clark cites "Lovers" and "The Free Woman" as conspicuous examples of Donnay's "penetrating insight into human nature." The phrase is not fortunate. That they are exceedingly clever satirical sketches of an almost exclusively French phase of modern society may be readily granted, but as veritable studies of human nature, especially of feminine nature, they are often wholly incredible. The personages act in accordance with theatrical needs, rather than human impulses. Most of them are types which have long been familiar on the French stage, while the atmosphere in which they exist and the adventures in which they figure are entirely artificial, as is the superior dialogue with which most of them are provided. It is difficult to understand how M. Donnay can be included among the realists, except upon the ground that, in dealing with delicate subjects, he leaves very little to the imagination. Notwithstanding the essential veracity of many of his details, and the emotional trials which his heroines undergo or impose upon others, he paints his demi-monde in roseate colors. Over the tragic and baser side of it he throws a veil, or rather he drops the curtain before he reaches it. It is the *facilis descensus* only that he shows. But his artistry is great and his knowledge of one section of the Parisian world, thoroughly expert. Neither his women nor his men are vital, except as special instances of extreme types assembled for a special purpose. The virtues of the plays are literary and technical, and these are sufficient, perhaps, to justify their inclusion among the notable examples of modern drama, but the literary values are scarcely expressed in the present translation, which, however literally exact, does not always reproduce the smoothness, point, and sparkle of the original.

"Plays of the Pioneers" (Harper) contains half a dozen pageant plays by Constance D'Arcy Mackay on American legendary or historical subjects. Their nature may be sufficiently indicated by their titles, "The Pioneers," "The Fountain of Youth," "May-Day," "The Vanishing Race," "The Passing of Hiawatha," and "Dame Greet of Portland Town." They are designed for easy production in more or less rural communities, and may be commended as well suited to their purpose, being intelligently and simply written and offering abundant opportunities for the musical, the processional, and the picturesque, without requiring the costly. The author of these pageant plays has a good notion of the aims and limitations of the type.

Finance

A YEAR AGO.

One year ago, within a few days, the world's financial markets, suddenly realizing what was about to happen, made what hasty preparations they could to bear the brunt of the economic storm. What the financial result would be, the most experienced European financier did not venture to predict. The Stock Exchanges knew what would happen first, and on Friday, July 31, the London institution, quickly followed by that of New York and the rest of the world, abruptly closed its doors. The London bank rate rose to 8 per cent.; it went to 10 next day, and the run on the Bank of England, which was to be averted only by declaration of a series of extra holidays in which no maturing financial obligations could be enforced, followed two days later.

Now that the full twelvemonth has elapsed since the war really began, from the financial markets' point of view, it is in order to ask whether the expectations and apprehensions of those first days have or have not been fulfilled. The question might be answered either yes or no, according to what are assumed to have been the expectations of that time. But it would not be easy to say what actually was expected.

We had, however, very soon after the first brief period of chaotic panic had elapsed, a few very definite predictions. Perhaps they may be thus summed up: Germany would be crippled economically, by the destruction of her foreign commerce; she would soon feel the strain of raising the necessary war loans. England would call in all her capital from abroad. At the first opportunity, all Europe would be throwing its billions of dollars of American securities upon the New York market. Prices on our Stock Exchange would break by twenty, thirty, or fifty points; all of our gold would be drawn away, to London or the Continent. We should suffer the consequences of banking failures in European cities. The prodigious issues of European war loans would drain away the capital of the world, including ours. Our foreign trade would shrink to small dimensions; our commercial and financial prestige would sustain a heavy blow.

Not one of these predictions has in the long run been fulfilled. Whatever the German Admiralty and the German Foreign Office may have inserted in their public statements, with a view to defending the drowning of non-combatants on the seas, Germany has not yet been crippled economically. As yet, it is not easy to prove that the burden of floating three to four billion dollars' worth of war loans has strained her home resources.

England has raised, with still less difficulty, loans running to even more unprecedented totals. She has not called home her foreign-invested capital, except for a few hundred millions in securities gradually sold on the New York market. Instead of a break on the New York Stock Exchange, there is in progress now a second excited "bull movement" in stocks. Instead of losing all our store of gold, the stock of the precious metal in the United States to-day exceeds by more than $100,000,000 that of a year ago, and has this month crossed the $2,000,000,000 mark for the first time in history.

Instead of our having lost financial prestige among nations, London has openly resigned to us, for the period of war, the post of central money market of the world; we are lending to neutrals and belligerents, and exchange on every European market has swung unprecedentedly in our favor. There have been no great banking failures, even in Europe. Our foreign trade, since 1915 began, has risen to the largest recorded volume; but not because of neutral markets.

Such is the curious outcome of a chapter in history and political economy which, considering all the forces involved in it, is new to the world's experience.

A question which now unavoidably arises is whether this wrecking of the predictions of the experts, in the first twelve months of war, may be accepted as a forecast of the trend of events hereafter, while the war continues, or whether what has happened thus far was something due to peculiar and more or less temporary influences, which will not outlast another year. If the war goes on, it still perhaps remains to be fully tested whether Germany can endure a very much longer continuance of the economic strain; whether England can keep up its present scale of expenditure, without a real strain on the money market, and how far the abnormal credit expedients, in use on all the European money markets, will continue to work smoothly.

It is a matter of doubt whether the United States can continue to import gold, on anything like the scale of the past six months. Our grain exports may easily fail to play the extraordinary part performed by them in the past season's export trade. But the office of the world's money centre seems, at least from the present indications, to be ours more surely than it was six months ago. Behind all this stand the even larger problems, what the fortunes of the war itself will be in the coming year, what will be our own

relations to it, and just what situation would be created here by indefinite prolongation of the conflict, or by the sudden ending of it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

TRAVEL.

Bell, A. The Spell of the Holy Land. Boston: Page. $2.50 net.

POETRY.

Douglas, M. Manx Song and Maiden Song. London: Erskine MacDonald.
Fleming, W. K. Dreams and Realities. London: Erskine MacDonald.
Gibbs, J. W. Peace Sonnets. Privately printed.
Macartney, C. A. Poems. London: Erskine MacDonald.
Miller, F. Rhymes and Vowlymes. Privately printed.
Moorman, F. W. The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Symbolic Poems of William Blake. Selected by Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

SCIENCE.

Wallick, E. Inexpensive Furnishings in Good Taste. Hearst's International Library Co. $1.25 net.
Wallick, E. The Small House for a Moderate Income. Hearst's International Library Co. $1.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Clark, B. H. British and American Drama of To-day. Holt. $1.60 net.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. A Woman Alone. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Guthrie, W. N. Beyond Disillusion. The Petrus Stuyvesandt Book Guild.

ART.

Farnsworth, E. O. The Art and Ethics of Dress. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Eyre, J. R. Mona Lisa. Scribner.
Herts, B. R. The Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Richter, G. M. A. Greek, Etruscan and Roman Bronzes. Metropolitan Museum of Art.

JUVENILE.

Cowles, J. D. Our Little Macedonian Cousin of Long Ago. Boston: Page.
Pemberton, M. Christmas Plays for Children. Crowell. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Dyer, F. B., and Brady, M. J. Third Reader. Charles E. Merrill Co. 48 cents net.
Jimperieff, M. Progressive Lessons in English for Foreigners, First Year. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.
Pedie, J. T. First Principles of Production. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.

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H. G. WELLS By J. D. Beresford
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Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street. London Office, 16 Regent Street, S.W.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1915.

Summary of the News

The three British notes, the text of which, as we announced last week, was published on August 4, dealt, respectively, with the American protest of March 30 against the British Orders in Council, with a protest on the procedure of British prize courts, sent from Washington on July 14, and with the seizure of the cargo of the Neches, which was the subject of a protest by the United States in a telegram under date of July 15. The first of the British notes was dated July 24 and the other two July 31. Comment on the substance of the notes will be found in our editorial columns.

The general tone of the notes is noticeably friendly and businesslike. By the press of this country they have been received in a similar spirit. With a few exceptions, on the one hand approving, on the other condemning, with little qualification, the general opinion of the press is that, though Sir Edward Grey has made a plausible argument, he has failed to meet squarely or to dispose of the contentions of the United States Government. The question is, however, generally conceded to be justiciable, and emphasis is laid on the distinction that should be drawn between the issue with Great Britain and that with Germany, the one involving property, the other lives of American citizens. The part of Sir Edward Grey's communications which has provoked most unfavorable comment is that which refers to German violations of international law, implying that in these violations may be found justification for extra-legal steps which Britain may have found it expedient to take. The note on the subject of the Neches was supplemented orally by the British Embassy in Washington on August 7, when it was explained to the State Department that the ship was not, as had erroneously been understood from the brief wording of the note, taken in reprisal for violations by Germany of the rules of naval warfare, but in accordance with the Orders in Council, the legality of which was defended in the note of July 23.

The latest German note on the case of the William P. Frye was given out for publication by the State Department on August 4. The note maintains the German contention that the destruction of the vessel did not constitute a violation of the Prussian-American treaty of 1799, and proposes that the amount of the indemnity to be paid be determined either by two experts designated respectively by the Governments of Germany and of the United States, or that the differences between the two Governments be submitted to arbitration at The Hague.

Eight British trawlers and eight other vessels have been sunk by German submarines since we wrote last week. Of the latter, four were British, one Belgian, one Danish, and two Swedish. The sinking of a British transport in or near the Dardanelles was reported by the Sayville wireless early last week, but the report has received no confirmation. Dispatches from Constantinople on Monday recorded the official announcement that the Turkish battleship Barbarossa had been sunk by a submarine of the Allies. The British cruiser India, according to the Sayville wireless on Tuesday, has been sunk by a submarine off the coast of Sweden, and from Constantinople on the same day came the report that a submarine of the Allies had been sunk by an aeroplane. The report of the British Board of Trade for July shows that sixty-two British steamers and sailing craft were sunk by German submarines during the month, with the loss of sixty-three lives.

The seizure of the American cotton ship Dacia was confirmed by a French prize court on August 4.

The French Chamber of Deputies on August 6 passed a bill carrying an appropriation of 120,000,000 francs to be used in the purchase of wheat and flour to feed the civilian population.

The Russian Duma on August 3 unanimously adopted a resolution declaring it to be the Empire's determination not to conclude peace before victory should be complete and pledging the willing assistance of the entire population for the creation of fresh means for continuing the struggle.

We allude elsewhere to the revelations in the second Belgian Gray Book, published on August 3, according to which Herr von Jagow, the German Foreign Secretary, in April, 1914, had made proposals to the French Ambassador in Berlin for the partition of the Belgian Congo. The text of this note was published in the New York *Times* of August 7.

With the fall of Warsaw, which took place on August 6, and the elimination for a considerable time to come of the armies of Russia as an aggressive force, the attitude which may be taken by the Balkan states becomes of increasing importance. Representations regarding the political situation were made to M. Gounaris, the Greek Premier, last week, when the British, French, Russian, and Italian Ministers at Athens made a collective visit to him, presumably with a view to inducing Greece to cede to Bulgaria that portion of Macedonia which came under Greek rule after the second Balkan war. Strong pressure has also been brought to bear on Servia by a similar Ministerial visitation to the Premier, to induce her to give up the Macedonian territory under her rule which Bulgaria demands. Dispatches from London on Monday asserted that Servia had yielded to the pressure of the Allies, but that Greece was still recalcitrant, opposing the suggestion that she should surrender Kavala to Bulgaria. Hope, however, is expressed that the Greek policy may be changed after the reassembling of Parliament, when M. Venizelos will presumably have been restored to power. The attitude of Rumania, apparently, remains anti-German, but not definitely pro-Ally. Count Reventlow, in a recent article, warned his compatriots that they must abandon any hope of attaching Rumania to their cause, stigmatizing her neutrality as "malevolent" on account of her refusal to permit exports of grain or the passage through her territory of munitions for the Turks.

Seventy-five lives were lost and damage to property to the extent of some $6,000,000 was caused by a cloudburst in Erie, Pa., on August 3.

The domestication of the Moose seems to continue. Two more prominent members of the Progressive party, Frederick M. Davenport and Chauncey J. Hamlin, last week followed the example of Theodore Douglas Robinson in announcing their reëntry into the Republican fold.

That the Administration is determined not to abandon its fight for the Ship Purchase bill was made evident by a letter from Secretary McAdoo last week to the president of a Southern chamber of commerce, in which he pleaded for the support of the South for the measure on the ground that an adequate number of American ships would have maintained both the price and the foreign markets for cotton.

The result of conferences last week in regard to the Mexican situation of representatives of the United States and of Brazil, Argentina, Chili, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala, was the decision that individual appeals from each state should be addressed to the warring factions of Mexico. Secretary Lansing on Monday stated that "we have reached a stage where a very definite policy has been decided on." Gen. Carranza apparently is unappreciative of the Pan-American efforts that are being made on behalf of his country. The Guatemalan Minister was expelled from Mexico on August 7 and the Brazilian Minister was withdrawn by his Government on Monday because, it was stated, Carranza was prepared to accord him similar treatment.

The situation in Hayti is apparently under control. Rear-Admiral Caperton has reported that business conditions throughout the island are improving on account of renewed confidence on the part of the native officials as to the intentions of the United States towards the country. The Presidential election, which was to have been held on Sunday, was postponed. Gen. Bobo, the revolutionist leader, according to dispatches to the Navy and State Departments, has resigned as chief executive, dismissed his Cabinet, and ordered his generals in the north to deposit their arms with the American authorities at Cape Haytien. The entire Administration of the island has been taken over, temporarily, by the United States Government.

Bernardino Machado was elected by Congress President of the Republic of Portugal on August 6.

The Cabinet crisis in Japan has been settled. The Premier, Count Okuma, it was announced on August 8, at the request of the Emperor, has decided to withdraw his resignation and has re-formed his Cabinet. Following the example of Mr. Asquith at the time of the now almost forgotten Ulster crisis, when he tided over a difficult period by himself assuming the Secretaryship of War, Count Okuma becomes for the time being his own Foreign Minister, Baron Kato having declined to retain the portfolio.

The Week

Several, not joint, is to be the form of the Pan-American appeal to the warring Mexicans. The effect will be much the same. If Brazil and Argentina and Chili, Uruguay and Bolivia and Guatemala, make their representations to Carranza and the others separately, the result will be very like dispatching an identic note. At the same time, the South American Governments could avoid the appearance of making themselves a mere tail to the United States kite. They could allege their own initiative and their entire independence. Either way, the strength of the movement, both in its immediate purpose and as exhibiting a harmonious understanding among the American republics, would be very marked. President Wilson is reported to be greatly encouraged by the ready coöperation which he has secured from the South Americans. It is really a fine stroke of policy, and will have a lasting influence. From the field of civil strife in Mexico come conflicting stories. The weakened and fading factions in the north under Villa are naturally willing to confer to bring about peace. In behalf of Carranza, who seems to be winning everywhere, it is stated that he is ready to come to terms, in a military sense, with any or all of the chiefs opposing him. If they stop fighting, he will! But he makes the point that he should not be asked to step aside until, by military "decree," he has enacted the reforms for which the revolution has contended. Directly after that, he would summon Congress and arrange for a Presidential election. Bearing in mind Mexican historic precedents, as embodied in Comonfort and Juarez, there is some force in this plea. To deal with it wisely will task Pan-American diplomacy.

The details of the alleged offers of the Kaiser to the Czar were scarcely credible, and, even if tentatively put forward, were easy to repudiate, if necessary. No direct approach of the German Government to the Russian seems probable at this time. Yet the thing is in the air. The Russian armies have been driven back as were the French last autumn. By so much, Germany is in the position of a conqueror, entitled to propose terms of what the Emperor William calls "an honorable peace." It is not in the least likely that anything which may yet have been advanced, in a roundabout way, would be acceptable to Russia. But it is undeniable that the German public has been prepared for the idea of making offers to the Russians which they could at least consider. The various hints and suggestions which have appeared in German newspapers within the past two months look that way. And the general tone of the talk has been that, after all, there is no reason why Germany and Russia should not agree to live and let live. There are no fundamental causes of lasting enmity between the two peoples, it is said. Minor grounds of estrangement and quarrel could be disposed of, if only there were good will on both sides, etc. Why not go back to Bismarck's policy of maintaining a firm friendship with Russia?

Regarding such approaches to Russia, two things are to be said. They are a singular retreat from the anti-Russian fury of the German press at the beginning of the war. Then we heard of nothing but the barbarian hordes bent on spreading an Asiatic *Kultur* over all Europe. The spectre of Slav domination was used to affright the world, while justifying Germany. There could be no security for the civilization of Western Europe till the Muscovite power was forever broken. Pages could be filled with the outcries of this kind then so common and so shrill in Germany. Now all this is to be forgotten, and Germans are again to be accustomed to the thought of living in good understanding with their neighbor to the east. Such changes in national passions in war time are not unexampled, but the Russians show no signs of being greatly impressed by them. The second point to be made against expecting the recent rumors of peace between Germany and Russia to come to anything definite is the plain fact that the Russians are not yet reduced to such desperation that they feel compelled to undergo a national humiliation. And as such would be felt the acceptance of any offers coming from Germany that have yet been hinted at. Besides tearing up her treaty agreement with France and England not to make a separate peace, Russia would have to put a bitter cup to her own lips. That she will do either, so long as she has the power to resist, is not to be believed.

In one thing at least English professors surpass the German: they say what they think about their Government's position in any given international controversy. We have before had occasion to point out the fact that several English authorities on international law have dissented from the views of blockade held by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. In the last number of the *Quarterly Review* there is an article by Dr. John P. Bate, in which he upholds at several points the protest of the United States Government against the British Order in Council. Thus he writes, apropos of the claim of right to seize goods consigned to a neutral port, on the ground that their ulterior destination may be Germany: "This is not permissible in the case of non-contraband goods." Likewise of the asserted right of British ships to "seizure of innocent, neutral-owned goods in a neutral ship trading between neutral ports, if the goods be of enemy origin," Dr. Bate declares: "This is an almost unheard-of claim." We merely add that he has been recognized for years as an expert in international law, both at Oxford and in the University of London. His courage in speaking out against the contentions of his own Government in time of war is noteworthy: the freedom to do so which he enjoys in England is still more so. This is an English possession which we can imagine even German professors coveting.

"A ridiculous invention" was the first characterization in Berlin of a disclosure made in the new Belgian Gray Book. This was to the effect that the German Minister for Foreign Affairs had proposed to the French Ambassador, early last year, a division of the Belgian Congo. Herr von Jagow was also reported to have said to M. Cambon that the day of small nationalities had passed. Only the big Powers could be considered in the matter, especially, of colonization and seizure of land in Africa or elsewhere. All this was vehemently denied in the earliest dispatches from Germany, but, on second thoughts, the *Norddeutscher Zeitung* admits that there may have been something in it. It concedes that there were negotiations of the general tenor alleged, and that the German Foreign Office held the view that "perhaps the Congo would be an appropriate subject for general agreements." But there was no intention of violating Belgian rights. Herr von Jagow merely believed that Belgium would be "unable financially to meet the requirements," and that it "generally was doubtful whether the small countries were financially strong enough to administer large colonies." For a denial, this is about as strong a confirmation as could be asked. In connection with it, the rumor comes that Herr von Jagow is to be dismissed from office. This need not be credited in order to make one believe that he has fallen out of favor. Both in this proposal relating to Belgian Congo and in the negotiations preceding the war he committed the unpardonable diplomatic sin of telling the truth.

From recent official dispatches, supplemented by the story of the last few hours of Russian rule in Warsaw sent by the correspondent of the London *Times*, it appears that the evacuation of the Polish capital was due less to the immediate danger of envelopment for the Russian army than to a desire to avoid a bombardment of Warsaw. On August 4 the suburbs of Warsaw were in flames, the explosions of shells were visible from the Vistula, and the city itself was bombarded from the air. An army might have maintained itself in the Polish capital for some days, but the havoc wrought would have been out of all proportion to the advantages gained. That the fall of the city might have been delayed is arguable from the very stubborn resistance made by the Russian lines to the northeast of the capital in the Lomza and Ostrow region guarding the Warsaw-Petrograd railway. This fact is admitted in the Berlin dispatches. Accordingly, it would seem that where there is an important military object to be gained, the Russians are still in condition to offer fairly serious resistance, though it is not a question of checking the enemy but only of delay measured in days. The situation as a whole is clearly developing towards a linking up of the Germans around Warsaw with the forces of Gen. Woyrsch on the middle Vistula and of Gen. Mackensen coming from the south, to be followed by an attempted advance east of the Vistula.

It is now almost exactly six months since the German Admiralty proclaimed its submarine "blockade" of Great Britain, and announced that "every hostile merchantman . . . will be destroyed." What are the net results of military value? One great aim of the campaign was to cut off supplies from England—especially foodstuffs. Without imported food, England would starve. Thus the English threat of starving out Germany was to be retorted. Yet during the first five months of submarine activity in British waters, the official figures of imports show that 100,000 tons *more* of foodstuffs were received in England than during the corresponding five months of 1914. This does not look as if the German plan of reducing England by starvation were succeeding any better than the British scheme to leave Germany with only half enough food to live on. As for the actual destruction of British shipping—virtually all of it insured, by the way, so that the owners lose nothing—it is variously estimated, but is surely less than one per cent. of the vessels actually coming and going through the war zone. Lloyd's Register has recently issued the quarterly returns of new ships—leaving out men-of-war—under construction in British yards at the end of June. The total is 1,500,000 tons. The tonnage of the ships sunk by the Germans is a little over 200,000. Thus the British mercantile marine is not exactly disappearing. In fact, despite the submarines, the year has been one of large profits for shipowners.

Count Reventlow points out that the alliance against Germany now comprises Russia, England, France, Belgium, Servia, Italy, Japan, and Geography; and that only to the last named ally can be attributed such successes as have been scored against Germany on the sea:

> How must it be with British reliance [says Count Reventlow] when the First Lord of the Admiralty boasts of having driven German trade off the seas? That is less due to the accomplishments of the British fleets than to the geographical configuration of the North Sea. The British Isles dominate the exits, making barriers for trade remarkably easy.

It is plain that if the North Sea were as big as the Pacific, or Germany were situated off the coast of Tasmania, things would be different. For the nation of *Realpolitik*, for a people that scorns sentimentalities when it comes to the business of war, and insists on hard facts, it is rather odd to complain against the North Sea being where it is. It is the German way of using science to make a special case. We have been told that the war was a biological necessity for Germany, because she has seventy million people, and a geographical necessity because Germany lies where it does. The invasion of Belgium was also justified by geography. Germany's ultimate triumph is a physiological necessity, because of her superior nervous organization, and a psychological necessity because of the will to conquer. But England must be denied the consolations of science. However, the laws of logic must not be too strictly enforced amidst the clash of arms. So *Gott strafe* the Glacial Period, or whatever it was that made the North Sea.

The decline in immigration as a result of the war in Europe naturally suggested itself as the readiest explanation for the showing of the recent census in New York State. From Federal sources now comes specific confirmation. In the fiscal year 1913-14, the excess of immigration over emigration was 584,575. For the year ending last July, the surplus of immigration over emigration is a bare fifty thousand. Thus the addition of more than a half million to our permanent population was prevented by the war. Since so large a part of the alien stream is diverted to the ports of entry, and principally to New York city, the loss was immediately noticed there. Abroad they are discussing the social consequences of the losses of the battlefield. In England they are speculating on the results of a death-list of half a million adult workers, though the actual death-list for Great Britain as yet falls far short of 100,000. Here, on the contrary, the decline in adult labor is already a fact. There is little prospect of an end to the war before 1916, and it will be some time after peace before the stream of immigration sets in again. In other words, by the summer of 1916 this country will have at least a million less workers than it would have had if there had been no war. The subtraction of such a fraction of our supply of labor will be felt, though the war, in all its consequences, has brought such confusion that the effects will probably not be so clearly marked as if the same phenomenon had occurred in times of peace.

A study of the fall in immigration by countries throws light on various phases of the great conflict in Europe. Thus we have heard much of the failure of Ireland to rally to the Allied cause, and there have been stories of the emigration of great numbers of young Irishmen for the purpose of avoiding enlistment and possibly conscription. Yet there has been a falling off in Irish immigration of 10,000 from the figures of some 25,000 for last year, or a decline of 40 per cent., whereas immigration from England has declined only 37 per cent. The most extraordinary decline has been in Italian immigration, a fall of 238,000 from last year's total of 284,000, or more than 80 per cent. Undoubtedly, the Italian Government checked emigration by calling men to the colors, though Italy's participation came only within the last two months of the year in question. Yet it is hard to escape the impression that many thousands of Italians remained at home in anticipation of war, presumably out of a sense of patriotic duty. If we wish, we can read into this fact a proof of the popularity of the war against Austria. On the other hand, it would appear that from the Russian and Hapsburg Empires, participants in the war from the beginning, the emigration fell off only 50 per cent.

The story of the feeding of Belgium has been told only in fragments and impres-

sions. For the first time the spirit and machinery of what is probably the greatest charitable enterprise in history have been systematically described in a special supplement of *The New Republic* by Mabel Hyde Kittredge, whose narrative, for all its avoidance of rhetoric, lays a strong hold on the emotions. The problem has been one of bringing food to a people of seven millions beleaguered with armies. Be it said to the credit of human nature that there is one task to which the spirit of self-sacrifice and the talents of efficiency will rally as quickly as to the call of war, and that is when the calamity of a city or a nation calls upon the pity of the world. Several generations have gone into the fashioning of that German "preparedness" which has awed the world. Only a few months of preparedness created the machinery of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which functions with a precision and effectiveness that the German General Staff cannot but admire. And it is a legitimate source of pride for us that American enterprise has taken the lead in this vast undertaking, in mapping out the routes and channels of charity, from the departure of the grain ships from our ports through the Dutch harbors and the Belgian canals, into the mills, the bakeshops, and the eager hands of the Belgian people.

The belief is probably current that the Belgians themselves are doing little for their own salvation. Miss Kittredge's report shows this to be quite untrue. The only way in which Belgians have been remiss is in the flight of a large section of the well-to-do population during the early days of panic. Were these refugees to return, the benefit would be marked, materially and spiritually. But the prosperous citizens who have remained have given generously of their time and means. Ten million dollars have been contributed to the funds of the Commission by Belgians. The rich pay for their food, including a profit on it; the working classes of small means pay the actual cost—$1.80 a month will keep one human being alive; the destitute receive food free. The actual task of distributing food and clothing is entirely in the hands of the Comité National de Secours—the Belgians themselves—which operates in 32,000 communal centres. This much should also be said for the conquerors of the country: that they have given every facility for the distribution of relief. The only special passes issued by the Germans for free movement throughout Belgium are those given to members and agents of the Commission. Automobiles, says Miss Kittredge, are now used in Belgium only by German officers, the American Minister, and the Relief Commission.

A billion bushels of wheat, another billion of oats, and three billion bushels of corn, and on top of this prospect a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission that is expected to grant an increase in freight rates to the grain-carrying roads of the Northwest: such is the picture of prosperity that is unveiled by recent dispatches. If the present forecast proves correct, we shall produce more oats and corn than last year, and more wheat than ever before. Yet it was last year's crops—and prices—that are primarily responsible for this year's excellent outlook, for the farmers have planted 10,000,000 acres more for this year than last in the three crops named. The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission will come in good time to insure to some extent that "passing of prosperity around" that was demanded so vehemently at the last election, although those who raised the cry were not thinking particularly of the railways. Now, as a year ago, however, it is Europe that is most vitally interested in our agricultural good-fortune.

"Yesterday was the Progressive party's third birthday."—[New York Sun, August 7.

At three years the bull moose (*Alces machlis americanus*) usually reaches his full natural growth. His antlers have attained their characteristic form; that is, they project on each side at right angles to the middle line of the skull, and after a short distance divide in a fork-like manner (Encyclopædia Britannica), some pointing in a Republican direction, and some in a Democratic direction (not the Encyclopædia Britannica). The antlers, which constitute the main offensive weapon of the bull moose, flatten out very markedly by the end of the third year (Britannica), from which it would appear that the survival of the animal after that period depends less on its native powers than on diplomacy (not the Britannica). The usual pace is a shambling trot, but when pressed, the elk, or moose, break into a gallop (Britannica), with a tendency to take shelter in their native Republican "moose-yard" (not the Britannica). In America the elk is known as the moose, and the former name is transferred to the wapiti deer (Britannica), but in American politics the name moose is assumed or disregarded according to the fluctuations of the direct primary. (*Loud cries* of "Nature-faker!")

Details of the purely American drama recently produced in the public square at Temple, Texas, show a very unusual consideration for the dramatic unities. It was given under the open sky and staged in the public square. The audience, on foot and in automobiles, packed every square inch, but called for no interference on the part of the police, who apparently were greatly gratified by the entertainment. Boys of all ages climbed the trees of the square and cheered and applauded, and, so the Houston *Post* assures us, "many girls of tender age" were "scattered through the throng." The title of the play was "Spurning the Law," and the chief actor was a young negro, twenty-six years old, who played the unusual rôle of being burned alive. The large supporting company "yelled and cheered," just as if they had rehearsed their parts many times, "as they shoved the negro into the flames." So realistically was this all done that "the onlookers were fascinated," particularly when the chief actor was again and again thrust back upon the pyre, and the great throng did not disperse until the remnants of the charred body were hung to a telegraph pole. We miss in the account any details as to the moving-picture artists, but we are sure that they were present, and that we shall all have the opportunity to have the same treat in the movies ere long. And every spectator, we are sure, went back to his home rejoicing at the triumph of righteousness, and at this fresh demonstration of the superiority of our own civilization to that of Hayti and Santo Domingo.

Japan's latest Cabinet crisis repeated the previous one, and it is this fact that must give her people special concern. Bribery is an ugly word, and would be thought of as the last infirmity of Samurai or of those still within the shadow of that noble tradition. Opposers of Western ideas, if there are any left, must be finding in these untoward Ministerial developments confirmation of their worst forebodings. To such persons as these, it would seem a grim joke to suggest that Japan can be truly Western only by having occasional scandals in high places, but there is more than pleasantry in the observation. Japan would be favored of Heaven indeed if she could adopt a form of government and escape new perils while obtaining new advantages. She need not fear for the future either of herself, or of Cabinet Government, so long as scandal brings disaster to the Ministry guilty of it.

THE BRITISH REJOINDER.

In order to get a full understanding of why the note of the British Government, made public last week, is unsatisfactory, it is necessary to go back to the previous correspondence between Washington and London. In especial must one carefully read over again the protest sent by our State Department to Ambassador Page on March 30. This gave the considered objections of our Government to the Order in Council establishing a novel form of blockade, and undertaking to prevent the transportation of all goods, whether contraband or not, to and from Germany. The grounds of objection were, in substance, these: (1) An Order in Council was simply municipal law, as distinguished from international, and England could not expect foreign nations to be bound by it. (2) The blockade was, on its face, but partial. "The Scandinavian and Danish ports . . . are free . . . to carry on trade with German Baltic ports." Yet it is of the essence of a valid blockade that it must "bear with equal severity upon all neutrals." (3) The refusal to allow innocent shipments to neutral countries, on the plea that they might reach belligerent territory, was, in effect, a blockade of neutral ports.

Now, in answer to these complaints and protests Sir Edward Grey admits that an Order in Council cannot rank with or supersede public law, but states his belief that British prize courts will be governed by international precedents, and points out that, if they are not, aggrieved Americans can appeal to the Privy Council or push their claims before a tribunal of arbitration. This is virtually confession with a weak show of avoidance. Nor does Sir Edward deny that the Baltic ports are open to neutral traders so situated that they have access to them. Yet in his original notification of a blockade he spoke of *all* German ports. If the British Order in Council had limited itself to notifying a blockade of Hamburg and Bremen, it might now be justly asserted that the blockade is effective. But with the Baltic ports open, it cannot. Finally, Sir Edward Grey frankly concedes that British ships are virtually blockading neutral ports. He even uses the words. So doing, he warrants and confirms the protest of our Department of State, that the British Government was proceeding in violation of "a rule sanctioned by general practice."

In its attempt to break the force of this charge, the British rejoinder alleges certain precedents set up in the blockade during our Civil War. The cases cited are familiar. They do, indeed, prove, as Sir Edward Grey asserts, that the law of blockade was greatly contributed to by the decisions of American courts. And in some of these there is an apparent conflict in the principles laid down. Our Government points to the Peterhof case; Sir Edward adduces, as was expected, the Springbok. Into both of them very nice questions enter. The former seems to safeguard the rights of neutral trade; the other to override them. The law of contraband is somewhat uncertain, and it was involved in both cases. International lawyers may or may not be able to reconcile the two decisions; but we venture to say that in neither of them can any legal justification be found for the methods of interfering with neutral commerce which the British Admiralty has pursued.

Sir Edward Grey comes very near to conceding this. He points out, correctly enough, that British naval commanders have been solicitous of human life. He also recalls the pains taken by the Order in Council to provide due compensation for any neutral goods unlawfully detained. But the real question is, of course, what does international law say to all this? In his answer, Sir Edward Grey reasons like a German. The law of nations is all very well, but it is a fluid thing, and has to be "adapted to new conditions" as they arise in warfare, each belligerent being the sole judge of his own conduct. This is exactly the way in which the German Foreign Office argued, at first, about submarines. The similarity goes further, for Sir Edward Grey reminds our Government that the measures to which it objects were adopted by England only as a form of "reprisals" against Germany. To this the response is obvious. Reprisals against the enemy are no excuse for wrongs to neutrals. And any Government that pleads the justification of reprisals, in the very act confesses that its course, so far as it involves neutrals, cannot be defended legally. We said that to Germany; why should we not now say it to England?

The British note is as friendly as one could wish, but it does not clear up the issue with our Government. What we have contended for goes to the heart of the rights of neutrals in time of war, and our State Department cannot do other than press its views upon the British Government again with all earnestness. As in our controversy with Germany, we are bound to protest against the sweeping away of lawful restraints upon belligerents, and to do all in our power to maintain the privileges and immunities of neutrals. Happily, the matters in dispute with Great Britain are by no means of so grave a nature as those which have disturbed our relations with Germany. How strong will be the representations which our Government may feel under obligation to proceed to make to Great Britain, we do not know. It may not be necessary to do more than renew its solemn notification of March 30. This was that it expected the British Government to be "prepared to make full reparation for every act which, under the rules of international law, constitutes a violation of neutral rights."

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

Within a year, almost to an hour, since the Kaiser's troops began the attack on Liège, the German army has brought to a successful conclusion the longest sustained campaign of the war and the greatest, if measured in terms of men engaged and the visible results of victory. Two other campaigns outrange it in ultimate importance. Had the Allies been beaten on the Marne last September, the war would possibly have been over by this time, very much on Germany's own terms. Had the Kaiser's armies broken the Allied line around Ypres in October and November, the same conclusion might have been reached by this time, or at least peace on terms favorable to Germany would have been much nearer than it is to-day. And yet it would be idle to deny the importance of the latest German achievement, both in a material and in a moral sense. Russian Poland is to-day lost to the Czar, with the exception of portions of the provinces of Siedlce, Suwalki, and Kovno. If we add Courland, the Austro-Germans are in possession of more than 60,000 square miles of territory, with a population of 15,000,000, together with Warsaw, the third city of the empire, and, as may happen at any time, Riga, the sixth city of the empire, and its principal Baltic port. If the conquest of nearly all of Belgium and several thousand square miles of French territory be counted, it is plain how in actual figures the balance shows enormously on the credit side of the German ledger.

The moral effects of the German achievement are equally unmistakable, whether we consider public opinion at home, among the enemy nations, or among neutrals. The effect on popular opinion of specific and tangible victory or defeat must count. The Allies to-day are visibly under the depressing

influence of the unbroken tide of Teuton success of the last three months. Bulgaria, which holds the key to the Balkan situation, seems determined to remain neutral, unless the Allies, under the stimulus of defeat, concede much more than they have so far been willing to do. From Greece comes news of a subsidence of pro-Ally sentiment. Rumania, to be sure, is being severely scolded by the German press, and, if the Italian parallel holds, this would argue Rumania's inclination to side with the Allies; but here, too, Warsaw may engender second thoughts.

Within Germany the stimulating effects of victory are bound to be intensified by the reflection that success has been won on the nation's second wind. At the outbreak of the war it was conceded by Allied sympathizers that in a short war Germany might win. But they also asserted the opposite, that the failure of a swift German offensive meant the certainty of German defeat. It was argued that the German military machine was built for swift and crushing victory; with hope deferred it would disintegrate. At the Marne and around Ypres the second alternative seemed to have been established. But in the test of endurance which set in, Germany has shown that she can not merely hold out in an obstinate deadlock, but that after one check she can gather herself for a renewed attack. After the Marne, Germany was supposed to face the problem of starvation. She has lived through the year and wins her most notable victories of the war on the eve of a new harvest. It is to be shown, of course, whether the crop of 1915, raised and gathered under adverse conditions, will equal the harvest of 1914; but, at any rate, the problem is deferred for many months.

Of the ultimate military results of the Galician and Polish campaign it is impossible to speak with such confidence for Germany. It has been assumed that Germany will now turn her attention to the western front, but it is by no means certain that the campaign against Russia will not be continued in the hope of beating the Czar to his knees and forcing a separate peace. If the Kaiser moves elsewhere, it is still a question where he will strike first—at Servia, at Italy, or in Belgium and France. For here is the difficulty which the Teuton cause must face, and here is the basis for the Allies' hope of ultimate victory. Whichever way he turns, the Kaiser gives his enemies a chance for increase of strength or recuperation. If he goes west, Russia obtains a breathing spell of which she will make good use. If he continues in his assault on Russia, he gives time for the development of the new British armies with which in the last resort the hope of Allied victory lies.

More than ever the war resolves itself into a test of nerves, as Gen. Hindenburg put it last winter. If the league of the Allies can be maintained unbroken under defeat, the odds are still greatly against the Kaiser. If Russia, though beaten, chooses to remember that she has contributed to the common cause by making the Teuton allies pay as dearly as possible for victory; if Italy, should the next blow be directed against her, can stand firm in the same expectation of ultimate good, it is hard to see how the German resources can remain unimpaired for the decisive test with the British and French armies.

THE STRAIN OF WAR.

Statements of Finance Ministers in various of the belligerent countries were given out last week. As to them all, there is an unavoidable suspicion of "bluff." The facts are not covered up. There need be no question of the sincerity with which it is affirmed that the nations will cheerfully bear even more back-breaking loads. But in what M. Ribot tells us of French finances, Mr. Asquith of English, the Minister of Finance in Petrograd of Russian, and Herr Helfferich of German, it is impossible not to feel that there is something deeper than the words used. The sums of money dealt with are of such magnitude that they become meaningless to the mind. England has floated a loan of $3,000,000,000, but this will last only till next Christmas—hardly so long, in fact! Germany has soon to go to her people for another two billions or so. This war has long since left off thinking in hundred millions. Treasure, supplies, human life—all are subject to exhaustion at a gigantic rate. *Guerre d'usure*, the French call the trench-fighting. But what is being used up is not only soldiers: it is the ultimate resources of the nations at war.

Attempts to hide this truth are vain. Statesmen may seek to paint color of rose. The press may be drilled to a parrot-like optimism. Even the people who suffer may be moved by patriotic feeling to say that the hurt is nothing. But the ghastly wounds which have been inflicted upon the national life are visible under the bandages. And they are becoming more gangrenous every week. All the shifts, all the recourses, all the saving and the skilled organizing—yes, and all the heroic endurance—cannot prevent the eye of common-sense from perceiving that a perfectly enormous wastage of blood and wealth is draining the vitality of the belligerents.

Some remarkably frank utterances on this subject were recently made by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. They had a double significance, appearing as they did in a newspaper holding such close relations to German banking and the great commerce. The text for its remarks it found in the debate in the House of Lords, when it was said that the huge war-loans, piled up on each other, pointed straight to the bankruptcy of Europe, and to possible revolution on top of that. The *Frankfurter* echoed this word. To be sure, as in duty bound, it made out a worse case for England than for Germany. Besides, Germany might count upon victory to yield her a great indemnity in money; while in England every hope of that kind had long since been buried. This is an example of the "bluff" of which we spoke above; all the warring nations furnish samples of it. But in the following from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* there is no bluff: there is a true and courageous account of what is actually going on in Germany, despite all that we have been told of the marvellous power of German "organization" in wringing prosperity out of war:

> Our productive labor has in good part shrunk away, while millions of the most skilled men are now diverted into manufacture of war supplies. And what we make is no longer productive goods which till now meant new values and an enlargement of our national wealth. Where we formerly built houses, factories, machines, canals, merchant ships, now we produce only war material of every kind; the work of our hands disappears in the air as powder and lead. We are using up our resources, our capital. . . . We save, but we create no new reserves. . . . Unless reason comes to the countries of Europe, we are steering for European bankruptcy. The saying of the English Lords, as we have explained it, we accept.

A sort of side-light on this article of the Frankfort newspaper is to be found in one printed at about the same time in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It is entitled, "The World Market after the War," and discusses the good chance that Germany will have to regain and even enlarge her foreign trade. Hope is pinned to the superior organizing and technical ability of Germans. English competition is dismissed on the ground that England's manufacturers are without initiative and far behind the times in their methods. As for the Americans, Germany has no reason to fear them as rivals in foreign markets, since their high-tariff taxes and their imperfect system of banking and

credits leave them outpaced. Now, all this may or may not be true, but what is the underlying and ominous assumption? Why, that the vast and growing foreign commerce of Germany has been cut off by the war. Professor Ashley has shown what a disaster this necessarily is to the economic life and industrial system of Germany. That has happened which Prince von Bülow predicted a couple of years ago would happen, if Germany engaged in a war into which England might be drawn. That is to say, the "future on the sea," to secure which Germany has been straining every nerve, became in one day a source of terrible loss. That German business men are fully aware of this is shown by the way in which they are considering, as the *Tageblatt* represents them, how they may painfully win back, when peace comes, a part of what they had securely in their grasp before the war.

We do not allege that this strain upon Germany is more severe than that upon France. Relatively, it may not be more so than that upon Russia—"inépuisable en hommes et en blé," as Anatole France has lately called her. To date, it is undeniably greater than that felt in England. But all the nations at war are alike in having the sword thrust into their vitals. No prophesying of smooth things by any of them can hide the fact. If peace were to come to-morrow, it would require a generation to repair the devastations of a single year. And if peace is long delayed, who can say to what unbearable miseries the hostile countries may not be brought?

FOREIGN MASTERS OF ENGLISH.

Maarten Maartens reached his highest fame early in his career, in the 'nineties of the last century, though he continued to publish novels until within two or three years ago. We speak of fame here in its gross sense of filling the public eye through the columns of literary "chat" and appreciation. Of his popularity in the sense of being read by the masses we should be inclined to think there has been no great diminution. Such books as "God's Fool" and "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" have the quality of popular life which is independent of contemporary chatter. If one were to judge of Kipling's public to-day by this standard of literary gossip one would say that his readers have decreased enormously, whereas we have the authority of his publishers and the libraries that Kipling is more widely read than ever. For that matter, the test by gossip would work out the same way for Dickens and Walter Scott, who are intensely more alive than one would gather from the *chroniques* of young and advanced critics. Yet because of the habit of thinking in terms of press notices, it is true that Maarten Maartens is most often referred to nowadays less as a writer of eminent merit than as a prestidigitateur, a foreigner who performed the notable feat of writing English literature like an Englishman. The situation, of course, was sufficiently piquant. A native of Holland, he wrote, in English, novels of Dutch life, and had them translated into Dutch. To add to the international flavor, nearly all of his writing was done on the Continent, in France, in Switzerland, and, we believe, in Germany.

A greater English novelist than Maartens (the name comes easier than the formal Van der Poorten-Schwartz) has suffered from something of the same generous but rather unsatisfying admiration for his performances as a feat. This is, of course, Joseph Conrad, whom some enthusiasts would place at the head of living writers in England, and who unquestionably does stand in the first rank. Conrad's achievement in the conquest of the English tongue is a much greater one than that of Maartens. The latter had his education as a boy in England, and, for that matter, mere geographical proximity would make it more natural for a Dutchman to turn to English. In the case of Conrad, a native of Poland, the only advantage seems to have been that his father was an admirer of British institutions. The fact remains that Conrad was nearly forty before he wrote his first English novel, after picking up his first knowledge of the tongue from English newspapers, in the course of an active career as shipmaster in the seven seas. Master though he is of one of the richest styles in contemporary English literature, a style of mingled subtlety and vigor, of dim half-tones and gorgeous phrases, it is yet possible to detect in Conrad the foreign manner. He does not lack ease in the sense of being over-formal, and yet there is a stately march to his prose which reveals foreign cadences; there is an absence of the slipshod liberties which the best of writers will take with his native tongue. This effect would be less noticeable if Conrad's dialogue were not so small a part of his stories. In his brief, ejaculatory, almost parenthetical, sailor talk, he makes one completely forget his foreign origin.

Far less attention than has fallen to the share of Conrad on the technical side has been given to a British poet of international fame whose achievement is none the less remarkable. Rabindranath Tagore does not compose in English, but he is his own translator out of the original Bengali, and the effect is almost as if he had an equal hereditary claim to the English language with those other eminent natives of India, William Makepeace Thackeray and Rudyard Kipling. To be sure, Rabindranath Tagore, as against Conrad, has at least two advantages. In Bengal he must have acquired the language of the English masters of the country. But more important is the fact that as a poet, primarily putting his verse and tales into a poetic prose, he is not subjected to the same comparison as Conrad must be with the established genius of English prose. The rich harmonies of Conrad seem appropriate enough in a professedly poetic style. Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that one actually finds in Tagore less of the foreign flavor than in Conrad, if one makes allowances for the exotic nature of his themes. Taking Conrad and Tagore, it is interesting to compare them with a native Englishman, Hilaire Belloc, publicist, novelist, politician, and historian. Belloc's father was of French birth, and Belloc himself, between school and Oxford, served in the French army. At any rate, his style shows the foreign manner to a very marked degree, and it would be easy to point out actual Gallicisms in a style that is among the best now to be seen in England.

Other languages and literatures, no doubt, can show instances of mastery won by writers of foreign birth. In France we presume the most notable example is that of the poet, José Maria de Heredia, a native of Cuba, though half his parentage was French, whose "Trophées" have been acclaimed as the most perfect sonnets in the French language, and who by this single work won a place in the Academy. On general considerations, the French tongue should be the easiest literature to show the largest number of alien practitioners, since it is the language most cultivated in foreign countries, and is so closely bound to the other Romance languages. Probably among writers of ordinary rank the French language can make this showing, but not among writers of eminence, Maeterlinck, of course, not entering into the problem.

In this country pure literature can cite no such instances as Joseph Conrad, Maartens, or Tagore. But among publicists we have the notable example of Carl Schurz, who came to America at the age of twenty-three, his education completed. Schurz's mastery of English has been described by

one competent to judge as an extraordinary intellectual achievement. In journalism there is the case of Joseph Pulitzer, who came to this country at the age of seventeen and whose trenchant editorial style has left its mark on popular journalism. Of college professors from abroad who are writing in workmanlike English there are a good many, but we cannot think of one who writes with that mastery which the English examples show.

OUR GERMAN-AMERICANS AGAIN.

It was a terrible threat made to the country by the National German-American Alliance at its annual convention in San Francisco. We refer, of course, to the statement that if our immigration laws are not modified—that is, if we do not behave better—the tide of immigration will soon change, and we shall then see streams of Germans going back to the Fatherland. There will be many places of the dead to fill there, endless opportunities opened by shot and shell, and the lure will be irresistible. What this would mean to our beloved country we cannot even portray. The mere thought of seeing George Sylvester Viereck and Hugo Münsterberg and Dr. Hexamer and Henry Weismann going up a gang-plank, and forever shaking the dust of America from their shoes, is enough to make strong men weep. It would rock our nation to its very foundations. Our best culture would disappear over the ship's side, our truest guardians of the national conscience be borne away from us. And with them would go the unnaturalized army corps of reservists, of which *Kanonenfutter* the British fleet deprived the Kaiser. But why dwell longer on this dreadful future? At any cost, let us save our country from this frightful possibility.

Thoroughly humbled, therefore, we have examined the rest of the German-American Alliance's programme, adopted last week for its future activities and the future political and social developments of our country. Primarily, it has decreed a new national holiday—American Day—the 19th of October, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, in order that we should never forget that on that day we freed ourselves from British control. Next, leagues are to be formed in every State for the promotion of laws establishing the right to education in German, and safeguarding such instruction. Thereafter, every form of German-American activity is to be pushed. The German press is congratulated for its brilliant (!) work since the war began, and is urged to do still better. The formation of classes of children outside the schools for instruction in German songs and poetry and in the language is to be undertaken at once. The collecting of material about the deeds of the German pioneers and the part they have played in our history is to be systematically organized and encouraged; and German libraries are to be enlarged or founded. The Turner movement is to be revived and furthered. Our German public-school teachers are to be shown how to teach history from the German point of view, and, of course, the teaching of German is to be a part of *all* public-school courses hereafter, as well as instruction in German history and *deutsche Kultur*.

Summed up, therefore, the whole German-American programme is that citizens of this country of Teutonic origin shall remain a separate group, retaining their traditions, customs, and language, and preserving their own culture, not acquiring ours. They are to be Americans and yet not Americans. As Prof. Julius Goebel, of the University of Illinois, put it in a book published before the outbreak of the European war, in January, 1914, the German-American, the "scion of a noble race," declines to permit himself to be cast into the melting-pot of American life, to emerge re-formed into a factory-like type, "by the common mould" by which ordinary Americans are stamped. To make German-born Americans, or those with German blood in their veins, just like ordinary American citizens is to decree, the Professor says, the destruction of everything that is holy "*in our* [that is, the German] *national character*." Not unnaturally, his view of our American future is of an "American people filled with German ideals"; for not only is the German-American to be allowed to keep all his customs and his language, but, so Professor Goebel asserts, the sole hope for our American institutions, sunk so low as to make all "thinking persons ask how much longer can this country rule itself," is the "infusion of our American life with German *Kultur* and ideals, German sense of honor and of duty."

Now, men like Professor Goebel and the members of the German-American League are so convinced that everything German is superior to everything else on earth that it is hardly worth while to reason with them. For instance, it would be idle to remind them that other groups in our country believe in their ideals and customs and languages. What is to become of us if each of our numerous groups, the Scandinavian, the Jewish, the French, the Hungarians, and Czechs, were to insist on their language and their history in our schools, and refuse likewise to be moulded into good Americans by the common melting-pot of our life and politics? Are we to be not a nation, but a collection of groups of citizens of different thoughts and ideals? Already in Chicago the Bohemians are paying out of their own pockets for schools using the Bohemian language. In Minnesota the Scandinavian tongues are taught in more and more schools; in its largest city there is to be a "house of life" from which Scandinavian *Kultur* and ideals are to be spread throughout the land. What is to become of American ideals and our *Kultur* and our varied contributions to mankind, our social and political additions to human knowledge and human happiness and the science of government? Well, our foreign-born citizens may be certain of one thing: our native American ideals will never be subordinated to any made in Germany or elsewhere, for the word "American" stands for things political, spiritual, moral, and humanitarian that are unsurpassed. But we are grateful to Professor Goebel, the German-American Alliance, and others for their giving us due warning of their intentions for the future.

BOHEMIA AND THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

The Café Boulevard, on Second Avenue, best known perhaps of New York's Bohemian eating-places, has made way for the apartment-builder. Nearly every one of the popular foreign dining-rooms has had an "original," and several more or less legitimate successors. Almost as many places as contended for Homer now claim to be the original "Maria." So with the Café Boulevard, whose first embodiment moved north to Times Square some years ago as part of the general northward immigration from Grand Street, Second Avenue, and the vicinity of Washington Square. This geographical rapprochement between Bohemia and Broadway has been the result in part of racial changes. With the increase in the city's foreign population, both in numbers and in social importance, foreign eating habits have spread over the city. The East Side prospers and moves north to Forty-second Street, and the places of resort follow. But, in part, too the enormous development of the exotic restaurant, Italian, French, or Spanish, with red wine or white, is the sign of a change in the dietary habits of the native population. Especially the city's large bachelor population is drifting from the boarding-house table to the foreign table d'hôte. Spaghetti with grated cheese is by way of becoming naturalized.

But the laws of change do not work all one way. The foreign table d'hôte meets the fate of all conquerors, and is subdued to its medium. The Bohemian bill of fare shows strong

Anglo-Saxon influences, precisely like the Normans in England. The original invaders of Bohemia around Bleecker Street and Second Avenue were an adventurous race, and ate everything on the card. Their imitative and timid successors found it more difficult to cast off old habit. They dallied with the red wine, but felt a longing for mince pie. They took a chance on the heavy vegetable soups, but found the demi-tasse insufficient, and so asked for a large cup of coffee with cream. There were even lost souls who succumbed to the appeal of Bohemia so far as to venture into the mysterious basements which were the original habitat of the table d'hôte, but, once in, balked at the transatlantic mess and made the nearest approach they could to a New England dinner by ordering cautiously. That stage has long been left behind. The assimilatory process has been active. The "Marias" and Roversis are hyphenated. The traditional bottle of "ink" is no longer obligatory, but one may have beer instead, or nothing but ice-water. There is a choice between spaghetti and roast beef, between cheese and pie for dessert.

To the true adventurer in the hinterland of gastronomy, such hybrid establishments are anathema. For that matter, even before the Italian table d'hôte prospered, moved north, and began to advertise, it was the pioneer's fate to see his haunts invaded and desecrated by the mob. He could only pack up and shift before the march of civilization always to the setting sun, in the sad consciousness that there was no permanent rest for him, that the crowd was close at his heels. James Huneker, who has probably risked his life at more out-o'-the-way dining-tables than any man alive, has recently exposed the grief. In "The New Cosmopolis" he tells how necessary it is now for the conquistador of bills-of-fare to plunge into the jungles of the upper East Side, along unknown First Avenue, for such unspoiled flavors and odors as may still be had in New York. Perhaps there are younger and more active men than Mr. Huneker who have been more successful. There must still be spots of virgin soil in the Bulgarian section around Rector Street, among the Greeks of Chambers Street and Madison Street. It may be that in the very heart of Gasolene Alley, amidst the ruck of foreign places that are no longer foreign, an obscure cellar or store-front has kept the true exotic atmosphere. But their survival in unspoiled form is more and more precarious. It is only a question of time before the Mendelian laws of descent get them, and they begin to produce a mixed progeny of ragouts and roast beef rare, of Gorgonzola and mince pie.

Deprived of its sustenance, will the race of Bohemians of pure native origin disappear? Not so long as there is youth and courage and illusion. The lesson of Mr. Huneker's "New Cosmopolis" is that the kingdom of Bohemia is within you. The East Side as a place of adventure is supposedly dead. But were the young generation to go down to Grand Street and East Broadway with the same fine faith that gulded the original discoverers of Jewish café life and intellectualism, they would find greater activity there than ever. The cafés on East Broadway, the Newspaper Row of the East Side, are thronged with the men who produce the vast Yiddish journalism of today; and the explorer will hear the same passionate harangues over coffee-stained tablecloths that fascinated Mr. Lincoln Steffens and Mr. Hutchins Hapgood "already" fifteen years ago.

Foreign Correspondence

A RESTATEMENT OF THE ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW—THE FEAR OF MISAPPREHENSION IN AMERICA.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, July 27.

England has quite recently been visited by a little group of Americans, most of them women, concerning whose highmindedness and good intentions there can be no dispute, and yet concerning whom it seems none the less desirable to sound a note of warning. The persons I have in mind are, I think, dangerous in two ways: first, in creating a wrong impression here as to America's attitude towards the war, and especially towards Great Britain; and secondly, in being likely to disseminate an erroneous conception in America of the predominant British feeling as to both war and peace. Without any intention to do so, these visitants to our shores rather tend to persuade us that America's attitude towards the belligerents is not unlike that of a benevolent elderly gentleman vis-à-vis of two little boys fighting in the street. Conscious that he himself is very remote from any such vulgar "scrapping," his one aim is to make the little pugilists shake hands, without listening to any explanation of the causes of the quarrel. And yet the heart of one of these small combatants may be bursting with a sense of injustice, because he knows that he has been forced unwillingly into the fray, to guard the coppers entrusted to him as his mother's errand-boy, or to save a little sister from blows or a miserable puppy from drowning.

It goes without saying that we recognize the full propriety of the United States remaining neutral, on grounds that have been ably set forth by leading American statesmen and journalists; but we are hardly willing to accept the theoretic assumption that, because all the belligerents claim to have right on their side, they are all likely to be equally wrong. The following passage from a well-written pamphlet by Miss Julia Grace Wales, delegate from the University of Wisconsin to the International Congress of Women, which met in April at The Hague, illustrates the attitude at which we are inclined to take umbrage: "If these protestations [i. e., made by *all* the belligerents as to the justice of their cause] are sincere—and it is by no means clear that we have adequate reason for doubting them—it is not strange that we have felt unable to commit ourselves to any final judgment of the moral attitude of any party to the conflict. We cannot estimate past motives; we cannot distinguish perfectly between the actions of peoples and the actions of governments, between the responsibility of one nation and that of another. And there is a sense in which all are to blame."

I own it is a great grief to me that any American, in the light of all that has happened, can still write in this strain. It would wholly stultify our contention that we are fighting for civil and constitutional liberty against militarism, if we were to attach any great value to the judgment of people who refuse to discriminate between ourselves on the one side and the violators of Belgium's neutrality and the sinkers of the Lusitania on the other. We understand that some, at least, in America refuse to read Lord Bryce's Report on the Belgian Atrocities, in order to preserve their "detachment" of mind; and again we have to deny any serious value to an opinion that ignores facts and evidence. If these people are willing to assert, after due consideration of all the facts and all the evidence now available, that they deliberately think that, in the matter of right or wrong, the state of the case as regards the belligerents is six of the one and half a dozen of the other, we shall know at least where we stand. But the assumption, depending on a calm ignoring of the history of the last twelve months, that the moral delinquency of all the belligerents is approximately equal, is something that we cannot stomach without loss of self-respect. We are content to waive the question of "atrocities," and to base our moral case simply on what Germany avows, justifies, and glories in.

Those who are responsible for direct and immediate action are too busy to listen to à priori views as to the necessary wickedness of all who are engaged in war; and we feel that people who maintain their "detachment" by ignoring facts, are quite likely to misinterpret the British attitude and ascribe to blind national prejudice and ingrained jingoism what really rests on a much wider and higher ideal. If we are sinning, we are not sinning ignobly; and we should like to see a recognition of this fact from any one who wishes to gain our ear. We cherish no bitterness against the German people as such; but we have an undying hatred for the principles for which Germany at present stands. Our dearest hope is for a revolution in German thought, or (as I should prefer to put it) for a domestic triumph of the best elements of the German people. We would much rather see the patient restored to sanity than confined in a strait waistcoat.

The American visitors I refer to probably attach too great importance to the attitude of the Union of Democratic Control, the Independent Labor Party, and other similar bodies. It cannot, however, be too clearly understood in America that these societies form the most insignificant of backwaters in the current of British opinion, and that their most gifted members have seriously impaired their national reputation and usefulness. Names that used to be greeted with respect and admiration now evoke little but regretful sighs. Too much stress may also be laid on the *Morning Post* and *Anti-German Union* agitation, which errs in the other direction. Those of us who agree with neither of these movements (and certainly we represent at least nine-tenths of British opinion) are as keenly aware of the horrors and futilities of war as our American visitors themselves, or as the amiable but somewhat misguided Englishmen they have been consulting; but we realize that war is, on certain rare occasions, more righteous than peace, and we have been forced to crush our natural prejudices in favor of the latter, at the bidding of a higher and more searching ideal. We are not sacrificing our sons and brothers for a whim; and we naturally find it very hard to listen patiently to any discussion of peace or mediation that would place either the object or the method of our warfare on the same plane as those of our opponents. No doubt the Germans would say as much for themselves; but our contention is that the choice between us should not be either avoided or determined on abstract or à priori grounds. We are not concerned to

assert that 10,000 Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Russians are, as individuals, more valuable assets to humanity than as many Germans; but we do assert that the general theory of life for which the Allies stand in their mass capacity is infinitely more vital for the future weal of civilization than that of their foes. That pacifists should be petrified with horror at what is taking place, is more than comprehensible; but that the power of clear thinking of some among them should be equally paralyzed is an immeasurable calamity. There is no place now for those who wish to ride off on a general condemnation of war; some decision must be made on the merits of the case.

It is quite possible that we may now have a rather gloomy period ahead of us, but we do not mean to be dismayed thereby, and we trust that America will not measure deserts merely by the glitter of success. We shall hold on, not for any vainglorious triumph or material advantage, but until (if human strength avail) the priceless principles at stake are vindicated and accepted by our enemies as well as by our friends.

ONE PARIS HOUSE—A "MISUNDERSTANDING."

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 27.

The house is really in a suburb, but the streets are built up flush with the great city and the inhabitants lead continuous lives. It is a fair sample of the Paris apartment house, such as houses are in Paris where only the exceeding rich have separate dwellings. There are twelve apartments served by the masters' stairs, two facing each other on each landing; and at the top of the servants' stairs, under the roof before you come to the servants' rooms, two small apartments more have been arranged for humbler households. That is, the house with its fourteen families represents fairly the average middle class of Paris people. How has the war affected these?

On the ground floor, door to the left as you enter the house, an old lady has nephews at the war. Another old lady to the right has closed her apartment and gone to live with her granddaughter-in-law, while her grandson is fighting. First floor up, there is a young wife with her baby—and her husband is at the front since the mobilization, eleven months ago. They had just set up housekeeping. Opposite, there is a childless elderly couple "with relatives at the war."

Second floor up, to left, there is yet another old lady whose daughter has come to live with her, the daughter's son being at the front. To right, there is an elderly couple of means—before the war. The man is a retired business man of Lille, where his property is. The occupation of that rich manufacturing city by the Germans so touched him that he had a stroke from it and now goes up and down stairs leaning heavily on an attendant's arm. I have seen an officer in worn uniform at the door—some relation passing through Paris on military business.

Third floor up, opposite my own place, there is a young wife waiting since last August to hear if her husband is killed or wounded, for he has been in the thick of the fray all that time. For myself, I have only the cook who has a son with the cavalry and who yesterday came to show a card from an ambulance doctor "in the zone," saying her son-in-law had been shot in the head and they hoped to save one of his eyes. He has a wife and four children. The other cook on the landing has a brother and brother-in-law long ago off to the wars, both with families depending on them at home.

Fourth floor up, above me, a young husband has already had a frightful accident in the army automobile service to which he belongs and was invalided two months; he has just returned to his post in the army. In the apartment opposite, the son is back "on permission" in all the bravery of his dragoon's uniform. He has been wounded once and laid up for a month.

Fifth floor up, to left, there is the empty apartment of a young couple who came there just after their marriage. He was called out from the start in the engineer corps, and she went home to her mother and has had her baby. Opposite, there is another empty apartment rented by a German family which left France at the first alarm. The man was in business—lace-selling—and took the precaution to pay a year's rent in advance. It keeps his property intact, but it will be long before he sees his household goods or France again. Very likely he, too, is fighting in his own army, which was to have taken Paris before the first month of war was over.

This is all for these *bourgeois* dwelling-places; but in one of the two apartments at the top of the servants' staircase, there was a funeral two days ago. It was a concierge of the neighborhood who went to fight in the trenches, came down with galloping consumption, and was brought home to die. His wife has two young children and, living with them, her own two young brothers—"refugees" from a district invaded by the Germans.

I have left out our own concierge, who may yet be called to serve—he is forty-eight and of the "last class." He has a brother who has been a prisoner in Germany since early in the war; and his own and his wife's parents are inside the German lines in the invaded departments. Only in these last days has it been possible to hear from them, by refugees passing through Switzerland. Across the street, where I used to look out in early morning and see an orderly holding the horse of the major going for his daily ride, I can now see the major himself walking painfully on crutches, for he was among the first wounded.

So it goes in the other houses of this street, in the other streets of this suburb and of Paris and of outlying towns, in country villages and farms through all France.

The long waiting, the hope deferred, and the ever-present fear, the return of the wounded, and the shadow of death sitting at the door of every French family have made no outward change in the disposition of the people. As some terrible plague let loose on them, they bear the war as best they may; and they think of no change except to drive the invader from their homes. It was thus last August I saw the men of Savoy leaving their hayfields, saying good-by to their women and marching away to the unexpected peril, without fanfaronade, unwhimpering, *puisqu'il le faut*—since it must be.

Perhaps if the comfortable middle classes of England had realized how cruelly the French have been bearing the brunt of war for them, they would have dragged behind less and would have made it possible for their long-suffering Government to render more efficient aid against the common enemy. Not that the French reproach the English actually equipped and engaged in war—"They die well!" is the universal utterance. But it is the lack of equipment in time, lack of ammunition and arms and artillery, which keeps back armies that might have shortened this war. And it has still to be fought out to the bitter end—*puisqu'il le faut.* I have heard nothing worse than this, said not impatiently, among those who in such a house as I have described were reading news of the strike of the Welsh miners: "Our workmen could not have had the heart to do it!"

This passing in review of the Paris house with which I have closest acquaintance is not by way of any pretentious census-taking. The world has now made up its mind about the French in the present war. The workmen, those who were thought to be ripe for revolution, have proved to be the readiest and most patriotic soldiers. But what the world has, perhaps, not appreciated enough is the clearness of mind of the French people amid all their struggles and sufferings.

A resolution voted unanimously by one hundred students from forty American colleges and universities attending the Conference of International Relations at Cornell University (June 28) has been sent me. It speaks of "a war arising out of misunderstanding among the nations of the world." The French around me have had no misunderstanding. After the whole of Belgium, ten of their own departments have been invaded. All their able-bodied men, young and middle-aged, have had all they could do to prevent the invader's further advance; and they are still fighting after a year under peculiar hardship and danger and death. The populations have suffered cruelties such as had not been told in wars since Grotius, where students may read. And all this is still going on—it is a fact and no misunderstanding. Within one mile of this house, there is the American Ambulance with more than 500 wounded; there is the hospital of the Dames de France; there is the Mussulman hospital—all before reaching Paris. Until France and Belgium are evacuated and free, until the invader stops fighting and asks for terms, there can be no misunderstanding between his and the French nation. The clear-minded inhabitants of this one Paris house leave such misunderstanding to neutrals—they have no time for it!

Notes from the Capital

THE CHIEF OF THE U. S. ARMY.

The last American to welcome war with Germany or any other Power, but also the last to shirk his share of fighting or responsibility if war must come, is the present head of the United States army. In civilians' attire and in a drawing-room, no one looks less like a priest of the sword than Hugh Lenox Scott. Two strangers in Washington, at a social gathering, had singled him out from all the rest of the company, attracted by his modest but distinguished bearing and his scholarly face, and asked me who he was. Before answering, I gave each a guess at his calling. "I should set him down as a scientist," said one, "attached, perhaps, to the Smithsonian or the Carnegie Institute." "I'm not so sure about the science," said the other, "but I'll venture he's a college professor." "By jin-

eage he is both," I replied, "and by his own right also, in a way; for he counts among bis ancestors Benjamin Franklin and the famous Dr. Charles Hodge, once president of Princeton College, while, for himself, he not only is the greatest living master of the Indian sign language and an honorary L.H.D., but has filled the chief seat in an institution of learning as Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy."

Three characteristics are printed on Gen. Scott's face: persistence, calmness, and sobriety of thought. You would almost as soon expect to see the Washington Monument walk off its base as to see the General flustered. This is not because he is devoid of emotion; he has an abundance of it, but it is so under his control that it never gets the better of him, even in the most trying moments. None but a long observer would suspect that he has any nerves; and his voice, which is deep-toned and capable of all the sternest inflections of command, is so unobtrusive in conversation that one has to pay pretty strict attention in order to catch all he says. These facts will explain in no small measure his wonderful influence over barbarous peoples wherever he has been brought into contact with them. Like the Indians, he is never noisy, and makes little visible use of his lips in talking; and his countenance does not change its expression whether he is communicating a friendly suggestion or warning an adversary that his latest utterance must be accepted as an ultimatum, except that now and then it is crossed by a smile which for the moment is like a gleam of thin sunshine on an overcast day. The glistening spectacles through which he looks at his vis-à-vis tend to emphasize the generally serious cast of his face.

It was a happy inspiration which prompted President Roosevelt to make Scott Governor of the Sulu Archipelago at the time when the local disaffection towards the United States was at its height and the Sultan was seizing every opportunity to advertise his defiance of the white invaders. Scott had studied our Indians at close range for so many years, as their conqueror in war and their friend and confidant in peace, that he understood very well what problems were confronting him in dealing with another people who had reached about the same stage of social development. The only essential difference lay in the fact that all over our Indian frontier, among the tribes that had never seen him scarcely less than among those that had known him for a generation, his name was a household word, and the news that he was coming was the signal for at least the outward composure of any disturbance that might be in progress; whereas in the Sulu Archipelago such prestige had still to be earned. He earned it—at the cost, to be sure, of losing several fingers which were of constant use to him in exemplifying the sign language—but so conclusively that, when he was called back to the United States, the fiercest of the Moro chiefs mourned like children over his departure; and if another outbreak were to occur in that quarter, no human being could be trusted to quell it by arms more effectively than he could by his mere personal presence.

It was his peculiar mettle, doubtless, which Villa recognized when Scott was ordered to the Mexican border last year. One good look into the General's cool gray eyes and at his masterful jaw seemed to satisfy the guerrilla leader that at last he had met a soldier who would be more than his match should they ever come to a trial of strength. Frills and bluster would have accomplished nothing with this half-civilized fellow; but to the quiet, unostentatious air of determination and self-confidence which he found enveloping Scott he was ready enough to respond with all the pledges demanded of him; and so long as he was the foremost figure on the southern side of the international line the omens of war disappeared behind the horizon. Since then we have begun to harvest a fresh crop of worries on both hemispheres; and it has become a matter of deep regret to many Americans that Scott, their chief apostle of friendly-fronted force, is an indivisible body, which cannot be in four or five places at once. VIEILLARD.

A Tried Administration

ITS VERSATILITY IN HANDLING INTERNATIONAL PROBLEMS—A PRESIDENT WHO TAKES NO THOUGHT OF PARTISAN ADVANTAGE.

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

WASHINGTON, June 7.

Washington in the third summer of the Wilson Administration affords the extraordinary spectacle of domestic policies and politics completely subordinated to foreign. It would be hard to recall anything just like it, for not only have we the complications growing out of the European war, but there are Hayti and Mexico in addition acutely to vex the Government. If there ever was an overworked department, it is the Department of State, and yet the new Secretary, after more than a month of service in Bryan's place, and weary months of incessant toiling, shows no signs of breaking, despite the intense heat and the extra strain due to the absence from the capital of President Wilson. Indeed, one hears little else here than a discussion of these foreign questions. Sometimes there is a reference to a new Government ship-purchase bill, sometimes some one remembers that we are expending enormous sums in schemes of irrigation, but the talk invariably goes back to our foreign complications.

As to these, we are still too deep in the throes to know just how we are coming out with any of them, or even to gauge approximately how this Administration will be adjudged in the future. But some things already stand out to mark this as a summer that will be memorable in our history, quite aside from the magnitude of the issues involved in the European war. In the first place, Washington is deeply impressed with the pacific attitude of the American public and its self-control which continues in such striking contrast to the hysterical excitement after the blowing up of the Maine and to the demands for revenge which followed that calamity. Said a high authority early in June, sitting at his overburdened desk: "The country is asking of us what seems almost like an impossible task: to punish Germany, but not to go to war with her. How can we accomplish it?" To this the answer was that, somehow or other, the people expected Woodrow Wilson and his advisers to solve the problem, for they have complete confidence not only in the President's soundness of judgment and ability to meet the situation, but in his versatility.

Indeed, the President has had one opportunity after another to deal with grave diplomatic questions along new lines. Thus, if Mr. Wilson's policy towards Germany is successful, it will mean that he will have seized an opportunity to prove to the world that there are other ways of bringing wrongdoing home to a nation than by the slaughter of innocent citizens on both sides. It is a much-needed lesson, for hitherto it has been the custom of the world to resort to war for any reason—because of a real or fancied insult or injury, or because of the dictates of conscienceless ambition. Hence there are extraordinarily few precedents for one who would take measures short of war to send another country to Coventry, or to shame it into right-doing. At this moment, it would seem as if the Germans had decided not to force the President to show to what lengths he will go short of war, by conducting their submarine warfare in accordance with our wishes, although they will not admit that they are doing it. But if the need does come, it is confidently believed in well-informed circles here that President Wilson has several things up his sleeve which would be of a punitive character, yet in themselves would not necessitate war.

Similarly, the English dispute has by no means reached an *impasse*, yet it is safe to say that, if it should do so, this Government will not be content with a reference of the disputed issues to a post-belium tribunal. It would surprise few here, in the event of a further exchange of notes with England failing to effect an agreement, if the United States were to call a conference of at least the South American neutrals to formulate their views as to what the law of the sea during times of war should be, and this might even be followed by a conference of the United States and the European neutrals, although their problems growing out of the war are of so different a character from ours. The point is that this versatile Government does not propose to be guided solely by diplomatic formulas in dealing with the problems that present themselves. Mr. Wilson, more than any other President, is able to look at problems from a social point of view as well as from a purely routine diplomatic or political one. He is not only richer in expedients, but apparently feels freer to resort to them.

Of this his action in the case of Mexico is the most striking illustration. As he accepted mediation from the A B C nations when, according to many persons of diplomatic experience, he had reached a place in his relations with the Government of Huerta whence there was no way out but force,

so he has now voluntarily called in the Central and South American republics to advise him as to his next steps and to obtain their sanction for any action which he may undertake. Here is a precedent of the most far-reaching importance for the Western Hemisphere. Taken in connection with the Pan-American financial congress held here in June, and the coming scientific one in the autumn, and the President's repeated assurances that this country does not want one foot of anybody else's territory, the present action must reassure South America, as it has not been assured since the days of Secretary Root—before the era of the dollar diplomacy of Knox which so alarmed and alienated all of our sister republics to the south of us. It is even possible, if we should be driven at last to interfering by force in order to save the starving Mexicans, that the President will go so far as to invite the South American republics to participate in the action by sending troops to join our forces after the manner of the relief expedition to Peking. But whether this takes place or not, it is a new Pan-American diplomacy that we are witnessing, and one which accords a recognition and a standing in our councils to the South Americans, which cannot but have a lasting effect among them.

As for Hayti, the opportunity for the new policy is clear there, if this Government chooses to embrace it. First of all, there must be a Government established at once, however unrepresentative of the wishes of the bulk of the people, because there is no Government whatever at this time for our sailors to deal with. Then there should be a thoroughgoing study of the exact situation, preferably by a commission from the United States composed of men able to look at the matter from a social and economic point of view again, rather than from the coldly diplomatic and military. Hayti is by no means all bad, and it is necessary neither to annex it nor to wash our hands of it altogether. Nor is it advisable for this Government to repeat in Hayti or elsewhere in the Caribbean the Nicaraguan blunder which was inherited from the Taft Administration. Few Americans are aware that for years past American bayonets in the hands of a garrison of our marines have supported a Government which we put into power, and that there is pending before the Senate a treaty with Nicaragua, that is, with the Government which we control, giving us dangerously broad powers and rights which the Nicaraguans ought not to grant to anybody. That was Secretary Knox's way of doing things. President Wilson's way, if he is consistent in Hayti with his general policies elsewhere, is to help the people to help themselves and to defend them against their own unjust exploiters. There should be no thought of any benefit to the United States or of obtaining a financial control of a country which might last indefinitely, since the tendency of our own officialdom, particularly of those holding office in Hayti, would be to insist that this control could not be ended and the Haytians once more be given an opportunity to try whether they could manage their own affairs.

But there is one thing about the Wilson Administration which every observer here this summer ought to write down with profound satisfaction and gratitude. I have been in closest touch with the political situation here since the blowing up of the Lusitania, and I have yet to see a sign that in any phase of the situation any member of the Wilson Administration, from the President down, has thought or asked what would be the political effect of any given step upon the fortunes of the Administration. It is easy to say that the magnitude of the crisis and the awful character of the crime upon the Lusitania's innocent passengers would probably have prevented any administration from playing petty politics, though some might easily have been encouraged to do battle for our rights in the spread-eagle manner with which the Harrison Administration in its earlier days was wont to approach international problems. But the fact remains—and as Americans we can say it with profound pride—that no one has sought to gain a single advantage for the Wilson Administration, or for the Democratic party, out of all that has happened. It would have been so easy to wave the flag, for the President to make numerous speeches calling upon the people to rally around "Old Glory," and for the party leaders to make capital in a hundred different ways. There has not been a suggestion of this; the President has not lifted a finger to win by any act or by any word of his a particle of that great popularity which has come to him since May 8. He has simply gone about his business, endeavoring to stand up for the nation's ideals, and to express its views and its wishes without thought of self. Yet the President is admittedly a candidate for reëlection, and the nomination will have been made by this time in 1916.

Sometimes I think the country does not realize how wholly without thought of self the President is. It knows him to be exceptionally hard-working, lonely, as he himself has said, and seeing fewer and fewer visitors as he toils by day and by night at the greatest problems which have come to any President since Abraham Lincoln—in twenty-five days at Cornish he received not a single caller. But he is also modest and unassuming, seeking no praise and caring not at all for the adulation of the mob. He has filled not one single office with a view to his own candidacy for reëlection or the building up of a personal following. Indeed, he has acted throughout as if he did not want any following, or any one to become enthusiastic about him. In that respect he is unique in our later history, and if he is renominated, it will be without his having taken a step or in any way used his great powers to influence the public. It will be because the voters of their own accord ask him to serve again. And so among all the novelties and new departures of this extraordinary summer the greatest is surely this selfless President.

A French Poet of Summer

By STODDARD DEWEY.

Those whom the sudden rise to fame of Paul Claudel has made curious may make ready to be puzzled at his "Two Poems of Summer." Both are dramatic in form—operatic rather, for question and reply are responsive only to some rhythm of the imaginative fallacy. One is declaredly "a three-voice cantata." The other is explained:

At the end of the Orestes sequence, Æschylus placed a satyric drama of which only the title remains "Proteus"; while dreaming of this name, I found I had composed the following piece:

None of the sharp definiteness of thought and feeling which is the strength of this author's legitimate drama is found here. It is rather the poet who clothed Coventry Patmore in French and introduced Walt Whitman to Parisians, that here sings successive impressions of wilful imprecision—something which Matthew Arnold remarked in the cases of Ruskin and Rossetti, should presuppose an independent fortune. Like the hearer of Wagner's music, the reader must, without prejudice,

> —let his feelings run
> In soft, luxuriant flow.

The translation is literal, even to punctuation and rhythm; but it cannot render the half-rhymes and assonances which, against every law of French prosody, make the irregular lines musical. The title of the "cantata" is its first line; and its three personages are Laeta, Fausta, and Beata—a true summer trio:

L. This hour that is between Springtime and Summer—
F. Between this eve and to-morrow sole hour that is left—
B. Slumber unslumbrous before the Sun's born again—
L. Night with no night—
F. Full of mysterious birds without cease and singing you hear when 'tis over—
L. Of leaves and a feeble cry, and words quite low, and the noise—
F. Of far-away water that falls and wind that is fleeting!

L. Springtime already is over.
B. To-morrow great Summer's beginning!
F. Day immense!
L. Earth-fruit immense!
F. Day that endures!
B. Pure sky and Sun's excellence!
L. Now 'tis night still!
F. Now for a while, still—
L. —Late though and threatened—
B. 'Tis the last night before Summer!
F. How the night's beautiful!
L. Continuous sign of you pine on the sky—
F. How sombre and solemn!
L. Sing, tell thy story, call to us, bird, Philomela!
. . . . . .
B. Ah, without giving us bliss, our due,
Shall we let it dree through again, grasping nothing,
This hour which is only once?

F. Moment on which depends all.
L. Supreme word of the year
Of the Earth that yearns still and would speak!
F. And of this sky around us all-present
That beats, that knows all and awaits?
L. When morning's one thing, with evening.
F. And in the dreaming day's bosom
Asleep, little by little memory's freed.
B. Regret is extinct with hope.
L. And what stays?
B. Bliss alone.
L. I hear only wind quite low and water that weeps!
F. —Scarcely the beat of my heart—
L. And the long shooting star sudden that bursts and falls in dust!
B. 'Tis you know not to hear.
L. Heaven an instant unfolding—
F. Shows us only the night.
. . . . . .
B. 'Tis you know not to see.
F. Speak, thou, Beata, we are here, this one and I.
B. All three adorned—
L. Arms and bosom unveiled—
F. Seated—
B. Face heaven-turned—
F. None by the other regarded—
L. —Seated and lying half back
In solemn robes
Which the gilded footpoint outpasses!
F. He whom I love—
L. —Whom to-morrow I espouse
Shall he love me always as now?
F. Whom I love,
Who left me and is far
Shall he come back to-morrow?
B. He whom I love
Is no more, no morrow to me shall bring him ever again.
L. Dead, sayest thou?
F. No morrow to you shall bring him ever again!
B. Nevermore shall he escape me.
L. And 'tis thou speakest to us of bliss?
B. All is over for me of what dies.
F. And what stays when all's over?
B. This hour which is neither the day nor the night.
F. All passes that began.
B. Save only
Even this hour which is between Spring-time and Summer.
. . . . . .

Such reading might make Quintilian of a Silver Age like our own gasp and stare; but in Pindar's Golden Age athletes, tired from the fray, had their soul's desultory lifting up from just such a promiscuous haggis of fine poetic feeding—or, better:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

The Philistine, if he has letters, is likely to be still more exasperated by "the satyric drama of Proteus" and will strongly suspect this French poet—for poet he undoubtedly is, but he has also been his country's Consul-General at Munich and Hamburg—of having made himself mad with the too much learning of Jean Paul or, as when his herd of Seals are made by Proteus to do the mathematical tasks of the horses of Elberfeld, of simply laughing at him. For they swim and sing in chorus:

Old Proteus has lost his spectacles, hurrah!
We'll extract square roots no more, hurrah!
Flouc! flouc!
The sea is free! the sea is free!
'Tis free and we are in it!
Do you feel it thrill and shiver?
Do you feel its kick that sends us eight feet up in air?
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Proteus is sorely tried by this, but not as much as by the story—for story, too, there is. It is Menelaus's home-bringing of Helen, and he has no great opinion of either:

So it's for that he took Troy!

Where's the good sense of it all? I ask you.
Where's its justice? Where its good law and order?
And to say 'twill always be so as long as the world shall be governed by poets!
Ah, it's not near over!
How unlucky! How unlucky!

He plunges under is the stage direction and the play's end—and the reader's patience perhaps ends with the rest. But we may still ask—What poets? Has not this polyglot Paul Claudel, besides Æschylus and the others, read Johnny Keats and caught the spirit of him before he went into a decline? For this poetry, too—

'Twas even an awful shine
From the exaltation of Apollo's bow!

Book Notes and Byways

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S "ANTI-MACHIAVELL."

By WILLIAM PETERS REEVES.

A German scholar, alluding to the Moroccan affair in 1911, wrote as follows: "After this African imbroglio no one can afford to neglect the military and political tenets of the great Florentine, Machiavelli, without his sore detriment." Allowing for the enthusiasm of the specialist—the words occur in an announcement of an exhaustive book* on the editions of Machiavelli's works—the invocation of the master craftsman in politics is significant. No less significant is the story of the refutation of Machiavelli made by Frederick the Second as Crown Prince and practically repudiated by him after his accession.

Writing to Napier, editor of the Edinburgh *Review*, on December 1, 1841, Macaulay asked, "What do you say to an article on Frederick the Great?" In January, 1842, he wrote: "I ought to produce something better than the article on Clive or Hastings with so excellent a subject as Frederick. . . ." The essay was published in the April number of the *Review*. Though it betrays shifting judgments, it is one of Macaulay's most persuasive essays, and warrants Grimm's outspoken admiration. One paragraph holds the attention of a reader in these times:

The King of Prussia, the Anti-Machiavell, had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war; and all this for no end whatever, except that he might extend his dominions, and see his name in the gazettes. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy, to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom.

Earlier in the essay Macaulay had explained the "Anti-Machiavell"; "One of his Highness's performances was a refutation of Machiavelli . . . It was entitled the Anti-Machiavell, and was an edifying homily against rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war, in short, against almost everything for which its author is now remembered among men." Recalling Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli, the first effective apology for the "Prince" in English, one sees that Macaulay had come back to the traditional notion of Machiavelli held by Englishmen for centuries. It was not strange if he had outgrown the brilliant ingenuity of 1827.

By 1849 Frederick's writings began to be published in Berlin, and Carlyle availed himself of this mine of literary curiosities. That Carlyle read the "Anti-Machiavell" one cannot doubt; yet it seems to have suggested little. He seems to begrudge the short chapter given to it: "Truly the world has had a pother with this little Niccolo Machiavelli and his perverse little book." Perhaps Frederick's statement that Machiavelli was narrow-minded and his political ideas petty, had something to do with Carlyle's enforcing the diminutive. At any rate, Frederick's book will live, if for no other reason than that two great masters of English prose wrote about it.

The "Anti-Machiavell" was translated into English in 1740, but it is not available. Before considering extracts from it, the book should be roughly placed in Machiavellian tradition. Machiavellian is an English word for statecraft without morality from the time of Ascham. An industrious student has found some four hundred allusions to Machiavelli in Elizabethan literature. Few of these are derived from the text of the "Prince"; indeed, the Italian text was not translated until 1640. Chief among these allusions is Marlowe's well-known prologue to the "Jew of Malta":

Albeit the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And, now the *Guise* is dead, is come from France
To view this land and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as love me guard me from their tongues;
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admired I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair; and when they cast me off,
Are poisoned by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance. . . . .

Marlowe's reference to the Duke of Guise connects his lines with the French book "Contre-Machiavell," a popular refutation of Machiavelli in France and Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The book was translated into English in 1577. Four out of five of the ideas attributed to Machiavelli are not, according to E. Meyer, Heidelberg, 1897, to be found in the "Prince" at all. Gentillet, the writer of the French refutation, ascribes to the influence of Machiavelli's works the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the French policy from Henry II to Charles IX and Henry III, "who were generally believed to be well read in the 'Queen Mother's Bible,'" for Catherine di Medici was said to have brought Machiavelli's works into France.

The traditions came curiously together among both Catholics and Protestants. Clement VII decreed in 1531 that all of Machia-

*A. Gerber. Machiavelli. 1912.

velli's works be printed. Within twenty years twenty-five editions of the "Prince" were printed in Italian. Denunciation of the work began with its publication. In 1550 the Inquisition proscribed it, and seven years later decreed "the utter destruction of all his works." The Council of Trent confirmed the Index; and from that time on Protestants and Catholics seem to have had but one opinion of the "Prince." Doubtless the opinion was uncritical and unscholarly; doubtless Richard Mohl ("Geschichte und Literatur der Staatswissenschaft") is right in his judgment: "Machiavelli sinned—but he has been more sinned against." Yet one may not brush aside the tradition, nor its effects: there was probably reason for it.

Frederick's book, then, was not the first "Anti-Machiavell." Only less interesting than the book is the story of its publication. Before his accession, Frederick's desire to write found various outlets. His essays, published long afterwards, are less forbidding than their titles imply. As Crown Prince, and anonymously, even if they were printed, he could say pretty much what he liked. His letters to Voltaire show that he frankly spoke of himself as an amateur, and faced the judgment of his amiable critic that he might enforce and sharpen doctrines in which he sincerely believed. To Voltaire, Frederick's ideas seemed to be important, and deserved printing in spite of expressions that were "not French." Reading the essays, one is left with the feeling that here, at any rate, Voltaire spoke as philosopher and man of letters, rather than as courtier. That Voltaire and Frederick had much political doctrine in common in these earlier days, their correspondence shows. That these doctrines were impracticable in the Prussia of his time Frederick soon came to believe. The speculative Crown Prince was lost in the affairs of the King—affairs the like of which would have appalled the debonair writer of the "Anti-Machiavell."

In a letter to Voltaire of January, 1739, Frederick refers to his "Essay on Humanity":

> A ruler, great or petty, should be a man whose business it is to remedy, as far as is in his power, human misery. Tyrants regard the world only as it affects themselves; their very oppression they do not understand, never having felt it themselves. . . . In a word, the economy of human nature is so made as to inspire humanity: a common likeness among men, equality of conditions, the indispensable need for each other, their miseries . . . the natural meeting of those congenial—all nature joins in enforcing upon us the great duty in which we may alone find happiness, and which spreads over each day of our lives new compensations.

On March 31, 1738, Frederick had written to Voltaire about the "Siècle de Louis XIV," "I only wish that you had not ranked Machiavelli, who was a dishonest man, with the great men of his century." Voltaire answers, "*Voilà donc*—Machiavelli is stricken from the list of great men."

Machiavelli's "Prince" does not appear in the correspondence until March 22, 1739. "I'm thinking about a book on Machiavelli's 'Prince.'" On December 4 following Frederick sends Voltaire the first twelve chapters. On April 26, 1740, he writes: "I turn my book over to you, persuaded that it will improve in your hands; it needs your crucible to separate the gold from the dross." Voltaire looked after the printing. The manuscript was sent to van Duren, at The Hague. By the end of September the first edition was printed, under the title "l'Antimachiavell." But Frederick was now King; it would never do to have the book printed as it was. Hurriedly he got word to Voltaire to tone the text down and write an introduction. Voltaire did so, but not to the King's satisfaction. There was talk of another edition. The printer saw to it that his original edition was sold: it went to the libraries of Europe, and must have freshened the gossip of the chancelleries.*

I take extracts from this first text, not as refutations of Machiavelli, but as characteristic of Frederick before his accession. He erected no system of political philosophy; indeed he expresses contempt of such systems.

Since the sixteenth century he finds that a healthy morality has become generally diffused among the people, and he makes morality the basis of his criticism. On Machiavelli's rule that the only way to secure a conquered state is to destroy it, he asks: "Why does a Prince desire to conquer it? To augment his power and make himself more formidable? But if he has weakened the conquered state and made the people miserable he has weakened himself. Mere extent of territory does not make a state great: small, industrious, and contented Holland is as great as Russia, just beginning to cut a figure in Europe."

"I venture the opinion that every King whose policies have but the object of making him feared will reign over rascals and slaves. Nor may he expect large achievements from his subjects, for everything done through fear and timidity bears their stamp." Reaction against his earlier training is apparent: "A prince fulfils only a part of his duty if he applies himself merely to arms; princes should be primarily judges, arms are but accessory."

"One may never succeed in persuading republicans who are really free to impose upon themselves a master, even the best; their one answer will be: 'It's better to depend upon the laws than upon the caprice of a single man.' I should, for more than one reason, love the blood—the ancestry—of heroes; but I love merit much more. One who is raised to empire no longer has ancestors; his capacity is thought of, not his family."

Of a prince's religious professions: "It seems to me that people have great tolerance for errors in opinion, when corruption of the heart does not follow in their train. The people will care more for a free-thinking prince who is an honest man than for an orthodox rascal who works mischief. It is not the thoughts of a prince but what he does that makes his people happy." "That country is happiest when a common charity between sovereign and people spreads over society a gentleness, without which life is a dead weight, and the world a valley of bitterness." "That great truth, that we should do to others as we would have them do to us, becomes the basic principle of laws and of the social compact; from it is born love of country, the one asylum of happiness."

Of diplomacy: "A prince's ministers at foreign courts are privileged spies who watch the conduct of sovereigns to whose courts they are sent. They must see through plans, get to the bottom of apparently trivial matters, foresee action of any kind so as to inform their sovereign in time. The chief object of their mission is presumably to strengthen ties of friendship between the two sovereigns; but instead of being peace-makers they are often the direct agents of war."

Of alliances: "In these critical times of alliances the prudence of rulers should be more than ordinarily vigilant. It is most necessary that they should analyze with minute attention the nature of the things promised, that they may be able to fulfil them." "A prince whose candor is well known will draw to himself infallibly the confidence of Europe; he will be happy without trickery and powerful by his own virtue. Peace and happiness in a state act as a centre where all the ways of politics unite; and this should be the aim of negotiations."

"The peace of Europe rests chiefly on the maintenance of a wise equilibrium by which the superior power of one monarchy is balanced by the united forces of other sovereigns. If this equilibrium is disturbed it is much to be feared that a revolution will result out of which a new monarchy will establish itself on the ruins of smaller, independent states." "Honesty and worldly wisdom alike exact the good faith of princes; that they observe religiously treaty obligations in good faith and scrupulously; for the most effective protection of the people is faithfulness to an alliance. All wars which have had for their object the breaking down of usurpation, preserving legitimate rights, guaranteeing universal liberty, and escaping oppression and violence of the personally ambitious—such wars have been just wars. Blood shed in such wars need be no reproach to sovereigns entering them; for in such circumstances war is a less evil than peace."

"Still it may be said in general that war is so fruitful of evil, the issue is so uncertain, the results are so ruinous for a country, that it is not possible for a prince to reflect too deeply before engaging in war. Acts of violence committed by troops in the enemy's country are nothing in comparison with the miseries which recoil directly upon the states of those princes who have entered the war. A declaration of war is an act of such grave and pervasive importance that one is astonished that so many kings have made it with so little hesitation."

"I believe that if monarchs could see a picture, faithful and true, of the miseries in which people are involved by a single declaration of war, they could never afterward be insensible of these results. Their imagination is not lively enough for them to conceive of these evils as they are, for they have not known such evils personally. Their position has protected them. How can they know anything of overpowering imposts and taxes that crush out the heart of a nation; of the vanishing youth of a nation; of contagious diseases that lay waste whole armies; of the horror of battle and of the more murderous siege; the suffering and penury of those who lose arms, limbs, or organs upon which they must depend for a livelihood; the helplessness of orphans, the loss to the state of men whom war cuts off before their time? Princes, whose only excuse for living is that they should make people happier, would do well to think of all this before exposing their people, for vain or frivolous reasons, to everything that mankind has every reason to fear and hate." "Princes are blinded by their passions and ambitions which paint the most violent acts in attractive colors. War is the last resource in extremity; it should be in-

*In Voltaire's account of this occurs the following sentence: "Je lui représentais qu'il n'était peut-être pas convenable d'imprimer son livre précisément dans le temps même qu'on pourrait lui reprocher d'en violer les préceptes."

voked only in a desperate case, and then only after the reasons for it show no illusion of pride."

"Happy would he be who could destroy the Machiavellianism of the world! Those who govern the world must convince it by example. They must cure the public of its conception of politics: politics, which should be a system of wisdom, but which is popularly thought of as being the breviary of deceit. Those who govern must banish the subtleties and bad faith in treaties, and give life to honesty and candor, rarely found among sovereigns. They must show that they are less jealous of their neighbors' provinces than of the integrity of their own states."

"The world would be well-to-do if it had only negotiations by which to establish peace, maintain justice, and preserve agreement between nations. Reasons would take the place of arms, argument that of murder. Troublesome necessity obliges princes to have recourse to the more cruel way at times; thus arises the paradox that a good war causes and assures a good peace."

"But rulers who regard their subjects as slaves, sacrifice them without pity and see them perish without regret. Only those princes who regard men as their equals—or the body of which they are the soul—are careful of the blood of their subjects."

"In ending this book I beg that other rulers will not take offence at the freedom with which I have spoken to them: my purpose is to tell the truth, to excite virtue and to flatter no one. So high an opinion have I of reigning sovereigns that I deem them worthy of hearing the truth. To the Neros, the Alexander VIs, the Cæsar Borgias, the Louis XIs, one would not dare tell the truth. High praise for the princes of Europe that one may bravely bare before them the vices of royalty, contrary alike to feelings of humanity and justice."

To Frederick, Machiavelli was a small man: he presents only slender ideas; "his narrow soul embraces only such projects as are proper to the politics of petty princes." His most biting satire Frederick saves for such princes as keep up "households," not governments or states; who pretend to have an army, but have merely a lot of servants in uniform. Frederick must have seen much of this in the Germany of his day, and, though his satire was directed to Italy, he must also have hit nearer home.

Professor Münsterberg has warned us against taking literature too seriously as evidence for psychological induction. One might hazard a contrary point of view and assert that literature is cumulative evidence of human nature worth preserving and study for just such induction. Frederick's counterblast to Machiavelli, a royal challenge to royalty, is unique among human documents. Sovereigns, as well as other human beings, have professed one thing and done another; but no prince wrote a book of this sort within a year of his coronation.

Descriptions of German and other translations of "l'Anti-Machiavell" were published in 1756, the first year of the Seven Years' War. Frederick's name does not appear, but by this time the authorship must have been an open secret. Royally audacious one may call the tergiversation of Frederick between "Anti-Machiavell" and Silesia, and the popular notion that Fritz had the devil in him may have been a tribute to his practical mastery of Machiavelli's own game.

Correspondence.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recently the *Nation* contained correspondence from "Observer" entitled "Demos and the Professor," which may be recalled because of its unusual facility of expression and its lack of sympathy with the submerged nine-tenths. This theme would not invite comment did not the belaborer of the "proletarian come to college" turn the weaknesses of democracy into a defence of universities in general, and the University of Wisconsin in particular.

One does not need to scurry to the aid of Dr. William H. Allen, of the Wisconsin State Board of Affairs, who investigated the State University. It can be easily believed that most alumni are not interested in whether Dr. Allen is great or only near-great. However, the informed are not unaware of his influence upon the character of municipal government in this country, and of his record, to which anonymous calumny is unimportant. Real friends of the University cannot be so much concerned with the sins of democracy, or the personality of its instruments, as with the suggestions which have been made.

Graduates who have remained in a university atmosphere, or have only recently left it, must perforce believe that in this instance the institution has been attacked without cause. Those who have emerged from the academic influence, and who have occasion to evaluate the services of any considerable number of recent university graduates, know that they do not, without considerable supplementary training, meet the requirements of public and private business. The Survey has indicated in many particulars why these requirements are not being met. As a graduate and well-wisher of the University of Wisconsin, and an employer of university products, I am interested in what steps are being taken to improve that product, rather than how, or why, or by whom, or under what circumstances, the suggestions for improvement came.

L. D. Upson.

Dayton, O., June 24.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to reply to the article, "Demos and the Professor," which appeared in the *Nation* of May 27.

The mistake to which I especially call your attention is the sentence: "The Wisconsin Board of Public Affairs and the Citizens' Advisory Committee that sat with it have made a report which, though it naturally contains some criticisms, appears to stand by the University in all the essentials of controversy."

The above sentence is wrong in assuming, first, that the State Board had as a Board made a report; secondly, that the Citizens' Advisory Committee sat with the Board when the report was being made. The majority of the State Board never saw the report and not one member of the Advisory Committee saw the whole report, and only two saw even fragments of the report. There is no possibility of controversy on this point.

As to the content of the report and its "standing by" the University, there is likewise no possibility for honest difference of interpretation. The language is plain. Surely the *Nation* will not carry its personal animosities so far as to assert that with respect to the following the State Board "appears to stand by the University":

(1.) University in Politics—State Board's report said there was no evidence; my report said there was no evidence (p. 9).

(2.) Research—"There is evidence tending to show that some few forget their responsibilities and use the sincere and earnest work done by the many as a cloak of indolence. To prevent this it is necessary that every member engaged in research work be held to the same degree of accountability" (Board's report, p. 13).

(3.) Cost of Research—The Board stands by neither the University nor the survey, but says: "The Board presents no statistics relating to this matter" (p. 13).

(4.) Academic Freedom—The Board says (p. 13) it should be defended; I say it is protected.

(5.) Graduate Work—The Board does not refer to one point raised in my report, namely, points of supervision, offerings in catalogue, distinction between graduate students (some of whom I showed to be taking exclusively freshman and sophomore work) and work of graduate grade, administration of dean's office, etc.

(6.) Social Science Work—My report said, needed to be increased; the Board says the same (p. 14).

(7.) Practical Field Work—The Board says should be extended, not confined to professional and graduate courses, should be provided in all possible courses and given the credit "justified by its quality as determined by supervision and reports" (p. 14). My recommendations were practically the same, but were criticised by the University as "pious opinion" (p. 927).

(8.) Outside Work of Professors—The Board says that some members take unwarranted advantage of present opportunities (pp. 14-15). I do not say that. The Board agrees with my statement that this is a matter to be attended to by administrative authorities without depriving the institution of many benefits. My report lists opinions of faculty members in support of outside work.

(9.) Pensions—My report recommended payment by State instead of by Carnegie Foundation. The Board said (p. 15) that the Carnegie plan and the Wisconsin State pension plan were too new to justify conclusions, and recommended experience and observation of the present arrangement. President Van Hise agrees with me that it would be well for the State to assume responsibility for its own pensions; so does President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation.

(10.) Supervision of Instruction—My report advised more supervision to include classroom visitation. The University said this would hamper personality and drive the best men away from the University. This is one of the most important controversies. Instead of "standing by" the University the Board says that even those members "who have demonstrated definitely the excellency of their scholarship and pedagogical methods" (p. 16) should be adequately supervised and that such supervision should include visitation of classes. In this recommendation President Butler of Columbia agrees as shown by his last annual report so far as concerns younger men. I said that lack of supervision means failure to distinguish efficiency from inefficiency. The State Board said that "ade-

quate supervision is as useful in revealing merit as in discovering inefficiency" (p. 16).

(11.) Cost of Living—There was no issue between the University and my report. The State Board (pp. 16-17) summarizes facts the tabulation of which I organized before leaving the State and the importance of which, when finished, I referred to in my report. My report recommended investigations in this subject, definite information in catalogue, definite warning against extravagance.

(12.) Student Supervision and Student Advisers—My report commended recent advance steps. So does the Board. I showed where further improvement was needed. The Board says: "There is evidence, however, that it is not as effective in all cases as it should be . . . the Board urges those in authority to improve the system wherever and however possible, and to stimulate those acting as supervisors and student advisers to make this branch of service highly effective" (pp. 17-18).

(13.) Non-Resident Students—My report recommended that decision as to non-resident students wait for tabulations which the University promised April, 1914, again in August, again in October, and has not yet completed. The Board, instead of insisting upon the completion of that tabulation, reported facts that had already been published, plus several other facts which are incorrect, but which, when analyzed, disprove the University's contention (pp. 18-20).

(14.) University's Portion of Educational Money—My report says that it is easier for the University to get money than it is for the common schools. The Board admits this. Its records show it is true. The Board says (p. 28) that it "is not a cause for alarm." I did not say it was cause for alarm, but definitely recommended against reducing the University's future appropriations because of previous disproportions, and advised giving the University what it needed to do the work the State expected it to do.

(15.) Junior Colleges—My report says junior colleges are needed. The University said the time was not ripe for them. The State Board says that they are needed and are practicable (pp. 28-31).

(16.) Relation of University to High Schools—The point in controversy between the University and my report was whether high-school inspection should be for the purpose of accrediting. I said it should not be; the University said it should. The State Board says it should not and that University inspection should be continued "for the sole purpose of improving the quality of instruction in the subjects each community decides to place in its high school" (p. 31). I recommended a further reason—namely, that the University should ascertain whether its graduates are efficient teachers and whether its University teaching of them was efficient.

(17.) Foreign Language Requirements—One of the most serious controversies was as to whether the foreign-language requirements should be abolished. The University said it would be harmful to abolish them. I recommended further study before abolishing. The State Board recommends abolishing—"a State university should provide regular courses leading to graduation and degrees without foreign language requirements of any kind" (p. 32).

(18.) Student Contact with Strong Men—The State Board agrees with my report and goes even farther and urges that "some plan be provided for bringing under-classmen into more frequent contact with the strong men of the faculty in all departments." The Board's report also says that under-classmen are now "deprived of the inspiration that may come from more or less frequent contact" and that this lack of proper contact is one reason for so many dropping out before they reach the upper classes (p. 33).

(19.) University High School—The cause of the most bitter attacks upon the survey. My report recommended that the high school be given to the public school system of Madison as Teachers College has given the Speyer School this year. The Board said that the school should be allowed to "demonstrate its usefulness and efficiency before judgment is passed." My report said that the teaching and administration were inefficient. The Board says: "Investigation shows that further attention to these matters is necessary" (p. 33).

(20.) Size of Classes—The Board used the survey's figures and agreed with my recommendation that "only such small classes should be continued as are fully justified upon investigation" (p. 34).

(21.) Military Drill—The Board recommends no change. My report recommended substitution of optional for compulsory drill (p. 34). This latter plan is favored by the commandant in charge of military drill, by the department of physical education, by influential regents, and by important educational officers.

(22.) Length of School Year—I recommended four quarters of twelve weeks. The Board recommends investigation of how it is working, of the State's demand, etc.

(23.) University Extension—The Board agreed with me in general praise of this work. It also agreed with me that "now better organization and more systematic management of the Extension Division are demanded and that the instructional force should be strengthened" (p. 36).

This is the end of that part of the report which was written by a small committee of the Board, contributed to slightly by two members of the Advisory Committee, and never submitted to either the full Board or the full Committee.

Surely no person who can read English finds in the report thus far any evidence that it "stands by the University in all the essentials of controversy."

The Board's report extends from page 9 to page 37. From page 39 to page 142 is matter not written by the Board's committee, not submitted to some of them, not submitted to the majority of the Board, or to any of the Advisory Committee. Even this matter does not stand by the University in all the essentials of controversy. Whoever says so does not read the record.

(1.) Land Values Wasted—Pages 39-58 contain a vast amount of detail, much of which was in my files and which it did not seem worth while to print. The Board reached a different conclusion from mine as to the value of condemnation proceedings. Its evidence is not conclusive, although it expresses an opinion that no advantage is shown "resulting from a resort to condemnation." I doubt if the *Nation* wants to stand by the comparison (p. 57). The Legislature was unwilling to accept the Board's conclusions and appointed a legislative committee which is soon to report.

(2.) University Building Programme—The Board says: "A study of the present use of class-room space shows a high percentage of non-use in certain cases" (p. 62). That agrees with my report. The reports and charts later referred to by the Board are those made by the survey. The Board further recommends "the fullest use consistent with educational efficiency"—so did I. It says the study by the University of the reports and charts made by the survey "will result in a larger use of the present buildings." In fact, it goes so far as to say that with two exceptions "for which provision has already been made, no additional buildings for instructional purposes will be required, at the present rate of growth, for several years."

(3.) Dormitories—The Board recommends that precedence be given to building dormitories—so did I. It also recommends that "in the assignment of accommodations in dormitories the requirements of the Legislature be followed rigidly in giving preference to the students from this State"—so did I (Board's Reports, p. 62).

(4.) Business Organization—Pages 63-142 are given to a lot of material that serves a valuable historical purpose. Most of it is lifted straight from University documents. Most of the charts, including the diagram opposite page 70, were prepared at the survey's request and will be found in our files. This matter is descriptive and not controversial with few exceptions. Had I been given a chance, I could have called attention to the fact that the student totals on page 71 included short-term as well as long-term students, and gave an inflated impression of cost base. On page 83 the cost of research and on page 85 the per capita cost of instructional work are given and are sufficiently incorrect so that they disagree with the University's own figures in answer to my report. They are considerably lower than the figures given recently by the University to the Legislature. The budget procedure described is not the procedure followed. It fails to show, for example, defects in budget procedure which have since been corrected as suggested in my report or other defects not corrected, such as that the budget requests for the next biennium went to the Legislature and Governor without first going to the regents—as stated in the first paragraph of the syllabus that went to the Legislature.

The junk of blanks and forms that give the impression of business-like procedure is characterized on pages 124 and 126 by the chartered accountants, Marwick, Mitchell, Peat & Co., in their official audit report as part of an accounting system which (a) is maintained more on a cash receipts and disbursements basis than on an income and expenditure basis; (b) makes it impracticable to prepare a statement showing the financial position of the University; (c) records no accruals of revenue or expense; (d) is not in accordance with modern methods, being particularly deficient as regards provision for effective accounting control over students' fees, etc.

Thus even here, in spite of all the "trappings and the suits" of business efficiency, this report supports my report.

That is all that is in the report called the State Board's report. Any one who has told you that by any specific reference the Board has supported the University in the matter of the controversies has deliberately or unconsciously misinformed you.

There is one sentence only that could give

any color to your statement. If you will find how it happened to be run in the State Board's report and how much the University had to do with it, you will find opportunity for a new crusade. That sentence is on page 36: "In several particulars the Board of Public Affairs does not accept either the conclusions or findings of one or the other [forty] of the investigators employed by it; but either because of want of full information or for other satisfactory reasons this Board withholds specific recommendations."

The record shows that there are two reasons—(1) that most of the Board were running for office and had no time to read the detailed reports; (2) that the University had enough personal influence to prevent the Board's going over the detail. The Board does not pretend to have gone over the detailed reports, and will write you quite frankly to that effect. The working papers are so clearly marked that it would have been easy to check the facts.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

Madison, Wis., June 14.

[The implication that the *Nation* has any personal grudge against Mr. Allen or anybody else in Wisconsin is, of course, merely ridiculous. In justice to Mr. Allen we publish his letter. We cannot give space to a long controversy on the matter, or to a restatement of the situation. Careful inquiries among correspondents in whose judgment we have the utmost confidence convince us, however, that the position taken by the *Nation* is in essentials correct.—ED. THE NATION.]

AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading your semi-centennial number I was interested in Mr. Thayer's account of historical production since 1865. It may be that the exclusion of John B. McMaster from among the leading American historians represents an ecumenical judgment—at least as Harvard is popularly supposed to deliver it. But is it to be received? Certainly Mr. McMaster is not "machine made"; academic Germany had no influence on him; his early interests were those of the civil engineer; and he is the one professor of American History whose reputation is not based on the making of textbooks and pedagogical impedimenta. As he holds the first chair of American history established in the United States, so it is recognized that "no writer of our time has taken more pains to reach the ultimate basis for knowledge of the history of our country; . . . Throughout ten laborious days he has been hewing roads through the wilderness in order that others might easily travel" (Prof. A. B. Hart). Without the prestige of the social position and wealth of Adams and Rhodes, McMaster worked alone and revolutionized the writing of American history, and certainly has been no man's disciple either in method or in style. To a former student of Professor McMaster and a reader of the *Nation* for thirty years the omission to mention his contribution to our intellectual life seems extraordinary.

I am aware of the fact that no writer under the circumstances could do more than indicate the general features of historical production. But if Stubbs has to be referred to, why not Henry C. Lea also? Is it nothing for an American to have thrown light over large tracts of ecclesiastical thought and practice? The *Nation* knows what Lea thought of it and how valiantly the latter stood with Mr. Godkin in those early battles for civil and municipal reform. The *Ledger*, the other day, expressed wonder at the inability of Philadelphia to retain its men of distinction. Your contemporary may find an explanation in a letter dated July 3, 1863, written by Col. Charles Russell Lowell to Miss Shaw, his future wife: "Comfortable times are not the ones that make a people great—see what too much comfort has reduced Philadelphia to." But McMaster and Lea survived the comfort; and there are many Philadelphians who hope Mr. Thayer will not take too literally Henry Adams's observation that our traitors were fewer than our geniuses.

JOHN L. STEWART.

South Bethlehem, Pa., July 16.

WARSAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In discussions of one of the most mooted questions of the war—that of the attitude of certain belligerents towards treaties—it is not surprising that well-known doctrines of Machiavelli should occasionally have been cited. But the great Renaissance thinker's ideas on the science of warfare are scarcely less interesting than those he has given us on statecraft.

In view of the fall of Warsaw, the following lines, from the thirty-seventh chapter of the third book of Machiavelli's "Discourses on the First Decade of Livy," are not without interest:

". . . No towns are to be defended save those whose loss necessarily involves your ruin. . . . Provided your army be kept together, you do not, in losing what you voluntarily abandon, forfeit your military reputation, or sacrifice your hopes of victory."

GEORGE B. WESTON.

Harvard University, August 6.

HISTORICAL PICTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On visiting the Metropolitan Museum the other day I observed with regret that Bierstadt's The Rocky Mountains had been hung on one of the staircase landings. Doubtless it has been here for some time, but it is not too late to hope that this sojourn on the staircase is not a temporary stop on the way to the cellar. Whatever its artistic qualities this picture is a most interesting and characteristic one, and should always be on view at the Museum.

There are in the Metropolitan, as in every Museum, many pictures which are chiefly interesting for their significance in the history of art and civilization. Leutze's great picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware ought always to hold its place, whatever may be thought of its artistic value. It is a wonderful embodiment of the heroic Washington, a splendid production of the legendizing period of our country's history. We would not have one single item different, even the watch-fob of the father of his country. Such a picture explains a period of our country's history better than hundreds of textbooks; that period in which Washington was a demigod, in which the makers of the Constitution were mythic heroes, and the principles of American democracy the divine ideals of our national life. We need a picture of this kind to enable us to understand and to interpret not merely the mythical period of our political life, but also its heroic period.

In something the same way will the student of art and culture always look at Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains. One of the dominant American ideals from 1800 to 1850 was the grandiose conception of the American Scene. Not only here, but abroad, was America the country of the vast wilderness, of the astounding cataract, of the inland sea, of the awful and inaccessible mountain top. The American Forest, the Great Lakes, Niagara—not to say the whole conception of the Hudson River School—was as much a part of our national life as the heroic Washington, the divine Constitution, the inerrant fathers of the Republic. The Rocky Mountains were for many years typical of the ideals of America.

We have got past the Rockies now, and know them more as they are—as we know Washington, the Constitution, and the fathers of the Republic. But the record of our fathers' feeling should be preserved and honored.

This picture of Bierstadt's formerly hung in the place now occupied by Church's Heart of the Andes. The two pictures represent in perfection the final product of that grandiose conception of romantic landscape in America which is so strong an element in Bryant and Irving, in Cooper and Willis, and which is represented in American painting by Cole, Durand, Kensett, the elder Weir, Moran, as well as Bierstadt and Church.

Of this epoch in American art the Museum possesses these two typical and perfect pictures of Bierstadt and Church. It has also admirable specimens of Durand and Kensett. It still lacks fine examples of Cole, of the elder Weir, of Thomas Moran. But the student of American art ought some day to be able to pass from the two characteristic pictures by Wilson in the Hearne Collection to some really typical specimen of the early work of Thomas Cole, who was so much influenced by Wilson; he should then be able to study the slightly later work of Durand; and he should be able finally to note how the different elements to be seen in these earlier masters mingle in Weir and Kensett, and finally produce in Moran, in Bierstadt, and in Church pictures so typical of the national mind and character that no change of artistic ideals can ever make them negligible.

The Museum has rich material for the study of American landscape after 1850. But of the earlier phases—and these are more truly American if less artistic—there is not nearly enough as it is. There are two excellent pictures by Doughty, but there is nothing by Fisher, his contemporary, who is really a more important figure in the development of American landscape. There is nothing by W. G. Wall or Bennett. There is no really satisfactory picture by Cole. The Oxbow is representative of a good deal in Cole's method of painting, which is interesting, but is not at all representative of his ideal of romantic landscape, which is the most interesting thing about him.

I long to see the Museum increase its representation of this phase of American landscape, not diminish it. There used to be on one of the landings a number of Kensetts which have now disappeared. This is as it should be; the Kensett which remains is a

typical presentation of a scene that was classic in American landscape. Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains is also a classic and one of far more importance.

No other picture by the painter is so typical of the national feeling of its day. The Lake Corcoran in Washington would be as good but for the accident of its subject. This picture is perfect of its kind; no other picture can ever take its place. Some time, perhaps, the authorities of the Museum may find a place for it where its representative significance will be fully grasped.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., June 16.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call to your attention the present condition of the House of the Seven Gables, which you speak of as "virtually uncared for"?

Several years ago it was purchased by a well-to-do citizen of Salem, and she has put it into as nearly as possible the original order. When the tourist opens the door of the shop, a little bell tinkles and he finds himself in the quaint little hallway, with "Gibraltars" and other small articles for sale. Guides are furnished, and he is taken over the entire house. The secret stair is climbed, with some difficulty; the scenes of various incidents in the romance are pointed out. Already, since its opening, several thousand people have visited it.

Another house of ancient lineage has been moved to the adjacent lot, and here settlement work is carried on, for the benefit of the foreign population which now occupies that part of the city. The Seven Gables Camp is also maintained in New Hampshire by these settlement-workers, and thither the children of the neighborhood are taken for periods during the warm months.

Thus the House of the Seven Gables is not only a shrine for the literary tourist, but also a civic centre for the training of our future citizens.

CAROLINE H. TAYLOR.

Salem, July 31.

"LIGHT UPON THE WIND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in your issue of July 1, referring to Tennyson's expression "O light upon the wind" ("Passing of Arthur," line 46), asserts against other authorities that "light" should be read as the adjective and not as the noun. It hardly seems that there can be any question about this reading, for Tennyson must surely have had in mind those other ghosts, more famous than Gawain, in Dante's best-known episode (Inferno, Canto v, line 75), Paolo and Francesca, who "seem to be so light upon the wind" (*paion si al vento esser leggieri*).

A correspondent in your issue of June 17 ("A Neapolitan Jacky-My-Lantern") refers to "the ancient Greek prototype of Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.'" That is a joke which seems to have been too much for Mark Twain himself, who, because his delectable myth was retold for translation into Greek in the well-known "Introduction to Greek Prose Composition" by Arthur Sidgwick (Part I, Exercise xxi), apparently believed that a story similar to his was to be found in ancient Greek.

A similar hoax may be worth mentioning, perpetrated by Browning in "Aristophanes' Apology" (line 1078), where the modest Athenian lad is represented as singing "some grave romaunt"—

> How man of Mitulene, wondrous wise,
> Jumped into hedge, by mortals quickset called,
> And there, anticipating Oidipous,
> Scratched out his eyes and scratched them in again.

The only Greek original for that may have been discovered by Browning in the delightful classical version of a familiar nursery-rhyme ("There was a man in our town" or "The Man of Thessaly") by Samuel Butler, Bishop of Litchfield (printed in "Arundines Cami," Cambridge, 1843):

> Ἐξ οὐ τυχόντων Θέτταλός τις ἦν ἀνήρ,
> ὃς ἔργον ἐπεχείρησε τλημονέστατον·
> ἀκανθοχηνοκοκκόβατον εἰσήλατο,
> δίσσας τ' ἀνεξώρυξεν ὀφθαλμῶν κόρας.
> ὡς οὖν τὰ πραχθέντ' ἔβλεπεν τυφλὸς γεγώς,
> οὐ μὴν ὑπέπτηξ' οὐδέν, ἀλλ' εὐκαρδίως
> βάτον τιν' ἄλλην ἦλατ' εἰς ἀκανθίνην,
> κἀκ τοῦδ' ἐγένετ' ἐξαῦθις ἐκ τυφλοῦ βλέπων.

H. H. YEAMES.

Geneva, N. Y., July 16.

Literature

A YEAR AGO.

The Diplomacy of the War of 1914: I: The Beginnings of the War. By Ellery C. Stowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

For any accurate history of the military events of the great war we must probably wait for years until the staff orders and reports have been studied. The case is different in regard to the diplomatic history. Now that all the principal Powers have published their white, orange, red, gray, blue, and yellow papers, we are in a position to know pretty nearly as much of the international relations in the days immediately preceding the war as we shall ever know. It is possible to subject these papers to an analysis with the hope of reaching fairly complete and final conclusions. This is what Mr. Stowell has done in an admirably clear and impartial fashion. After a good brief review of the main factors in European history from 1814 to 1914 he comes directly to the analysis of the documents following the Serajevo tragedy until August 5, when the English Ambassador at Berlin received his passports.

The author's method is good. He divides the whole subject into topics according to countries, and under each topic gathers together all pertinent extracts from the documents, connecting and explaining them with criticism of his own and of others. In appendices he reprints conveniently many other documents which bear on the question. Thus he lets the sources speak for themselves and lets the reader have the benefit of all the interpretation and comment which is worth while.

Mr. Stowell rightly regards as the chief underlying cause of the war the disturbance of the balance of power between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. The agreement of the English and Russians in Persia, the coöperative Anglo-French naval arrangement, the military reorganization of Russia, and other factors had strengthened the Triple Entente and made it clear that time was working against the Triple Alliance. Furthermore, the Triple Alliance had been weakened by Italy's desertion of Germany at Algeciras, by Italy's attack in 1911 on Germany's Turkish friend, and by the settlement of the Agadir affair, which Germans regarded as a diplomatic defeat for Germany. Even German papers, indignant at the Kaiser's efforts for peace in that crisis, had not hesitated to speak of William the Poltroon. Another blow was dealt to the Triple Alliance when the Balkan allies carved up the Turkish territory in Europe. The crime of Serajevo came as the last straw. Germany and Austria felt that they were face to face with a dilemma: either they had to resign themselves to further loss of prestige and to the increase of Russian influence in the Balkans, thus endangering the existence of Austria, or they had to regain prestige by teaching Servia a lesson, even though in so doing they were risking the peace of Europe. The German Foreign Office did not know the exact terms of the Austrian note to Servia before it was presented, and found it convenient not to know them, for it could then maintain with a better face that the dispute was purely between Austria and Servia, and ought to be localized. "It seems most probable that Germany did not really wish to force a war, and that her real purpose was to secure a diplomatic triumph and force the Entente Powers to recognize the paramount influence of Austria in Servia" (p. 123).

As to the immediate responsibility for the war, Mr. Stowell holds that Servia was blameless. As to Austria and Russia, either might easily have obviated the contributing causes of the conflict, Austria by consenting to modify the terms of her note to Servia, and Russia by refraining from her premature and unnecessarily hasty steps towards mobilization. "By this premature mobilization Russia did, I believe, throw away the last remaining chance of peace" (p. 486). This is all the more to be regretted as Russia had up to July 29 maintained a very conciliatory attitude. For Sir Edward Grey the author has, and rightly, the greatest admiration, believing that he did everything reasonably possible to prevent the widening of the conflict beyond Servia and Austria. Instead of heaping blame upon him, like Bernard Shaw, Mr. Stowell thinks he ought rather to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his very active, untiring, and intelligent work to preserve peace.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter is that on the complicated question of the origin, character, and obligations connected with the neutralization of Belgium. Mr. Stowell makes it clear that it is not quite accurate to say that England came into the war because of Germany's violation of Belgium's

neutrality. For on August 2 Grey's formal pledge to France that England would protect the French coast against a German attack may be looked upon as a conditional declaration of war. "A more accurate statement is that when Germany violated Belgium's neutrality, England decided to change from partial and specially restricted intervention in the war to a general engagement of all her forces against Germany" (p. 351). And this change was due as much to the necessity of protecting England's vital interests as to her obligation to maintain her guarantee of Belgium's neutrality. The author's discussion of the neutralization of Belgium, with its many-sided problems, is rich in suggestions for those who believe it desirable that the United States should seek to obtain the neutralization of the Philippines.

In his closing pages (491-515) Mr. Stowell has some very sensible remarks about the Kaiser's responsibility, German "mental mobilization," and "nationalistic myopia," and the strengthening of international as opposed to national ideals which he hopes is to be one of the fruits of the war. While rejecting as impracticable many of the half-baked schemes of the pacifists, he calls attention with approval to the "super-empire" which England has been forming with the United States by her acquiescence in the Monroe Doctrine, with Japan by the treaty of 1902, with France by the naval arrangement as to the Mediterranean and the North Sea, and with Russia by the spheres of influence and buffer strip in Persia. The basic idea of this super-empire is that the interests of all in every part of the world shall be cared for by the representative able to act on the spot in the most effective manner —all for the purpose of securing a reasonable observance of the rules of international law. It allows each coöperating empire to restrict its armament to the minimum required for the defence and development of the interests to be protected in its immediate sphere.

Of unfavorable criticism there is little to be said except to warn the reader that the "Conclusions" and "Questions and Answers," though expressed with much nicety, do not always precisely accord with, or quite reach, the admirable impartiality of the author's main treatment in connection with the documents. In the chronological table of events some attempt should have been made to arrange the events by hours as well as by days. There is no sense in indicating (p. 683) as the first event on August 2 the German ultimatum to Belgium, which, in fact, was not presented until 7 P. M.; the first item should doubtless be the German violation of Luxemburg, which took place "very early" on that day. Telegraphic action took place so swiftly at that fatal time that hours were more important than days under ordinary conditions. It is only by having before us the precise moment at which things were said and done that we can place ourselves in the position of the chief actors and judge of their motives. Though otherwise generally accurate in detail, one should read 1882 for 1883 (p. 8), August 10 for August 6 (p. 29), 1634 for 1609 (p. 372), and Dumouriez for Maurier (p. 375).

On the whole, students are likely to find this the most helpful and generally satisfactory volume on the immediate causes of the war which has appeared in English, and will look forward to the two following books planned by the author, one on the diplomacy during the war, and one on the negotiations which will some day bring the war to a close.

CURRENT FICTION.

Pieces of the Game. By the Countess de Chambrun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To prove the innate patriotism of the American writer, it is only necessary to observe that, in the thousand and one books written on international marriage, the abused and misunderstood member of the union is, nine times out of ten, a son or daughter of this country. It is just barely possible that there is something to be said on the other side, and this conclusion becomes reinforced by a reading of Clara Longworth de Chambrun's latest effort. An American girl, of excellent family and great personal charm, marries a young French diplomat stationed at Washington. The girl has not only charm, but brains and stamina as well, being, on the whole, an unusually good example of what we are pleased to characterize as the "typical American girl." Her husband has all that she has and a trifle more in the shape of poise. The match is of that type known as "love, there being no wealth or need for social ambition on either side." Why, then, was the result what it was? No direct answer is given, but the author evidently desires to convey the impression that there is a wide gulf between the American and the Old World point of view. Except in isolated cases, there is and can be no common ground between them, for there is no common background. The pettiness of American society is utterly incompatible with the broader outlook of the old nobility. But generalization upon such a subject is unsafe. One is reminded of the showman's reply to the question which would win in a fight, a lion or a tiger. "It all depends on the particular lion and the individual tiger you have in mind."

On Desert Altars. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's.

Wives who sell themselves to buy their husband's health or success or happiness are getting to be among the more familiar assets of current fiction. The question as to whether wives should or should not do that kind of thing apparently remains open. It is still an unconventional kind of thing to do, but precedents are multiplying rapidly (in fiction), and conventions are a matter of precedent. Already we have reached that point of advancement at which husbands, after some natural revolt, perceive that they have to choose between two kinds of fidelity, that to the body and that to the spirit. If a wife sees that her husband needs more pills or political offices or social amusement than he can get, she will naturally set about getting them for him. And the more perfectly she loves him the greater the sacrifice she will make. She is a thinking being, isn't she, and the equal of man, and able to choose? Hence the situation. Now, the present story-teller does not go so far as to assert that her English Alice is to be commended for selling herself to a rich Jew. But she plainly thinks it a quite natural and, on the whole, excusable error. You see, Alice's engineer husband is dying of African climate, but cannot come home for lack of a job there. The rich Jew tells Alice he will find him a job if——, and Alice succumbs. There is a half-Jew baby, but it dies in time to remove one obstacle from the forgiving path of the engineer husband, who, though restored to health, has been greatly put out by the discovery of his wife's sacrifice. In fact, he has turned her out of his house. But when he does see reason, he sees it with both eyes, and speeds with both feet to the only woman he has ever loved. His amends are really very handsomely made. "You were always wise," he says, "wise and clear-minded." But no. Alice will not quite have that. It is clear to her that she has "made a mistake—that my judgment had been at fault; that what I had considered as justifiable, under the extreme circumstances, a husband could not forgive." However this may be, it is now himself that her husband cannot forgive: "I want you, but I am totally unworthy, dearest. It is for me to implore you to take me back—to forget my brutality." So she takes him back. There hangs about the story an aroma of spinsterly eroticism.

Millstone. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The author assures the reader, in his epilogue, that he has had no intention of writing anything here but a story: "While I was writing the book, absorbed in the temperaments of my characters, there came to me by a strange chance irrefutable evidence of a most terrible nature concerning the depths of degradation into which quite little children are forced by monsters to whom vice is only a means of earning money. I could not prevent myself from writing more earnestly, more courageously, yet I finished the book in the spirit which conceived it; no shadow of a purpose was allowed to cross its pages." Whatever may be true of the spirit of the author, his book is a tract. At the beginning we seem on the way to an interesting study of a repentant criminal; and even after he turns out to be a religious crank there is hope of him as a study for a novelist. But he has been a trafficker in the bodies of women and children; and the best that Mr. Begbie finds it possible to do for him is to see him well murdered at the hands of a victim, and then to set about his real business (whether or not he is con-

scious of it)—exposure by means of a concrete illustration of the immoral trade in children, about which, he says, even persons organized to fight the white-slave trade are for the most part ignorant. The details of his special instance are horrible enough, and deserve, no doubt, to be dwelt upon as representative of a widespread horror. Who will go into such matters? How shall they be got before the public in such form as fairly to rouse that apathetic beast? One cannot wonder that novelists of serious mind are doing what they can to answer these questions by means of their own vehicle. Nevertheless, the novel is not at its best as a vehicle. Such a theme as Mr. Begbie has here broached could be material for art only in the greatest hands. It is the kind of theme the New York stage was engrossed with a season or two ago—lamentably, so far as the art and dignity of that stage was concerned. A tract may be more effective for the moment when tricked out in the dress of fiction or the drama; but play and novel suffer in the process.

A NEW EDITION OF HERRICK.

The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick. Edited by F. W. Moorman. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.

Fairly good texts of Herrick were not lacking, but it is a delight to the scholar and to the lover of poetry to have the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" added to the beautifully printed critical editions of the Clarendon Press, which already included Spenser and Milton and other great names. The editor chosen is particularly suited for the task by his work on the "Biographical and Critical Study of Robert Herrick," published in 1910. It has been known that copies of the *editio princeps* of 1648 showed certain variations, due probably to corrections made by Herrick himself, while the sheets were printing. The first requisite, therefore, was to select for reproduction a copy of this edition which showed the author's later hand. And Mr. Moorman was wise in determining his choice partly on the presence of the word "watry" or "warty" in the second line of the poem to the "Dean-Bourn." Mr. Saintsbury, in preparing his text for the Aldine Edition, had rejected the former as a "conjecture." As a matter of fact, the word actually occurs in some copies of the original, but is cleverly regarded by Mr. Moorman as a printer's error which Herrick saw and corrected as the book was passing through the press. The reading "warty" is thus one of the tests of the better state of the text.

But this was only the beginning. All students of Herrick knew that a number of his poems existed in MSS. and in song books of the age, and exhibited striking variations of form. But only the minute scholar had any notion of the multitude of these variants. All these Mr. Moorman has collated with what appears to be painful exactitude, and he has given a full account of the results in a Critical Appendix, leaving the body of the text in conformity with the *editio princeps*. He concludes from his examination that the more important of the variations indicate earlier versions of the poems, and that Herrick worked over his lines with loving care for many years before submitting them finally to the public. In some cases a poem passed through a number of stages, the chronology of which Mr. Moorman has tracked with notable acumen. We have, therefore, in this critical edition the opportunity of watching a seventeenth-century poet actually at work with file in hand—a rare opportunity, since this labor, if we may judge from results, was lamentably neglected by most of the writers of the age.

It is noteworthy that generally Herrick's self-criticism was in the direction of brevity and precision; in certain poems he even rejected whole stanzas as relentlessly as Gray was to do in another century. But not always. He occasionally added, and, in Mr. Moorman's opinion, he did not escape, now and then, substituting a weaker line for a stronger. One case of this kind is so interesting as to warrant special observation. It concerns the well-known problem which in the "Hesperides" appears thus:

To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his gray haires.

Am I despis'd, because you say,
And I dare sweare, that I am gray?
Know, Lady, you have but your day:
And time will come when you shall weare
Such frost and snow upon your haire:
And when (though long it comes to passe)
You question with your Looking-glasse;
And in that sincere *Christall* seek,
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek:
Nor any bed to give the shew
Where such a rare Carnation grew.
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old;
By those true teares y'are weeping.

In Playford's "Ayres and Dialogues" (1653) this poem is printed with fewer lines and under a different title, thus:

To his Mistress, objecting his age.

Am I despis'd because you say,
And I believe, that I am gray?
Know, Lady, you have but your day:
And night will come when men will swear
Time has split snow upon your hair.
Then when in your Glass you seek,
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek;
No, nor the bed to give the shew,
Where such a rare Carnation grew,
And such a smiling Tulip too.
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old
By those true tears y'are weeping.

Mr. Moorman wonders how the poet brought himself to alter such a couplet as—

And night will come when men will swear
Time has split snow upon your hair.

It seems to us probable that the version in the "Ayres" is not from an early manuscript of Herrick's, but rather shows revision from the poet's own hand after the publication of 1648. And certain particulars of the punctuation would seem to indicate that the later (1653) version was printed in accordance with alterations marked by the author in a copy of the 1648 edition. However, this is pure conjecture; and in general we find ourselves in entire agreement with Mr. Moorman's critical views. We cannot deal with other textual questions almost as interesting as this, but must close with calling attention to the small group of poems added from various sources other than the *editio princeps*. We ought to be glad to have these, though none of them shows Herrick in his better vein, and one of them, "Mr. Robert Herricke his farwell unto Poetrie," seems to us of dubious authenticity. The volume as a whole, both for its beautiful typography and for its scholarly editing, is a worthy addition to the series to which it belongs.

AN INDIAN ON HIS RACE.

The Indian of To-day. By Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa). New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents net.

That this book lacks the literary quality of Dr. Eastman's earlier work is due, doubtless, to its being an essay in the less congenial field of history and statistics; and the infusion of poetry and color into a compendium of this kind is made doubly difficult by its condensation into a pocket volume.

In his endeavor, as an Indian, to contrast his own race favorably with the Caucasian, the author naturally touches on the question of drink, asserting that "the original North American knew no fermented or spirituous drink," and thus contradicting some writers who have described the aboriginal production of ferments from corn and berry juices. He charges the practice of indiscriminate scalping to the offer of bounties by the colonial governments, notably in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, bent on the extermination of their red enemies. The introduction of the Indians to an indoor mode of life he holds accountable for the ravages made among them by bronchitis, pneumonia, and tuberculosis. They were, he declares, "a God-fearing, clean, and honorable people before the coming of the white man," notwithstanding that the Jesuit priests, in their "zeal to gain honor for their society for saving the souls of the natives," found it "almost necessary to represent them as godless and murderous savages," since "otherwise there would be no one to convert." Nevertheless, he elsewhere lays stress on the statement that "it was the Christian missionary, in spite of serious mistakes, who played the most important part in the transformation of the Indian and the development of the West." And, though he ascribes most of the race wars to the land-greed of the white pioneers and the Government's loose way of making and enforcing its treaties with the tribes, he admits that in some cases the trou-

blcs were brought on by the bad faith of individual Indians.

One of the popular misconceptions which Dr. Eastman tries to correct is as to the position of woman in the old tribal system. She was always, he says, "the silent but telling power bchind life's activities," and "shared cqually with her mate the arduous duties of primitive society":

Possessed of true feminine dignity and modesty, she was expected to bc his equal in physical endurance and skili, but his superior in spiritual insight. She was looked to for the endowment of her child with nature's gifts and powers, and no woman of any race has ever come closer to universal motherhood. . . .

She preserved man from soul-killing materialism by herself owning what few possessions they had, and thus branding possession as feminine. The movable house was hers, with all its belongings, and she ruled there unquestioned. She was, in fact, the moral salvation of the race; all virtue was entrusted to her, and her position was recognized by all. It was held in all gentleness and discretion, under the rule that no woman could talk much or loudly until she became a grandmother.

The Indian woman suffered greatly during the transition period of civilization, when men were demoralized by whiskey, and possession became masculine. The division of labor did not readily adjust itself to the change, so that her burdens were multiplied while her influence decreased. Tribe after tribe underwent the catastrophe of a disorganized and disunited family life.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is that which deals with Indian ornamental art. Leaf and flower designs, we are told, are generally modern:

The old-time patterns are for the most part simple geometrical figures, which are decorative and emblematic rather than imitative. Shafts of light and shadow alternating or dovetailed represent life, its joys and sorrows. The world is conceived of as rectangular and flat, and is represented by a square. The sky is concave—a hollow sphere. A drawing of the horizon line colored pale yellow stands for dawn; colored red, for sunset. Day is blue, and night black spangled with stars. Lightning, rain, wind, water, mountains, and many other natural features or elements are symbolized rather than copied literally upon many sorts of Indian handiwork. Animal figures are drawn in such a manner as to give expression to the type or spirit of the animal rather than its body, emphasizing the head with the horns, or any distinguishing feature. These designs have a religious significance and furnish the individual with his personal and clan emblem, or coat of arms.

As a matter of course, Dr. Eastman can find nothing good in the reservation system, and very little in the Indian Bureau. In striking contrast with the fairness he shows in some of his judgments is his reading in the Burke Act of 1906 only the provision "that Indians allotted after that date shall not be declared citizens until after the expiration of the twenty-five-year trust period," with the sweeping comment that "this act has served no particular purpose except to further confuse the status of the Indian"; for in the next paragraph he says: "There is a special law under which an Indian may apply to be freed from guardianship by proving his ability to manage his own affairs. If his application is approved by the Interior Department, he may then rent or sell his property at will." Is it possible that the author of such a textbook on Indians is unaware that this "special law" is a part of the Burke act itself, and was put there for the express purpose of releasing ambitious and thrifty Indians, promptly and without cost to them, from the thraldom in which their childish fellows live?

Our author approves of the disposition of the young Indian men of to-day to marry white women, and finds in the issue of this intermarriage a tendency "towards increased fertility as well as good mentality": a position on a much-vexed question which marks his departure from the common ideals of his fathers, and in the determination of which his personal experience may have been a conspicuous factor.

DR. WYLIE'S LAST WORK.

The Reign of Henry the Fifth. By James Hamilton Wylie. Vol. I: 1413-1415. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $9 net.

Four months before his death on February 28, 1914, Dr. Wylie finished the first volume of "The Reign of Henry the Fifth," a continuation of his well-known "History of England under Henry the Fourth." He belonged to a type of historian seldom found except in Germany. For more than half the span of a long life he laboriously collected from virtually all available sources, whether in print or manuscript, and from French, Spanish, Italian, German, and other Continental writers, historical data of every description for the period 1399 to 1415. The results of these labors are five stout volumes covering these sixteen years. The future historian will do little more than utilize the vast accumulation of material contained in them.

The work shows great erudition and critical handling of the sources, but like the "Henry the Fourth," it is utterly lacking in proportion, balance, and proper emphasis. The author was apparently as much interested in the menu of the king's coronation banquet as in the Parliament of Leicester; in the injunctions of a writer of etiquette not to lick plates with the tongue, or spread butter with the thumb, as in the national administration of justice; in the stories of St. Patrick's Hole, the Irish Purgatory, as in the teachings of the Lollards. The work is a great storehouse of facts bearing upon all phases of life in England early in the fifteenth century, and apparently this is just what the author intended it to be. The style is overcharged and the frequent use of archaic words and expressions to give color to the narrative renders the reading difficult. In dealing with the beliefs and superstitions of the age, the personal equation is often too much in evidence, although there is an improvement in this respect over the author's earlier historical writings. However, after all allowance for these and other deficiencies has been made, it may be said without hesitation that the work will be indispensable for all students of this period, and will be of great value for those who desire a cross section of history for the early part of the fifteenth century. The text and the extensive footnotes contain a mine of information on prices, wages, manners, superstitions, biographical and etymological matters.

Although holding that there is evidence to substantiate in part at least the old story of Henry V's conversion at the time of his accession, Doctor Wylie shows that Henry was far from saintly as a king, that, in fact, he was guilty of trickery, deceit, and sharp practices generally. The conditions in France just before the renewal of the Hundred Years' War and Henry's double dealing with the Armagnac and Burgundian factions are well described. In reference to his proposal to marry the Princess Catherine, the author says: "But we now know that all this time he was busy concocting a counter-scheme that was not merely steeped in prevarication and duplicity, but charged with downright hard, official lies." While signing the truce and making protestations of friendship, he was making active preparations for the invasion of France. The description of these preparations, and particularly of the financial measures adopted, is one of the best portions of the book.

The uprising of Sir John Oldcastle and the Lollards is fully discussed. Doctor Wylie minimizes the political motives which other historians have attributed to these disturbances. Bale's version of Oldcastle's trial, which the earlier writers have usually followed, he shows to be wholly untrustworthy. The chapter on "Godshouses," houses devoted to works of mercy, such as infirmaries, homes for the blind, for fallen women, and the insane, is especially interesting. The volume is furnished with a full index. If the author has left any considerable material for later volumes, it is to be hoped that something may be done by way of posthumous publication.

A WESTERNER OF NEW ENGLAND.

Edward Rowland Sill. By William Belmont Parker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

In the half-century since the appearance of "The Jumping Frog" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" certain kinds of literature have multiplied, and certain kinds of careers have become increasingly interesting. It is by virtue of the great mass of "Americana," of the fiction and poetry of limited localities, and of the lives of the peripatetics who have cross-fertilized the United States, that the modern American can realize in the concrete how the whole of the country is equal to the sum of all its parts.

The Easterner still knows little about Cali-

fornia. The traveller comes back ecstatic; the stay-at-home sportsman regards with deferent wonder the annual tennis invasions; but what the average man knows of the Pacific Coast, aside from the lore of railways and Pan-American circulars and news items, he learns from the lives and works of story-writers like Bret Harte and Mark Twain, or of educators like President Gilman and Professor Royce, or of poets like "Joaquin" Miller, Millicent Shinn, Ina D. Coolbrith, and Edward Rowland Sill. Of these poets Sill was the most talented and not the least loyal to California, though he was born and bred in Connecticut and lived his last years in Ohio.

After graduation from Yale in 1861 he went out to the coast, by way of Cape Horn. It is polite to say that he was in business there till 1866, though the "business" was now on a ranch, then in a post-office, and during the later years in miscellaneous clerking. At first he was disappointed with the look of things, and after six months he was sick at heart, but he left at last, not out of discontent with the West, but because he wanted to study theology. Neither theology, however, nor the East could hold him, and in 1871 he came back as a teacher, for three years in the Oakland High School, and for eight more in the University of California.

From first to last, therefore, Sill's residence in California bridged twenty-two years. He was there in the '60's, during the transition from the mining to the agricultural stage, when Mark Twain and Bret Harte were still promising young men. Like many others who came out in curiosity, he fell under the spell of the climate and the country and the people. He returned in time to teach Millicent Shinn in high school, to throw in his lot with President Gilman at Berkeley, to engage Josiah Royce as assistant in English after searching for a young man who was well grounded but not opinionated and "with a bit of æsthetics about his brain somewhere." Finally, when his position in the University "had become intolerable for certain reasons that are not for pen and ink," he was slow to shake the dust of California from his feet. He brought back the best of what he had found there, and, like these other teachers and writers, helped to unite the two peoples of the two coasts.

During his last years the love of the West was keen in him. Mount Washington seemed "a very pretty piece of rising ground," the trees were only shrubs, the sky rarely blue, the heat and cold abominable in turn, the Atlantic Ocean "the only thing East that [didn't] seem like a feeble imitation." With its idealism he had brought back the easy hyperbole of the coast. Yet all his life he retained certain quaint New England oddities of thought and diction. He is like Lowell—who is like no Westerner—in his antic fancies, his references to his "pomes," "the near-sighted scum-skinners" who criticise them, the "gew-gaw" parlor organ, or the skim-milk on high which the gods had been using as cheap feed for the sky-terriers. These last years cemented his long friendship with Henry Holt and established a new relation with Aldrich, to whom he sent a steady and anonymous succession of prose and verse for the *Atlantic*.

Those who would like to trace Sill's long struggle between faith and doubt—a struggle typical of his period—or his wide and discriminating reading, or his self-effacing zeal as a teacher, or his fine disregard for contemporary fame as a writer, or his great and true magnanimity as a man—must read all of Mr. Parker's book. It is well presented—an admirable compilation of first-hand material with pleasantly written connecting links. The only feature of it that the poet himself would not commend is a harmless but evident New England complacency from which Sill had been utterly freed by his compensating experiences in the West.

Notes

"Senescence and Rejuvenescence," by Charles M. Child, is announced for publication on October 1 by the University of Chicago Press.

The Macmillan Co. announces that it will publish early in the autumn a book by Col. Robert McCormick dealing with his experiences in the area of war.

Harper & Bros. announce for publication early in the autumn the first books in a new series to be called "America's Best Funny Stories." The first volume will be entitled "Men and Things" and will contain examples of the work of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, F. Peter Dunne, and other representative American humorists.

We are requested to announce that celebrations in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Vassar College will be held at Poughkeepsie during the days October 10 to 13.

"The Guide to South and East Africa" (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.), of which the twenty-first edition has just been published, is a remarkable book. Intended especially for the use of tourists, sportsmen, invalids, and settlers, it gives a mass of condensed information on every subject of conceivable interest, including wages, possibilities of agriculture, mines, and other matters illustrating the resources and capabilities of the country. There are numerous colored maps, plans, and diagrams.

How Greater Britain came to be is the theme of the half-dozen lectures by Sir Charles P. Lucas that form "The British Empire" (Macmillan; 80 cents). The author does not confine himself to history. Although he follows step by step the widening bounds of the Empire, his book is an apology also. But it is not blindly "patriotic." He points out the stains, or some of them, upon Britannia's escutcheon. Again and again he records that England "took" this island or that harbor. He does not gloss over her part in the slave trade. Yet upon the most glaring instance of aggression, the Boer War, he makes no comment, contenting himself with narrative. On the whole, he insists, the Empire has not been planned; it has grown. Various causes have combined to create it—a native spirit of enterprise, desire for liberty, for new homes, for propagating Christianity; and when once the game had started, it was necessary to play it out. If the book was suggested by the present war, to which it makes occasional reference, its usefulness as a manual of British expansion is independent of that fact.

Sister Violetta Thurston was sent out in August, 1914, from London by the St. John Ambulance Association, in charge of a party of nurses consigned to the Belgian Red Cross Society for service in Belgium. By the time she and her charges had crossed the channel there was hardly any Belgium left, and they found themselves working day and night for German surgeons under German commandants: "The glorious vision of nursing Tommy Atkins at the front faded into the prosaic reality of putting hundreds of cold compresses on German feet, that they might be ready all the sooner to go out and kill our men." How the nurses did their duty under these conditions, how they tried to get away to France, were caught and sent back, how Sister Violetta finally made her way to Denmark and around by Lapland and the Arctic Circle to Petrograd and the Russian front, and the tremendous scenes she saw there, we should never have learned if she had not secured a fortnight of leisure by getting a shrapnel wound with pleurisy to follow. Written artlessly, "to the continual music of the cannon and the steady tramp of feet," "Field Hospital and Flying Column" (Putnam) has the merit that never fails a sincere bit of autobiography. And the queer moral of it is the sinister charm of war. Sister Violetta, occupied day and night to exhaustion with the most repulsive aspects of battle, hungry, sleepless, unwashed, invaded by vermin, often in physical danger, and sharing vividly the discouragement of defeat, enjoyed to the utmost her part in the great adventure.

"The Way of the Red Cross," by E. Charles Vivian and Z. E. Hodder Williams (Doran), is a different matter altogether. It is put together for two purposes: the profits from sale are devoted to the *Times* Fund for the Sick and Wounded, and the burden of its song is Red Cross propaganda. In spite of the excellence of these two purposes it is not very interesting. Sister Violetta, in bed with her pleurisy, still radiates energy, but Messrs. Vivian and Hodder Williams give the impression of being very, very tired. There is an introduction by Queen Alexandra, "with facsimile of her hand-writing and stationery," and the doubtful grammar of royalty.

Mr. E. Alexander Powell, who represented the New York *World* with the Belgian army at the beginning of the war, provides us in "Fighting in Flanders" (Scribner; $1 net) with as comprehensive an idea of the siege and capture of Antwerp and of the events which led up to it as any future historian can desire. A capable writer as well as a trained observer, Mr. Powell can describe as well as he can see, and one could desire nothing more vivid than his suggestions of scenes in and around the commercial metropolis of Belgium before the Germans actually succeeded in breaking through the ring of defences hitherto regarded as impregnable.

Most valuable of all perhaps is his account, brief as it is, of his talk with Gen. von Boehn, the commander of the Ninth German Army, and the conqueror at Louvain. In it is sketched, perhaps over-succinctly, the attitude of the German authorities towards the alleged atrocities perpetrated by their commands on the civilian population of Belgium, many of which Mr. Powell states that he saw, and himself describes. Perhaps the best commentary thereon is Mr. Powell's open declaration, in his preface, that "I am pro-Belgian; I admit it. I should be ashamed to be anything else." It is at least hard to realize how any one who has read Mr. Powell's book and followed with him the heroic struggle of the Belgian people against overwhelming force, and the horrible suffering entailed thereby, could be anything but a pro-Belgian, even though one might not agree with all his conclusions.

In his little volume "Germany's Vanishing Colonies" (McBride, Nast; 75 cents), Gordon Le Sueur gives the reader a clear, vigorous, and very readable sketch, with caustic sarcasm, of the remarkable results of German energy and persistency in obtaining colonial territories during the last twenty-five years. He goes far enough in the present war to tell how Germany has also lost most of them. The author was formerly private secretary to Cecil Rhodes, so that, as one might expect, his chapters on the African colonies of Germany are much fuller and better informed than those on the German settlements at Kiao-chau and in the Pacific. He condemns the lethargy and incompetence of English diplomacy in failing to check German colonial expansion in its infancy. He is equally severe on the failure of the Germans as real colonists: "Their methods of colonization have good points in matter of detail, routine work, etc.; but, if colonization be regarded as something more than the exploitation of a subject race and the passive holding of its territory, they must be written down a failure." He appears to have used almost exclusively only English sources of information, and naturally gives only a British point of view.

The "Bibliography and Index," which forms Volume XII of Sir J. G. Frazer's "The Golden Bough" (Macmillan; $6 net), completes the new and immensely enlarged edition of a book which has long ago taken its place as the most complete collection of facts relating to the beliefs, superstitions, and ceremonial usages of mankind in primitive and semi-civilized times. It consists, in this third edition, of seven parts, viz.: The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings (two volumes), Tabu and the Perils of the Soul (one volume), The Dying God (one volume), Adonis, Attis, and Osiris (two volumes), Spirits of the Corn and Wild (two volumes), The Scapegoat (one volume), Balder the Beautiful, Fire Festivals, and the External Soul (two volumes). Each of the seven parts has its own index, but, as the subjects dealt with are closely related to one another, and often overlap in their treatment, a single index for the whole work was much needed, for without it a reader desiring information on some particular point might have to consult seven separate indices before finding what he looked for. In this present volume the Bibliography occupies 144 pages. It gives one a good idea of the great progress made in the study of these topics during the last half-century, and an idea, also, of the immense amount of labor which the production of this particular work required. And, of course, it constitutes a valuable guide to the literature, still rapidly growing, of the subject. The Index fills pages 147 to 536. To peruse it is to learn much about the wide range which inquiries into the early social and religious history of man have taken, and, incidentally, to realize how widely diffused over the world, and how clearly discernible, even to-day, in civilized countries are many of the customs practiced by our remote ancestors. Sir James Frazer is to be congratulated on the completion of one of the most remarkable works of our time. Great as it is, it does not exhaust the subject; and we hope for still further light from his pen upon some other topics, which are indicated, but not fully dealt with, in the eleven volumes with which he has enriched the literature of folklore and primitive religion.

Pretending to little originality of historical matter, John Finley's "The French in the Heart of America" (Scribner; $2.50 net) bears throughout the stamp of the author's individuality. The volume, which is made up of lectures delivered on the Hyde Foundation at the Sorbonne, avows as its object "to freshen and brighten for the French the memory of what some of them had seemingly wished to forget" (this was prior to the war), and the pulsating style is sufficient evidence of the author's sincerity of purpose, as of interest in what he has to relate. If Parkman has supplied the material for the older portion of the story, the writer's own eyes have looked upon the scenes of the events of which he tells, his well-known love of walking doubtless being not a little responsible for this familiarity. It is no derogation to the accuracy of the volume to say that its author is keenly conscious of the dramatic and the picturesque in the romantic and even tragic tale he has to unfold. What misleads him is his ardent admiration for the heroic figures of the drama and for the people whence they were sprung. Indeed, Professor Finley makes no pretensions to a sober, dispassionate view of the panorama. "I write," he says, "as a son of the Mississippi valley, as a geographical descendant of France." The result is naturally over-emphasis upon the part that France played in the New World, and ascription to her of more than can be substantiated. The volume is as much tribute as record. This fact does not make it the less interesting, and one cannot say that the author has not given the reader fair warning. The first half of the book follows events in chronological order; the rest of it is rather topical, as may be sufficiently illustrated by the title of one of the chapters, Western Towns and Cities that Have Sprung from French Portage Paths.

Of "Women the World Over" (Doran; $3 net), by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie (née Harley), F.R.G.S., an American edition has issued from the astounding fact that the British public has required a second printing. The passer who may find time to borrow the volume from a bookstall for five minutes will find upon any of its pages some gem of pretentious nonsense which will well reward that expenditure of time.

Passion is a whirlwind, ungovernable, wild, bursting with emotion, devoid of reason, and regretful of results.

A lonely walk through a beautiful glade or sun-kissed wood is an uplifting force. It fills our souls with delight and joy, and enthuses us with the multitudinous wonders of Nature and her mysterious whole.

Widowhood is the time of flirtation. One of the most useful assets of society is its charming army of widows. They do so much good, avert so much harm, just because men look upon them as comrades.

Or there are bursts of humor—we must not begin to quote them. One thinks with amazement of those thousands of people in stricken England who found money and temper for this book. Is the American publisher right in looking for the likes of them on this side of the water?

A second edition of a solid book on ancient Greece is a notable event nowadays, and notwithstanding that it contains in its new form only a map and four pages, mostly of footnotes, not found in the first edition, its reappearance after an interval of four years demands renewed recognition. The book thus specially favored by the approval of a select public is Alfred E. Zimmern's "Greek Commonwealth" (Oxford University Press, 1915). Its merits are sufficiently indicated by the fact that the first comparison that suggests itself is with Fustel de Coulanges's famous "Cité antique." It is not so comprehensive as the great Fustel's masterpiece, but that is in its favor; for, as Mr. Zimmern himself well remarks, prominent among the "defects which time has revealed" in "La Cité antique" are the facts that "it is, like many French books, too tidy and logical, it simplifies the old world and its beliefs too much; it tries to deal with Greece and Rome at the same time—an impossible design which survives from the days when people believed in a parent Aryan civilization; hence its generalizations sometimes fall between two stools and fit neither." The task which Mr. Zimmern sets himself is accordingly greater through being smaller. What he wishes to do is to make intelligible to modern cultivated Englishmen—and Americans—the imperial democracy of Athens. This is done in two ways. Its origin and the origin of all its component institutions are traced with firmness and precision, and we come to understand the democratic and imperial system of Athens by being shown how it came into existence. Then its nature and that of its parts are explained by modern comparisons widely and aptly drawn. The author holds up steadily politics, economics, and society, work and play in Periclean Athens, beside their parallels in modern England, and with unusual finesse of observation he proceeds to point out in fresh and vigorous language the points of difference and resemblance. The result is that Mr. Zimmern accomplishes more than he sets out to do. He interprets not only Athens but also England—and America. The study of ancient civilization yields in this book as in few others one of its most prized boons—a deeper comprehension of the age in which we live.

The author's style is inimitable. As Wilamowitz, to whom "above all and in spite of all" the author acknowledges his indebtedness, has remarked, the book is untranslatable. It belongs to England; *es ist ein vornehme englishes Buch*, the great Berlin philologist affirms. And that is not the least of its virtues. The past generation has been the German generation in the writing of Greek his-

tory. We have got so used to having the Athenians, with their disposition to let each citizen live as he pleased and their insistence that the Government was made for the people and not the people for the Government, criticised from the standpoint of a minutely regulated bureaucratic society that it is a real disenthralment to have them and their doings appraised by one who understands the strength as well as the weakness of a free people. It does not weaken the book intrinsically, while it adds to its interest and significance for American readers, that during its composition Mr. Zimmern has had an eye also for the characteristics of democracy in the United States. Mr. Zimmern's scholarship is sound and broad. His forte, however, is that much rarer thing—interpretation. He arrests our attention and stimulates our thought at every turn. One passage, taken almost at random, must suffice to convey a direct impression of the charm of his book:

It is hard to realize in these days, when fighting taxes the nerves and tires the limbs, but has lost most of its thrills and all its animal excitement, what a fine sport it was in the days when men regarded it as the great and only game. A Greek city, as we have said, was very like a big school or college, and warfare and the training and competitions connected with warfare were its chief forms of physical exercise. If a young man took a pride in his body and kept it hard and fit, if he flung spears in the stadium and raced round naked or in full armor, if he went off on long marches over rough country in the sun and bivouacked at night on the open hillside, or lay on a bed of rushes, watching the moon rise over the sea, after a hard day's rowing, it was all to prepare himself for the big day which might come any spring, if the city in council or the men over the range so willed it. So he and his friends lived in an atmosphere of campaigning. Their conversation ran on spears and shield-straps and camping-grounds, and where to get rations up in the hills, on rowlocks and catheads and undergirding and the boils and blisters of naval service; on how to ship horses in a trireme by cutting away the benches, or how to land on an enemy's promontory and make a fort without tools, carrying the mortar on the bent back for want of hods; or how to make a surprise attack on their chief harbor, sailing in with the night wind and making a bonfire of their bazaar to match the red of early dawn; or whether it would be fair and honorable and according to the best traditions of the old game to entrap them into a marsh or lay an ambush in a ravine or engage a corps of wild men from Thrace to eke out inferior numbers. Modern readers sometimes wonder why Thucydides and Xenophon deluge them with campaign tales; they are apt to resent or to smile at the childish particulars which these grave historians are at such pains to narrate. They should recall the conversations to which they have listened, or perhaps contributed, in smoking-rooms and quadrangles and pavilions, on yorkers and niblicks and ebenezers, on extra covers and wing three-quarters, and ask how much of it would be intelligible, however beautifully written out, to an inquiring posterity which had turned to other pastimes.

A timely, well-arranged, and attractively illustrated guidebook is Ruth Kedzie Wood's "The Tourist's Maritime Provinces" (Dodd, Mead). The author is something of a specialist in guidebooks, having prepared similar aids to the traveller in Russia, Spain, and California, and she has learned the art of combining the facts we look for in a guidebook with a very entertaining narrative. To those not familiar with the Maritime Provinces of Canada, it will be a revelation to find how many and how varied are the attractions that beckon the traveller to the land of the Bluenoses. From St. Andrews, on the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine, with its delightful sea views and its excellent golf links, to the Bras D'Or Lakes, in Cape Breton, of which we heard many years ago from Mr. Charles Dudley Warner; and from the Annapolis Valley, and the Land of Evangeline, to the Restigouche and the Metapedia, where tired statesmen and other mortals forget their worries in salmon-fishing, scores of delightful resting-places may be found, for men, women, and children. Miss Wood also gives some account of that picturesque little province, Prince Edward Island; also of the wild Gaspé shore of Quebec, of Newfoundland and Labrador, and of the French islands of Miquelon.

The recent appointment of Gen. S. B. Steele to the command of the Second Canadian Contingent lends special interest to his volume of reminiscences, "Forty Years in Canada. Reminiscences of the Great North-West, with Some Account of His Service in South Africa," which is edited by Mollie Glenn Niblett, with an Introduction by J. G. Colmer, and is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is difficult to realize that a man, still sufficiently in his prime to undertake the arduous duties of an important command in the European war, knew the Canadian West at a time when Blackfeet and Cree, Sioux and Assiniboine still followed the warpath, and when the buffalo roamed the plains in herds of a hundred thousand or more. Sam Steele, as he is affectionately known in Canada, served through the Riel Rebellion of 1869-70, and on the organization of the Northwest Mounted Police joined it as sergeant-major. This was in 1873. He remained with this splendid force for about a quarter of a century, and the greater part of his book is taken up with the story of the development and manifold activities of the police. It is by all odds the best history of the "Guardians of the Plains" that has yet been written, and is packed with incidents and anecdotes illustrating the pluck, endurance, and extraordinary influence of the force. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the two chapters dealing with the work of the Mounted Police in the Yukon, in the early days of the "gold rush." While it does not attempt to minimize the seamy side of the gold camps, Steele's account is much less lurid and extravagant than the picture drawn by Service in his "Trail of Ninety-Eight," and probably much more authoritative.

On the outbreak of the South African War, Steele was offered the command of Strathcona's Horse, the force equipped and maintained by the late High Commissioner of Canada in England. The corps was recruited entirely in Western Canada, and every detail of organization and equipment was supervised by the commanding officer. The credit for the splendid services performed by Strathcona's Horse in South Africa belongs at least as much to Steele as to Strathcona. An interesting incident of the recruiting was the offer from 600 first-class Arizona stockmen to join the regiment with their own horses and arms. Steele was reluctantly obliged to decline. "One could," he says, "have had the assistance of thousands of the finest horsemen in the United States." Shortly after his return to Canada, Steele was offered the command of a division of the newly organized South African Constabulary, and the final chapters of his book are devoted to a very interesting account of the work of this force, and the important part it played in the period of reconstruction in South Africa. Steele's own long experience with the Northwest Mounted Police was unquestionably an invaluable asset in the organization of the somewhat similar corps in the sister commonwealth. Altogether, "Forty Years in Canada" is a book that will appeal to any one interested in the story of an exceptionally varied, adventurous, and useful career.

Volume thirty-nine of the Reports of the American Bar Association deserves a place in every library, for it contains a large amount of information valuable to laymen as well as to lawyers. The efforts which were made during the preceding year to simplify and improve the methods of legal procedure, to bring about uniformity in the laws of the several States, and to make legal rules accord more nearly with the moral ideals of our people, are described in much detail. Especially interesting are the reports of committees on professional ethics, on laws to prevent delay and unnecessary cost in litigation, and on legislative drafting. The last-named report should be studied by all who are in any way responsible for the formulation of statutes. Not a few of the addresses, preserved in this volume, received marked attention upon their delivery last autumn, and can be read again with great profit. Senator Root's discussion of the layman's criticism of the lawyer is remarkably sane and satisfying. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick's sketch of the Constitution of Canada not only describes the fundamental laws of that Dominion, but explains the reason for Canadian loyalty to the British Empire. Another study in comparative politics is afforded by the lucid and eloquent address of Ambassador Naón on Argentine Constitutional Ideas.

Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross's "South of Panama" (Century; $2.40 net) just misses being one of several things. It is nearly a book of travel in South America, though as such it would have to be set down as meagre and routine. It seems in parts to aspire to be a treatise on South American races and their blending, though the generalizations are so sweeping, and so little documented, as to leave the reader questioning more often than convinced. Again, Professor Ross might be thought to be writing a critique of education in the republics to the south of us; and here he presents a considerable body of information, with many judicious remarks. In other pages, he could be supposed to have as his main object the giving an account of political conditions in South America; in these sections of the volume he lends a credulous ear to gossip of all sorts from many chance sources. And when one wonders how all this diverse and rather disconnected matter came to be put within one pair of covers, there remain the large number of illustrations—nearly a hundred—to serve as the possibly unifying element and motive of the volume. It is as if the text were but a *libretto* to go with the pictures, magazine-fashion. At all events, the net impression is of something hastily made to order. In the preface Professor Ross says that he was warned to bear in mind, when writing about the South Americans, that it is our "traditional policy" to "cultivate their friendship." But this counsel he spurns. He admits no obligation except to Truth. His book proves, however, that the Truth about the South Americans can be attained but imperfectly by the methods he has used.

Science

"TWILIGHT SLEEP."

Twilight Sleep. By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents.

The Truth About Twilight Sleep. By Hanna Rion (Mrs. Frank Ver Beck). New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.50.

Painless Childbirth. By Marguerite Tracy and Mary Boyd. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

Ruthless to women, and reckless of some of the common decencies of warfare, Germany is said to have shown herself in the present conflict. Certainly in the wards of her hospitals for women and in their operating rooms and dispensaries, England and America find a surprising disregard of decency and a lack of consideration of very ordinary human rights. Yet it is from this land that the promise comes of what may be for woman the third great tenderness, physically and in order of time. First, Scotland's chloroform abolished the worst pangs of childbirth. Then America led the way in the repair of its injuries, in special surgery and treatment—and still leads in conscience and craftsmanship. And now, in Germany, preëminent for organization and scientific studies, the third epoch opens with the offer of scopolamin to do for long labors what chloroform does for their sharp ending.

At the University of Freiburg, on the edge of the Black Forest, Professor Krönig and his associate, Professor Gauss, have studied, with Teutonic exactness, for several years, in some 5,000 births, to relieve those pains for which chloroform cannot be used without arresting progress—that is, early, and in long labors—by bringing about a profound drowsiness through scopolamin. This drug is one of the well-known belladonna-atropia-hyoscin group, but Freiburg has worked out a trusty and stable form of it. Morphine, dangerous to the child's breathing if used within three or four hours of delivery, helps the first dose. Then, under the most painstaking expert supervision, the mother is watched and the child's heart listened to every quarter of an hour, hour after hour, through the average half or three-quarter day of labor. Careful memory tests determine the times for repetition of the dosage. The room is darkened because of the sensitive wide-open pupils, the ears are stopped, and relatives kept away. These precautions are taken so as to eliminate as far as possible all disturbing sense impressions. The face flushes, the mouth and lips are parched, the patient is sometimes incoherent. Complaint or bitter outcry there may be, but, when successful, all memory of major suffering is wiped away. Very special surroundings and quantity and quality of service are demanded by this technique. As a result, reports from Freiburg assert a mortality lower than anywhere else and no harm to mother or child, coupled with freedom from exhaustion and shock. As a separate matter, this clinic has adopted the practice of getting the patients up quickly after labor and having them leave the hospital soon: a walk every day and a drive at the end of the week for most patients, since, as a direct consequence of lessened suffering, a shortened convalescence is generally observed.

Though known to the medical profession for a long time, "twilight sleep" was thrown open to public discussion by an article in a monthly magazine. The books that have followed challenge attention from the public and the profession. In the largest of these volumes, the two associated lay writers have shown true journalistic energy in expanding the article in *McClure's* to 316 pages containing surprisingly few technical errors—though many repetitions. The more important medical papers on the subject are either quoted at length or else given in full in the appendix. The work, therefore, is of much value in supplying original sources. Indeed, the book is a special plea in nearly every sense, and it is a pity that with so strong a case the authors should deem it necessary to overstate it at many points. To the journalist it has seemed desirable to furnish to the public "human interest" by setting forth the portraits and colloquial talks of American mothers of Freiburg babies. The obstetrician, however, welcomes all the light he can get. To him it seems a mistake and a needless alarm to young women to throw the subject out of perspective. One might infer that all labors culminate in "domestic shambles"; childbirth is soul-rack as "dreaded as death"; "women of good normal minds" become "brooding animals"; while "nervous breakdown," dreaming of coffins, "aversions for husband and children," and the "madness that follows" are average sequelæ. These are samples drawn from three successive pages. There is enough keen suffering without depicting an unbroken reign of terror; there may be doctors who are heartless, and some family physicians do stint chloroform from over-caution, but to say that through two generations painless childbirth, possible through chloroform, has been withheld from women is in direct contradiction to the nearly universal practice of anæsthesia in delivery. The book fails to give a hint of the great number of quick labors in which even Freiburg would not give twilight sleep, of the very moderate suffering in many, of a striking difference in length and difficulty between the first and subsequent deliveries, and of the conditions in which the Freiburg doctors do not deem Dämmerschlaf safe; nor is due credit given for the wide ground already well covered by morphine and the older anæsthesia as well as by the newer nitrous oxide methods.

Professional caution in America is belabored by our authors, and the former unwillingness to give serious trial to the method is truly ascribed to the fierce onslaught made by Berlin specialists on the earlier publications, and the unreliability of the earlier drug. The fact is, American obstetricians are working out the indications and limitations as applied to American patients. They have seen exploitation by the press of the turtle serum cure for consumption of Friedmann, and the hip joint hysteria of Lorenz, and many other journalistic crazes. They do move warily in matters so weighty. Krönig and Gauss have themselves deprecated popular ventilation of their methods. In the present instance, however, it may well have been a public service for the press to force a quick and widespread study of the procedure in use at Freiburg.

A false measure of promise is contained in the book's label, "*Painless* Childbirth." In the originators' own hands the medicines are not started until labor is definitely under way; they are slow to develop their full action, and failures of relative painlessness occur in twenty per cent. under ideal conditions, in private rooms, and in forty per cent. in the specially planned delivery rooms of the free wards. Nevertheless, the boon of even partial relief can hardly be estimated too highly.

Some of the strongest medical and surgical work is done at the smaller German universities. The present reviewer has twice visited the Freiburg clinic, one of the best in Europe; has been under the spell of the power and personal charm of big Professor Krönig—with his energy as of Oyster Bay and his sweeping generalizations—and greatly admires the untiring thoroughness of Professor Gauss, and he believes the bulk of their statistics. But that it is well to check up their results may be inferred from such items as the hiding of an unpromising case from a group of professional visitors, the trouble in controlling the delirium of another, and their blanket endorsement of X-ray and radium versus the knife, in certain tumors—traits which show a very human tendency to ride their enthusiasms hard.

The book by Hanna Rion gives the German controversy over Dämmerschlaf fully, and quotes British opinion at length. This lady also has labored much on the older literature. There is scant reference to the more recent. To her there is but one possibility—perfectness, completeness, and never a drawback or danger. She makes sweeping assertions for Gauss that Gauss himself is careful to disclaim. She cannot see a contradiction in these sentences: "You see the most remarkable quality of this narcotic is that the mother is in possession of her mental faculties, that she can obey the nurse's requests—can, in fact, coöperate with the entire birth process"; and, quoting a patient, "I had a perfect wrestling-match with the head nurse." She gives the lie to the evidence of cases seen at the Freiburg clinic by the author of one of the ablest and most recent of American textbooks, yet begins and ends her volume with the words of an obscure man of scant experience for whom "the ordeal of motherhood is gone, to be seen no more." The naïveté of her enthusiasm ("every woman physician whom I've ever met has been altogether adorable")

is curiously mixed with learned tables of percentages bearing on the last refinement of technicality.

Although so short a book, giving hardly more than a good outline of the subject which is its title, Dr. Williams's little volume contains a valuable study of the present status of obstetrical practice and a really constructive plan for its betterment.

Owing to the low standards of training and remuneration of the man who has taken up the practice of obstetrics, the writer finds lamentably and inexcusably imperfect work in many of our hospitals and teaching institutions. In his arraignment of conditions in this country he divides the burden of blame. It is not to be laid wholly on the shoulders of the profession, but is to be partly borne by the ignorance and long suffering of the general public. Nor is his criticism the kind that condemns and discourages. Quoting Dr. Whitridge Williams, Dean of Johns Hopkins Medical School, he presents most clearly suggestions for the improvement of obstetrical teaching and practice, making the doctors, the schools, and the public each take a share of the responsibility of bringing about a better state of affairs.

To the question, What can the layman do? he answers that "there should be an extension of obstetric charities, free hospital, and out-patient services for the poor, and proper semi-charity hospital accommodations for those in moderate circumstances"—Freiburg being an example of the success of institutional care. He deems that the repugnance to hospitals in obstetrical cases is gradually disappearing, and that an ideal of a properly equipped institution, practically available for all such cases, is by no means an impossibility and can be planned broadly enough to include conditions in small towns, and even the demands of farming communities.

Specialties as they develop become more intricate. Refinements of method make new demands. Finished workmanship calls inevitably for more time to be devoted both to training and to the individual case. And more training and more service mean an increase in cost to hospitals, a larger fee for the private patient. No more striking example of these can be given than twilight sleep. Admitting the necessary limitations of the applicability of this treatment, those who can be cared for under it are: First, women who are willing to enter a hospital equipped with adequate service. These can be properly treated whether they be rich or poor, provided the institution will stand the expense of extra internes and nurses. Secondly, the well-to-do in private houses who will pay for special attendance. Such attendance involves one of four things: presence of the obstetrician throughout the labor, which would be very costly on account of the amount of time he would be obliged to give up to it; assistance by a younger obstetrician who could stay with the patient; the anæsthesia to be conducted by an anæsthetist devoting himself to this specialty, or by a nurse fully trained for the work.

As intelligent patients now know that the dentist cannot fill the root of a tooth or do work properly without the X-ray; as the public begins to learn that the practitioner cannot treat an active or chronic rheumatism without study of the tonsils and X-rays of the tooth-root; as they demand that an expert and not an amateur give the ether at operations, so the time is coming when the woman will ask, for her delivery, conditions of quietness and special skill, or else she will not be receiving reasonable care in the most important event of her life.

Drama

"THE BLUE PARADISE."

This adaptation of a Viennese operetta, which the Shuberts produced last week at the Casino Theatre, is a good deal above the average of musical comedy, whether of the variety expressly provided for the delectation of summer audiences or of the more potentially stable kind which aspires to entertain the inane throughout a regular season. Wholly innocent of genius, on the part of composers, librettists, or players, "The Blue Paradise" is nevertheless unusual, even audacious, in that it tells a story and sticks to it, without the introduction of irrelevant matter, throughout a prologue and two acts. Even the musical numbers, some of which are exceedingly tuneful, if at time frankly imitative, bear at least a modicum of relation to the story and are introduced without resort to the usual clumsy devices. The spotlight and the simpering star beneath are notably absent, the principals conveying the healthy impression that they are genuinely interested in the success of the production as a whole. The chorus is not above reproach, but it is better trained and rehearsed than the majority of Broadway choruses. The staging is excellent without being pretentious, and the same may be said of the costuming. Of the principals, Teddy Webb, as Justus Hampel, gives the most finished performance; the most popular is that of Cecil Lean, whose hard work and evident—and, it must be added, successful—efforts to please atone for a certain irritating quality of self-complacency. A clever burlesque, which, if it were seen in London, would doubtless be denounced as a gross exaggeration of an American type, is given by Miss Carolyn Burke. Miss Frances Demarest and Miss Vivienne Segal are two other principals who contribute to make an ensemble that is decidedly good of its kind and affords a pleasant entertainment.

S. W.

If the three one-act plays in the volume of "Wisconsin Plays," by Zona Gale, T. H. Dickinson, and W. E. Leonard (Huebsch: $1.25) are a fair specimen of the product of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, that organization is setting a good example and deserves recognition and encouragement. They are not, in any sense, masterpieces, but they are thoroughly good of their kind. As devoid of plot as they are of sensation, they contain vital characterization and breathe the spirit of their environment. Perhaps the best of them is the "Neighbors," of Zona Gale, which is a rural comedy, simple, real, and free from buffoonery or melodramatic extravagance. The story is tenuous, but the charm lies in the complete veracity with which each character is sketched, and in the realism of the dialogue, tinged with gently satiric humor. Very different is the "In Hospital" of Thomas H. Dickinson, of which the motive is emotional. It provides a situation of strong dramatic tension without appeal to crudely startling detail. A loving husband, haggard with apprehension, visits the hospital where his wife is about to undergo a critical operation. In the ensuing colloquy each of the principals is anxious to ease the anxiety of the other. The dialogue, with its veiled references, is simply, naturally, but very tenderly written. Realism is alleviated by fancy. On the whole, this is a striking one-act play—marred perhaps by a conclusion that savors too strongly of the purely theatrical—but the chief worth of it is to be found in the human insight of the conjugal conference, where the underlying sentiment is deep and true. In "Glory of the Morning," an Indian pioneer romance, by William Ellery Leonard, the distinctive merit is the approximation to success in the attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of frontier life in the days of the French voyageurs. The personages are too closely modelled upon convention and the idealizations of Longfellow and Cooper, not to mention Mayne Reid, but in the setting of the story the picturesque and spacious spirit of the woodland is admirably preserved. It is a little tragedy of miscegenation, is prettily and pathetically told, enforcing an obvious moral without in the least obtruding it. The production of three such plays—so fresh in conception and superior in execution—by an independent organization, whose professed object is "to provide for the section in which it exists a new impulse in the practice of dramatic art as a corrective of standards," is a hopeful omen for the future of a representative American stage, and is worthy of note.

There is much intelligent and candid criticism in P. V. Thomas's review of "The Plays of Eugène Brieux" (John W. Luce & Co.), and the otherwise uninstructed reader may get a clear and comprehensive idea of the nature and extent of the work of the French playwright by a study of this handy little volume. The author has supplemented and enforced his own opinions by pertinent quotations from various respected contemporaneous authorities and by specimen extracts from the plays themselves, which would, perhaps, have been more illuminative if left untranslated. He has no difficulty, of course, in furnishing abundant testimony to the great abilities and sincere philosophic purpose of M. Brieux, or the reality and menace of the social evils he assails. On all these points there is general agreement. The main questions upon which his critics and his admirers are at issue are whether all his topics can be profitably discussed before the miscellaneous audiences of the public theatre, and whether, in dealing with them, he has manifested a dramatic genius of sufficient literary and artistic value to outweigh all objections on the score of expediency. They cannot be argued briefly. Mr. Thomas, apparently, would be inclined to answer them both in the affirmative, although he acknowledges frankly enough the obvious defects of M. Brieux as a dramatist, including his inveterate tendency to lecture. He seems to hold that the importance of the motive and the validity

of the argument compensate for halting action and the lack of dramatic interest. This will not meet with general acceptance, any more than will the high valuation which he puts upon "La Robe Rouge" as a dramatic masterpiece. This arraignment of the French criminal judicial system is, undoubtedly, an ingenious and able work, full of strong scenes and vivid characterization, but it is too manifestly a bit of special pleading, too full of artifice and exaggeration to provoke unqualified admiration. At the most, it is effective melodrama. And in nearly all his plays, whether he is attacking modern education, politics, charitable abuses, or medical practice, M. Brieux, like most enthusiasts of his type, discredits a good cause by offering particular instances, specially invented to enforce his plea, as proof positive of general conditions. To say that this weakness is virtually inevitable in writing for the theatre is simply to question the efficacy of the sociological play. He is most effective, because nearer to the truth, in his more humorous pieces, such as "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont" and "Les Hannetons," which are, perhaps, his most notable dramatic achievements up to the present time. But his ability, sincerity, and mastery of social details are qualifications which give him an assured distinction among modern theatrical writers, and this little book, on the whole, deals with him very fairly.

Finance

PROVIDING THE IMPETUS.

The high carnival in war-order stocks has gone forward. Though the pace has not been so spectacular as in the closing days of July, it continues to occupy the centre of the Wall Street stage. The public evinces but passing interest in the railway shares, preferring the "action" of the highly speculative issues to the quiet firmness of the dividend stocks. The consequence is that the craze for the war shares has lifted prices, and under the influence of the heaviest buying witnessed since the present rise in these stocks began, absolute high records in the history of the New York Stock Exchange have been fixed.

It is being said by every conservative person that the movement has become dangerous. Yet there is no telling how far it will go, for the public is in the frame of mind to believe any sensational rumor that those inside put out. In such a situation no one can foretell what any day will bring forth or what fresh complications will be encountered. Sooner or later the reckoning is bound to come, for the movement is already unwieldy, and the stocks in many cases are passing into the hands of weak holders. The banks have rendered a service to the community in requiring an excessive margin on loans secured by collateral, in which the inflated shares are prominent. At a time when the speculative public, having the bit in its teeth, rejects the warnings of those familiar with the pitfalls of speculation conducted at an extravagant level of prices, it is necessary to adopt unusual safeguards. The situation is interesting, as such situations always are, and the movement has reached a stage where the authorities of the Stock Exchange, the banks, and the responsible leaders are doing their utmost to interpret conditions in their true light.

At times it has appeared as if speculators themselves recognized the need for checking the speed of the rise, and quite unexpectedly a quality of caution has made itself manifest on a number of occasions in those stocks which had been the leaders in the market's wild advance. Just how Wall Street would judge the meaning of a decided check in the stock-market excitement at this time is difficult to say. One thing the recent moderate checks were acknowledged to mean, beyond dispute; it was that the proportion of out-and-out gambling which in the last half of July went on in the munition issues had diminished.

In just the degree to which this continues true must the future course of the stock market be shaped. For now it is clearly recognized that investment purchases have had little to do with the movement under way. Investments are made in securities whose merits are known and whose future is not a closed book. Speculative and gambling purchases have lifted munition stocks to their present altitude. If the advance is to continue, either speculation or gambling must lift them—that is, unless manufacturers of munitions choose suddenly to make known publicly the war orders, earnings, and profits they have thus far kept absolutely secret.

Which will the larger impulse be? Some people will frown over this question and rejoin, Just what is the distinction between speculation and gambling, that the immediate future of the stock market should rest upon that? Others will say that, if the market is to rise further still, either or both will supply the impulse, since speculation and gambling are one and the same thing. These people accept the ideas of J. Shield Nicholson, professor of political economy in the University of Edinburgh, who wrote twenty-five years ago that speculation was anything from "reckless, ignorant gambling to farseeing calculations of the course of progress in all departments."

But there is a distinction, and with either speculation or gambling will rest from this time forward the larger responsibility for the fate of the boom in the war stocks.

Speculation and gambling alike have for their primary force the endeavor to penetrate the riddle of the future, with this difference: the speculator calculates, the gambler chances. The speculator assumes a risk and often loses, but that is because the x quantity of his problem at times turns out to be other than he thought it was. For the gambler there is no problem, no calculation. In betting on horses, *chemin de fer*, roulette, and *trente-et-quarante*, as well as blind plunging on the stock market, chance and fortune govern for him.

Up to this time there has been speculation in war-order stocks on a large scale. But what up to this time was speculation has gone nearly as far as it can go without crossing the line that separates it from gambling. Why? For the reason that the "problems" which confronted speculators in the war stocks have been discounted in advances which, since the war began, have ranged from 30 to nearly 300 points. War contracts and output of mills have supplied the "problems," of which profits were the x, the unknown quantity.

Answer to all the problems has been delayed, through refusal of manufacturers to make known their profits. But the answer has been discounted, nevertheless, so thoroughly that stocks which never paid dividends are selling at prices far above those attained by the highest-grade investment issues. By lifting them there, speculation has done as much as could be expected of it, if not a great deal more. To lift them further, unless brand-new problems are presented for speculators to calculate, outright gambling must supply the impetus.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bleneau, Adele. The Nurse's Story. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Boggs, Winifred. Sally on the Rocks. Brentano's. $1.35 net.
Dalrymple, Leona. The Lovable Meddler. Reilly & Britton. $1.35 net.
Montgomery, L. M. Anne of the Island. Boston: Page. $1.25 net.
Sabatini, R. The Sea-Hawk. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
The Works of Aphra Behn. Edited by Montague Summers. London: William Heinemann. 6 vols. £3 3s. net.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. Penelope's Postscripts. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bergson, Henri. The Meaning of the War. London: Unwin.
Curtis, Henry S. The Practical Conduct of Play. Macmillan. $2 net.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XXVI. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Keltie, J. Scott. The Statesman's Year Book. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Keyser, Cassius J. The New Infinite and the Old Theology. Yale University Press. 75 cents net.
Moth, Axel. Technical Terms Used in Bibliographies. Boston Book Co. $2.25 net.
Sabatier, Paul. The Ideals of France. London: Unwin. 1d.
Voix Américaines sur le Guerre de 1914-1915. Paris: Librairie Militaire Berger-Levrault.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Hall, A. B. Outline of International Law. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
King, Willford Isbell. The Wealth and Income of the People of the United States. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Robinson, E. Van D. Early Economic Conditions and Development of Agriculture in Minnesota. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota.
The Coming Newspaper. Edited by M. Thorpe. Holt. $1.40 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Anonymous. The Near East from Within. Funk & Wagnalls. $3 net.
Arumugam, S. The Golden Key to World Power and the War. Longmans, Green.
Beveridge, Albert J. What is Back of the War. Bobbs-Merrill. $2 net.
Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society. Vol. XV. St. Paul, Minn.: Published by the Society.

Denmark: A Bibliography. Edited by J. C. Day. Chicago: Danish-American Association. $1 net.
Gildersleeve, B. L. The Creed of the Old South, 1865-1915. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Lipson, E. An Introduction to the Economic History of England. I. The Middle Ages. London: A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.
Mempes, Mortimer. Lord Roberts. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Mowat, R. B. Select Treaties and Documents. Vol. XVIII. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Myron, P. Our Chinese Chances Through Europe's War. Chicago: Linebarger Brothers. $1.50 net.
Oldfather, William A., and Canter, Howard V. The Defeat of Varus. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois. 75 cents net.
Prince, M. The Psychology of the Kaiser. Boston: Badger. 60 cents net.
Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Madison, Wis.: State Historical Society. $1 net.
Smith, G. C. M. Henry Tubbe. Vol. 5. Oxford Historical and Literary Studies. Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. net.
Smith, T. F. A. The Soul of Germany. Doran. $1.25 net.
The Preston & Virginia Papers. Madison, Wis.: State Historical Society. $1.50 net.
Tout, T. F. The Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Unwin, R. The War, and What After? Garden City Press.
Weaver, L. Memorials and Monuments. Scribner. $5 net.
Young, Alexander. A Short History of Belgium and Holland. London: Unwin. 5s. net.

POETRY.

Foulke, W. D. Some Love Songs of Petrarch. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Taylor, Rebecca N. Songs of Hope. Sherman, French. 75 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Graves, Lucien C. The Natural Order of Spirit. Sherman, French. $1.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Blackmar, Frank W., and Gillin, John L. Outlines of Sociology. Macmillan. $2 net.
Boynton, Percy H. Principles of Composition. Ginn. $1 net.
Cunliffe, J. W., and Lomer, G. R. Writing of To-day: Models of Journalistic Prose. Century. $1.50.

Just Out

Young and Schwartz's Elementary Geometry

By J. W. YOUNG, Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College, and A. J. SCHWARTZ, William McKinley High School, St. Louis. (*American Mathematical Series.*) x + 218 pp. 12mo. $1.00.

The authors of this book believe that it is a pedagogical mistake to begin geometry in the conventional way with formal demonstrations. The first chapter, therefore, gives an informal treatment of the elementary constructions with a large number of applied problems in geometric drawing. The pupil thus gains a fair appreciation of a geometric proof and much drill in simple demonstrations. Formal statements of proofs do not occur until Chapter III.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1915.

Summary of the News

The text of the American reply to the Austrian note of June 29, in which the United States was requested to place an embargo on the export of arms to the Allies, was published in the morning papers of Monday. The note, which was dated August 12 and was dispatched to Vienna on the following day, contains the strongest possible reaffirmation of the American position on the question of the right of a neutral country to sell arms to any belligerent, citing in support of this right the former practice of Germany and Austria, especially during the South African war.

The reply to the last German note on the case of the William P. Frye was presented to the Foreign Office in Berlin on August 13. The text of this note was published on Tuesday. The German proposals for payment of compensation are accepted; and it is agreed that the disputed treaty provisions be submitted for arbitration at The Hague, but Germany is asked meanwhile for a statement as to whether she intends to conduct her future naval operations in accordance with her interpretation of the Prussian-American treaty or that of the United States.

With the concentration of Austro-German forces on the Servian frontier and the renewal of the bombardment of Belgrade late last week, it is generally considered that the crisis of the situation is near at hand. Both the Greek and the Servian Parliaments met on Monday, and it is expected that in the course of their debates a determination on a definite line of action will be reached. In Greece, the Ministry of M. Gounaris, defeated on Monday in the election of a President of the Chamber, resigned, and the resignation was accepted by the King on Tuesday, when M. Venizelos was called into conference. In general, the situation has remained as we described it last week, its issue depending on the concessions of territory which Greece and Servia are prepared to make to Bulgaria. Rumania last week removed the prohibitions against the export of grain, beans, lentils and peas, and petroleum, but has shown no signs of yielding to the German demands for the transport of munitions for Turkey through Rumanian territory.

According to the current issue of the *Army and Navy Journal*, which professes to speak on high authority, the German submarine "blockade" has been more costly to those who are carrying it on than has been generally supposed. "Nearly fifty German submarines," says the *Army and Navy Journal*, "have been sunk, captured, or destroyed by the Allies up to the 20th of July." This is a higher estimate of the loss than has generally been calculated, but it does not appear extravagant when one considers the frequent accidents that overtake these frail craft even during manœuvres. During the week since we wrote last the Germans have rather improved their average, having sunk eleven trawlers and ten other merchant vessels. Of the latter, six were British, four Norwegian, one French, and one Russian. In addition, a British steamer was torpedoed and run aground. On Tuesday news came that the British transport Royal Edward was torpedoed in the Ægean last Saturday with a loss of some 1,000 lives.

The New York *World* has undertaken the publication of a series of articles, supported by documentary evidence, exposing some of the origins and extent of the German propaganda in this country. As we point out in our editorial columns, the principal impression one receives from a perusal of this curious narrative is of the almost incredible blundering and stupidity which have characterized the conduct of the German propaganda, whether on the part of personages high in the estimation of the German Government or on that of so insignificant an individual as George Sylvester Viereck.

The German Embassy in Washington gave out for publication in Monday morning's papers a memorandum on the alleged misuse of neutral markings by British merchantmen, citing sixty-two cases in which British ships had endeavored to disguise their nationality.

A digest of a new Red Book issued by the Austrian Government was published in the papers of August 11. The present document sets forth in greater detail than the first the correspondence that passed between the Austrian and Italian Governments in the period from July 20, 1914, to May 23, 1915.

Official returns of foreign business of the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30 show that imports fell off during the year $219,755,917, while exports increased by $386,494,440. The trade balance in favor of the United States was $1,042,008,725.

An interesting statement was made by Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador to Petrograd, in an interview cabled to the London *Daily Mail*, and thence to the New York *Times* on Monday. The Ambassador made the disclosure with regard to the much-discussed first attack on the Dardanelles that when Turkey declared war Russia appealed to Great Britain to make a demonstration in some quarter which would have the effect of drawing off a portion of the Turkish troops in the Caucasus.

A large shipment of gold and securities from the Bank of England to J. P. Morgan & Co. arrived in New York on August 11. The total value of the gold was nearly $20,000,000, and the securities were said to be worth some $30,000,000. The shipment has not served to check the downward movement of sterling exchange, which on Tuesday was at $4.64½, a decline of eleven points since the same day the preceding week.

A Parliamentary cabal, which has apparently been going on for some time against the French Ministry, and in particular against M. Millerand, Minister of War, and General Joffre, appears in the last few days to have been killed by healthy publicity. The French Government, according to dispatches from Paris on Monday, has announced that it will welcome open debate of the matter, and it seems obvious that the Government has the overwhelming support of public opinion.

The text of the note, bearing date of August 11, addressed by Secretary Lansing and representatives of six Latin-American republics to leaders of various Mexican factions, was published in Sunday's papers. Comment on the substance of the note will be found elsewhere. General Carranza, though he is understood to be willing to facilitate the dispatch of the note to the various leaders, apparently remains obdurate, reiterating his contention that he has the situation in hand and continuing to clamor for recognition.

On August 12 the Interstate Commerce Commission rendered a decision reducing the rates on anthracite coal from the producing districts in the Wyoming, Lehigh, and Schuylkill regions of Pennsylvania to tidewater and to certain interior points from five to eighty cents per ton.

Six indictments charging manslaughter and criminal carelessness were returned in the Criminal Court in Chicago on August 11 in connection with the disaster to the steamship Eastland. Those indicted were four officers of the company that owns the Eastland and the captain and engineer of the ship.

As a result of the recent inquiry in regard to unfair practices in examinations at Annapolis, it was officially announced on Monday that President Wilson had ordered two midshipmen dismissed from the Naval Academy, that others were to be disciplined, and that radical changes had been recommended in the method of conducting examinations.

The climax of the Frank drama in Georgia was reached on Monday night, when Frank was kidnapped from the State Prison Farm at Milledgeville by a band of armed ruffians. The warden and prison guards were apparently overpowered and Frank was carried off in an automobile. He was taken to Marietta and was there lynched.

The Haytian National Assembly on August 12 elected General Dartiguenave President of the Republic. The new President, it is understood, will not be recognized by the Government of the United States until he has given some evidence of his ability to guarantee the maintenance of peace, the security of life and property, and the adjustment of outstanding foreign indebtedness. Meanwhile, on account of disturbed conditions due to the factions of Bobo and Zamor, the United States is exercising military control at Cape Haytien as well as at Port-au-Prince.

Dispatches from Peking on Tuesday contained a curious story, which is not to be accepted without considerably more confirmation than it has at present received, that President Yuan Shih-Kai contemplates proclaiming himself Emperor of China and that his design is supported by the advice of Professor Goodnow, of Johns Hopkins University, legal adviser to the Chinese Government.

The Week

Surprise, with a tinge of ridicule, has been expressed at the exceedingly mild-mannered Pan-American note to Mexico. Something in the 'Ercles vein was apparently expected by many. But they should, in the first place, remember Mexican pride and sensitiveness, which had to be politely considered, and, next, should not overlook the substance as distinguished from the form of the note. It is signed "severally and independently," yet in the sentiments uttered the countries represented agree "unanimously." This at once assures the desired impression of Pan-American solidarity. By it the Mexican leaders and the Mexican people cannot but be influenced. And they will not fail to observe that the note ends with the statement that an answer will be looked for within ten days. This is not an ultimatum, of course, but it is the sort of time-limit that appears in ultimatums. What remains behind, the note does not say—and wisely. That is better left to the Mexican imagination. For the present, it is enough that a clear and friendly appeal has unitedly been made to the Mexicans to leave off their desolating and aimless fighting, and that the distinct intimation has been given that indefinite delay or shilly-shallying will not be tolerated.

As a matter of fact, the news from Mexico gives more encouragement to the hope of a peaceful settlement than for some time past. The mass of the people seem thoroughly sick of the senseless war, and eager for its cessation. We read of several Mexican States declaring officially that they have now done with the conflict. And the military operations themselves appear to be drawing to a close. It may not yet be true that Villa's power is hopelessly broken, but it is evident that his partisans are despairing of his success, and are daily abandoning him, while he himself has suddenly become most sweetly reasonable in his desires for peace. As for Carranza, it must be plain to him, or to his agent at Washington, that he got an absurdly false idea of what the Pan-American note was to be, and exploded his preliminary wrath quite needlessly. If he will now get off his high horse and show himself ready to act upon any reasonable suggestions for compromise and peace, a better day for Mexico may come earlier than any of us had thought possible.

The restoration of Mr. W. W. Russell to his post as Minister to Santo Domingo indicates, we trust, a change of heart in the President. He consented to Mr. Bryan's degradation of the diplomatic service probably for the sake of peace, and in accordance with his theory that Cabinet officers should have complete authority in their departments. It is even reported that Mr. Bryan assured the President that there were special reasons why a man so preëminently fit as Mr. Sullivan to handle the delicate Santo Domingo situation should replace Mr. Russell—Mr. Sullivan's fitness being doubtless his experience as counsel for "Jack" Rose. Whether this is correct or not, that gross blunder of Mr. Bryan brought its own punishment. Now, what the Administration should do is to avoid further scandal by rapidly removing other Bryan misfits and replacing them with men of Mr. Russell's experience in diplomacy. Everything in Mr. Lansing's career points to his sympathy with a policy of this kind. He is not a politician, but one versed in diplomacy, who understands the need for skill and training in this field. Indeed, he is the last man to wish to find places for the "boys," as Mr. Bryan asked Minister Sullivan to do in Santo Domingo. Surely, Mr. Wilson owes it to his future standing in history to rehabilitate the service as quickly as possible.

There is no need to put words to the rack in order to seek to express the full horror and shame of the lynching of Leo Frank in Georgia. Everything conspires to fix public attention upon this latest and culminating murder by the mob. The crime was committed, as it were, in full sight of the nation. The victim, whether innocent or guilty of the act with which he was originally charged, had come to be a public figure of tragedy. His trial; the long legal fight to save his life; the exhausting, by his friends and counsel, of every judicial recourse; the final commutation of his sentence; the murderous assault upon him in prison, his surviving which seemed almost a miracle; and now this fiendish taking off—surely, nothing more is needed to fasten the gaze of a whole people upon this supreme exhibition of the spirit of lawlessness. Cries and epithets avail nothing. The awful spectacle speaks for itself. We can only turn away from it with a shudder to ask what it all means and what can be done about it.

We fear that the Georgia authorities cannot be acquitted of negligence. For this lynching was visibly preparing. It was foreshadowed by outcry in a portion of the press. Throughout many parts of the State there was a bitter and mounting agitation against the former Governor, Mr. Slaton, for commuting Frank's sentence to life-imprisonment. This had been done in due process of law, and in full accordance with the established criminal procedure of Georgia; but thousands were asserting that it ought not to be submitted to. Ex-Gov. Brown most unwisely kept up the clamor. Tom Watson was reported to be eagerly making a political issue of the affair. Reputable newspapers, like the Augusta *Chronicle*, protested against further discussion of the case, but the mutterings and the threats were all the time rising in volume. That the State officials should have been warned by this, and have taken steps to protect the prisoner, seems to us clear. But reproaches on that score are idle. If the Government of Georgia, however, does not wish to be openly disgraced, and made a shame and a hissing before the whole world, it will exert all its energy and employ every resource of criminal prosecution, to run down and punish condignly the murderers of Leo Frank.

Superintendent Fullam, of the Naval Academy, does well to be angry over the result of the investigation into the charges of cheating at examinations. He is not the first Superintendent at Annapolis whose recommendations regarding disciplinary measures have been overruled at Washington, nor are there any signs that he will be the last. His seven midshipmen, marked for punishment, have been reduced to two, in accordance with the usual inclination to mercy in the office of the Secretary of the Navy, where Congressmen have a power of persuasion that they lack in the headquarters of the Superintendent. Admiral Fullam's reported remark that he would rather go to sea in command of a collier than remain at the head of the Academy if his action was not upheld, does him honor. It also explains the reluctance with which officers are apt to accept the post of Superintendent. One can have no heart in trying to bring or hold the institution up to proper standards of discipline when one is aware that a midshipman's appeal to Uncle So-and-So or to a friend of mamma's will cause activity at both the Capitol and the Navy Department which one is powerless to counteract, since to oppose "influence" one has nothing stronger than the mere merits of the case.

The sinking of a British transport in the Ægean is the swift German reply to recent

assertions that the submarine menace there had disappeared, and is a reprisal for the sinking of various Turkish transports. It brings out in clearest light the extraordinary work done by the British navy in protecting the transports which by the hundred, from the beginning of the war, have plied back and forth across the Channel. Whatever the precautions the British navy has taken, the fact is that the Germans have been unable to use their submarine weapon upon this vital line of supply of the British army. Poor little steam trawlers they can sink by the dozen—ignoble game that they are, and having no serious relation to the food supply of Great Britain. But for all the threatening of von Tirpitz, they have not bagged a single provision ship in the Channel, much less a transport. It is a fact upon which, curiously enough, Capt. Persius and the other Berlin naval experts cannot find space to comment.

The playwright would have his fortune made who could put into his third act even a fraction of the suspense with which the world hangs to-day upon the razor-edge situation in the Balkans. Yet the one fact that has so far emerged above the swirling tide of rumor and conjecture and fear brings hope to the Allies. The Greek Cabinet has fallen; the return of Venizelos to power seems assured. From German quarters we are told that it is a chastened Venizelos who will resume the reins of government, that the lesson of the German victories in Poland has been learned in the Balkans. But up to the last moment German opinion was equally certain of Italy's neutrality, and Italy actually entered the war when the dimensions of the Russian disaster were pretty well recognized. In favor of the Allies is the very change of the situation in Russia. The Allies are ready to give more than they were prepared to offer four months ago, and the Balkan states have less cause to fear that Russia will be the chief gainer by whatever success they can bring to the cause of the Allies. If they enter the war, and the Allies win, the Balkans will have won their own battle, and the fruits of victory will not be taken from them.

An Austro-German attack upon Servia, of which the bombardment of Belgrade may be the preliminary, would be for the purpose of subjugating the Servian kingdom, and not, as is frequently stated, for the purpose of getting through an army to the aid of the Turks on Gallipoli. Even if Servia is overrun, the Austro-Germans cannot reach Constantinople without crossing Bulgarian soil. In other words, Bulgaria would have to grant free passage to the Teutonic troops. Under the German conception, this would be no violation of neutrality, since it is what Belgium was asked to do at the beginning of the war. Conceivably, the Bulgarians might take a different view from the Belgians and stand aside for the Teutonic armies; it is conceivable, but highly improbable. At any rate, the Allies would naturally accept such action by Bulgaria as tanamount to hostilities. It is a question, therefore, whether the Kaiser is prepared to expose the Balkan nations to the test. The probabilities, it seems, are that, in case a Servian campaign develops and it proves successful for the Teutonic armies, these will be content with the actual results of the conquest and the great moral effect on the other Balkan nations. For if these nations have no alternative to entering the war, it is not yet imaginable to find them arrayed on the side of Austria, with its ambitions in the Ægean, and of their hereditary enemy, the Turks.

Dissensions in the ranks of the German Socialists seem to have culminated in an actual party secession. That Liebknecht should be among the signers of the recent manifesto protesting against further support of a Government apparently bent upon plans of conquest, is natural enough. But he has with him Eduard Bernstein, for many years the chief representative of the Revisionist or moderate tendency in the party. Still more striking is the adhesion of Haase, who was Parliamentary spokesman for the party at the outbreak of the conflict and in the voting of the two war loans. On those occasions Haase justified his action on the ground that the war was one of defence. To-day he maintains that it is plainly resolving itself into one of conquest. Liebknecht, Bernstein, and Haase now advocate a refusal to vote any more war credits. As a natural result, the patriotic Socialists have swerved to the other extreme, and announced their support of the Government in terms that foreshadow almost the abandonment of Socialist principles. The movement is probably regarded at Berlin with mixed feelings It is inconvenient to have a strong faction clamoring for peace and trying to force the hand of the Government. On the other hand, the prospect of a permanent cleft among the Socialists must be welcomed as a guarantee that the aftermath of the war will not see the Socialist uprising which has been predicted in some quarters. A party torn in two is hardly in a position to threaten the security of the established order. As it is, the reported intention of Liebknecht to question the Government as to its attitude towards conquest and peace is evidence that the party issue is to be forced at once.

We may take it that the new "King of independent Poland" within the Hapsburg monarchy will be some time in coming. His title at present seems to be derived from the war correspondents. This appears to be the regular aftermath of victory. Last autumn the defeat of the Austrians around Lemberg was followed by very much the same "separate peace" talk as we have now, and when the Austro-Germans in September moved against Warsaw and Ivangorod, they were supposed to carry with them an Austrian archduke ready to enter Warsaw as King of Poland. It is certain that Berlin and Vienna will wait for a fairly definite assurance of general victory before they make the dramatic venture. Aside from the question of victory, the erection of a new Slav kingdom under the Hapsburgs is not a matter to be decided in a day, or to be put through without very definite effects on conditions in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as it is to-day. Will the Hungarians, for example, welcome the addition of some ten million Slavs to the monarchy, with a virtual overturn of the present racial balance? At present Hungary is the dominant partner in the Hapsburg firm. That position she hopes to retain after the war. But if Austria wins emphatically enough to annex Poland, it also means victory over the Serbs in the south; in other words, an enormous addition to the Slav element in the monarchy which would crush Magyar influence under the sheer weight of numbers.

Great comfort is taken by the German press in the Belgian diplomatic correspondence captured at Brussels, and now published under German care. It all relates to five or six years ago, when the Entente was forming, but is proof enough to the German editorial mind that England was then plotting war, and so is responsible for the war declared last year by Germany. This is, of course, to ignore the offers made in July, 1914, by Sir Edward Grey. If he had been seeking the war, he was strangely reluctant to let it begin. He would have allowed Germany to call an international congress where and when and how she chose, to avert the war. But the Kaiser would not have it. And apparently he would now have us for-

get that he ever received the chance. Full proof of the perfidy of England and Belgium the German newspapers admit that they have not been able to discover in the archives at Brussels. The implication is that the incriminating documents were removed to Havre. One wonders what sort of diplomatic correspondence would be found in Vienna or Berlin, if a hostile army should take one or both of those cities. At least, the treacherous English published their dispatches. Germany edited a few of hers, and suppressed those which it would have been inconvenient to print.

How many men has England at present under arms or in training? On July 20, Lord Devonport, a critic of the Government, speaking in the House of Lords, took it for granted that 3,000,000 men had joined the colors. Unionist peers are not given to overestimates, as we may gather from Lord Lansdowne's famous admission that less than half a million British were recently on the firing line. Taking, then, 3,000,000 for the volunteer army, we must add the military strength of Great Britain at the outbreak of the war, the official establishment then being 727,000 men. Of these a quarter of a million were Territorials, but the figures did not include the army in India. It is not certain whether Lord Devonport included the Canadians and Australians in his three millions, though from the context it would appear that he did not. He certainly did not include the native Indian contingent. Thus the total supply of fighting men would be three millions and three-quarters, or, if we include the Colonials, about 3,825,000. Up to the very day on which Lord Devonport spoke in the Lords, the official British casualties on land from the beginning of the war, in all theatres, was a little less than 322,000, of whom about four-fifths were wounded. Of these wounded, half should have returned, or be in a way of returning, to the front, leaving the net waste at about 180,000 men. Subtract this sum from 3,825,000, and you get 3,645,000 men as the present strength of the British forces, in the field and in training, regular army and Territorial.

These great numbers only give point to the now classic question, Where *is* the English army? For in the west the British hold but thirty miles out of a total of 500 miles. Many answers have been forthcoming. A great part of the volunteer army is, of course, still in training. Large reinforcements, it is now certain, have been sent and are still going to the Dardanelles. But unquestionably very large numbers are at home and in France, ready to enter the battle line, but waiting for heavy guns and ammunition. This leaves out of consideration possible questions of military policy; whether, for instance, it is the Allied plan to stand still in the west and to keep piling up millions of men for the formation of that "phalanx" which alone can break through modern intrenchments. As between the men ready to enter the battle line and those still in training, we have the following data: Last November it was announced that a million recruits had been obtained. These men have now had nine months' training or more. Add the three-quarters of a million in the establishment at the outbreak of the war and the Colonials and Indians, and subtract the waste, calculated above, of about 180,000 men, and you get about 1,650,000 men now available who have had from nine months to a year's training or more. If we reduce the training period to six months we have to add another half-million.

The reduction in the rates on anthracite, ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is less of a surprise to the railways than to the public. What makes it particularly unwelcome to the former is that it comes on top of the disappointingly small increase in rates on other traffic granted recently. Each decision, in the minds of those most closely concerned, aggravates the other. Upon its merits, however, the anthracite reduction can hardly be challenged. As the Commission pointed out, this product is a "low-grade" commodity. It is handled by machinery, in all kinds of weather, placed on cars loaded regularly to their maximum capacity, in trains of maximum tonnage, and is unperishable. Yet it has been paying a higher rate than other commodities that do not possess these advantages of shipment. The Commission did not stop here. It went on to criticise certain practices of the railways, stigmatizing one of these practices as involving "unlawful rebates," and remarking that it "cannot overlook the fact that some force has brought the production and sale of most of the tonnage of this commodity under their control."

No other action of the New York Constitutional Convention is likely to be interesting in so many respects as its rejection on Monday night of the Barnes amendment, warranted to stave off any further workmen's compensation or widows' pension legislation. For its decisive vote against this proposal, the Convention is to be congratulated. The incident is not without importance as a demonstration of Mr. Barnes's influence in this body, since, with characteristic skill, he threw the short-ballot amendment into the scale, thereby bringing to his side Brooklyn Republicans whose convictions upon "social" legislation were shadowy, but who were willing to express their appreciation of a leader's opposition to an amendment that they disliked by recording their votes for one that he favored. The pitiful showing that he made after even this stroke renders it impossible for persons who are predetermined against the outcome of the Convention's labors, whatever that may be, to damn it by declaring that "Barnes" is written across it. Moreover, the whole State may lay aside partisanship long enough to rejoice with forward-looking Republicans in the spectacle of Barnes and his faithful few, including Lemuel E. Quigg, on one side, and on the other Elihu Root, George W. Wickersham, Henry L. Stimson, Herbert Parsons, and a majority of prominent Republicans, speaking and voting against a truly reactionary proposal.

The Governorship of Mississippi should hold no terrors for its next occupant. The Hon. Theodore G. Bilbo, who has won the Democratic nomination over four competitors, came into prominence, or notoriety, by "exposing" one Dulaney, who, according to Bilbo, had attempted to bribe him to vote for Percy for the United States Senate. Dulaney, it appeared, had actually given Bilbo $500 in currency. There was strong suspicion, openly expressed, that Bilbo was not actuated by any high purpose in this incident, but was merely trying to "sell out." However, Dulaney was acquitted. The Mississippi Senate had an investigation and censured Bilbo. In spite of these and other episodes, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor. While holding that position, he was indicted, along with a Senator, upon a charge involving something like bribery. Again he was acquitted. Then he ran for Governor, and all that remains between him and the office is the formality of the November election. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* is forced to conclude that "either Bilbo is of finer metal than many thought him to be, or the requirements for the Governorship of Mississippi have been reduced to a lower plane." His strength with the voters lies partly in his popularity among the unprosperous, "men who toil and do not reap in great abundance," whose champion he has proclaimed himself. But he hardly seems another Tillman.

THE GERMAN EXPOSURES.

We are not inclined to take quite so serious a view as does the New York *World* of its revelations in the shape of the letters stolen from Dr. Heinrich Albert, one of the representatives of the German Government, unless there should be other and, from the legal point of view, more compromising documents to come. If, for instance, it is found that there was a direct connection between the German representatives at 45 Broadway and the unrest in ammunition factories, then those who with money instigated the strikes must answer in the courts for this breach of our laws, whether they be venal labor leaders or Germans bent on preventing traffic in ammunition with the Allies. We cannot as yet find proof in these letters of a "conspiracy against the United States"; we do find fresh proof of the extraordinary stupidity with which the pro-German campaign has been conducted from the beginning.

But on the moral and political side, like all loyal Americans, we must resent deeply the extra-diplomatic activities of some of the German representatives in this country, and their German-American allies. We do not think that a military or naval attaché in Washington, whether he be German or French or British, should be concerned in the buying up of the supply of chlorine gas or otherwise interfering with legitimate business because his country is at war. This is not the battle-ground, and the acceptance of accredited diplomats at Washington does not mean that they are thereby entitled in wartime to become active workers for their country within our domains. Through legitimate diplomatic ways they are entitled to protest; by public appearances they are privileged to speak for their Fatherland—of course. But if they wish to know how diplomats should behave under the most distressing war conditions, we commend to them the story of Charles Francis Adams's representation of his country in England during the most trying time in our history. They will find that he did not try to buy up British shipyards that were building Confederate rams, or to instigate strikes, or to take completed products off their hands. Yet all the time Mr. Adams was brilliantly furthering the cause of his country by urging its cause and winning men of value to its side, although the odds were all against him.

Nothing to our mind has so proved the moral weakness of the German case as these frantic efforts to bolster it up by converting the American public that one of Dr. Albert's correspondents was frank enough to admit could never be converted. Has any one found it necessary to defend France's cause? Is any one carrying on a French information bureau, or founding a journal of the Viereck type, or carrying on a nation-wide propaganda on behalf of the French people? No; and we are frank to say that if it had been deemed necessary to do so it could not possibly have been done so blunderingly and offensively as the Vierecks and Ridders and Von Skals have carried on their campaign. It is as if they had deliberately set out to injure their cause by insulting every American from the President down. No wonder that Dr. Albert, being an astute person, desired last June to control the policy of the *Fatherland* before supporting Viereck any further with $1,750 contributions. He must have known how ably the *Fatherland* was serving the Allies under Viereck's guidance—so ably that the British and French Ambassadors could well have afforded to pay the $1,750 themselves. As for Viereck, his plight is really ludicrous, for it is he who has led the shouting about the "British-owned" press of New York, and here he is proved to be taking German gold for his patriotic American weekly! The *Fatherland* is now in danger of being laughed to death.

But, the retort will come: "You are not fair. Did you not fail to rebuke Cecil Chesterton and other Englishmen when they toured the country urging us to join the war, though you denounced Dr. Dernburg? Do you not know that the British and French representatives are merely huge buying agencies, freed from the necessity of converting public opinion deceived by French and English lies?" Well, if we failed to rebuke Mr. Chesterton and others, it was certainly not because we sympathized in the slightest with their war propaganda. If it should appear that the French and British Embassies are successfully concealing activities like those of the entourage of the German, we shall duly criticise them when the facts become known. We can not believe now that, with all these vigilant German spies and patriots about, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and Ambassador Jusserand would not long since have been discovered and exposed, had they been in the same business. In any event, since it is a crime for a diplomat to be found out, they have committed no crime as yet. Not that one approves the theft of letters from anybody. The *World* must square with its own conscience their publication.

All told, the revelations are deeply damaging, even though they do not prove some of the things they are said to. They establish the fact that gold of the German Government is being used in this counry in large sums. That is quite enough. Woe to the American politician whose name appears on German-American platforms hereafter! The taint of Cobden Club gold will be as nothing henceforth. And woe to the newspaper or lecturer that takes the German side. "How much are you being paid by the Germans?" will be an inevitable question. That this is regrettable, we readily concede. The pro-Germans have a right to carry on a propaganda, to establish legitimate press bureaus and circulate news; the difficulty of it is that they have gone about it so badly, through paid agents, through false leaders, through agents guilty of every possible offence against good taste and the American spirit, that they can no longer get a square deal from our press or public. Here the boasted German efficiency has utterly failed. Germans are wonderful as organizers and soldiers, but in the higher realms of psychology and the spirit, Heaven knows, there are none to compare with them for wrecking their own cause.

THE REPLY TO AUSTRIA.

Several able notes have been sent by our State Department within the last year, but not one of them has been a more clean-cut piece of work than the dispatch to Ambassador Penfield in Vienna which Secretary Lansing gave out for publication on Monday. It is a reply to the protest which Austria recently lodged with our Government against the export from this country of munitions of war to the Allies. And to that protest it is a complete and crushing rejoinder. As regards both the law and the equities; in the matter of the duty of neutrals and that of public policy; in the discussion of established practice, the present situation in Europe and future possibilities, Secretary Lansing is strong and convincing.

It was the easier for Mr. Lansing to confute the reasoning of the Austrian protest, in that the latter attempted to set up an entirely new rule of conduct for neutral nations. Admitting that the sale of arms is perfectly legal, the Austrian Government argued that circumstances might make it at least unneutral. That is to say, when the belligerents on one side could not buy, or transport, war material, while those on the other side could, it might be thought of as an obligation of neutrals to maintain "an attitude of strict parity" with respect to

both. But, as Secretary Lansing points out, this not only is a novelty in the law of nations, but would compel a neutral to be continually sitting in judgment on the nations at war; to be deciding which had superior advantages, in one direction or another, that had to be reflected or counteracted by altering the rules of war and the course of trade; and to throw everything into legal and economic confusion. Moreover, there would be danger that such action might tend to embroil neutrals in the war. In a strained effort to appear impartial, they might easily fall into an attitude of hostility. Mr. Lansing neatly, and perhaps a trifle slyly, quotes a German authority on international law, Paul Heinicke, as taking the position that prohibitions of the export of munitions of war might be "considered as violations of neutrality, or at least as unfriendly acts, if they are enacted during a war with the purpose to close unexpectedly the sources of supply to a party which heretofore had relied on them."

This German opinion really goes to the heart of the case as it now stands between Germany and the Allies. Germany devoutly believes in preparedness for war. For years she has been piling up war material and factories and laboratories for its manufacture. And she would resent in the highest degree, and quite properly, any effort by a foreign nation, or by neutrals in combination, to deprive her of the benefit of all this preparation. Very well, yet Great Britain, too, has been making her preparation for war. But she concentrated upon her navy. Whereas Germany depended upon a huge army and endless artillery and mountains of shells, all ready, England placed her reliance upon ships enough to insure the command of the sea. But a part of the advantage of that command lay all the time in the fact that it would enable her to buy abroad the war material which she had not heaped up at home. And now it is coolly proposed that she be robbed of this fruit of her foresight and her sacrifices. In its essence, the Austro-German demand is that, on land, preparedness should be allowed to reap every benefit, but that on the sea it should not be permitted the greatest one.

In this connection, Secretary Lansing refers to the parallel situation which existed at the time of the Boer War. The Boer republics were blockaded by sea. They could not import guns and cartridges, just as Germans and Austrians cannot now. But England was in need of war material, and Germany and Austria freely supplied it. Mr. Lansing does not state his purpose in citing this precedent. He did not need to. Every reader can see how it at once makes grotesque the protests which Austria has made against our selling ammunition to the Allies, and also shows that Germany, in spite of all her professions of love for the Boers, and her tears at the crushing out of their republics by Great Britain, was perfectly willing to sell to England powder and guns for use against the Dutch in South Africa. It will be interesting to see if this part of Secretary Lansing's note is published in the German press.

In few but weighty words Mr. Lansing shows how the recognized international right to buy arms abroad relates itself to national policy. The alternative would be a complete going over to a stark militarism. Knowing that it could get no war supplies from others, each country that felt itself in any way threatened would feel compelled to spend all its energies on manufacturing guns and explosives. An added premium would be put on the aggression of the stronger, and small nationalities would live in fear and trembling. This might not seem to Germany an undesirable result, but it surely would to the United States.

WHEN THE GERMANS TURN WEST.

As Berlin professes to view the situation to-day, Germany's military position in the opening weeks of the second year of the war does not differ in essence, though varying in detail, from what the Kaiser's strategists expected it to be at the end of the first month of the first year of the war. Germany's problem was to beat one enemy and then turn upon the other. By the first week of September, 1914, the first part of the programme was to have been virtually completed. The French armies were to be disposed of, with Paris taken or doomed. Then would come cleaning-up operations against Russia, more deliberate in nature but with preordained result. Up to September 5, 1914, it actually looked as if the first part of the programme were being realized, but then came the change on the Marne, with after-effects in Flanders and in Russia. To-day the situation is reversed. It is Russia that has given way first. But as Berlin might argue, and does argue, this is a matter of detail. The essential nature of the great plan is still the same. The enemy on one side has been struck down. There is now leisure for dealing with the enemy on the other flank. And the implication is that whether France went down first, or Russia, does not really matter.

This implication is not in the least justified. It does make a vital difference whether Russia or France was the first to succumb —assuming for the moment that Russia in a military sense is out of it, so far as the German forces are concerned. The situation is different in one respect, that whereas Germany counted upon beating France in five weeks she has taken a year to beat Russia, and has done it, up to the present, less completely than she expected to put through the job in France in five weeks. The difference in time elapsed is a second factor. It means that the Germany which will turn to deal with France after a year of war cannot conceivably be the Germany which would have turned about to deal with Russia after five weeks of war. The strain of a year's efforts, the enormous losses, the gathering economic burdens, have been felt. The German rush against the Allied defences in the West, if it does come, cannot come with the fresh ardor, the initial energy of the first onset of last August. The psychology of the situation is utterly different. If Germany's victorious legions had marched against Russia last autumn, it would have been in the easy consciousness that the main part of the work was done, that the rest of the campaign would be something of a procession. To-day the German armies, if they turn west, must do so with the feeling that the holiday part of the programme is over and that the real work is about to begin.

Specifically, the difference in the problem as it was envisaged by Germany a year ago and as it stands to-day may be thus stated. If the German forces, with France disposed of, had turned against Russia last autumn, they would have marched against an army that might ultimately amount to, say, five or six million men. Of course, there was much wild talk during the early months of the war concerning Russia's unlimited resources. Newspaper arithmeticians spoke of ten million armed Slavs, fifteen millions, any number. Yet it needed only a moment's thought to show that Russia could bring no such forces into the field. Arguing from statistics of population meant nothing. It needs organization of a high kind to bring to bear the potential strength of a nation at war. If we put the possible military strength of Russia at five or six millions we are near the truth. And against those millions Germany not only would have had equal numbers of her own, but she would have had the Austrians.

To-day, if the German armies in Russia are sent against the Allied line in France, they go to meet as many French and British

as they would have had to meet Russians last autumn. In another column we print figures which show that England has under the colors at least three and a half million men, of whom two millions have had a minimum of six months' training. The French army, with its reserves, would come close to making up the total of five millions. Italy also counts. The superiority of the French or British soldier, man for man, to the Czar's peasant soldier is unquestioned. The superiority in organization, in resources, in staying powers need not even be discussed. In the matter of leadership it is probable that France, in the person of Joffre, has produced the one genius of the war. On the attacking side, if Germany should choose to attack, there are not available the Austrian forces, which are needed to keep Russia in check even in her present condition. In a word, the British and Italian armies to-day are nearly equal in number and superior in total fighting resources to Russia at the height of her power. So that when Germany faces west now she faces an opposition as powerful as she confronted at the beginning of the war. In other words, at the beginning of the second year of the conflict Germany has the war to fight all over again.

THE STEAMBOAT INSPECTION SERVICE.

The indictment last week of the captain and engineer and of the officials of the company owning the Eastland is welcome. At least we shall now have a judicial inquiry not only as to the culpability of those directly in charge of the safety of the ship, but of those more remotely responsible. The grand jury found that the failure to correct the instability of the vessel indicated "criminal carelessness or incompetence on the part of all persons connected with the . . . inspection of the boat." It charged, further, that the Federal inspectors were generally untrained men, and recommended that the whole steamboat inspection service be turned over to the Navy Department—a severe arraignment in itself.

To this Secretary Redfield has rejoined by two orders. The first permits hereafter no increased passenger-carrying license except after a personal inspection of the vessel—a simple requirement which ought surely to have been prescribed years ago. The second calls for "inclining tests" of any vessels whose stability the inspectors have reason to question, to be made by the owners under the supervision of expert naval architects to be provided by the Department of Commerce. Thus is the door of the stable locked after the horse is stolen, and thus does the Secretary of Commerce recede from his too hastily assumed position that he had no more to do with the stability of vessels than a building inspector with the stability of skyscrapers. Nothing should, however, interfere with President Wilson's reported intention personally to go into the facts of the disaster to the Eastland with a view to placing the exact responsibility and to making recommendations to Congress for any additional legislation that may be needed. It may possibly be discovered that none is needed, just as Mr. Redfield has found the necessary authority to order tests of stability. But this does not appear probable to us, and the fact is that doubts as to the value of all the personnel of the service have persisted ever since the disaster to the Slocum.

It is true, however, that there is no law on the statute-books which gives the Government control over the structural strength of vessels. The rules of the inspection service specify in detail the requirements as to life-saving equipment, and the provisions of the new La Follette Seamen's act are even more comprehensive. But the plans of a ship, as well as the question of stability, are left to the builder's judgment; and the only supervision over construction is that exercised by the various classification societies, such as Lloyds and the Bureau Veritas, acting for the underwriters and shipowners. To be sure, the Federal hull inspectors are supposed to be competent to determine the strength, seaworthiness, and other qualities of the hulls of vessels, and the boiler inspectors have similar functions in regard to boilers and machinery, but their inspections are apparently confined to completed ships. Thus a structurally weak or top-heavy vessel has hitherto been held to fulfil the requirements of the Steamboat Inspection Service, if her owners have provided the life-saving equipment specified by law. In view of the growth of our merchant marine the question is whether the time has not arrived for the formation of a governmental bureau of naval architects, with authority to pass on the plans of all vessels built in private shipyards.

One reform that should certainly be carried into effect relates to our methods of conducting inquiries into marine disasters. The local inspectors of the district in which an accident occurs constitute the board of inquiry. They have authority to examine witnesses under oath, but their sittings are secret, and the accused shipmaster or officer is not allowed the assistance of counsel in answering questions. An appeal from the Board's findings may be taken to the supervising inspector of the district, and from his decision there is an appeal to the supervising inspector-general, the final authority. In these secret inquiries highly technical questions of navigation are frequently involved, questions upon which a boiler or hull inspector may or may not be qualified to pass; and it happens on occasions that the Board has to investigate the responsibility for its own acts—a proceeding that does not encourage trustworthy conclusions. In contrast, Great Britain's method of investigating marine accidents is better calculated to bring out the truth. There the court of inquiry is presided over by a judge, who is assisted by nautical assessors, usually shipping men of high character. The rules of judicial procedure govern the inquiry, the defendants are represented by counsel, and, what is still more important, the proceedings are open to the public. It is true that the inquiries into the disasters to the Titanic and Lusitania have by no means convinced observers that the English system is the ideal one; but at least we do not find inspectors passing on their own acts behind closed doors.

In England the evidence is accessible; here it is not. Whether this can be altered by Executive order or only by legislation is for the President to determine; but there can be no question as to the desirability of a change. Nor should Secretary Redfield's almost hysterical reply to the criticisms of him and his subordinates made in Chicago prevent a searching inquiry as to the competence of the present inspectors, concerning which the grand jury has such grave doubt.

BLEMISHES OF THE INCOME-TAX LAW.

The report made last week to the National Tax Association at San Francisco, on the Federal income tax, deserves wide reading and study. It merits more serious consideration by Congress than Congress will probably give to it. The report was drawn by a special committee of special competence. On it were authorities on taxation like Professor Seligman, Thomas S. Adams, and Professor Bullock, together with several men of affairs. Their analysis is careful and their conclusions cautious. And they are able to point out several defects and a few outright injustices in the income-tax law, as it stands,

the removal of which ought to be sought from Congress.

A part of the committee's criticism goes to the form of the law. As everybody knows who has read it, this is a miracle of complicated and involved draughting. The fearfully long sentences, with their many "provideds" —some of these inserted in the middle, some dragged in at the end as if to eat up what has gone before—seem as if purposely intended as a jungle in which the taxpayer would be certain to lose his way. It is true that we now have a series of Treasury decisions, clearing up many of the ambiguities of the statute as enacted—or arbitrarily ruling what it means. The result is that at present a skilled lawyer, with these aids at hand, is generally able to guide a client through what appears to the latter a mighty maze without a plan. Nevertheless, the committee urges that "the language of the law is in need of great improvement." Some of the words it makes use of urgently require definition. They are employed in different and subtly elusive meanings. Thus the word "deduction" has at least four different senses in different parts of the act. The committee will find many in sympathy with it when it declares for "a complete restatement and clarification of the law."

It has, moreover, objections to make which go deeper than the mere dress of the income-tax law. There are inconsistencies in this law, unfairnesses, and needless burdens, which constitute blemishes affecting the very substance. These the committee points out in order, always in a spirit of moderation, and in each case with the suggestion of the appropriate remedy. Many of the injustices have to do with the section of the law concerning payment at the source. Some of the provisions of the statute compel, if they did not contemplate, double taxation. Thus a holding company is not entitled to deduct the tax already paid on the dividends of a subsidiary corporation. And on account of the confusion which exists about the "claims of exemption" made by the individual bondholder, in cases where tax-free bonds are guaranteed by a railway, for example, it often happens that both the corporation and the bondholder pay the tax. Most grievous of all, perhaps, is the heavy expense forced upon corporations that have to pay at the source. The committee has had a large amount of data before it, bearing on this question, and concludes that the cost of collection, thus imposed on corporations, "ranges from 10 to 20 per cent. of the amount turned over to the Government." In the case of one company, it was demonstrated from the books that it cost $7,000 to collect $35,000. This is a rank absurdity. How to do away with it the committee explains, but of the method it recommends we cannot here give the details. In general, the recommendation is that the law be amended so as to give the fullest possible *information* at the source, but to leave the Government to do its own collecting.

In the report attention is called to many minor inequalities in the existing income-tax law. One of them is the provision—or, at least, the Treasury decision—that if you make anything on a speculative investment, the gain must be returned as income, but that if you lose anything, it cannot be deducted as a "loss in trade." This distinctly puts the Government in the position of saying: "Heads I win, tails you lose." The committee proposes that the law be amended so that all losses in investments may be deducted "where the gain, if any, would be subject to tax." It also has several other recommendations, such as allowances for the depreciation of property, deduction of taxes paid within the year in a foreign country, and of expenses of management in an investment business, which strike one as both sensible and just. Finally, the committee advocates one incidental reform which the *Nation* has more than once declared to be highly desirable. This is a much more elaborate publication and analysis of returns of income-tax. Other countries give far more complete information. It is open not only to lawmakers and students of economics, but to business men. The income-tax statistics of England and Prussia furnish a model to which our own Government should be empowered and directed to conform.

A report of this kind is really a public service. Here we have the work of experts giving their time and labor freely. The Government had its paid employees to work on the preparation of the income tax, but it is safe to say that their labors were of nothing like the value of this report, now placed voluntarily at the disposal of Congress. How much consideration will be given to it, every man may guess for himself. For our own part, we fear but little. There is talk of raising the rate of the income tax—it would have to be increased many fold if our excited militarists had their way—but there is no talk, so far as we have heard, of making the present tax fairer. Yet we shall not despair of the influence of this able report. It will appeal strongly to business men and taxpayers; eventually, it may penetrate to the intelligence of Congress.

Foreign Correspondence

THE VISION OF THUCYDIDES—A COMPARISON WITH THE PAST.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, August 1.

Are the English really the spiritual heirs of the Athenians, the Germans of the Spartans? The author of the "History of the Peloponnesian War" seems inclined to think so. He must surely have had the British Empire in his prophetic eye in many of the sentences put into the mouth of Pericles when delivering his famous Funeral Oration. Thus:

"If our more remote ancestors deserve praise, much more do our own fathers, who added to their inheritance the empire which we now possess, and spared no pains to be able to leave their acquisitions to us of the present generation. Lastly, there are few parts of our dominions that have not been augmented by those of us here, who are still more or less in the vigor of life; while the mother country has been furnished by us with everything that can enable her to depend on her own resources whether for war or for peace."

"Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighboring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves."

"We celebrate games . . . all the year round, and the elegance of our private establishments forms a daily source of pleasure and helps to banish the spleen; while the magnitude of our city draws the produce of the world into our harbor, so that to the Athenian the fruits of other countries are as familiar a luxury as those of his own."

The sibylline vision of Thucydides takes in even such special points as the trouble we were fated to have from interned enemies and German spies: "We throw open our city to the world, and never by alien acts exclude foreigners from any opportunity of learning or observing, although the eyes of an enemy may occasionally profit by our liberality; trusting less in system and policy than to the native spirit of our citizens." When, however, he wrote, " . . . we do not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbor for doing what he likes, or even to indulge in those injurious looks which cannot fail to be offensive, although they inflict no positive penalty," he seems to have failed to foresee the "khaki scowl" which those of us who are too old to fight turn self-righteously on the younger men who still cling to the garb of civil life. Our natural antipathy to the German school system is clearly foreshadowed in the words: "While in education, where our rivals from their very cradles by a painful discipline seek after manliness, at Athens we live exactly as we please, and yet are just as ready to encounter every legitimate danger." The boast that "we Athenians, fighting upon a foreign soil, usually vanquish with ease men who are defending their homes" has a suspiciously Britannic ring, though "Scarborough" bombardments and Zeppelin raids may have introduced just a shade of quaver into the voice of the boaster. And has any contemporary writer summed up the advantages of freedom from conscription more pithily than Thucydides in these words?—

"And yet if with habits not of labor but of ease, and courage not of art but of nature,

we are still willing to encounter danger, we have the double advantage of escaping the experience of hardships in anticipation and of facing them in the hour of need as fearlessly as those who are never free from them."

We trust, too, that he was equally a seer in making Pericles assure his audience that the children of the fallen would be brought up till manhood at the public expense. Another forecast that we may, perhaps, take in some degree to ourselves is not flattering:

"You visit the disasters into which the whim of the moment may have led you, upon the single person of your adviser, not upon yourselves, his numerous companions in error."

The resemblances of Germany and Sparta are on the surface. Each is a great military power engaged in a war with a great naval power. In each the individual is thoroughly subordinated to the state; and in each the main object of education is to produce the efficient soldier. Both pursue very definite ideals, and both strain every nerve to attain them. In each case (perhaps a Briton may be allowed to say) the ideal is not wholly worthy, and in each case it is striven for with a total disregard of the rights of others. Thucydides's prevision of German education has already been referred to. He also notes the evil effect of German prosperity since the war of 1870-71: "Great good fortune coming suddenly and unexpectedly tends to make a people insolent . . . it is easier to stave off adversity than to preserve prosperity." The vatic power of the historian enabled him again to foresee the case of Belgium, and to realize that a mistake would be made here: "Envoys told Alcidas that he was not going the right way to free Hellas [read, "to benefit Germany"] in massacring men who had never raised a hand against him, and who were not enemies of his, but allies of Athens against their will [read, "neutral by decree of the Great Powers"], and that, if he did not stop, he would turn many more friends into enemies than enemies into friends." Quotations such as these (all taken from Books II and III of "The Peloponnesian War") might be multiplied, but those here set down are probably quite enough to drive my point home.

"The War, Its Social Tasks and Problems," is the subject for study at a summer school now in session at King's College. The two main courses of lectures are being delivered by Prof. Patrick Geddes and Dr. Slater, head of Ruskin College. It is interesting to find so pronounced a pacifist as Professor Geddes admitting the advantageous influence of the war on our young men. "They are better set up, manlier, than they were; they are restrained, vitalized, and disciplined as peace did not vitalize or discipline. The slackness of the youth at the street corner has gone, and this dramatic change is before us all." Dr. Slater paid a compliment to an element of superiority in the German Government, as compared with those of England, France, and America, "in that it is less influenced by considerations of material advantage. It is less 'pulled,' it is less capable of being exploited by the private interests of individuals." Now this does not in the least imply that there is a greater amount of original sin in, say, the United States than in Germany. At its worst it is simply the seamy side of democracy. In a land of equality, where the principle of "live and let live" is peculiarly current, it is not strange that men even of high personal character will sometimes wink at actions of others which they would disdain for themselves. It is quite easy, too, to see why, in a benevolent despotism like that of Germany, official corruption must be sternly curbed. Class privileges there are so strongly intrenched and rest on foundations so deeply laid that it would not pay to lower the standard for the pecuniary advantage of a few individuals. We must remind ourselves of Lord Bryce's wise warning against the assumption that the same phenomena in two different countries must necessarily imply the same sort of causes. We have "to realize the existence in the American people of a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated, and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur and of the private virtues of its inhabitants."

NEWS-MAKING AGAINST FRANCE—THE QUESTION OF ABSINTHE—THE ANARCHISTS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 1.

Absinthe is not fed to the French soldier to excite him to fight. It is physically impossible, it is morally impossible, and it is actually not a fact. Here in Paris we are thunderstruck that such an assertion should be made in New York at a responsible peace meeting. We can only suppose that it is one more of the anti-French news-fabrications—in the interest of whom? Doubtless, of the belligerent having the sympathies of those who retail them to innocent pacifists. And these forget that France is fighting for her life against an invader who has already destroyed the homes and farms and factories of one-seventh of her population.

The absinthe story is one of those deftly put in circulation in the United States, where it chimes in with a popular prejudice. Fabricated news to stir up discontent and dissension in France itself is also common and has been traced back in a few cases to an Anarchist propaganda, which has made interesting reading lately. But what about absinthe?

Ever since the first unhappy days of war, the commander-in-chief took stringent measures to keep strong drink generally from his soldiers. The civil authorities took the occasion to forbid throughout the country both manufacture and sale of absinthe in particular. It still happens that the police in cities and towns raid some liquor shop clandestinely selling absinthe from its old stock. Such sale is much more difficult than moonshining in North Carolina. And, as all manipulation of alcohol in France has to be performed under Government inspection, it is impossible there should be any clandestine fabrication of absinthe—except of stories about it.

How in the world from quantities which would have to be hidden somewhere French officers could get enough to fire their men to action would be more than a mystery. Then for those soldiers who are not accustomed to this mixture of drug and alcohol—as the majority must be, since that is the case with the majority of Frenchmen in civil life—such administration of absinthe would risk making them idiotic just when they need their senses most or would send them puking over the battle range. No, if peace negotiations are ever to begin from the United States, there must be a little more accurate information and a truer appreciation of the war than such stories furnish.

Wine, which, with beer and cider, has always been counted among "hygienic drinks" in French legislation, forms a part of the soldier's daily rations—about a pint a day. Such red and white wine, averaging from six to ten degrees of alcohol, is the common table drink of Frenchmen of all classes. Their stomachs demand it just as much as Mr. Gladstone's did tea at five o'clock. There is talk of increasing the ration, which might be done profitably from the point of view of food; but they are first trying to give more coffee, which Michelet says caused the French Revolution. To get morally "forwarder" for battle, a soldier would have to drink so much wine he could not run!

Not only at the front, but for "permissionnaires" enjoying a few days' furlough at home and for soldiers in camp or garrison, no café or restaurant or bar or liquor-selling place of any kind is allowed to sell at any time any alcohol at all, brandy, bitters, or vermouth, or liqueur, to any military man, officer or private, in uniform. The utmost concession which petitions have been able to extort from Gen. Gallieni, commander of the fortified camp of Paris, does not yet extend to the sale of medicated wines (quinines and such) at 15 degrees of alcohol. And no military man in uniform can be served at all, not even with mineral water, except from five o'clock to nine—before and after the dinner hour. Only on Sundays are these hours prolonged. Like every one really living among actual Frenchmen, I have experience of the enforced observance of this regulation of the military authorities; and the veriest outsider with his eyes open can see it any day in Paris in the cafés of the boulevards.

Whether the French Parliament will have the courage—and the power—to stop altogether the making and selling of alcoholic drinks proper until war is over is another question. But it has been asked to do so.

As for Anarchists, most Frenchmen just now look on them as rather less dangerous than pacifists. For, on the latter, indeed, they look very much as our Southerners did on the first Yankee schoolteachers:

> ——with as favorable eyes
> As Gabriel on the Devil in Paradise!

Returning from Spain in 1892, I found the preaching of the Anarchist gospel exploding all around me. The day after I left Barcelona, a bomb was thrown in my favorite corner of the Plaza Real. Ravachol, who loved peace and little children, threw his final bomb in a Paris street from which it was heard at the terrace of the café where I was taking the air. After he was guillotined, his memory was kept alive by postal cards representing him crucified against a sunburst. My newspaper letters in those years would form a volume of the history of Anarchy. Then, for years there was a lull, with only solitary instances or intellectual talk, when suddenly Bonnot's band, robbing banks and killing from Paris to Belgium and defending their war on society by the gospel of Anarchy, stirred curiosity for a time. And here they are again.

Fabrication of news, dangerous to the community in present circumstances, was the charge brought against four of these Anarchists last week before the Third Council of War. Three little sheets distributed clandes-

tinely had been traced back to them. One had Zola's title "J'accuse!" It assured those who received it by mail, or picked it up in the subway or at their house-door, that war had been declared owing to the Jesuits exciting the enmity of "Luther's Germany against Voltaire's France!" The same parties had already caused the war of 1870, Waterloo—and the assassination of Jaurès. After proper anti-militarist insults against generals and army and government generally, it wound up with a particular appeal for peace: "Vive la Paix! Vive Jaurès! Vive Caillaux!" It was said by the way that Joan of Arc was "the incarnation of free thought!"

The other two fly-leaves which have been seized were devoted to pessimistic news under the titles, "They deceive us" and "They lie to us!" In Paris, the news thus retailed under cover usually tells of disasters at the front, supposed to be concealed by the authorities; or it exaggerates the power and deeds of the Germans. Among the soldiers at the front, similar fabricated news tells of revolutionary outbreaks in Paris or descends to warning husbands that their wives left behind are not faithful. A soldier from Troyes managed to telegraph back to that Socialist city to ask if the Mayor had really been assassinated, as he had been informed. Two other soldiers had received news quite as extravagant. This seems crazy, but there is method in it—and some one is paying for even such minute attempts to discourage soldiers and their families.

One of the accused is an old friend—the well-known millionaire Anarchist Prouvost. He made a French million in insurance and retired to philosophize and help out the "companions." This time he admitted to Col. Gouin, who presided at the trial, that the companions had made a "pear" of him and got away with more of his money than his $6,000 a year income warranted. During the one year's prison awarded him, he will have time to meditate on some safer way of remaking society. His wife, who lives separate from him with their three children, wrote to the court: "At bottom, he is sick and not bad, but very simple. He gave out his money to a set of individuals who used to come to the house and frightened me greatly." Prouvost is supposed to have got his anti-military ideas from seeing his uncle, who was a colonel, presiding at one of these military courts. He professes to have been successively a Socialist, an Anarchist, and now—an "auto-democrat." Such is the virtue of labels for some minds.

One type of the Anarchist mind was the woman of the band—a sort of medium who seemed a little uncertain whether she called spirits from the vasty deep or incarnated them. Her manager, who has written a "Secret of the Universe," insisted on being called a "savant." He said his Lucile "called up or incarnated (there is, he said, a dispute about the proper word) Robespierre, Ferrer, and Joan of Arc!" But the woman, unhypnotized, vehemently denied that she had ever incarnated Joan of Arc and turned quite red about it. Her husband, in an effaced way, threw blame on other women's jealousies and said he was not curious himself. One man, who was not caught, had the traditional semblance of the *agent provocateur*.

The lawyer trying to defend these philosophers pointed out that their appeal for peace began—"Women, in the name of Christ!" The savant's defender, the celebrated Maître Lagasse, remarked that the fly-sheets must be "German productions. You have only to read them to understand that they have been drawn up not only by a German, but by a Protestant German, a Lutheran!" Shades of the Dreyfus trial!

It is not the first time Spiritism crops up in these cases of militant Anarchists. With Emile Henry, it was after he had been guillotined. A doctor, a pupil of Charcot, then reigning, had at the time a peculiarly sensitive subject—a young woman whose family was imprudent enough to allow her to attend the trial of the Anarchist. His youth and education excited much interest, in spite of his horrible attacks on non-combatant society. It is true he justified himself by answering the question—"Why did you kill innocent men and women?"—"The poor and those who die of hunger are also innocent." The morning of Emile Henry's execution, which had been kept from the knowledge of the press, this young woman in her home suddenly awaked and declared herself possessed by the soul of the guillotined man. What is more, she talked like him—and like Dr. Charcot—and some highly interesting séances were held in the house of a great Paris lady.

Fortunately, the present Anarchist offenders have killed nobody—not even their people's confidence in the just outcome of this war. The maximum sentence—for medium and savant—was only three years in prison and 1,000 francs fine.

The State University and Politics

THE UNIVERSITY IS NOT IN POLITICS, BUT POLITICS IS IN THE UNIVERSITY.

By GRANT SHOWERMAN.

I.

Those who from time to time since the beginning of its history have prophesied ill of the State-university idea no doubt experience a certain satisfaction in reading the press comments of the past few months on the confusion of State education and politics as exemplified in the situation at Wisconsin.

Yet what has happened in the development of the relation between the American State university and politics in general is not what was most frequently and most confidently predicted. The professorial chair has not become part of a spoils system, and the classroom has not become the instrument of party politics. The "professor in politics" is still illustrated by only one great example, and that one is not a product of the State university, and not a politician in the usual sense. In no State university—certainly in no State university of repute—is there any appreciable connection between political activity and the professor's chair. In Wisconsin itself, which is at present most on the public tongue, it would be safe to defy any one to name a half-dozen of the faculty of six hundred who have received their appointments for political reasons, used their chairs for political purposes, actively identified themselves with any "ring" or "gang" or "crowd," or otherwise been the instruments or promoters of offensive partisanship. Whatever may be said to the contrary, and whatever to those at a distance may seem to be the contrary, neither the University of Wisconsin nor any other State university that pretends to standing is in politics. The thing is impossible in nature. The qualities which alone confer standing upon the university are incompatible with politics. The university ideal precludes the politician. The professor become partisan loses academic standing, first by lacking the scholar's attitude, and secondly by falling in the scholar's achievement. If he multiplies to a noticeable extent, his institution loses caste.

The State university is not in politics except in the larger sense in which all good citizenship is and ought to be in politics. In the professor of a State university the sense of responsibility to the commonwealth, which all conscientious citizens feel, has been intensified by the fact of State employment. He has been called upon with more and more frequency, and has responded with more and more willingness to the call, to confer upon the State at large in extra-university matters the benefit of the special knowledge and skill by reason of which he occupies his chair. As engineer, chemist, geologist, agriculturist, political economist, hygienist, historian, essayist, linguist, lecturer, organizer, he has rendered service of incalculable importance in the development of the State's cultural, social, and material resources. He may with absolute security challenge any other profession or any other class of society, except the clergy, to present the record of a more willing or a less mercenary contribution to the common good. The State-university man's response to the public need has not been that of the politician and the partisan, but that of the good citizen.

II.

It has been the misfortune of the University of Wisconsin that progress and Progressive are words that look and sound very much alike. The university man is not Progressive, but progressive. In the same way, too, he is conservative, not Conservative. His attitude is academic, not political. He believes in the use of scientific accomplishment for the improvement of life. He is not for candidates and parties, but for ideal human relations. That is his platform under all administrations. If it has been the Progressives to whose call for expert assistance he has responded, his response has not for that reason been the response of a partisan. His partisanship is only for science. He is progressive in principle, not in party; he is scientifically, not sentimentally, progressive. He is an instrument of the State, an adviser, an expert, but not an exploiter. In the rare cases where he seems to be attempting leadership in politics at all, closer inspection is reasonably sure to reveal that it is not political interest, but intellectual enthusiasm, that drives him. He is still academic. There is no one so hard

to rouse over personal issues in politics, no one so independent of party authority, no one politically so unclassifiable.

It would be useless to deny that the university man sometimes sins from excess of enthusiasm. The "new humanities" are young, and there are other subjects and activities not yet fully arrived at the age of discretion. "Service to the commonwealth" itself, though as old as Euripides and Athens, thinks itself young. All these have had their little successes, and acquired a more than proportionate self-confidence. By reason of the confidence they have passed the blushing stage, while still by reason of youth more or less ignorant of themselves and the nature of man. They are still capable of belief that education can be "brought down" to all the people, and that all the people, when they see the apple dangled before them, will eat with appetite and go on their way much increased by the knowledge of good and evil. They are still capable of believing that justice is chiefly a matter of social science, and that some alliterative remedy like the Civic Centre can be made an efficient substitute for the Plan of Salvation.

At least, this is the way it sometimes appears to the innocent bystander. Yet in justice it should be added that even the sober and demonstrable truth is often alarming to the unaccustomed. What Emile Faguet says of dramatic art is equally true of new ideas: *Mais toute pièce à la fois très belle et très nouvelle ne peut pas plaire à la foule en sa nouveauté. Cela peut consoler de leurs échecs les hommes de génie et quelques autres.* The people do not understand and are afraid of the ideas of geniuses—and even of *quelques autres.* The problem of the university professor is not wholly unlike that of the Presbyterian pastor: "to preach the truth as he sees it without scaring his grandmother to death."

A little too much of this exaggerated minuscular progressivism, in unlucky combination with a little too much of the somewhat less innocent majuscular sort, partly because of the attention it drew, but mostly because of the bills it ran up, is responsible for most of the popular distrust of the university recently manifested in Wisconsin, and for most of the popular belief that the university is in politics. And yet, in so far as the university is concerned, this is not politics, but academic enthusiasm. Further, it is enthusiasm whose very excess is chargeable to the popular demand for "usefulness" in education, and is thus a fault that goes back to the democracy itself. In like manner, the president's oft-criticised biennial appearance before the legislators is not politics. The people expect the university to care for their sons and daughters; its fixed income is not sufficient, it must have appropriations, and its president must interpret its needs. This is not lobbying, and it is not politics.

The State university is not in politics. The "university crowd" exists only in the well-prepared imaginations of a real "crowd."

III.

The university is not in politics, but politics is in the university. Those prophets who foresaw a faculty of aggressive politicians and a neglected or wrongly used classroom were mistaken. The prophets, fewer in purpose and nobler in vision, who foresaw the educational ideal endangered by a dependent relation of the university with the people, were right. The aggressor has not been the university, but the politician, the legislator, and the populace. The university is not suffering from partisanship and neglect within, but from partisanship and pretentious ignorance outside. The danger is not that the university will tyrannize over the people, but that the people will tyrannize over the university.

This is just as much in the nature of things as it is in the nature of things for the university man to be non-political and non-partisan. The logic of the situation at Wisconsin, or elsewhere—for the situation differs only in degree—is easy. The university is a State institution; it is supported by the good money of the people; therefore the university belongs to the people, and the people are its masters; therefore the people have the right to the kind of university the people want. Really, so much could have been seen without the aid of even a logician, to say nothing of a prophet.

Theoretically, and in so far as legality is concerned, this is unimpeachable logic. In practice, like a great deal of other logic, it is nonsense. The intellectual life, whether general, professional, or technical, thrives only on freedom, and in our present stage of development it is impossible that the control of the people should not curb its freedom. The intellectual life, like the religious, is a growth, not a manufacture; yet the people conceive of regulating it like a branch of business. The intellectual life, like the religious, is understood only from within; yet the people presume to understand it from without. The intellectual life, and the conditions of its realization, can be judged only by experts; yet the important task of passing upon its ideals and methods is placed in the hands of a "boys-we've-got-to-win-this-game" sort of professional investigator, with a corps of "trained assistants" who work for a minimum wage and "the experience." For the investigation of legal, industrial, commercial, and technical and professional matters in general, the people employ commissions of experts. In university matters, they pass judgment through boards and committees chosen on the principle of representing all professions, all classes, all Congressional districts, all parties, all hyphenateds, and all sexes. The kind of expert who investigates the university, who votes on bills for its support, who sits on committees for its regulation, qualifies before everything else as a "representative of the people."

If the State university were wholly supported by a fixed income, as it is in part, it would, of course, still be under the ultimate control of the people, and the control would be less injurious, and, conceivably, even wholesome. But the State university, almost without exception, is growing rapidly in numbers, in the vision of its possibilities as the instrument of the State, and in eagerness to realize the vision. If it is merely to receive within its walls and adequately care for the sons and daughters of the State, to say nothing of growing to the stature of which it is capable, it must ask of the people through every Legislature a supplement to its fixed income. So long as this is true, it must be the potential object of threats, the prey to immediate uncertainties and fears, and, to some extent, the opportunist.

Let it not be thought that the withholding of appropriations in itself represents the extreme of disaster for the State university. For that matter, it has hitherto been treated with comparative generosity. The real danger is not from niggardly legislation, but from the loss of liberty entailed by the conditions of popular support. The State university could well do on less money and more freedom. It is not inconceivable that a fixed income with a fixed number of students might have some good results not attainable at present. It is only when the gift of the people to the university does not increase in proportion to the demands of the people from it that the evil is wrought.

"We cannot make bricks without straw," says the university.

"Yes, you can," answer the people; "and what's more, we'll see that you do it. For whom are you making those bricks, pray,* if not for us? We're paying for them, and we guess we can have bricks without straw if we want them."

The university expert doesn't believe in that kind of brick, and he is ashamed of the manufacture; but he finds it hard not to be forced into obedience to the experts of the people.

IV.

Pass in review the influences that restrict the freedom of the State university.

First, and farthest removed from real understanding, are the populace, who, in so far as they are interested at all, demand the admission to the university of every son and daughter able to profit by its privileges, and insist that the privileges include an enormous range of preparation, and that the preparation be of the practical sort directed towards earning capacity, and who, when the bill is presented, cry out in a rage at abuses which they never can specify, but of whose existence they entertain no doubt at all. There are, to be sure, a great many of the people sensible enough to realize their incompetence in matters so far out of their sphere. To these is due the really generous support of many of the universities from the beginning; but theirs is not usually an aggressive friendship. At the best, they consent to a liberal policy, and refuse to be the tools of self-constituted "people's friends"; at the worst, they join forces with the suspicious.

*The language is according to Woolley. The way we really say it in Wisconsin is this: "Who are you making dose bricks for ennahow?"

Second are the candidates for State office who, for purposes which it is not necessary to explain, assume to be "the friends of the people." Under the circumstances of the ordinary campaign, a general and more or less innocuous agitation against extravagance and impractical business methods in the university is all that happens. The Legislature meets, the agitation is once more found to have been without substantial foundation, the appropriation bill, after the usual tactics, is passed, and things go on as usual.

But a special combination of circumstances may come into being. A party with very lively ideas may have been in power for several terms and worked off an excess of enthusiasm in legislation which has cost a great deal, and a part of whose plan has been the utilization of expert university knowledge. Then there may come what might be expected—a reaction against excessive enthusiasm and excessive taxes. Another party may make capital of the reaction. "The taxes MUST be reduced," it shouts, and the people applaud. But how? Well, among other things, there is the extravagance of the university. The university MUST be curbed, and its expenditures MUST be kept down. The candidates promise it. In order to remove the promise from the general realm of the ordinary promises of commerce and give it real efficiency, they place it, with a few other choice examples, in the party platform. The candidates are taken at their word, and elected. They are under sacrosanct obligation to do something about the university. They enter upon the work of office, and soon find, like every administration before them, that the university has not been guilty of double-dealing, that it has not mismanaged, that it has not demanded or used more than under the circumstances was necessary, that the professors are not wire-pullers, and that the president is a high-souled American citizen. They find, for example, among other things of the sort, that, owing to a mistake pure and simple (to be as charitable as possible) in the campaign statement of university expenditures for the last and most outrageous year, the cost of operating the institution was made to seem a matter of three-fourths of a million of dollars more than it really was. BUT, the people have declared against high taxes, and we have promised to reduce them. We are sorry, BUT——. And the university must go two years more with overcrowded rooms and overcrowded courses, and for two years more be the recruiting-ground for institutions which have learned to recognize that a university depends, first of all, for both usefulness and fame, upon men.

We have already arrived at the third restrictive influence, the Legislature and the State officials. Generous though the administration may be, it is in the nature of administrations to assume a hostile and not very complimentary attitude towards all bills for appropriation whatsoever. Every two years, therefore, the president, the deans, the directors, and many other university men, must prepare a statement of the institution's needs, and, through the administration, convince the people of the reasonableness of every item. These high-salaried experts, whose real business includes at least some instruction, must devote their time to appearing before legislative committees, and before the Legislature as a whole, with an amazing array of statistical charts showing the number of cattle kept from contracting tuberculosis during the past year, the number of germs kept from germinating, the number of people "reached," etc., etc. They must prepare other statements for the information of the Legislature and the public. They must correct the misinformation that appears daily in the press. They must explain away all sorts of silly slanders, and answer a thousand questions of the expert people voiced by the people's temporary experts on education. They must explain once more why so much time is given to graduate study, and whether research really pays. They must explain once more why foreign language should be required for entrance or graduation, and they are asked once more why English is not as good as any other language, and why it is not good enough for an American citizen. They must explain once more why French and German are not spoken in class, and why literature is not studied more in translation. They are asked once more whether fertilizer really pays, whether blooded stock really pays, whether the agricultural college really teaches boys to be farmers, whether the Babcock test is really a success, and why, if it is, the liberal arts professors don't do something equally useful. They are asked once more why a man should receive $2,500 for nine months' teaching of nine hours a week, when a State clerk gets only $2,500 for six hours a day for twelve months. They are asked once more why manual training and home economics are not better than algebra and Greek, why more office room and more buildings are needed when offices and rooms now may be found unoccupied whole hours at a time, why so many classes are in charge of young instructors, why professors do not have more office hours, why they are allowed to spend so much time in writing books or prospecting for the Trusts, why students and professors do not mingle more outside the classroom, why students from other States and nations are not made to pay a much higher tuition.

To all these questions the president and the deans and directors, if not all of the faculty, make patient and courteous answers. The preparation of them, their delivery, and the recovery from them, extend over most of the "legislative year." Then, unless there is a "survey," or worry over threats for the next legislative year, there is an interval of one year during which the high-salaried officers and faculty are presumably free to attend to the academic duties for which the State employs them. And then—why, then the whole process has to be repeated with a new Legislature and a public which has forgotten the explanations of two years ago.

Fourthly, there is the board of regents. This is a body of earnest, unsalaried, public-spirited men who are near enough to the university and possessed of enough breadth of view to understand the academic ideal, or at least to realize that they do not understand it, and to lend a sympathetic ear to the president of the university, who is himself a regent. Yet even in this body there is always the possibility of misunderstanding and friction. First of all, the board of regents is a body of business men, eleven of whose thirteen members in Wisconsin are appointed, one from each of the Congressional districts. In the second place, as the appointments expire at different times, there is a possibility of the continual presence of new members. When the new members, as may sometimes happen, take their places with the more or less aggressive purpose of "representing the people," or of not "submitting to the domination" of some one or other, or of reforming something or other, or of doing something independent and original at all cost, there is a period of turbidity, whose duration long experience has taught the friends of the university to estimate with a comparatively narrow margin of error. Stated in general terms, it is the period of time necessary for a capable, well-meaning, not too stubborn business or professional man to reach the conclusion that he is not fully competent to manage the complex affairs of a university without the aid of experts from within its walls. But the period may vary according to the capability, the intentions, or the degree of stubbornness.

With the president, we reach at last a controlling influence actually inside the university—the first real expert. But the president himself is not unmoved by the pressure of the crowd. He, too, may take it into his head to "represent the people," and may stand with one foot in the faculty and the other among the democracy. He has got the appropriation from the people this year, and in two years he must get another and a larger. Promises to the people must be kept, and the people's demands must be listened to. The people must not be irritated; they may elect a hostile Legislature. Above all, we must walk softly while the appropriation bill is before the Legislature. Administrative or educational matters which would ordinarily be settled on their merits must be settled during legislative years in a special way. The president and the deans may appear before the faculty in support of a proposal to drop a certain entrance requirement, or to abolish a language requirement, or to lighten the graduation requirement. The faculty are in reality overwhelmingly against the measure; they believe it bad education, a lowering of standards, and a sacrifice of the university's dignity; yet the president cracks the whip, and they vote it through—"because the people from all over the State are demanding it," "because, if you don't, depend upon it, the Legislature will."

Last of all—the satirist sometimes says least also—among the influences controlling the university ideal is the faculty. Not least,

of course, for, if any body of persons *is* the university, that body is the faculty. The faculty is the source of the university ideal, its incarnation, its conserver. The students as a whole must be classed with the outsider. It is the nature of the student animal to resist. He would resist the ideal education even if he believed in it, and just now he believes in the practical, and has infinitely more faith in his own than in the faculty's judgment. The very distrust of the people and the student is an evidence that the faculty is holding to its standards.

Yet the faculty is far from being uninfluenced by popular sentiment. It defers to the petitions of the student, it argues educational questions with him, it looks out of the window to see which way the wind of student sentiment is blowing, though usually there is some "friend of the student" who has had "special opportunities for being acquainted" with the student's point of view to raise the breeze inside—it justifies to him the subject-matter and method of its instruction. It not only accepts the word of the president for the necessity of taking to cover before the people and the Legislature, but yields before the same convenient argument when employed by its individual members. A department could be named, for example, which rarely introduces a measure that meets the approval of a majority; yet the professor in that department scarcely ever fails to carry his measure with the help of "the practically unanimous sentiment of the people of this State, which I have recently"—during a visit to the high school at Two Rivers—"had very deeply impressed upon me."

V.

The State university is not in politics, but politics is in the State university. There are those who accept the situation—who believe that the intellectual conditions of the State university should be adapted to the capacities of all the sons and daughters of the democracy who can profit by intellectual training at all; that we should not worry about standards so long as we are doing good; that if the university and the people are to get together, the university must come down to the people; that if the university is to lead, it must not set a pace that is too fatiguing for the rank and file, or a goal that they have no desire to reach. But no one not looking above all for comfort can reconcile himself to such a programme. It sounds too much like the French politician, who said: *Il faut bien que je les suive puisque je suis leur chef.*

There are others who believe in standards, and have faith that if only the eye of the university is kept single to the desires of the democracy they will in some way keep themselves aloft without the aid of bearers. These are those who believe that the cure for democracy is more democracy.

There are still others who believe that the bearers are necessary, and that in time the people will become enlightened and understand the university ideal.

"But how if a' will not understand?" says the watch.

Well, it isn't possible to "take no notice of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave."

The best the watch and his friends can do is to thank God that the democracy is not a knave, and to pray God it may come to understand a little better, and to trust a great deal more.

If the watch is not a praying man, there is still one other resort—if he is a good sportsman. That is, to reflect that character is forged beneath the hammerstrokes of adverse fortune, and that the State university with resistance enough to survive the strokes will come out finely tempered.

But the subject is really one for prayer.

Notes from the Capital

A WELL-DISGUISED REFORMER.

Whoever is surprised at the recent appearance of Boies Penrose as a tariff-reformer must be unfamiliar with the story of his rise and progress in American politics. Penrose was at Harvard with Roosevelt, and shared the latter's notion that the proper place for a young patriot of aristocratic antecedents was in party leadership. Roosevelt prepared for his career by a couple of years at a law school; Penrose by reading Blackstone and the other standard commentators under the personal tutelage of Wayne MacVeagh, equally notable as a jurist and a reformer. Mr. MacVeagh's admirers welcomed his new disciple into their circle with enthusiasm. Had he not sought the very fountain-head for his instruction and inspiration? And had he not come by his aspirations for civic betterment through a distinguished ancestry? Was not one of his forefathers the close friend of William Penn, was not another associated with Jefferson in the acquisition of the Louisiana territory, and had not a third made a two-term record as Solicitor of the United States Treasury? Yes, and there was his father, a professor of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania and a citizen of public spirit. Where was a better line to spring from?

To the Legislature Penrose soon found his way, and there fell under the eye of Matthew S. Quay, who promptly slated him for a lieutenancy in the Republican "organization," and selected him as a candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia. But Quay's touch had ruined him for the reforming element of the Quaker City, who forgot all about his ancestry and everything else that was good, and bent themselves to the advertisement of whatever they could learn to his disfavor. They badly frightened Quay's man Martin, who had the handling of municipal patronage, and at the eleventh hour Penrose was dropped and another candidate named for Mayor. Quay swore vengeance, after the manner of President Jackson, when the Senate snubbed Van Buren's diplomatic ambition. "If they won't have him for Mayor," said the Big Boss, "let's see how they'll like him for something better!" And with one swing of his powerful arm he landed Penrose in the United States Senate. There Penrose has stayed ever since, entering this year upon his fourth term.

His service as a Senator has been more conspicuous for its length than for its brilliancy. Once in a while some fellow Senator has had the temerity to say as much, though in severer terms. When one of them has thus ventured, the galleries have sat breathless, in expectation of seeing Penrose leap to his feet and strike back; but that is not his method. He remains silent in his seat, betraying no emotion, even by a change of countenance, while the speaker, goaded to a frenzy by this contemptuous attitude, goes on heaping accusation upon accusation till he has exhausted his stock. After the last word is said, Penrose rises, and, in the jargon of the Capitol, "proceeds to skin" his critic—not with the double-edged wit of a Root or with the prehistoric cleaver of a Tillman, but in a fashion all his own, quite as personal and strictly to the point. Not the least factor in the effectiveness of his retort is a peculiarity of pronunciation which some observers style a dialect. It is really more of an abnormal interplay of tongue, teeth, and lips—probably a trick acquired in childhood and left uncorrected—but by its very oddity it commands a fixedness of attention which the same listeners would not vouchsafe to the same things said by another speaker.

Penrose is a big fellow, reminding you of John L. Sullivan long enough out of training to have achieved a girth. His dark hair and moustache are too slightly tinged with gray to suggest his fifty-five years. With his heavy mouth, square jaw, the needlessly sinister expression of his face in repose, and the massive frame beneath, he impresses you as a merciless adversary to reckon with, whether in running a convention or directing a division of spoils. He made his last campaign for re-election against Gifford Pinchot, whom Col. Roosevelt had backed to win; but nobody in Washington who understood the ingrowing politics of Pennsylvania entertained a moment's doubt of the result, as between the two reformers.

For Penrose is a reformer, too. If you don't believe it, ask him. He doesn't shout overloudly for remote questions like the conservation of natural resources or the improvement of the foreign service; but when it comes to practical, every-day issues, look at his record! He not only condemns third terms for the Presidency, but he wouldn't have even two, and the one he concedes he would be willing to see reduced to a single year. As to extravagant expenditures, was not he the man who filibustered an appropriation bill out of existence because the Cabinet officer who would have the money to spend said it would be wasteful? Pensions? Why, a bill he fathered proposed pensioning not only all the soldiers of the Union army in the Civil War, but also all non-enlisted persons who were under military orders for thirty days during that crisis, with their widows, children, and dependent parents! He was an outspoken champion of the transfer of Senatorial elections from the mercenary control of the State legislatures to the purer atmosphere of the popular poll; and within a year we have found him quoted as favoring State laws for a graduated inheritance tax, the heavier taxation of Trusts, the regulation of women's and children's employment, strong public utilities commissions, and the submission of the question of woman suffrage to the voters. To cap all, he has declared it preposterous to allow "two or three men, sitting in a secret closet," to shape the fate of a political party. What more could any one ask? Has he not beaten Bill Flinn to a frazzle? VIEILLARD.

Poets of the Day

Panama and Other Poems. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

A Boy's Will. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents net.

The Man on the Hilltop. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.

Verse. By Vance Thompson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

Maeterlinck's Poems. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Poems of Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Alma Stretteli. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

Japanese Lyrics. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

The themes in Mr. Phillips's latest volume of "narrative and occasional" poems are very old or very new; either they simmer, not to say reek, with modernity, or they lull us in the lap of ancient legends whose very turbulence is restful. The difference is pointed, but superficial. I think Ulysses could have severed Panama, and I am sure that Goethals would have found the narrow midcourse of safety between Scylla and Charybdis.

In his legendary monologues Mr. Phillips shows no decay of his old fondness for themes which literature has familiarized and domesticated, stories which ages have ripened and mellowed, most commonly under a Southern exposure. It is unlucky that in old-time themes one of his main traits and peculiar charms can be exercised only at the price of verisimilitude; I mean his fashion of using landscape as the refrain or under-note to character and situation, as in the "human ending to night-wind" audible to the childless Lucrezia, the sound of "all the rivers running to the sea" which solemnized the hour of temptation for Paolo and Francesca, or the "world of wearied passion dimly bright" which looked down from the languorous star on the unrest of Herod and Mariamne. Mr. Phillips cannot forego the luxury of such sentiments even when their expression is plainly anachronistic; and he goes much too far when he makes the shrewd Penelope lament that the return of Ulysses has deprived the surf and cloud, the dawn and the evening-star of the palpitant interest associated with the trembling hope of his arrival. The monologues and narratives are moderately interesting and reasonably poetical. "The Quest of Haidee," in ten diminutive cantos, is a sufficiently agreeable recital of the Eastern maiden's discovery and recovery of her English lover by a pilgrimage in which her only clue was the word "London."

The lovers of the timely will find compensation for these excursions in poems on Panama, pleading for justice as the privilege of America rather than the right of Britain; on Edward VII as peacemaker; on Tripoli in an anti-Italian sense; on "Red Rubber" (iniquities in the East); on the Balkan War; on wrongs of all grades, from the Kaiser's invasion of Belgium to the refusal of the Christmas breakfast egg to the poor children of the Lambeth Union. The cause is invariably righteous, and the attitude is usually indignant. If the wand which Nature and the Muses bestowed on Mr. Phillips is a bit too fragile to serve effectively as a cudgel, it is only fair to say that, though it rarely draws blood, it never snaps in his fingers. Rhetoric rather than poetry is conspicuous in these assaults, and its effectiveness is unquestionable in figures like the picture of Satan revisiting the earth in 1914, "And on his brow the thunder-scar unhealed"; or the touch that anathematizes the shirker:

> But though that orb may on an Empire set,
> Tomlinson lights another cigarette!

The execution of these poems is not impeccable. Fame or time has administered a sedative to conscience, and admission is found for prosaicisms, and, what is more serious, for hurried endings in which fatigue seems responsible for anticlimax. The verse is liquid, and of a real, though tenuous, melody. The fault of over-daring perversions or subversions of metrical regularity, which Mr. Archer once criticised in the pentameters of Mr. Phillips, is still discoverable, as in "And sudden lights of beautiful faces"; but is now so rare as to seem more like an assertion of prerogative than an indication of taste. Now and then we have a line of full-bodied music:

> Dawn broke in orange over lulling seas;

or one of imaginative vigor:

> The gray reminding rocks and floating gulls

or again a finely suggestive passage:

> Then as the dawn not yet appearing made
> A stillness in the world and one by one
> Bird upon bird awoke and dreamily
> Each to the other dimly felt for voice.

In Mr. Frost's "A Boy's Will" criticism detects three elements: first, vigorous landscapes sketched, or scooped out, with a bold, free hand; second, feeling of a certain trenchancy and distinction; and, third, superadded interpretations. Of these three constituents the last seems wholly perfunctory. Mr. Frost is a poet by endowment; he is a symbolist only by trade. The meaning he personally attaches to landscape seems quite unrelated to the meaning by which he hopes to enlist the sympathies of his readers. His philosophy, in a word, is propitiatory; it is Mr. Frost's apologetic bow to a supposedly intellectual public, and I am uncourtly enough to wish that the obeisance had been withheld. When Mr. Frost's intellectual revenues come in his verse will profit by the circumstance, but I doubt if it profits in the least by his anticipation of his income.

One point of detail unrelated to Mr. Frost's essential claims deserves a passing comment. Under the title of each poem in the table of contents a few words indicative of its purpose are set, and these phrases, read seriatim, make up a single coherent paragraph. This is an artifice, no doubt, but, in my opinion, a pardonable and commendable artifice; if poets will be locksmiths, they should furnish keys. I object personally to researches into obscure poetic meanings, not merely from the healthy human disinclination to overwork, but from a sense that the faculties which the assessing of probabilities and the summing up of evidence call into play are destructive of the moods in which poetry is absorbed and enjoyed. To extract, and so to separate, the soul from the body is surely the wrong way of approaching an art whose basis is the idea that the two are inseparable. Mr. Frost's expedient impresses me as sensible and considerate.

The real value of these poems lies in the quality of their emotion. Their tone is sombre, but it is that youthful sombreness which is little more than a play of hide-and-seek with cheerfulness. The definition of the feeling is not always sharp, but, even in its vagueness, it exhibits a savor, a saltiness, a reaching and penetrating quality, which augurs well for this young writer's future. I regret that Mr. Frost should think it desirable to exhibit in many places a crabbed syntax and a jolting metre. I am not consoled for these asperities by the probability that they are intentional, for I do not subscribe to the theory that in our day, when the Muses are lethargic, they must be jostled before they can be made to dance. I content myself with this gentle and modest imprecation: May Mr. Frost mount high on the slopes of Parnassus in a wagon without springs!

I quote two stanzas from "A Line-Storm Song":

> The line-storm clouds fly tattered and swift,
> The road is forlorn all day,
> Where a myriad snowy quartz stones lift,
> And the hoof-prints vanish away.
> The roadside flowers, too wet for the bee,
> Expend their bloom in vain.
> Come over the hills and far with me,
> And be my love in the rain.
>
> The birds have less to say for themselves,
> In the wood-world's torn despair
> Than now these numberless years the elves,
> Although they are no less there;
> All song of the winds is crushed like some
> Wild, easily shattered rose.
> Come, be my love in the wet woods; come,
> Where the boughs rain when it blows.

Mr. Arthur Ficke, justly praised a few months ago for a spirited volume of sonnets, returns to the charge with the promptitude, almost the precipitation, with which young poets respond to encouragement. I doubt if this celerity is encouraging to their reviewers. In the two narratives or "histories" that come first in "The Man on the Hill-Top," ability is manifest, but its effects are balked in the first poem by a quite unmanageable theme (a laboring man's literal self-crucifixion), and in the second by a superficial psychology in which egotism is mistaken for distinction and confusion for profundity.

In the group of diversified and ambitious

lyrics which follows there is more to interest, more to condemn, and more to admire. On the whole, there is greater finish and less power than in the "Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter." If those sonnets were intentionally *uncombed*, these later poems are sometimes suggestive of the curling-iron. The ode on Swinburne, in particular, is a model of virtuosity, but one cannot find a heart in a peruke.

Mr. Ficke feels called upon to condole with his friends for the pain which the necessity he is under of doing original and remarkable things may produce in their conservatism. The apology surely need not forestall the offence. I say this not in derision of Mr. Ficke—rather from a sense that the author of the "Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter" is too good a man to find occupation or even serious entertainment in watching the quiverings of his own shadow. He is keen enough to see the danger of anticlimax in solemn public leavetakings on the wharf when the avowed aim of the cruise is to bring back "the jewels of the sun."

Even romanticists and impressionists are mortal, and just as men in their unguarded moments show traits of their simian ancestry, so Mr. Ficke, whose progenitors were clearly men and women, has his hours of relapse into a human being. I quote the touching and truly poetical "Fathers and Sons" as a warning to Mr. Ficke's fellow-tribesmen of the fatal liability under which they stand of reversions to humanity and tenderness:

> Child to whom my loneliness
> Cries—and cries, I know, in vain,—
> Down the years I look and bless;
> Down the years let my hand press
> Strong your shoulder. I am fain
> You should reap from my sown pain
> Flowers of joy and loveliness,
> Child I love, and love in vain.
>
> You will never turn to me
> As I turn and cry to you,
> Regions strange and visions new
> Shall be yours to search and see.
> Old and alien I shall be.
> I who love you set you free.
> Yet recall I cried to you,
> Child I love so utterly.

The traits which I deprecate in Mr. Ficke I can tolerate much more readily in the author of "Verse." In Mr. Ficke they strike me as self-retrenchments; they appear to be self-fulfilments in Mr. Vance Thompson. There is something ultimate, I should hope terminal, in the idea of poetry reflected in this little volume which the pathology of literature could not willingly have let go. For Mr. Thompson, an artist has no responsibilities, no conscience, no purposes, no will; his business is to assume a recumbent posture and watch the exhalations, not to say the effluvia, of his own soul rise grandiosely into the firmament and mingle with their kindred nebulæ. The poems, in De Quincey's superb phrase, are "perishing dreams and the wrecks of forgotten deliriums." Mr. Thompson's idea of a rational and likable personality is a being who is half-ghost, half-satyr. If exercise becomes indispensable, one may walk up and down Broadway, watching the women of the street, in the company of the ghost of Edgar Poe:

> I walk in Broadway to and fro
> With the taciturn ghost of Edgar Poe.
> Girls idle for us where the lights
> Are red on the pavements there o' nights.
> Girls sidle with strenuous eyes for us,
> With gestures urgent and amorous.
> But we mock them, pacing to and fro—
> I and the ghost of Edgar Poe.
>
> "Dear ghost," I say to him, "to and fro
> As you walked in Broadway long ago
> Did the small girls idle for you and cry?"
> "Ho! the black stars swung in a yellow sky
> One night, one night—and a woman came
> Out of a harem of wind-blown fame;
> But the lips she laid on mine were snow—
> Bitter as ice," says the ghost of Poe.
>
> I make the sign of the cross.

The gift of translation, happily exhibited not long since by Mary Stewart in her free verse-renderings of Catullus, has descended upon Mr. Bernard Miall and Miss Alma Strettell in their English versions of the poems of Maeterlinck and Verhaeren. The poems of Maeterlinck, with their singular but far from ineffective union of lethargy and nightmare, their combined suggestion of hothouse and hospital, might have seemed destined to turn into drivel when they passed into English. But Mr. Bernard Miall at his best (even his worst is entirely respectable) retains their spirit, retains their rhythm, retains even whatever modicum of sanity is discoverable in the original French. This is good service, and entitles Mr. Miall to indulge a crotchet, and I shall therefore pass over his assertion in the preface that the "In Memoriam" stanza is a dull stanza, or rather no stanza at all, with the single comment that Mr. Miall's observations on prosody are certainly not "dull."

The originals of the poems of Verhaeren translated by Miss Alma Strettell are not immediately at my command, though I write in the library of the University of Chicago. Judged by their pure literary value, the poems here presented would rank creditably as English originals, which means, of course, that as translations their rank is very high.

The "Japanese Lyrics" in the "New Poetry Series" are dreamy ejaculations, meditative in spirit but concrete in form, rendered into English by Lafcadio Hearn with a touch that ranges from the deft to the exquisite. In English, fancy is associated with the gayety of the imagination; in Japan, if these scant pages are typical, it would seem to hold fellowship with melancholy. These lonely exclamations have a curiously double effect of concentration and of resigned aloofness, as if they were rifts in a stoicism which promptly closed over the temporary breach.

I welcome this increasing merit in translations. Translation, indeed, would seem to be almost the specific poetical function of an age which, in its relation to the makers of verse, is bountiful of accomplishments and frugal of inspirations.

O. W. Firkins.

Correspondence.

PUNIC FAITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial, July 22, on the Austrian note, which objects to the American sale of arms to the Allies, you quote Germany's declaration of December 15, which says that, "under the general principles of international law, no exception can be taken to neutral states letting war materials go to Germany's enemies." You say that Austria is a good ally for Germany, because she will do for Germany what she would not do for herself—for instance, send this note which Germany, because of her declaration, could not send. This seems to imply regard for reason and consistency on the part of Germany. You further strengthen this implication by saying that "it would be a bit awkward for (Germany) to repudiate (her) declaration now." But why should it be awkward? Has there ever been a time since she broke her faith, because it was "necessary," with Belgium, or, more recently, since she murdered our fellow-countrymen on the Lusitania, that she has hesitated, even for the sake of avoiding awkwardness, to repudiate her acts and words alike? Alfred M. Brooks.

Gloucester, Mass., July 30.

THE TYRANNY OF SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Few articles, since the beginning of the war, have furnished us with such inspiriting reading as is contained in Professor Babbitt's "The Breakdown of Internationalism." He sounds a much-needed call towards the virtues of concentration, of discipline, and of criticism. With this positive side of his philosophy many of us are in enthusiastic accord, and we shall do our best to work with him. But, because "right knowing is an indispensable preliminary" to right doing, as he himself says, it is our duty to criticise his interpretation of the past, to see whether he has called the devil by his right name, to discover whether the havoc in which we live is really due to humanitarianism.

He asserts that this type of warfare (mutual massacre) is "the final outcome of a propaganda for the establishment of universal brotherhood," a conclusion which I take leave to doubt, since it is at once too simple and too sophisticated. Too simple, since it implies that human brotherhood is finally indistinguishable from tigrine association; too sophisticated, since it implies that we can blame a current of ideas of the eighteenth century for all that is happening to us now. It is fatally easy to pick out some one doctrine that we personally detest, and label it the destroyer of virtue. In Professor Babbitt's vision of past history we seem to see a large, flat plain, in which armies of doctrines, some large, some small, lie intrenched and battling; a little coterie of disciplinary doctrines did well for a time, but they were overwhelmed in the period of the French Revolution by huge humanitarian squadrons, who insured their victory by the unscrupulous employment of poisonous gases.

Now, unless we can take an oath, and stick to it, unless we take a solemn vow never to allow theories precedence over facts, we are all likely to fall into such errors. It satisfies our inveterate love of abstractions to talk

about humanitarianism and expansionism; but it will hardly do to elevate them into the position of "causes of the war." We must employ sharper and hotter words. Man is the cause of this war—man's greed, man's folly, ably assisted by man's wisdom and man's unselfishness. This is not the time for us to curl up in a concentrated corner along with that infinitesimal minority, the "saving remnant," nor to discuss the possibility of "establishing peace in the breast of the individual." There is no peace in the breast of any save the dead.

But I do not wish to quarrel with Professor Babbitt over terms. I, too, am profoundly convinced that we may attribute this war to our neglect of humanism. I object only to his attempt to make humanitarianism the direct opposite of humanism. Suppose that we look, not at the French Revolution, but at ourselves; suppose that we directly and humbly assume a large part of the responsibility for this present hell, that we apply the acid-test, not to Rousseau, but to our own time. What were we doing just before the war? We were undeniably submerged in a vast epoch of science and industrialism, with Germany leading the field in both. We were all doing more or less the same things, but Germany was doing them more "efficiently" than the rest of us. Overnight the scene shifted from the laboratory and the factory to the trenches; and we have been so dazzled by the rapid change that we have not yet realized the one essential and appalling truth, namely, that the actors in the play remain absolutely the same as before.

Therefore we are all, including Americans, guilty in various degrees: Germany more and others less; but her guilt is due merely to the fact that she had gone farther along the same road. In her, then, we can study ourselves, not as we are, but as we soon may be. We are all awful examples, but she is the worst. If we can discover what Germany has done, we shall also discover what we have done; and we shall not be constantly hindered by our reluctance to discover any flaws in this great and beautiful neutral nation. In the first place, there is something visibly wrong about the German attitude towards science. I am not going to recount the mistakes her scientists have made, in so far as they are human errors to which we are all liable; but I am going to point out the huge mistake Germans have made about science, because that is an inhuman error. They are most damnably wrong in believing that scientific truth is all truth, in thinking that all human activity must be and can be controlled by science. Now that is not solely an intellectual error; it is a belief which has been fostered by all their passions, their greed for money and for power, their bestial love for dominion, and by pride in their unbroken material success of the last half-century. The result of this belief is inevitable: it leaves wholly out of account the other great aspect of human activity, the creative or poetic aspect, which is thereafter either mad and ungovernable or hopelessly aborted.

It will be easier to perceive the extent of the German aberration if we posit a single human being and study a living normal microcosm. What are the relations of such a man to science and to creation? Obviously a great part of his life will be spent in slavery to scientific "laws." He must eat in order to live; he cannot jump from a fourth-floor window without breaking his neck; he can never in the slightest degree disturb the uniformity of nature. Nature's laws are enforced upon him automatically. We have been much puffed up over man's conquest of Nature. Strictly speaking, man has by no means conquered Nature. He has only availed himself of his increasing knowledge of Nature's rules in order that he may obey them more perfectly and with more profit to himself. He cannot alter them, but he can learn more about them. From the human point of view, he is, therefore, in absolute subjection to scientific truth. If that were all, then the Germans would be quite right in deifying *Wissenschaft.* But it is not all, for there is another side of this human being's life wherein he is, comparatively speaking, free. He cannot alter scientific truth, but he can and does alter both himself and other human beings. He can make them angry or happy, wise or foolish; he makes, creates, poetizes, whether he be cobbler or Kaiser, gentleman or vagabond. There are not, and never can be, any scientific rules which will control his activity in this sphere of his life; nor any penalties automatically enforced. So long as he lives, he cannot help creating; he must, in this sense, be a poet, but he is free to be either a good or a bad poet. We have, then, two great aspects of human activity, which, taken together, make up a whole truth. They are reciprocally related, for each one limits the other. Neither can get along without the other. The scientist needs the poetic faculty in order to make new discoveries and to understand his fellow men; the poet, the creator, the statesman, need the scientific faculty in order that they may not attempt the physically impossible. In the genuine human being, both faculties are combined in their due measure.

But in the Germans they are not combined in due measure. The Germans have spent decades in passionately persuading themselves that not only some things, but all things, can be done by science. They have tried to reduce the universe to the status of a scientific mechanism; they have tried to explain religion, art, literature, history, morality, and every branch of human creative activity, by science, and nothing but science. Nature functions like a perfect machine, and so the Germans have set out to make themselves into perfect machines. They are efficient, like machines; they are organized, like machines; they are disciplined and obedient, like machines. That is, they are all right scientifically. But when we come to observe their recent displays of creative activity, of poetry, of insight and imagination, what do we find them doing? They rape Belgium, they sack Northern France, they sink the Lusitania, they write the "Song of Hate," and their intellectuals issue reeking manifestoes. They are all wrong creatively. Their attempt to make scientific machines out of themselves has not been a complete success. It could not be. They have merely succeeded in directing their creative powers into the channels of insanity and death.

That is why I have called the Germans an awful example. We do well to be sober as we contemplate them, for we are beholding the logical results of sins which we are ourselves committing every day. Our business, our industries, of which we are so proud, are no more than a low but necessary form of scientific activity. Yet every American who is inclined to think that commercial prosperity is the whole truth which we must strive to attain, who thinks that efficiency will solve all our difficulties and finally usher us into the millennium, is really preparing a German hell for us over here. In order to live decently and humanly, we must be not only scientists but poets. We are daily facing novel situations and meeting dangers which we have never met before. Most important of all is the fact that there are no rules which we can look up, no handbooks of the complete science of life, for the simple reason that there is no science of life. We have to create, to adapt ourselves, to employ our imaginations, whether we will or no. The Germans are quite sufficient proof that human beings cannot succeed by virtue of science alone.

Perhaps a good many of us believe all these things I have been saying. If so, we must do something about it; we must convert our belief into action. It is precisely in this delicate matter of making a positive recommendation that we need the greatest clarity of thought. I agree with Professor Babbitt that we need discipline and criticism. But if my imperfect analysis has been even partially correct, we need far more than that, or, rather, we must extend the meaning ordinarily attached to those terms. We need that kind of discipline which will not sterilize or weaken our creative activity, but which will rather enhance it and guide it towards right action; that kind of criticism which amounts to re-creation. Our education must be neither exclusively scientific nor exclusively poetic; the attempt to be all one or all the other leads straight to insanity and straight away from humanity. At present the training given by our schools and colleges is almost wholly scientific. It makes no difference what "courses" a student takes; whether the subject be English, French, or chemistry, they are all treated in the same way as bodies of objective fact and fragments of the greater corpus of scientific knowledge. We have frequently joked about it, but the war should teach us that it is not a joke, but a very real peril to the country. So far from advocating inspirational or snap courses, we ought to tell our students that, no matter how hard they work at science, they must work harder still at literature.

"You must know enough scientific truth," we may say to them, "to be able to handle objective facts. You must learn so much about the laws of nature that you will be able to control your physical existence properly, to build a bridge or to make an engine, or whatever scientific work your profession summons you to do. But when you have accomplished that much, your task is only begun. You need to know men, to imagine, to invent, to become a creator. Otherwise you will be a mere mechanical beast, like the Prussians. Therefore, you must study great literature. You will find it taxes all your powers, if you go at it in the right way. For you must not only learn the necessary scientific facts about the literature, but you must do what is infinitely harder—you must sweat and struggle with your small gift of imagination and insight until somehow or other you shall live over again in yourself the joy and torture which attended the creative vision of the poet you are reading. That is a man's work. If you accomplish it at all, you may make both yourself and the world a little better."

Instead, therefore, of cursing democracy, muckrakers, and humanitarians, I propose that we curse nobody but our sinful selves. The legalism from which we suffer, the "pass-

another-law" state of mind, is not due to the existence of muckrakers. It is directly due to our idiotic attempts to control human life by laws falsely analogous to the laws of science. Our greed has been so stimulated and our imagination so stunned by the appalling growth of scientific industrialism that we have tried to make all humanity over upon a scientific bed of Procrustes. We cannot afford to wait long for Theseus.

R. K. HACK.

Cambridge, Mass., June 28.

SUGGESTIO VERI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that in the article "Chautauqua and Water" in the *Nation* of August 5, you overlooked a point—one which makes Mr. Adams appear in the light of a sharper.

I know a good deal about Western audiences, and I will wager that a large number of Mr. Adams's hearers were chewing "Spearmint gum" during his lecture.

Consequently any one who wasn't himself or herself indulging in that pastime, and whose olfactory organs were normal, could have smelt peppermint anywhere in the room without "suggestion."

Mr. Adams probably knew this, and selected peppermint for that reason. Had he chosen some other scent results might not have been so satisfactory. JAMES R. LATIMER.

Chicago, August 7.

AN ANCIENT AND HONORABLE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have found nothing more interesting in your valuable anniversary number than Mr. George Haven Putnam's review of the American publishing houses for the last half century. There are few men now connected with the trade who could have brought together so much information on the subject with such a high degree of accuracy, but the *Nation* has taught its readers that no one (editors of course excepted) is omniscient. Mr. Lowell—was it not?—after reading the early numbers of the paper, cautioned his friend, "My dear Godkin, avoid omniscience," and I observe that with all Mr. Putnam's endeavors for thoroughness he has passed over the one American publishing house which has maintained a continuous existence for 126 years, and which has been established in New York city for more than a century, though the identity of the Methodist Book Concern has sometimes suffered from the former practice of using the names of the transitory "Publishing Agents" in its imprint instead of its corporate title.

The Concern was founded by the action of a Methodist Conference, meeting in the John Street Church in this city, in 1789. Philadelphia was its place of business until 1804, when it opened a salesroom in Gold Street, moving thence to Pearl, to Church, to Elm, to Chatham Square, to Fulton, to Crosby, and in 1833 to Mulberry Street, where its printing office was for a time one of the sights of the city. It continued to manufacture books and print religious periodicals there until 1890, when, with the offices and salesroom which had been for twenty years at 805 Broadway, the business was consolidated in the structure erected for it at 150 Fifth Avenue, corner of 20th Street, where it has since been carried on. It started in business on a (borrowed) capital of $600, which has grown to $6,000,000. For the last quarter of a century it has distributed more than $100,000 a year in pensions to what Methodists still commonly call "wornout preachers."

Incidentally, permit me to add that this house of honorable history has received at the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco a Grand Prize, the highest award given by the Exposition, for the printing and binding of books and general bookmaking. JAMES R. JOY.

New York, August 10.

Literature

A TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN SCIENCE.

Sanitation in Panama. By William Crawford Gorgas. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

It is now generally recognized that an important factor in the successful completion of the Panama Canal—a factor which insured success for the American effort where the French effort failed—was the control of the tropical and subtropical diseases which had in the past given the Canal Zone the reputation of being the most unhealthy spot on the face of the earth. It is also generally recognized that to Gorgas and his associates belongs the credit of this great triumph; but few persons are familiar with the scientific discoveries which preceded Gen. Gorgas's work and made it possible, or with the details of his practical application of these discoveries in the establishment of a rational sanitation.

Throughout this volume one is impressed with the modesty of Gen. Gorgas concerning his own work, and the care which he takes to give credit to those who preceded him, especially those who established the theory of the transmission of yellow fever by the mosquito. In this story, which deals with one of the greatest triumphs of American medicine, Gorgas details the views of Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, who believed that the mosquito was concerned in the transmission of yellow fever, but could not prove it, and also the observation of Dr. H. R. Carter, of the Public Health Service, which indicated that infection was not due to immediate contact. Then he takes up the observations of the United States Army Board—that famous and immortal board composed of Reed, Lazear, Carroll, and Agramonte—which finally and definitely established that yellow fever is transmitted by the bite of the female stegomyia mosquito; that this mosquito, to become infected, must suck the blood of a yellow-fever patient within the first three days of his disease, and that, after biting an infected person, twelve to twenty days must elapse before the mosquito herself is able to transmit the disease. These are the simple, plain facts upon which Gorgas later was to rear his practical system of sanitation by which Havana and Panama were rid of yellow fever; but one must read Gorgas's account to appreciate fully the unflagging labors, the acme of scientific reasoning, and the heroism of this Army Board—of Lazear and Carroll volunteering to bare their arms to the bite of infected mosquitoes, and of Lazear succumbing to the resultant disease, and thus giving his life to demonstrate a scientific theory, while Carroll died several years later from the undermining of his health, due in all probability to that earlier infection; of other volunteers sleeping in and using the soiled clothing of those dying from yellow fever, in order to demonstrate that infection could not be transmitted by contact with the discharges of the yellow-fever patient, but only by the bite of the mosquito. No more glorious work was ever done by any army in time of peace or war, and with Gorgas's later application of the scientific facts thus gained, the control of yellow fever did much to atone for the poor showing of the sanitary department of the United States Army in the Spanish-American War.

Gorgas had immediately an opportunity to apply these principles in Havana, to which place he had gone two years before (1898) as head of the Sanitary Department. Yellow fever had been endemic in Havana since 1762, and, thinking it a disease due to filth, Gorgas had believed that if he could clean Havana yellow fever would disappear. By 1900 Havana had been cleaned. As Gen. Gorgas says, "Havana was cleaner than any other city had ever been up to that time," but, despite this, yellow fever not only was not under control, but was increasing, and in 1900 the incidence of the disease was greater than for several years. About this time Gorgas, who had been in close touch with the Army Board, began a practical campaign against the mosquito. This was based on the fact that a mosquito, to become infected, must bite a patient within the first three days of the disease. All persons with yellow fever were quarantined in screened wards; the house in which the patient had been sick and contiguous houses were fumigated with such material as would kill mosquitoes, and the breeding of mosquitoes (in water) was prevented. The same precautions as regards quarantine and fumigation were applied to incoming ships. The result was amazing. A city of 250,000 people in which yellow fever had existed for 200 years, and which for ten years previous had had an average of over 500 deaths a year from this disease (in 1900, the year before the campaign against mosquitoes was started, 310 deaths) was in eight months free of the disease. Not only this, but deaths from malaria decreased rapidly, and in a few years this disease also disappeared almost entirely. Indeed, in September, 1901, so beneficial had been Gorgas's sanitation that the deaths in Havana from all causes were only 359, a rate of 15.64 per cent. per thousand. It was in this connection that Gorgas wrote Reed: "I am getting so that I am afraid to go back to the United States and run the risk of infection and bad hygiene that you are constantly sub-

jected to in cities such as Washington, New York, etc."

It is not surprising that, with this experience and with this record behind him, Gorgas was appointed, in 1904, Chief Sanitary Officer for the Isthmus.

Here the immediate and most important problem, aside from preliminary organization, was, as in Havana, the control of yellow fever. The French had lost yearly from the disease one-third of their white force. If the same ratio held under the new régime, as was to be expected among the non-immune Americans, thirty-five hundred deaths annually were to be feared. Such a death-rate would mean not only great difficulty in keeping Americans at Panama, and necessarily a great increase in wages, but, even if these difficulties could be overcome, it was doubtful if Congress would sanction the loss by yellow fever of two to three thousand Americans yearly.

As a result of experience in Havana, destruction of the mosquitoes by fumigation therefore became the first order of business in the Canal Zone, but on a scale never before attempted. Instead of only houses in which yellow fever occurred being dealt with, the entire city of Panama, with 20,000 inhabitants, was fumigated. Starting at one end of the city, the corps went through every house. This took a month, and as some cases of yellow fever still occurred, the procedure was repeated a second time; still other cases of yellow fever occurred, and a third fumigation of the entire town followed. The magnitude of this wholesale destruction of mosquitoes is shown by the fact that in the course of a year the entire supply of insect powder of the United States, 120 tons, and 300 tons of sulphur were used.

But all this was not done without great opposition. Gorgas was subordinate to the Governor of the Canal, and could reach the chairman of the Commission only through him. The Sanitary Department was hampered in its work, yellow fever continued, and the rank and file of the men began to believe that they were doomed, as had been the French before them. Matters came to a head when the Governor and the Chief Engineer recommended to the Secretary of War that Dr. Gorgas and those who believed in the mosquito theory be removed and that men with more practical views be appointed in their stead. Fortunately for the early and successful completion of the canal, the prestige of the United States, and the cause of sanitation the world over, the President of the United States was familiar with what had been done in Havana, believed that the mosquito theory had been established, and not only declined to sanction the change recommended, but directed that every possible support and assistance be extended to the sanitary officers.

This must be considered one of Roosevelt's most important decisions, for within six months Gorgas was able to clean up both Panama and Colon, the two principal foci of yellow-fever infection at either end of the railway, and in November, 1905, the last case of this disease occurred in Panama. A single case occurred in Colon in May, 1906, but during the eight years following not one case originated on the Isthmus. This result quieted alarm in the region and gave the sanitary officials great prestige, not only among the employees of the canal, but also among the natives, and thus assured their ready coöperation in later sanitary efforts. No wonder the people of the United States are proud of the conquest of yellow fever as a work inaugurated and completed by officers of the Federal Government—the scientific basis of the mosquito theory established by an Army Board, the practical application of this theory, worked out in Havana by an army sanitary officer, its further application assured in Panama by the decision of a wise and far-seeing President, and the final eradication of disease from this, the unhealthiest spot in the world, again the work of army sanitarians. The canal would probably have been completed without the triumphs which Gorgas worked, but with what a loss of time, of money, and of lives. Humanity owes a debt indeed to that first Army Board and its heroic members.

Although yellow fever was the fundamental problem of sanitation in the Canal Zone, it was not the only problem. As Gorgas states, the most important pioneer work was done in 1905 and 1906, and by the autumn of 1907 it was a question of holding what had been gained. Malaria received almost as much attention as yellow fever, and the campaign taken up in earnest after the control of yellow fever involved an area fifty miles long and about two miles broad. Other special problems were those concerning lepers and the insane and quarantine against bubonic plague. More general problems related to hospital management, sanitation for the convalescent, and matters of quarantine. The methods of meeting all these problems Gorgas gives in detail. Here may be presented the general result. The average force on the Isthmus during ten years was 39,000 men. The average sick-rate was 23 men per thousand per day, as contrasted with an estimate of 333 per thousand during the French occupation. The death-rate for ten years was 17 per thousand for each year, as contrasted with 200 per thousand during the period of French control. It is this death-rate, lower than that of many of our northern cities, that constitutes a most important by-product of this country's activities in the Canal Zone; namely, the demonstration that proper sanitation guarantees a healthy life in the tropics, and may be the means of throwing open to settlement large areas of the earth's surface, now non-productive.

It is not to be inferred, because the reviewer has followed the main scientific theme—yellow fever—of Gen. Gorgas's account, that the book is a dry recital of matter pertaining to tropical diseases and health in the tropics. On the contrary, the author has introduced many interesting accounts of the early history of Havana and Panama, much of which reads like romance, and numerous personal experiences, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic—all of which make an exceedingly readable story of what must be considered as an epoch-making achievement in American history.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Indiscreet Letter. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Co.

As what may be termed an American magazine masterpiece, this little story deserves notice. It has the jauntiness, the briskness, the superficial touches of modern daring, and the underlying world-old sentimentalism; the damsel-errant motive, now so popular, and the chivalrous-drummer motive, hardly less so. The damsel is of high degree, according to her author, though she talks, as it happens, rather like a vivacious stenographer on an outing. In short, it has precisely that inherent commonplaceness plus the fillip of novelty in setting and detail, which constitutes the much-vaunted "punch" of literary and dramatic commerce. Hence its republication in book form of the dainty decorated pale-blue border kind. "Summer reading," of course.

The House of Many Mirrors. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's.

A novelist of twenty years' experience, this writer acquired early something of the sophisticated manner which Mr. James has made both sublime and ridiculous. It is a little old-fashioned by now: give us something brisker, franker, simpler, something neither Victorian nor consciously non-Victorian, but our own. Here are the sophisticated air, the hints and hedgings and implications, the avoidance of plain speaking. It is possible to conceal a good deal of emptiness, among other things, beneath this manner. A sufficiently clever performer can give the desired flavor to mere sawdust and ashes. For a good part of his way through this book the reader may well be uncertain as to whether he is reading about anything or not. We seem to be pottering inefficiently with certain ancient materials such as a hero of the artistic temperament, a terrible old man with a fortune, a family row about a possible inheritance, and so on. As for the wife of the temperamental gentleman, she comes very near being a bore with her solicitudes. But for fifty pages at the end the story becomes forthright and intelligible, poignant in its way. That Alfy may inherit his heart's desire, Rosamond, about to die, not only conceals her condition, not only steals away to die alone, but contrives a further sacrifice by writing a long series of letters to be forwarded to him at regular intervals after her death. By this means Alfy is kept at his post, that is to say, at the bedside of the dying rich uncle. There, too, is a young female cousin who, against

her own interests, plots for Alfy. The end of the story is full of ironics. Rosamond's bequeathed letters have been written in desperation and are not up to the mark of Alfy's theory of his wife. His gradual estrangement from her is paralleled rather than caused by a creeping intimacy with the young cousin Emily. The old man dies, and it turns out that a will of twenty-five years standing is in favor of Alfy. Rosamond's sacrifice has been unnecessary. Emily is more or less stranded, and Alfy decides to take her to Rosamond. On the journey, seeing a long life of impossible self-suppression before them, they succumb to the temptation of the moment. At the end of the journey the truth about poor Rosamond, six weeks dead, sufficiently avenges her.

The Sea-Hawk. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A gadzooks romance with a generous measure of blood, revenge, sacrifice, villany, adventure, and heart-interest. For the reader who does not find improbability dull, it will be guilty of no dull moment; and if you like a fustian style, here is your article. Two brothers, one seeming-virtuous but really vile, the other a wild blade with the heart of a saint—we have met these gentry before. The young hypocrite (Lionel) is guilty of a deed of blood which the old blade (Sir Oliver) might have done. Sir Oliver takes the blame; but Lionel does not trust him, and has him kidnapped, on the pleasant understanding that he is to be sold in Africa as a galley-slave. The lovely and high-born maiden who has provisionally given her heart to Sir Oliver, believes all against him, and Sir Oliver is duly carried off, but by fortune and merit presently becomes Sakr-el-Bahr, the Sea-Hawk, champion and chief corsair of Islam. After a season he returns in a captured Spanish galleon to England and abducts Brother Lionel and the maiden, now Brother Lionel's betrothed. Then there are all kinds of doings, involving the appearance of Lionel and maiden in an Oriental slave market, perils for both on land and sea, their rescue by the Sea-Hawk, and the eventual vindication of that gentleman. Now all this material is good enough of its kind. Our quarrel with this sort of book—and we have read ten like it within a year or two—is that the material is woodenly and perfunctorily employed. Is the special audience at which costume romance is aimed so dull as to make an author's pains wasted? A century after Walter Scott, can his successor in the big wow-wow strain afford to be so hopelessly and, as it were, brazenly his inferior in historical accuracy, in human portraiture, in style? The truth may be rather that Sir Walter was too good for his audience than that these yarn-spinners are too bad for theirs. For his audience was youth or the spirit of youth, and if there is any absurdity of matter or manner which that audience is not prepared to swallow in the name of romance, history doth not record it.

INDUSTRIAL RUSSIA.

An Economic History of Russia. By James Mavor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Two vols. $10.

Since Mackenzie Wallace published his classic "Russia" nearly forty years ago no English writer has essayed so comprehensive and considerable a survey of economic conditions in Russia as the author of these two substantial volumes. Like Wallace, Professor Mavor knows Russian, and acquired some of his material from first-hand observation on the spot. But by far the greater part of his work is based on the researches of recent Russian investigators; so that, while Wallace always has the freshness of the steppes and village life, Professor Mavor's work suggests the scholar's study and midnight oil. Where Wallace was content to describe discursively as a traveller, Professor Mavor proceeds to formal analysis and to philosophic or socialistic interpretation. Wallace gives a cross-section of Russia in the second half of the nineteenth century. Mavor describes the growing current of economic life (and to a large extent of political and constitutional life also) from the dim past, when the Slavs were but a name, down to the meeting of the Duma in the twentieth century. The two authors are complementary. The one is as indispensable as the other to any person who would get some solid knowledge of the great unknown land of unlimited possibilities.

Professor Mavor's point of view is that of the toiler—the tiller of the soil and the proletariat of the factory. His sympathy is not with the autocracy and its police, however well-meant their efforts have been. At times he leans quite heavily on one-sided revolutionary sources and on the writings of Russian exiles like the gentle anarchist, Kropotkin; but as he always cites his authorities carefully, it is easy for the reader to check up his statements.

In the first part of the first volume the author describes the early Slavs, the consolidation of the Russian state under the Muscovite princes, the gradual degradation of the peasants into serfs (not effected as commonly stated by Boris Godunov in 1597), and the rise and decline of the Russian Estates General, or Zemsky Sobor, in the seventeenth century. In all this Professor Mavor wisely follows the sure guidance of Kluchevsky's excellent "History of Russia." Though the first volumes of this have since been translated into English, students will find that Professor Mavor often gives a clearer idea of what Kluchevsky is saying than does the translator, for the former at any rate is acquainted with somewhat analogous institutions in feudal Europe. But even so, his pages about *kholopi*, "*kabala* men," "votchinal ownership," and *tyaglo* are fairly difficult reading. The agrarian history is particularly difficult to follow because the author does not consistently adhere to one terminology: "peasant," "bondsman," and "serf" are apparently all used at different times to mean the same thing.

But with the appearance of Peter the Great, the reader's perplexities disappear. He can enjoy a clear and enthusiastic account of that ruler's extraordinary military, fiscal, commercial, and industrial reforms. To raise the funds for the army and navy, Peter resorted to an inconceivable jumble of taxes, "an excise upon hats, boots, and skins, taxes upon inns, upon rented houses, upon cellars, chimneys, baths, water, and upon loading and discharging lumber, upon the sale of food in general, and in particular upon watermelons, cucumbers, and nuts" (I, 133). Beards might be worn, but they were taxed, for a nobleman's beard sixty rubles, for a merchant's eighty, and for a serf's thirty. Taxes also were paid at birth and at marriage, though by a strange oversight the tax-inventors omitted an impost on funerals.

More than two-thirds of the first volume deals with the century and a half from Peter the Great's death down to the next important landmark in the economic history of Russia, the "fall of bondage right," *i. e.*, the emancipation of the serfs in 1861. Professor Mavor has much that is new and valuable to say in regard to the various classes of agricultural serfs, the influence of the Slavophils and of writers like Turgeniev and Chernishevsky, the growing conviction of the evils of serfdom, and the long labors of the numerous committees which finally accomplished emancipation. He makes very plain the tremendous opposition that had to be overcome, but he does not make sufficiently clear and detailed the purely economic results of emancipation. One expects to find these results analyzed in the second volume, but on opening it one sees that the author's interest has shifted to another matter—to the conflict between autocracy and revolution.

The first great revolutionary movement in Russia, according to the author, was "The Rising of Pugachev," in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Though commonly regarded as an agrarian movement, Professor Mavor believes it to have been largely industrial in its origin, being due to the social dislocations caused by Peter the Great's frantic efforts to establish manufactures. Thousands of serfs, instead of being *adscripti glebæ*, were ascribed to the factories and mining concerns run by the State or by private nobles. It was largely these industrial serfs, in southeast Russia and in the Western Urals, who swelled Pugachev's following and enabled him to defy the armies of autocracy for more than two years. The next revolution, the half-baked "Decabrist" affair of 1825, was, on the contrary, largely military; it was due to French ideas fermenting in the heads of Russians who had campaigned on the soil of France in 1814-15; but it was sharply nipped in the bud by the personal bravery of Nicholas I. It was only after emancipation, and largely because of the social dislocations caused by it, that the "revolutionary state of mind" began to be deep and widespread in Russia.

It was furthered enormously by three factors: the "western" and socialistic propaganda of the intellectuals of the seventies and eighties, the inefficiency of the autocracy both at home and abroad, and the inevitable disturbing effects of the growth of capitalistic industry.

All these factors and their complicated interrelations are clearly and excellently described by Professor Mavor. They will doubtless be found by most persons to be the most interesting part of his volumes. They centre upon personalities who are audacious, sinister, and mysterious, and they blaze forth in assassination of the police and by the police. Professor Mavor does not indulge in rhetoric, but gives us the cold facts of Khalturin sleeping with dynamite under his pillow, of Zubatov and Azev playing the perilous double rôle of police spy and labor agitator, and of Father Gapon driven against his will from an economic into a political agitation which resulted in "Bloody Sunday." After analyzing in detail the series of strikes in 1905 by which revolution triumphed over absolutism, the author speaks briefly of the reaction which followed, but closes with a note of hopefulness:

> Russia has changed abruptly from a country in which criticism was sternly suppressed to one in which criticism abounds. The Duma, with all its defects, has become a school in which a new generation of competent rulers may be trained. Without some such school as this—outside of the bureaucratic field—it would be impossible for Russia to aim towards an effective democracy.

THE SOCIALISTIC DIASPORA.

The Socialists and the War. By William English Walling. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

In promptly collecting and publishing the official statements of the Socialist parties and the record of their acts since the outbreak of the war, Mr. Walling has rendered good service to all those who are interested in the Socialist movement. His book has the especial merit of being strictly a record of facts and documents. He has studiously refrained from argument and from all comment other than the barest minimum of necessary explanation. While this makes his book rather difficult reading for one who is not at least moderately well versed in the minutiæ of Socialist politics, it notably enhances its value as a collection of references.

The common notion that the outbreak of war in Europe last August cut well below the lines of division most deeply etched in the social fabric of the belligerent countries is certainly correct so far as Socialism is concerned. In the countries affected the Socialists went to the colors and the "International" collapsed at the first shock of conflict. In November, 1914, Karl Kautsky (commonly regarded as the leading Socialist writer of the day) wrote in his paper, *Die Neue Zeit*, as follows:

> So the present war shows the limits of the power of the International. We deceived ourselves if we expected that it might assure an harmonious attitude of the whole Socialist proletariat of the world during the world war. Such a position was possible only in a few specially simple cases. The world war split the Socialists into various national camps. The International is unable to prevent that. That is to say, it is no effective tool in war. It is essentially an instrument of peace (p. 231).

In France and Belgium Socialists were invited to join the Government, and accepted. No such invitation, however, was given in Germany or Austria. In Germany the party, after violent dissensions in caucus, supported the Government on the ground that it was a "defensive" war. The Austrian Socialists took virtually the same course. It was asserted by Haase in the Reichstag that the international labor movement has "at all times recognized the right of every people to national independence and national defence, and at the same time we condemn all war for conquest" (p. 144). The Russian Socialists of the Duma, fourteen in number, however, declined to vote the war credit in August and declared themselves opposed to the war. Italian Socialists, while declaring opposition to war, showed great bitterness against the Teutonic allies. Two of the three Socialist organizations in Britain aligned themselves with the Government at the outbreak of war, and the third divided about equally on the question a little later.

That the downfall of the International at touch of the sword proves much against the future of Socialism may reasonably be doubted. As Mr. Walling says, in his opening chapter:

> The general public felt greater confidence in the Socialists' powers than the Socialists themselves had ever felt. When they failed to live up to public expectation a part of the public believed that Socialism was bankrupt. But a far larger part showed greater interest than ever. The Socialists at least had done all in their power to prevent the war from breaking out. It is true that the governments participating also claim to have tried to prevent the war. But while the sincerity of some or of all the governments is widely questioned almost nobody has the slightest doubt as to the sincerity of the Socialists (pp. 3-4).

The truth is, probably, as Kautsky said, that war is stronger than Internationalism in its present stage of development, but war will not last forever, and Socialism may, at least conceivably, exist on a large scale before real internationalism comes into being. The casuists of the Socialist parties, Bauer, for example (p. 20), can make a place for war in the Socialist scheme while things are as they are—nor is their reasoning unsound.

It is only natural, however, that we should find the Socialists in the warring nations leading in the efforts—such as those efforts are—for peace. The German Socialists (and those of Austria-Hungary) have developed a very strong minority which takes the ground that the purposes of a "defensive" war have already been accomplished and that it is time to cease fighting, without attempt at aggrandizement of territory. Probably half the parties of German-speaking nations take this view, which is openly expressed by *Vorwärts* to the limit allowed by the censorship. Socialists in neutral nations are, of course, in the main, for peace, although very divergent views as to the nature of the peace to be made are found to exist. In France, England, and Italy the pacifist proportion among Socialists is very much smaller than in Germany and Austria. The French Socialists seem to be almost unanimous for a fight to the end. A conference of Socialists in "Allied" nations in February endorsed the war as necessary to break German imperialism.

AMERICA AND JAPAN.

America to Japan: A Symposium of Papers by Representative Citizens of the United States on the Relations Between Japan and America and on the Common Interests of the Two Countries. Edited by Lindsay Russell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The symposium of papers by Japanese writers of distinction, entitled "Japan to America," to which the present volume is a response, was reviewed in these columns a few months ago. As the various contributions had been prepared for publication before the outbreak of the great war, this disturbing element did not enter in any way into the discussion. It was impossible for contributors to the later volume to ignore the subject altogether, although many of them have weakened their appeal by needless avoidance of its logical bearings on the situation to-day. But for Dr. Charles W. Eliot's manly and outspoken approval of "the effective execution by Japan of its treaty with Great Britain," it would be difficult for a reader of "America to Japan" to gather from its pages that Japan was and is at war, and on the side of the Allies. In fact, the language of some of the contributors might fairly be held to imply the contrary. "We of Japan and America," declares Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, at the close of a paper entitled "Human Brotherhood," must unite to slay its (war's) artificial monsters, to banish its unnatural terrors. Otherwise sovereignty will go on quarrelling with sovereignty, and so forth. This endeavor to separate our aims and ideals from those of the Allies, when the danger to Japan lies in the imperial and militaristic character of her Constitution, spoils much of the argument. Only one of the papers is from a Japanese pen, that by Prof. T. Iyenaga, lecturer on political science in the University of Chicago, and he makes it patent that he regards American friendship as incomplete without English partnership. He is glad that "an ever-increasing number of his fellow-countrymen not only understand the English language, but are capable of interpreting to their compatriots the spirit of Anglo-American civilization." To insure the future development of Japan, it is imperative that she preserve and strengthen her friendship with both the great English-speaking peoples, and gradually substitute their representative institutions for her present imperialism. If they treat her unfairly or trifle with her legitimate demands, she will surely drift

into a militaristic policy. Hence there is nothing more dangerous or unpatriotic than to make Japan a pawn in our domestic politics.

At present Japan is proud to be the trusted ally of Great Britain, and wise Americans, in touching on international topics, would do well to remember this fact. The *Japan Mail*, which for many years did good service in placing the Japanese case before the world, and in smoothing the relations between Orient and Occident, was conducted by an Englishman, but some of his ablest henchmen were Americans, and the journal stood for Anglo-American good-will. There was the same united action in the Asiatic Society of Japan at Tokio, where presidents and secretaries were alternately British or American. The Protestant missions of both countries have also coöperated in their work. The absence throughout the volume of any proper appreciation of this relationship is a distinct and regrettable weakness.

Nor can we address Japan, as do several of the contributors, as if this country were altogether free from the imputation of adding to its possessions by successful wars. Our Mexican War of sixty years ago, followed by a huge accession of territory, is hard to justify; our Spanish War of 1908 resulted in the capture of the Philippines, and we became, like Britain, France, and Holland, an Asiatic Power holding our possessions by military force; and the obtaining of the land needed for constructing the Panama Canal and securing a foothold on the Isthmus was a high-handed piece of diplomacy which has made Colombia our bitter enemy and requires warships and fortifications to back it up. Justify as we may to our own satisfaction the acquisition by purchase and conquest of the Philippines, yet it marked so complete a change in our foreign policy as to lead at once to a less trustful attitude on the part of Japan. As it was followed soon after by the Californian trouble, this country had to take thenceforth the second place in the regard of the Japanese people, the first place going to Great Britain. Before that time we stood easily first. There is no hint in the symposium of this shifting of sympathies.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler stands almost alone among the contributors in his attitude towards the recent anti-alien legislation at Sacramento. He denies that this legislation is directed against the Japanese as a people, and defends Californians as practical Americans, who have arrived at the most sensible view regarding the problems involved in the contact of East and West. He thinks that "other Americans, as fast as they come to a full understanding of the situation, will take the same view." Later on in the article he expresses surprise—and wisely—at the scant attention paid to Dr. Gulick's proposal, "which admits from any land, Asiatic or European, a certain fixed percentage of those from the same land who are already naturalized Americans. This proposal has the double merit of avoiding a sudden change in the proportion of immigrants from different countries and of treating all on the same basis." Politicians would do well to take the hint. While some of the papers are marked by a patronizing self-complacency, others err on the side of flattery. Thus Mr. Larz Anderson, ex-Ambassador to Japan, finds Japan a "Wonderland," which revealed each time he saw it "the same great national traits that are among the finest which have been granted to mankind, and which flash out now and then, even in these modern material days, in some splendid act of self-sacrifice or heroism, of loyalty to Emperor, to country, to family, to tradition, which is so fine, but now, alas! so out of date in the rest of the world that it is scarcely understood or appreciated." What of the wonderful devotion the German people are showing to Emperor and Fatherland, or the extraordinary spontaneous loyalty of the colonies to the British Empire, or the heroism of little Belgium?

The same false note is struck in Mr. George Kennan's "What the West Might Learn from Japan." He comments on the numerous evidences of Japanese chivalry and courtesy shown towards their enemies in Manchuria: the monument erected to the Russian soldiers who perished at Port Arthur; the memorial crosses put up over the graves of Russians who died between Liao-yang and Mukden; the honor paid to the brave Russian spy, Vassili Liuboff, whom they shot, but commended for his loyalty. "Does that sound," he concludes, "like anything that we have heard from either side in the present conflict?" Yes, indeed; has he not read of the splendid military funeral given to Capt. Mueller, of the Bluecher, who died a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle? And yet the great warship he commanded was on its way to shell the coast towns of eastern England. Anglo-American civilization has never been behindhand in such manifestations of chivalrous courtesy.

Among the fifty papers, there are several which claim particular attention. The seventh in order, entitled "The Pacific Coast Peril," by Mr. Francis B. Loomis, former Assistant Secretary of State, is the result of a visit to California and a careful personal examination of actual conditions. He contends that the present "irritating and humiliating discriminations toward the Japanese should cease." He denies that they are going to overturn California, to acquire a considerable portion of the land, to get an undue share of business, to snap up the Philippines. Moreover, "the Japanese people have an historic and sentimental bias in favor of the United States; those already here are on the way to become excellent citizens"; and *"if they were let alone or were given the ballot and citizenship, the whole question would disappear."*

Another valuable article is "Treaty Thraldom and Release," by Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*. He pays a deserved tribute to the personality and labors of Townsend Harris, who went to Japan in 1856 as Consul-General from the United States and won the lasting good-will of the Japanese people. Harris inaugurated a policy which made them believe that, more than any other nation, the American Government has been actuated in her Oriental policy "by the principles and motives that govern private relations among just and considerate men."

Several of the papers, notably the last, by the editor of the whole symposium, give expression to the hope that Japan will prove the helpful brother to China in educating her and bringing her into the international fold, "acting as guardian *pro tem.*" He would recommend that we "coöperate with Japan in every way possible, and ultimately we shall also benefit by the increased purchasing power of China which will come through Japan's activities." Unfortunately for this hope, Japan has not shown that she is capable of acting as a teacher of Western civilization. The thousands of Chinese students who flocked to Tokio within the past decade, to be modernized at second hand, seem to have acquired nothing but political restlessness; the two nations do not understand one another; and to-day Japanese goods and the Japanese coinage are boycotted far and wide by angry Celestials. China, like Japan, will have to come direct to the West for her education, and we need not hamper ourselves with an unpopular partner.

THE FIRST ELLIOTT MONOGRAPHS.

Flaubert's Literary Development in the Light of His "Mémoires d'un Fou," "Novembre," and "Education Sentimentale." By A. Coleman. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Sources and Structure of Flaubert's Salammbô. By P. B. Fay and A. Coleman. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

La Composition de Salammbô. By F. A. Blossom. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

The series of Johns Hopkins monographs, edited by Edward C. Armstrong and dedicated to the memory of A. Marshall Elliott, professor of Romance languages in the Johns Hopkins University from 1876 to his death in November, 1910, begins with three studies of Flaubert. Though dated 1914, these monographs, according to the advertisement in *Modern Language Notes*, constitute "the issue for 1915." The first and longest is "Flaubert's Literary Development in the Light of His 'Mémoires d'un Fou,' 'Novembre,' and 'Education Sentimentale' (version of 1845)," by A. Coleman. The other two are "Sources and Structure of Flaubert's Salammbô," by P. B. Fay and A. Coleman, and "La Composition de Salammbô d'après la Correspondance de Flaubert (1857-1862) avec un Essai de Classement Chronologique des Lettres," by F. A. Blossom.

The three volumes are a valuable addition to our knowledge of the remarkable writer who, in this country at least, however much has been written of him in France, is often little known, except in "Madame Bovary" and "Salammbô." Yet in American libraries, during the last five or six years, books have been accessible giving much trustworthy information about Flaubert, which the authors of these mono-

graphs frequently refer to—studies of various phases of the man and his work by René Descharmes and René Dumesnil, and also E. W. Fischer's "Etudes sur Flaubert Inédit" (with a detailed account of his earliest "Tentation de Saint Antoine"), translated from the German into French. Like these, the Elliott monographs—as their titles indicate—consider the early work of Flaubert, the formative years of his life, and (with detailed study) various matters connected with "Salammbô."

The second and third of the three volumes deal with such special material and treat it so technically that they must serve chiefly as reference books. But aside from the particular information which they give, the most interesting part of which concerns the use that Flaubert, in writing his Carthaginian romance, made of Polybius, they throw new light on the deliberate, painstaking study, always refusing obstinately to be hurried, that was so important an element in Flaubert's art. They show clearly that the barbaric details of many a picture in "Salammbô" which seem the product of an incredibly, if not even madly, exuberant imagination, are after all based on the minutest research.

The first volume, dealing with Flaubert's literary development in the first twenty-four years of his life, considering him as both a "romantic" and a realist, is much less technical than the other two, and so is likely to prove of more general interest. Yet even this might to advantage show in its style less scholarly coldness and more enthusiasm for its subject. Since certain learned bodies have given their sanction to *thru* for *through*, and a few similar misspellings, it is perhaps unreasonable to wish that they did not appear in Mr. Coleman's work, as they do also in the other monographs. Even so, most readers will regret their presence. But when these objections are made, there is little to say of this volume except in praise of its careful investigation, clear statement of fact, and critical soundness. To many readers its most interesting information will be of Flaubert's indebtedness in "Novembre" to Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin"—an indebtedness, unless the reviewer is mistaken, now pointed out for the first time. The resemblance between the stories, as stated in the monograph, appears conclusive. But all the information here given is interesting to a student of Flaubert as well as useful.

All in all, these monographs give no different impression of Flaubert from that which we had previously got from M. Descharmes's "Flaubert . . . avant 1857." None was to be expected, for M. Descharmes did his work with persuasive thoroughness. What they do is very usefully to enlarge our stock of information about the great French novelist. And one who reads the three monographs will understand better than he did before how the coldly contained realist of "Madame Bovary" could dream the dreams in "Salammbô" of the richest splendor of "the gorgeous East" and its unspeakable savagery.

Notes

Henry Holt & Co. announce that they will shortly add to their American Historical Series "A Short History of England and the British Empire," by L. M. Larson.

Small, Maynard & Co. announce for publication in the autumn "The Silver Ring," by Frank R. Adams.

Among the forthcoming publications of Harper & Bros. are: "The Inner Law," by Will N. Harben; "The Trail of the Hawk," by Sinclair Lewis; "The Story of a Pioneer," by Anna Howard Shaw, in collaboration with Elizabeth Jordan; "The Laughing Muse," by Arthur Guiterman; "Mark Tidd in Business," by Clarence B. Kelland.

T. Fisher Unwin announces the publication of "The World in Conflict," by L. T. Hobhouse.

"The Curious Lore of Precious Stones" and "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," by George F. Kunz, will be published in the autumn by J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "A History of American Literature," by Fred Lewis Pattee; "Pegeen," by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, and "The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear," by Mabel Fuller Blodgett.

"The Elements of the Great War: the First Phase," by Hilaire Belloc (Hearst's International Library Co.; $1.50 net), is the first of six volumes. From this allowance of space one may assume that the author expects the war to last three years or more. Mr. Belloc brings to his task the lucidity and picturesqueness which have ever distinguished him as essayist and historian. He has had military training in France and has walked over much of the terrain now the scene of operations. He is a devotee of the diagram, and has the knack of simplifying larger movements in a fairly Euclidean fashion. About half of the present volume is given up to preliminaries—considerations of races, population, and conflicting national ambitions. The second half describes the German rush in Belgium, northern France, and Poland, terminating on the eve of the battle of the Marne. In this first phase of the war Mr. Belloc asserts that Germany fought on both fronts in a superiority of about three to one. The checking of this onslaught inaugurates the second, static, phase in which the Allies gradually attained equality of numbers; the third phase in which their numerical superiority becomes pronounced is just opening. In describing the advance on Paris Mr. Belloc is most lucid. The French defence was that of the operative square, the French Fourth and Fifth Armies and the British contingent having the duty of leading the attackers to the point where they could be met by superior forces. The plan nearly failed through the speedy crumbling of Namur and the tardiness with which the order to withdraw reached Sir John French. Possibly an undue amount of space is given to the British manœuvres, yet when it is recalled that the material for such a record is more complete than that for the French movements, and that the British held the crucial position during the retreat, Mr. Belloc can hardly be blamed for his choice of emphasis. The book is a model of clear exposition, a true analytical history and not a simple military chronicle. It is and promises to be the most satisfactory work of its scope. It deserves and doubtless will have a wide reading.

Hammond V. Hayes's "Public Utilities, Their Present Value and Return" (D. Van Nostrand Co.; $2 net), deals with a situation out of which order may some day be resolved, but which at present is little short of chaotic. The author is an engineer of peculiarly unbiassed mind, intent upon reaching conclusions which shall be sound both in law and in economics. His subject, though of the highest importance, is not one that lends itself to popular treatment, and it cannot be said that Mr. Hayes has made much effort to bring it down to the level of ordinary intelligence. He is wise in foregoing the attempt. The lay mind is unusually active at this time in debating the question of public utility values, and, it is to be feared, with fully as much harm as good to public interests. The State has taken in hand the valuation of public utilities without due regard to two facts: first, that in science (public utilities embody the most complicated principles of science) things are not always what they seem to the untrained mind, and, secondly, that it is not, as a rule, wise to call the shoemaker away from his last. In other words, the State has undertaken one of the most technical of all tasks, and has delegated its performance to agents versed in popular rather than scientific discourse. In order to be scientific it is not necessary to employ a jargon, but it is necessary that every word shall connote a fact, and that none shall connote an imagination. This implies a restraint which puts the product outside the range of ordinary political discussion. We may not subscribe to all of Mr. Hayes's conclusions, but we may be sure that he has reached them by the approved means of the science with which his subject deals. He has, in short, produced a work which all rational students of public utilities will welcome.

Three new volumes on government present the clash of opinion that characterizes current discussion of the subject in this country. In "The Democracy of the Constitution" (Scribner; $1.50 net), which is a collection of addresses and essays, Senator Lodge vigorously opposes the innovations of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. Any one who takes this position has to meet the charge of want of faith in the capacity of the people to govern themselves. Senator Lodge does not flinch from this issue. He points out that "the people" is a very loose term. It is the voters who do the governing, "and the voters are not the people, but a small portion of the people—not more than a fifth or a sixth part." Even this fraction is materially reduced in most of the elections, at which measures rather than men are voted upon, and this abstention from the polls, in Senator Lodge's view, is one of the elements to be considered in placing new burdens upon the electorate. It may easily mean an increasing amount of government by minorities. But this is not all. Senator Lodge is a sturdy defender of representative government as against "direct" government, because he believes that, while the popular will must in the end prevail, it is necessary to guard the rights of all the people against ill-

considered action on the part of those who cast the votes. In a word, he stands for a system that will not only permit, but compel, so far as a system can compel, the sober second-thought that advocates of direct government seem to think our democracy may dispense with. His presentation of this idea is somewhat injured by the fact of being repeated in successive addresses or essays, which gives it an effect of monotony. In this respect the book would have been improved by cutting and summarizing. Deserving of separate mention are his contributions on John C. Calhoun and Thomas B. Reed, and the miscellaneous papers with which the volume concludes: "An American Myth," an interesting analysis of a reputed incident at a trial in which Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr were of counsel for the defence; "As to Anthologies"; "The Origin of Certain Americanisms," and "Diversions of a Convalescent." The final paper is of a personal nature that distinguishes it from all the rest, and reveals the writer in the rôle, not of publicist or littérateur, but of lover of the classics and of the world of the imagination.

On the opposite tack is "The Progressive Movement," by Benjamin Parke De Witt (Macmillan; $1.50 net). The bulk of Mr. De Witt's book is informative, but he does not conceal his sympathies and antipathies. Beginning with a sketch of our government history, he traces the progressive movement in the Democratic, Republican, Progressive, Socialist, and Prohibition parties, and then, in turn, in the nation, the States, and the cities. By "progressive" he means three things: the abolition of corruption, control by the many rather than by the few, and extension of the functions of government. His discussion of certain proposals under these heads suggests that there is need of a discrimination between terms. If popular election of President and recall of judicial decisions and of judges as well—Mr. De Witt is able to swallow both—are "progressive," what would he call "radical"? The most useful chapter in the book is the one on The Efficiency Movement, concerning which the author writes with a first-hand knowledge. As a prophet he is less capable, risking the assertion that "the Progressive party has before it a bright future." Prof. Thomas H. Reed's "Government for the People" (Huebsch; $1.50 net), is of uneven merit. It is thoughtful, but does not penetrate far beneath the surface. The chapter on Our Judicial Dilemma is one-sided and alarmist, and Professor Reed has not considered all the consequences of his proposal for Cabinet government at Washington. He is best in discussing the administration of education. The lists of references at the ends of the chapters constitute a working bibliography of recent books and articles on our problems of government.

The title of Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor's book, "Deliverance: The Freeing of the Spirit in the Ancient World" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), is alluring. The prospective reader pictures to himself a high spiritual satisfaction in retracing the paths of the great souls of the past, serene or troubled as the case may be, towards what President Eliot has called the durable satisfactions of life. Anticipation is heightened by the legend on the wrapper: "This book has nothing to do with the war; yet it is a good book to read now, as it has much to do with the profounder peace of mind which the wise man or woman will in some way keep, through some mode of reasoning or devotion, whether in calm or troubled times." And the high plane of promise is preserved in the Prologue. "One realizes a universal kinship in human need and aspiration when following such thoughts seemingly afar in the minds of these Founders who have passed on," writes Mr. Taylor. "They who may have died ages ago are nearer to us than the alien masses among whom we move. They are the spiritual fathers of us all, and we make ourselves consciously their sons by coming to know them in their achieved or striven for adjustment of themselves with the eternal, and in their attunement of their desires to human limitation. . . . Although that which those ancients reached, or even that which they tried for, may not be for us, still the contemplation of their efforts is as the effect of noble sculpture and poetry, bringing something like the final calm, the emotional purge, of tragedy." Thus the expectant reader is keyed up to a high point. To fulfil the hopes raised would require a universal theologian doubled with a seer of reconstructing and inspired imagination, and such requirements are beyond Mr. Taylor in the great field he has attempted to cover, from Chaldæa and Egypt, China, India, Zarathushtra, Israel, the Greeks, Jesus, Paul, to Augustine. Often he shows first-hand knowledge, but even then he gives a somewhat pedestrian summing up of information to be tabulated, rather than a picture of that Deliverance which has proved a boon in time of doubt and trouble to the thinkers of the past. And in the places where the knowledge has been borrowed, one wonders if Mr. Taylor really thinks the adjustments he describes have actually proved a deliverance to any one. There are pleasant places in the book, as in the summary of Plato's thought, but the reader is seldom carried to those heights on which he expected to tread when he read the prologue and the title. Perhaps, however, in these troublous times one yearns too much for a sight of real deliverance; perhaps but few have ever found it.

The annual "Reports" of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence are always welcome, for they are brief and not overloaded with statistics. That covering the year 1914-1915 is no exception to the rule. It is clear that the institution is becoming more and more useful to students of American history and bibliography throughout the country and beyond our borders. If an example of the library's usefulness and preëminence in certain fields were needed, it is forthcoming in the fact that Mr. Charles Evans has found its collections of such value to him, in the compilation of his "American Bibliography," that he has dedicated the eighth volume (1790-1792), in glowing terms, to the institution. Mr. Evans found there 571 of the 2,777 titles contained in the volume. The choicest, if not the most important, acquisition of the year is the first product, so far as is known, of the South American press, the "Doctrina Christiana," printed at Lima in 1584. The book is in the Quichua and Aymara languages, as well as in Spanish. Another title, of which only one other copy is recorded, is the "Life" of St. Antonio of Padua, printed in the native Mexican tongue in 1605. In reading this "Report" one is impressed by the fact that the introduction of the photostat has been productive of great good. It is now possible for libraries to procure photographic prints of rare newspapers, broadsides, manuscripts, and books, even, at small cost. What this means in enabling libraries to complete their collections, and in the saving of the originals from wear and tear, can scarcely be overestimated. The Library of Congress, the John Carter Brown Library, and the Massachusetts Historical Society are foremost in this work. The "Report" closes with a merited tribute to the services of the retiring librarian, Mr. Winship.

Some years ago the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia undertook to make a "graphic history of commerce from the earliest dawn of trade and barter down to the present time." The preparation of this exhibit was entrusted to Mr. Wilfred H. Schoff, the secretary of the Museum. Mr. Schoff's studies soon led him to realize the importance of those ancient writers who are commonly grouped together as the Geographi Graeci Minores, and the need of making the fragments of their works more accessible to English readers. A beginning was made in 1912 by two publications: "The Periplus of the Erythræan Sea," a book of 328 pages, consisting of an introduction, a translation of the Greek text, and full notes and indexes, and "The Periplus of Hanno," a monograph of 34 pages, with the Greek text, translation, and notes. "The Parthian Stations of Isidore of Charax" (25 cents) forms the third number in the series. In make-up it resembles the "Periplus of Hanno." We have first the Greek text, with a translation on the opposite page; then various fragments of the writings of Isidore that have been preserved by Athenæus, Pliny, and Lucian (these also with translations); then a commentary, made up principally of notes on the places mentioned, with numerous references to ancient and modern writers and occasional quotations; "Parallel Passages from the Chinese Annals," quoted from Hirth's "China and the Roman Orient," and "A Modern Account" of trade routes in Persia, excerpted from Curzon's "Persia." Two maps serve to make the route described by Isidore clearer, and the pages are enlivened by reproductions of two Parthian coins and by pictures of a modern camel train and a Persian caravanserai.

A monograph of this sort is calculated to appeal to several classes of readers, each of whom will probably find shortcomings from his own particular point of view. The classical scholar will be disturbed by occasional misprints in the Greek, a slip or two in translation, omission in the list of printed editions of that of E. Miller, Paris, 1839, and the indefiniteness of some references, such as "Cf. also Tacitus." The business man (assuming such a reader) will probably find too much "gelehrtes Beiwerk" and wonder what connection there can possibly be between a note on the cult of Anaitis and the expansion of American trade. The traveller may think that fuller references to modern conditions and modern writers would be preferable to so many comments on ancient conditions and ancient history. All this, however, only shows the difficulty of the task of compilation which Mr. Schoff has undertaken; and the fact that readers of all these classes are sure to find something of interest and are supplied with the means of reading fur-

ther along particular lines if they desire to do so shows how well the task has been performed. To make a work like that of Isidore accessible to readers who command "small Latin and less Greek" is certainly worth while, and it is to be hoped that the authorities of the Commercial Museum will continue to encourage this part of the activities of their secretary and perhaps to give him more time to pursue such studies. In that case the impression of haste which is conveyed by several rather obvious slips in proofreading in the "Parthian Stations" could doubtless be avoided.

"The Interpretation of History" (Dutton; $1.75) which Lionel Cecil Jane adopts is based on the idea that all history is "a record of the eternal conflict between the desire to rule and the desire to be ruled." The desire to rule is Individualism and finds expression in such movements as Protestantism, laissez-faire, and democracy. The desire to be ruled, which for lack of a better term the author calls Universalism, is seen in Catholicism, Socialism, paternalism, and all forms of absolutism. This eternal conflict, inherent in human nature, is "internal" when it determines the relations of the individual to the state; it is "external" when it manifests itself as a conflict between the national state and the universal empire or the international projects which look to the general interests of the whole world. In the ceaseless conflict complete supremacy is never attained either by Individualism or by Universalism; the proximate victory of one is invariably followed by a reaction in favor of the other. History is the record of these oscillations. All the historian has to do in order to interpret the past or predict the future is to determine whether Individualism or Universalism is for the moment in the ascendency. Such a bald statement, however, of Mr. Jane's theory scarcely does justice to the ingenuity with which he has worked it out and set forth the facts of history which support it. To his credit be it said, he has a sound knowledge of history and does not pervert it to suit his theory; on the contrary, he modifies his theory with so many historical exceptions and interpretations that it loses something of the beauty of its simplicity. This, of course, is inevitable. The factors in human history, like the factors in the stock market, are too complex to be fitted into any simple formula. The historian who tries to predict the future from the oscillations in the conflicts between Individualism and Universalism, like the investor who studies the charts of the swings of the market, will always find it a bit troublesome to determine just the moment at which the pendulum is about to swing in the opposite direction. Nevertheless, many of the conclusions which the author says he worked out before the present war are being sharpened and emphasized as truths by the events of the past year.

"Europe is not to be saved by any single man," replied Pitt in 1805, a few weeks before his death, when the Lord Mayor proposed his health as the Saviour of Europe: "England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." England did. In fact, whenever in modern times military despotism has threatened the security of Europe, whether in the days of Philip II or Louis XIV or Napoleon, the seapower of England has proved its most formidable obstacle. England in saving herself has helped to save Europe. It is a great tradition; and she is called on to maintain it to-day more urgently than ever before. There is no nobler figure in the tradition than William Pitt. It is in the hope of renewing his appeal to the hearts and minds of his countrymen, and recalling his example to their memories, that R. Coupland has reprinted, with appropriate introductions and notes, "The War Speeches of William Pitt the Younger" (The Clarendon Press; 2s. 6d.).

"The Legal Principles of Public Health," by H. B. Hemenway (Chicago: T. H. Flood & Co.; $7.50 net), is a pioneer in a domain where law and science intermingle. Diseases which our ancestors looked upon as special visitations of an offended deity have been found by medical science to originate in human carelessness or wickedness. Their abatement is to be sought not in sacrificial offerings, but in education and self-restraint. Modern health laws do not subject the members of a community to sackcloth and ashes, but to personal cleanliness; to the sanitation of dwellings and places of business, and to a reasonable compliance with the demands of preventive medicine. Water supplies are to be carefully guarded. Milk and other food products must be submitted to inspection. The victims of certain diseases are segregated to prevent the spread of epidemics. In many other respects, personal liberty is invaded and the enjoyment of private property is limited by the State in the exercise of its police power. How far such invasions and restrictions may be carried consistently with established constitutional principles is a source of constant discussion in this country. As a rule, health officers are disposed to press the police power to their extreme limit, and to call for more and still more drastic legislation in that behalf. Dr. Hemenway, however, is not dominated by this spirit. His experience as a public official has convinced him that there is grave danger at present of overlegislation. He is not the champion of radical forms of eugenic statutes. He does not believe that our communities are to be converted into Utopias by legislative fiat, nor by administrative skill. In his opinion, there is greater need of moderation and sound common-sense, on the part of health officers, than of a disposition to push their authority to its full statutory limit, which often borders on the despotic. In fact, the volume before us merits the commendation accorded it in Dean Wigmore's Introduction, of being "original, carefully studied, practical, well balanced, and progressive." It should be helpful not only to health officers, but to lawyers and judges who are called upon to deal with the legal side of modern health problems.

The late Lord Strathcona was in every way so notable and picturesque a figure in the public life of Canada that his death inevitably has been made the excuse for a crop of biographies. Two of these are of the familiar laudatory type, and not worthy of any further mention. Mr. George N. Morang, the Toronto publisher, announces a Life in preparation by Prof. John Macnaughton, of McGill University. Mr. Beckles Willson is also working on what promises to be the most complete, as it will be the authorized, biography of Strathcona. Both of these should be worth attention, but judgment must of course be reserved until the books are actually published. The only Life at present available that makes any claims upon the intelligent reader is that by Mr. W. T. R. Preston, "Strathcona and the Making of Canada" (MacBride, Nast; $2.50). We do not wish to do Mr. Preston any injustice, but the impression left upon one's mind is that of a rather deliberate effort to picture Strathcona as the evil genius of Canada. There can be no question as to the cleverness, sometimes almost brilliancy, of Mr. Preston's style; or of the very readable account he has given us of the wonderfully varied and adventurous career of a man who rose entirely by his own efforts from the seemingly impossible position of an obscure fur-trader on the coast of Labrador to one of the highest offices in the gift of his country. It is rather the more to be pitied that the book is marred by a point of view which appears to be hopelessly warped. In an Appendix Mr. Preston prints several documents, extracts from the Canadian Hansard, etc., in support of statements made in his narrative; but it would have been better for his own reputation as an impartial biographer if he had either offered further documentary evidence, or refrained from making statements, hints, and innuendoes which could not be supported by satisfactory proof.

In his "New Testament in the Twentieth Century" (Macmillan; $3 net) Mr. Maurice Jones collects and collates briefly what much of the best scholarship of the present century has to say "with reference to those matters which have not yet emerged out of the region of controversy." Recognizing the fact that modern students of early Christianity insist on applying to the New Testament the principles employed in investigating the documents of other religions, our author reviews at the outset recent questions as to whether Jesus or Paul is the founder of Christianity, as to whether Jesus lived an historical life, as to the place of eschatology in His teaching, and as to the influence on Paul of the religions of mystery. Then he deals with current problems in reference to the Synoptic Gospels, some of the Epistles of Paul, and the Johannine writings. Widely read in the relevant English literature, acquainted with the results of French and German scholarship, and conscientious in his exposition of the opinions of others, our author furnishes an intelligent introduction to the difficulties which confront New Testament scholars. It may be added, as throwing light on the activities of some English army chaplains in times of peace, that Mr. Jones is a "chaplain to the forces."

Those of us who have had the privilege of travelling through the byways of England are wont to think only of the picturesque aspect of the villages and hamlets and isolated cottages occupied by the very poor. If, however, we happen to read Dr. William G. Savage's "Rural Housing" (T. Fisher Unwin), we are made to realize that these habitations are in a very large number of cases badly constructed, ill-ventilated, and in general unsanitary; a deplorable state of affairs which is depicted by the author as a natural result of the development of the agrarian system of England in the past. Dr. Savage has made a careful study of the resulting "acute and urgent" problems from all points of view, and urges modes of reform which appear to be thoroughly practical. The book is profusely illustrated with photographic plates, which, while somewhat grewsome, are thoroughly convincing.

Science

PHYSICAL ADJUSTMENTS TO EMOTIONS.

Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, and Rage. By Walter B. Cannon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

The complex mechanism of the body is sometimes separated roughly into the organs of animal life, including the voluntary muscles, and those of the vegetative life, including the visceral organs concerned in the processes of digestion and nutrition. Over our voluntary muscles we can exercise conscious control, and scientific investigations have revealed the location in the brain of the nerve centres through which this control is exerted, as well as the efferent paths through which the nerve impulses aroused by volitional effort pass to the muscles that are set into action. But the organs of the so-called vegetative system lie wholly outside the field of action of the will. They are regulated through a group of nerve fibres designated in modern physiology as the autonomic system which supplies the plain muscles and glands of the viscera. The origin and distribution of the autonomic fibres have been worked out with considerable completeness, so far as their peripheral distribution is concerned, but little is known of their course and connections within the central nervous system. It has been assumed in a general way that they are brought into functional activity by reflexes of an unconscious nature. Cannon's new book brings out in an impressive way the striking fact that this great system is constantly acted upon by strong emotions or sensations, like fear, rage, grief, and pain.

Through these conscious states, which presumably involve an activity of the cerebral hemispheres, impulses are set going that find their peripheral outlet in the visceral organs. "Emotions gain expression through discharges along the neurones of the autonomic nervous system." While it is a part of common knowledge that our emotions may affect digestion and other forms of visceral activity, this vague impression now receives a more precise and scientific form from the researches described in this book. Experimental evidence is furnished to show that strong emotions affect the adrenal glands, causing them to increase their normal secretion of adrenin, with the result that there is a contraction of the blood-vessels in the abdominal viscera and, therefore, a shifting of more blood to the heart, brain, lungs, and voluntary muscles. Moreover, through the action of this adrenin, the heart is made to beat more vigorously, the effects of muscular fatigue, if present, are removed, and the liver pours out more sugar into the blood. By a similar action the whole process of digestion and secretion in the stomach and intestines is brought to a standstill. The author sees in all of these reactions a useful adaptation to times of stress. These changes are of a preparatory or anticipatory character, adapted to put the body on a "war-footing," so that the animal is ready for fight or for flight—activities which we may suppose have always been called for under conditions which would excite fear or rage.

This idea is elaborated at some length, much indirect evidence being adduced in its support. The scientific reader may object at places to a tendency to make rather free use of analogies and figures of speech, and also to the fact that in his enthusiasm for the general position taken in regard to the utilitarian or adaptive character of these emotional expressions the author at times fails to take into account certain obvious objections to his theory. We can understand easily that, in a period of stress requiring maximal muscular activity, it may be valuable to an animal to have an increased supply of sugar in its blood for the use of the muscles, or a greater flow of blood to the brain and heart, or a secretion that antagonizes fatigue in the muscles or accelerates the clotting of blood, but what value does the body derive under such circumstances from a suspenion of the movements and secretions of the alimentary canal? The author falls back on his "war-footing" analogy, and suggests that the shutting down of activities in the abdominal organs frees "the energy-supply for other parts," but he fails to indicate how the potential energy that may be stored in the muscles or glands of the intestines is made available for other organs. Some of the blood of the intestines is diverted to other organs, where it may be of more use for the time being, but if the stomach and intestines happen to be in full action at the moment, a complete cessation of their functional activity is, it would seem, a misfortune rather than a direct benefit: it certainly gives the bacterial flora a chance to get the upper hand. The fact that the digestive processes do stop under such circumstances may be accepted on the evidence furnished, but one may be skeptical about the advantage accruing thereby to the fighting or fleeing animal. The author admits also that great joy may have an effect similar to great fear, but in this condition the preparatory value of all the reinforcing reactions described is not apparent. The same point may be urged also in regard to pain. In the actual stress of fighting or fleeing pain is hardly a factor; it reaches its culminating point after the fight or flight is over, and if at this period it still operates to put the body on a "war-footing," the utility of the process is difficult to see. It may be added also that little attention is paid to the inhibiting influence of the strong emotions, particularly of fear upon cerebral activities. While this effect has not been made the subject of exact studies, it is a phenomenon sufficiently well known, and its value to the individual may be doubted. For at the very time that the victim should have his wits about him, he may, if the fear is strong enough, be wholly unable to command the full use of his mental machinery.

The author concludes his book with a discussion of the fighting emotions and instincts among men on the basis of the physiological effects which, as he has demonstrated, accompany such states. The position that seems to be assumed is that, inasmuch as there is a physiological mechanism of a definite kind that is set into action by strong emotions, this mechanism should receive appropriate exercise in the normal course of life. War implies too many barbarities, hardships, and unnecessary expenditures to make it desirable for such a purpose, and, therefore, as an alternative, the author suggests the encouragement of athletic competitions of a national or an international character. Whether war is more of a benefit than a curse to mankind need not be considered here. It is a wide question in which the ultimate as well as the proximate results would have to be considered. But so far as the physiological argument is concerned, and with that phase this book chiefly deals, it would seem to the reviewer that the author would have done better to take the view that there is no real necessity for desiring the "exercise of our belligerent emotions." The body could get along very well without this exercise, and probably without any harm to the mechanisms involved. An argument for war or for international athletic competitions founded on such a premise may be novel and interesting, but it certainly fails to carry conviction. Aside from this attempt to give these physiological facts a wide practical application in the conduct of life, physiologists and psychologists will be deeply interested in this excellent summary of the investigations made by Cannon and his pupils. They seem to open a way for the fruitful objective study of the emotional states in their effects upon and their relations to the activities of the various organs of the body. The results already obtained and set down in this book are most interesting and surprising.

An attractive book on "Electricity for the Farm" has been written by Frederick Irving Anderson (Macmillan; $1.25). The purpose of the book is to awaken the interest of farmers to the advantages of installing small electrical plants. The many possible uses of electricity on the farm are pointed out, and the details of cost and construction of such plants are discussed. This part of the book is well done, and a clever farmer should be able to follow the instructions and to set up his own plant. The author also pays some attention to the rudiments of the theory of electricity. This discussion is given in a very simple form, and is, on the whole, fairly correct; but there are a number of inexcusable errors. For example: the magnetic lines of force in the diagram on page 95 are quite wrong, and so is the calculation of air leakage on page 104. Fortunately, the purpose of the book is not to explain electricity, but to show how many things now done by hand can be left to electricity; and, above all, the advantage of a safe and brilliant lighting system instead of the ordinary one by kerosene.

Drama

"UNDER FIRE."

Dramatically Roi Cooper Megrue's melodrama, produced last week by Selwyn & Co. at the Hudson Theatre, is probably the best of the "war plays" that have yet been seen. It is, on the whole, good melodrama, well staged, and generally well acted. The author knows the technique of the stage; not a point that can be made is missed, and William Courtenay, as the hero, Felix Krembs, as the villain, and Frank Craven, supplying both the "comic relief" and the sententiousness considered necessary to point the moral, interpret the author's intentions in a manner that could hardly be improved.

Having said so much for the play on its purely dramatic side, we must state roundly that it is a piece which it was wicked to produce at this time. Very few of us have been able, even if we thought it right, to observe the President's early injunction that we should guard the neutrality of our feelings and our private expressions of opinion. That is a thing that no man can be expected to do. But between the expression of opinion by individuals or newspapers and incitement—doubtless involuntary—to a mixed audience in a theatre to make public demonstration of its sympathies there is a vast difference. At this critical time it is manifestly against the public interest that an audience shall be divided into two hostile camps, the one applauding, the other hooting the appearance on the stage of German soldiery engaged in the rape of Belgium. It must be said for the ingenuity of the author, that, although there is no doubt as to what his true feelings are—he is on the side of the Allies—he has displayed not a little cleverness in achieving some appearance of neutrality and in placating the enemy by exhibiting the good as well as the bad qualities of his troops. But we have got past the semblance of neutrality now in our private feelings: we are all of us arrayed on the one side or the other. And the important thing is that this subject, which is lightly made the theme of a realistic melodrama, plentifully besprinkled, in the modern fashion, with comic relief, is one which must touch very closely at least two-thirds of every audience that will see it; one on which most of them feel not only strongly but poignantly. French and English, German, Austrian, Italian, and Slav, all go to make up the composite American audience, and for many, perhaps for the majority, of these, as well as for many native-born Americans themselves, this war is not some impersonal tragedy that is being played three thousand miles away, but is an actual, living horror in which sons or brothers or friends are bearing their part. Is it decent to wring their hearts to make a Broadway holiday?

The management will doubtless assure us of the high purpose with which the play is produced—to bring home to Americans the horrors of war to the end that they may avoid entrance to a quarrel. Well, we do not think that the American public needs any object-lesson of the sort; but, supposing that it does, what is the moral that is dragged in? The American audience is invited to assume the smug, complaisant attitude induced by the consciousness that "I am holier than thou," and to congratulate itself upon the superior wisdom which secures for it the benefits of peace when a number of people in Europe are killing one another from pure lack of intelligence. There are other forms of jingoism besides that which manifests itself in a screeching for war.

S. W.

"SEARCH ME."

This new farce by Augustin MacHugh has some of the quality of "Grumpy" and of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and it succeeds so well in mystifying the audience that, with a little ironing out of the wrinkles, its popularity seems assured. If for no other reason, the piece is well worth seeing for the finished performance of Mr. Fred Graham, who, as Anthony Moreland, a fussy old English lawyer, provides a great deal of legitimate merriment. The piece is written about the mysterious disappearance of a ruby and the author has succeeded in directing the audience's suspicions successively from one to another of the characters, the interest being well sustained throughout. Of course, the plot is extremely thin at some points, but the action is quickened at the right moment, and the holes are forgotten in the movement of the piece. Sharing honors with Mr. Graham are Howard Estabrook, Montagu Love, and A. P. Kaye. The two feminine rôles are played satisfactorily by Miss Ethel Gray Terry and Miss Ruth Allen.

L.

"THE BOOMERANG."

It is really a compliment when we say that Mr. Belasco and the authors of "The Boomerang," Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, have achieved the feat of making bricks without straw. To attempt to trace back the processes of an author's mind to the original idea which inspired a completed work is always a hazardous experiment, but we will venture a pretty shrewd guess that what supplied the foundation of this very amusing trifle was the idea of inviting the attention of an audience to the spectacle of a man with a clinical thermometer in his mouth. That is as good an excuse as most for writing a play and a great deal better than many. The co-authors of "The Boomerang" realized that what was required beyond this idea and the stage production of Mr. Belasco was very little; so they simply took an old story about jealousy and the efforts of one man to cure another of the malady, and how he was attacked by it himself, and wrote it all around the central incident of the clinical thermometer. In what proportions the success of the piece should be attributed to the authors, to the stage management, and to the players, we need not speculate, but to the acting of Arthur Byron, Wallace Eddinger, and Miss Martha Hedman must be attributed a considerable share of credit for the very pleasing result.

Budd Woodbridge, a love-lorn swain, is brought by a fond mother to the office of Dr. Gerald Sumner, a young physician with ideas but no patients. Budd's case has defied the analysis of the family physician, but the young doctor forthwith diagnoses it as love and jealousy and prescribes a course of treatment in which not the least prominent feature is the ministrations of an untrained nurse whom the doctor has just attached to his office. The main idea of the treatment is to distract Budd's mind and to make the object of his affections jealous in her turn. Its result, needless to say, as well as being completely successful in bringing back the errant lady to Budd's arms, is to infect the doctor himself with the disease, he having in the meantime discovered that he has fallen victim to the charms of his fascinating office attendant. It is needless to specify further. The merit of the piece lies in the technical ingenuity with which this slight fabric is worked up into a really amusing comedy that it is refreshing to witness. Wallace Eddinger, as Budd Woodbridge, scores a notable individual success, to which his command of facial expression contributes in no small degree; Miss Hedman, with her delightful trace of foreign accent appropriate to the part, is a comely and altogether charming nurse, Virginia Xeiva, and Arthur Byron plays easily the comedy of the doctor's part. As illustrating the finish of the stage management, it is sufficient to allude to a scene in the first act in which three giggling girls give an exhibition of simultaneous conversation. An every-day incident of ordinary life, this is an effect rarely achieved with naturalness by ladies on the stage.

S. W.

"THE GIRL WHO SMILES."

In presenting this piece the Times Producing Company has brought to the Lyric Theatre a musical comedy in which author and composer have dispensed with the usual features that are supposed to be essential to success. However commendable their course may be, the result will be watched with perhaps a little apprehension. For one thing, there are no "catchy" tunes in "The Girl Who Smiles," and, strictly speaking, only one ensemble throughout the three acts. It is, in fact, a farce set to music. While it is slow in getting started and actually comes to a full stop at the end of the second act, when the hero has won the heroine, it is wrenched into tolerably good farce at the beginning of the third act. Unfortunately, however, the situation is not sustained and interest flags before the final curtain. The piece, which is by Paul Hervé and Jean Briquet, and has been adapted by Adolph Philipp and Edward A. Paulton, would suffer nothing by elimination of one particular scene.

There is unmistakable good work in the three little plays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis, published under the title "Love in Danger" (Houghton Mifflin; 75 cents). Each furnishes an episode of life in a Cornish village, and all are written with a strong sense of character, dialect, and local atmosphere, and with notable simplicity and vigor of expression. The best of them is "The Mothers," which is not only a variation upon the stale theme of the domestic triangle, but illustrates the redemptive power of maternity in original and striking fashion. A widow, with children, is wooed by a married farmer—hitherto happy in the possession of wife and family, who has taken a sudden fancy to her. She is not altogether irresponsive, but, thinking of her own children, she is led to consider the case of those of the other woman. So she comes to pity the wronged wife, to whom she goes with assurances that she will give the errant husband no encouragement. The two women, who have been rivals, embrace, and the husband, disenchanted by his rebuff, returns to his allegiance. "The Pixy" is full of local color, and contains some vigorous character-drawing, but is less satisfactory, because of its ultra-sentimentality and indefiniteness. The conduct of the two men can be estimated only through the true character of the woman, which is left in doubt. The story of "The Subjection of Keziah" is cleverly written, but the idea of the plot is trite.

Art

AN ARTISTIC REVIVAL.

Decoration in England, from 1660-1760, and *Furniture in England, from 1660-1760.* By Francis Lenygon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $32 net.

That connoisseurship is moving intensively upon the arts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is proved anew by these sumptuous companion volumes. The movement is, of course, international. It is part of a reaction from inordinate worship of what Mr. Richard Norton has called "the halting, stuttering primitives." The cult of the crude and incomplete, characteristic of twenty years ago and still persistent in provincial circles, appears to be slowly yielding to a new catholicity. We are almost back, indeed, at the attitudes and beatitudes of our great-grandfathers, cherished prior to Pugin and the Gothic revival. Notable on the Continent has been a renewed interest in Bernini and his emotional sculptures. In England, where two generations ago followers of Rickman ripped much of the finest of seventeenth-century woodwork from renaissance churches, writers of books and articles in magazines are to-day nominating Grinling Gibbons as one of the world's greatest artists. American enthusiasm for Georgian architectural modes and their accessories is nothing accidental or sporadic. It belongs to a time which in art, as in other domains of thought and work, has repudiated the logical and narrowly ethical for a generalized eclecticism, a genial disposition to "appreciate."

Taking sides neither for nor against any view of British art of the period in question, let us accuse Mr. Lenygon's text of being somewhat uncritical in the sense that it slights considerations which must occur to every reader who is at all familiar with the literature of the fine arts in the nineteenth century. The era from 1660 onward, as a matter of obvious fact, was one in which respect for the nature of materials and the requirements of a northern climate were largely lost. The taste of the educated and travelled classes turned towards the Venetian baroque, extravagant, vulgar, often tawdry and meretricious. The architect, increasingly likely to be a mere designer without knowledge of practical building, became a "grave copier of copies." Regarded as crafts, most of the arts underwent deterioration. Woodcarving, even in the decades of its most brilliant decorative accomplishment, lost caste as an exemplar of honest, workmanlike processes, since addiction to the glue-pot enabled the artisan, shunning the toil of undercutting, to piece together an apparently solid creation from minute blocks of soft wood. A late tapestry was primarily a picture, and only secondarily, if at all, a handsome and permanent wall covering. The brilliancy of genuine enamelling, inherited from the Byzantines, was succeeded by the insipidity of tinted grisaille. A separation of art from handicraft, to the probable advantage of neither, was, in fact, in progress. Even so clever an artist as Jean Tijou, planner of ironwork that was perhaps the noblest individual artistic achievement of the first half of the eighteenth century in England, was hindered through not knowing his trade; some of his most spectacular designs could not be executed at all, and others were carried out illogically, by *tour de force* of exceptionally skilful workmen.

To detraction of the spirit of this artificial age of the late Stuarts and early Hanoverians there is an answer—one that contends for the coequal value on the one side of form and style of pattern and passion, in whatever art and whatever era, and, on the other side, of content, construction, and adaptability. It is significant, nevertheless, of a change of temper in the home land of Fergusson, Ruskin, and Morris that such a writer as Mr. Lenygon is not especially interested in either adverse or favorable criticism of the tendencies about which he writes. It is also significant of spreading influence of the economic interpretation of history that he throughout emphasizes the expansion of wealth as cause and explanation of changes and vagaries. Suggestively, with no incisive manner or formidable array of data, he shows how a steady accumulation of fortunes after the Restoration encouraged the largest possessors to want surroundings more luxurious and cosmopolitan than simple islanders had heretofore known. These appurtenances of a complex existence, once installed, were a constant incentive to an increasing and imitative bourgeoisie to become owners of similar trappings. Parvenus, like the celebrated Bubb Dodington and Sir Richard Child, began to make big business for artisans as well as merriment for satirists. Their ethical standards, more or less accurately reflected in their acquisitions, were perhaps as high as those of many of the hereditary nobility of a day when "a statesman who was at the head of affairs might easily, without giving scandal, accumulate in no long time an estate amply sufficient to support a dukedom."

The economic situation was thus favorable for a national efflorescence of art—one whose vigor and splendor, even though not always accompanied by the finest taste and sincerity, amply justify both the effort to correlate several arts in the book first named above and the more intensive study of furniture in the companion work. The social aspects conceivably might have been portrayed even more definitively than the author has seen fit to do. It is easily deduced that the movements of fashion which he describes were prominent among the causes of modern capitalism, for middle-class people had begun to clamor to obtain cheaply for house and person things that would look as pretentious as the nobleman's accessories and which could be produced in sufficient quantities only through the invention of labor-saving machines.

Mr. Lenygon's discussion of "decoration" is limited to the arts that make up what is technically known as "interior decoration." Both letter-press and photographic halftones reveal strikingly the extent to which souvenirs of the Grand Tour lent an Italianate character to English eighteenth-century interiors of architectural pretension. Young men of good family went *de rigeur* to Italy to view ancient monuments and become lifelong dilettanti. This was the overshadowing influence of the time, though a crepuscular Gothic revival with which Horace Walpole's name is associated, and a "false morning" premonition of our present phase of interest in Far Eastern art were notable. From Italy were imported the materials of decoration, including bronzes, antique marbles, and pictures. Stucco replaced wood in covering the larger surfaces of walls and ceilings; to execute this work, foreign to the manner of English craftsmanship, arrived such "artists" as Signori Artari and Bagutti, commended by the architect Gibbs as "the best fretworkers that ever came into England." Long before 1760 the technique of the decorators' trade as we know it to-day, organized and directed by overlords from the academies of art, was well established; and, in viewing the many striking illustrations which the author has secured from palaces and manor houses, we get hardly any of the sense of antiquity and remoteness that is impressed by details of baronial castles and mediæval guildhalls. But for the captions, indeed, the observer might hardly know whether he was looking into abodes of luxury of England of the eighteenth century or New York of the present day.

The monograph on furniture follows the lines of the work on decoration. The pictures come from most aristocratic sources. The development of furniture in humbler dwellings is ignored—a limitation which may be displeasing to amateur collectors who like a book to show pieces such as an ordinary person may some time chance upon. The specimens of furniture, nevertheless, which are magnificently reproduced, should be very useful to architects and designers, for they display their respective styles at their best: chairs, stools, and daybeds of prevailingly more elaborate types than those presented by our American writers on furniture; beds, with cornices and curtains, of the grandiose and completely upholstered manner affected by Marot and his followers; tables, often with ornate Scagliola tops imported from Italy; bookcases such as those designed by Sir William Kent with somewhat pedantic insistence on the classical orders; bureaus, commodes, and wardrobes; pedestals and brackets, cabinet stands, mirror frames, and long clock cases. A concluding chapter is given to lacquer, brought in in quantities by the East India Company, and so fashionable a medium for amateurs that the stylish young widow, Mrs. Pendarves, relates in a letter how "everybody is wild about Japan work." Like several other recent writers, Mr. Lenygon censures a disposition to attribute over great importance to Chippendale and his "Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Directory."

"The Christ of the Men of Art," by J. R. Aitkin (Edinburgh: Clark), means to be both a popular art book and a scholarly and fairly exhaustive treatment of the Christ-figure in the history of painting. The author has traced his subject through the early centuries, through the Byzantine, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, German, and French schools, and up to the present day, with a final chapter on The Christ of British Art. The book is handsomely bound and printed, and the forty-nine illustrations add greatly to its value. Art critics and specialists in the history of painting will find in the book nothing new, and indeed it is hardly intended for them. But "the writer hopes," as he says in his preface, "that the book may be of interest to all who love art, and prove an up-to-date introduction to a great subject to ministers, art students, theological students, and all who love to look on the face of the Nazarene."

"What Pictures to See in America," by Lorinda M. Bryant (Lane; $2 net), arouses expectations which it does not at all fulfil. Nothing could be more useful than a thoroughgoing guide to painting in America, after the fashion of the Lafenestre manuals. But this book is by no means thorough. It makes no mention, for example, of the Walker Art Gallery, Brunswick, Me.; of Memorial Hall and the Fogg Museum, at Harvard; of the Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, Conn.; of the New York Historical Society, and the collections in the New York Public Library. It seems, in short, to be a desk compilation of a careless sort, and not the result of systematic inspection of galleries. The text is perfunctory and negligible; the two hundred cuts are about the only value in the book. Among errors sufficiently numerous we need only point out that Gardner Symons is not an original member of "The Ten."

Finance

SQUARING ENGLAND'S ACCOUNT.

War history is being written as rapidly in the money markets as on the battlefields of Europe. Nothing more extraordinary than the developments of the past fortnight in international exchange, for instance, has occurred in the money market since immediately after the outbreak of the war, and, though military and financial events are not to be compared, the effect of the fall in the rates of foreign exchange must inevitably be as far-reaching in its own way as any single part of the military campaigns.

At $4.64 on the pound, the price of sterling bills in the New York market compared with $4.76 last week and with a normal level of $4.867; French exchange at more than 6 francs on the dollar, and Italian exchange at 6½ lire on the dollar, each was far off from the normal rates of other years. Compared with the American dollar the pound sterling has been established at a discount of 4¾ per cent., the franc at a discount of 17 per cent., the lira at a discount of 25 per cent.

In Europe, as well as on this side of the Atlantic, bankers, keenly alive to the significance of these discounts, have for days talked of a possible large British credit at New York, against which bills of exchange could be drawn. Great Britain has never before issued a foreign loan, and such a thing at this time found strong objection at London recently, because it was looked upon as involving a confession of financial weakness. A week ago, indeed, the influence of these bankers manifested itself in rather dramatic form. Brought from London to Halifax on a war vessel and to New York by special express, $19,534,000 of gold reached Wall Street in payment of bills drawn here against London, for which London did not desire any extension of credit.

Since completing the £600,000,000 war loan last month, England's bankers were known to have devoted their attention to remedying the international credit machinery, which had been thrown so badly out of balance, and against England. But that they were contemplating record gold shipments here was not thought of; rather a banking credit or a thoroughgoing Government loan was thought possible.

For reasons known best to themselves, English bankers chose to see their country part with gold instead of negotiating a loan. That this market would take British credits up to a certain point had all the time been accepted as foregone. French and Russian credits were accepted. That credits even were offered is not unlikely. But the motor trucks drawn up at the Sub-Treasury last week embodied England's reply to any possible offer of credits. Plainly it had been "No, thank you, we'll pay gold."

As coming from proud Lombard Street, the central market of the world for centuries, there can be no cavilling at the magnificence of paying a foreign nation in gold now, when gold is so sorely needed at home. But are there not other considerations? Gen. Pierre Bosquet said of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: "It is magnificent, but it is not war." To say the same of the gold shipments, without knowing all the circumstances and also without knowing the purpose of the millions of British-owned securities that came with the gold, would be premature. But gold is a precious thing in Europe to-day.

Granting a continuance of the war for some time to come, and a further growth of our unparalleled export trade of merchandise, what is likely to be the course of exchange? That is a question whose answer puzzles the imagination. Brakes against the decline might be imposed in a number of ways; England might sell more of its vast store of American securities; credits might be arranged with New York bankers for London account; extensive further shipments of gold might be made to this country; there might be a general rise in money values abroad, inducing American capital to seek employment there.

In any or all of these ways it would be possible to stem the fall in exchange on London. But he would be a rash man who should say that any one of them could definitely check the fall in progress. It is an economic proposition that, if England sends enough gold, present sterling rates cannot endure. But enough gold might be an amount equal to England's purchases of munitions; manifestly so much cannot be sent.

Yet exchange is going down at an alarming pace. The largest single consignment of gold London ever sent came in last week, yet within a few days bills on London had gone from a discount of 2½ per cent. to a discount of nearly 5 per cent. Because of the huge purchases of munitions from our manufacturers, the demands for payment are extraordinary.

At this moment, London is planning to send gold to us from South Africa and Australia; further shipments by way of Halifax will probably be attempted. The question then is, Can England possibly finance the movement of war material, now that immense payments on contracts for munitions are coming due, unless much larger advances are obtained from this market, either through the sale of short-term paper or the negotiation of one or more direct loans? The answer cannot be long delayed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Hueston, E. Prudence of the Parsonage. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Little, M. The Rose Coloured Room. Scribner. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Choate, Joseph H., and others. Sixty American Opinions on the War. London: Unwin.
Documents Relating to the Great War. London: Unwin. 1s. net.
Gross. C. Sources and Literature of English History. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Longmans, Green.
Hardy, The Rev. E. J. The British Soldier. London: Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Hemingway, Alfred T. How to "Make Good." Kansas City, Mo.: Efficiency-Building Bureau.
Osborne, T. M. The Story of Canada Blackie. Dutton. $1 net.
Owen, S. G. Ovid's "Tristia" and "Epistulæ ex Ponto." Oxford University Press.
Short, Wallace M. The Deeper Meaning of the "Temperance" Question. Kansas City, Mo.: The Hyde Park Press.
Stone, Eustace H. Quick Rifle Training for National Defence. London: Unwin. 1s. net.
The Incendium Amoris of Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited by M. Deanesly. Longmans, Green.
Towns, C. B. Habits that Handicap. Century. $1.20 net.
Triana, S. Perez. Some Aspects of the War. London: Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Tweney, C. F. Dictionary of Naval and Military Terms. London: Unwin.
Walton, I., and Cotton, C. The Compleat Angler. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Rees, T. The Holy Spirit in Thought and Experience. Scribner. 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Administrative Reorganization and Constructive Work in the Government of the City of New York. Henry Bruère, Chamberlain.
Darling, J. R. Darling on Trusts. Neale. $1.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Flagg, I. Circe. Privately printed.
Lawren, J. Sanctuary. Courage. The Voice. Boston: E. S. Everett.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bloomfield, M. Readings in Vocational Guidance. Boston: Ginn. $2.25 net.
Lomer, G. R. Writings of To-day. Century.

POETRY.

Dobell, B. The Close of Life. The Approach of Death. Privately printed.
Wells, P. W. Lilies of the Valley. Bartlett Pub. Co.

SCIENCE.

Child, C. M. Senescence and Rejuvenescence. University of Chicago Press.
Elliott, H. P. Direct by Mail Advertising. Cambridge, Mass.: The Elliott Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Beresford, J. D. H. G. Wells. Holt. 50 cents net.
Darton, F. J. H. Arnold Bennett. Holt. 50 cents net.
George, J. Z. The Political History of Slavery in the U. S. Neale. $3 net.
George, W. L. Anatole France. Holt. 50 cents net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1915.

Summary of the News

The White Star liner Arabic, sailing from Liverpool to New York, was torpedoed without warning by a German submarine off Fastnet, on the south coast of Ireland, last Thursday morning. This is not far from the place where the Lusitania was sunk. The Arabic went down within ten minutes after she was struck, but owing to the courage and efficiency of captain and crew, who got the passengers off with little confusion, the loss of life was comparatively small. According to a statement given out at the White Star office Saturday night, all but thirty-nine of the 423 persons on board are known to have been saved. The missing and the known dead comprise twelve cabin passengers, six steerage passengers, and twenty-one members of the crew. Among the lost are two Americans, Mrs. Josephine L. Bruguière, of New York, and Dr. Edmund F. Woods, a surgeon of Janesville, Wis., who was returning to this country after a service of three months with the American Ambulance at Neuilly, France.

Doubt as to the status of the Arabic at the time when she was torpedoed was in great measure removed by a communication sent to Washington by Ambassador Page, who stated that the vessel was not under convoy of British warships, and, further, that the submarine gave no warning of its attack. The British Admiralty also asserted that the steamer Dunsley, which was torpedoed in the neighborhood of the Arabic shortly before the latter was sunk, was not a patrol boat, but a "peaceful and unarmed trader." But it was understood that until the sinking of the Arabic was definitely established as a case entirely parallel to that of the Lusitania the President would proceed most cautiously. On Monday Secretary Tumulty gave out the following official announcement: "As soon as all the facts regarding the Arabic are ascertained, our course of action will be determined."

The tenseness of the situation was considerably relieved on Tuesday when Ambassador Bernstorff forwarded to the State Department a communication which he had received from his Government. This document, though not a direct disavowal of the act, is marked by a friendly spirit. Germany states that no official information concerning the sinking of the Arabic was available, and asks that before taking a definite stand this Government will hear the German side of the case. The most significant clause is the following: "If Americans should actually have lost their lives, this would naturally be contrary to our intentions. The German Government would deeply regret the fact, and begs to tender sincerest sympathies to the American Government."

Italy's declaration of war against Turkey dates from Saturday, on which day the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople presented to the Ottoman Government the formal announcement, together with his country's reasons therefor, as follows: the support given by Turkey to the revolt in Libya and the detention of Italian residents in Syria. This action by Italy was foreshadowed in dispatches of last week which reported at Otranto and other ports a mobilization of fast cruisers and transports headed presumably for the East; and on Monday it was announced that the ships had sailed under sealed orders.

Italy's appearance in the eastern theatre of the war may or may not be taken as the prelude to Rumania's entrance on the same side. Although present indications are that one or more of the Balkan states will soon set aside their neutrality in favor of the Allies, the situation is so complicated that prediction is not easy. Bulgaria is apparently waiting for satisfactory concessions from Servia and Greece, and, though Servia seems ready to accede to the agreement, Greece, at present writing, even with the pro-Ally Venizelos back at the head of the Government, is coyly non-committal. An entirely different outcome of the situation is foreseen in dispatches coming from Berlin to Sayville, which affirm that Turkey and Bulgaria have signed a new treaty, "Turkey granting Bulgaria her desired direct railway connection with the sea, and Bulgaria agreeing to observe a benevolent neutrality, if not more."

By the capture, on Thursday of last week, of the fortress Novogeorgievsk, the Austro-German armies came into possession of 700 guns and a large quantity of war material, took prisoners variously stated at 20,000 and 85,000, and seriously imperilled Russia's second line of defence. On August 23 Ossowetz fell, and now the strong Russian position at Brest-Litovsk is said to be almost untenable. In the north the capture of Kovno has been followed by a fresh offensive on the part of Gen. von Hindenburg with the object of taking Riga and the Warsaw-Petrograd Railway from Vilna northward. This attack was met with stubborn resistance, and a German fleet which entered the Gulf of Riga, to coöperate with von Hindenburg, had to withdraw after suffering severe losses. Between the 16th and 21st of this month, three German cruisers, eight torpedo boats, and one submarine are said to have been either sunk or disabled, while a German Dreadnought, possibly the Moltke, is reported to have been torpedoed by an English submarine.

The presence of this submarine in the Baltic probably explains the destination of another English submarine, E-13, which ran aground on the Danish island of Saltholm, and while in that helpless condition was fired on by a German torpedo boat. It appears also that when the crew abandoned the submarine, they were attacked by machine guns and shrapnel. The survivors have been interned in Denmark, but Danish newspapers profess indignation at what is called a deliberate infringement of neutral territory, and it is probable that Germany will be called upon to explain this action.

If they had come in a week less filled with important happenings, the naval engagements of the past few days would receive first place in any summary of news. Aside from the encounters already recorded, it should be noted that on August 19 five German torpedo-boat destroyers are said to have met a small British cruiser and eight destroyers off the west coast of Jutland, sinking the cruiser and one destroyer. According to the report, which comes from Berlin, the German craft suffered no losses. Also, on Sunday French torpedo boats sank a German destroyer off Ostend, the French Admiralty has announced. Meanwhile German submarines have had a busy week. Leaving out of account the Arabic and Dunsley, already mentioned, they have sunk, since we last wrote, eleven British steamers, one Spanish, two Norwegian, and one Belgian, besides three sailing vessels whose registry is not given in the dispatches. An official statement given out in London places the loss to British shipping in the week ended August 18 at thirteen vessels. Eleven were sunk by submarines and two by mines. Their gross tonnage was 22,970.

A formal declaration was issued by the British Foreign Office, on August 21, designating cotton an absolute contraband of war, and France is expected to make a similar statement. Accompanying the announcement is a proposal by the British Government to initiate measures to relieve the depression which temporarily disturbs the cotton market. And in this country, which is expected to enter a protest against the declaration, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has announced that he will deposit, if necessary, $30,000,000 in the Reserve Banks at Richmond, Atlanta, and Dallas to enable them to assist in financing the cotton crop.

A favorable reply to the Pan-American note directed to the leaders of the several factions in Mexico has been received from Villa and Zapata, but it is understood that Carranza is still holding out defiantly. As some difficulty has been experienced in locating the generals of the various leaders, whose assent to the note is desired, the work of the conference is likely to be delayed beyond expectation.

Order was not entirely restored in the Republic of Haytl by the election of a President, which we announced last week. To reinforce the American marines already there, the Navy Department has dispatched the armored cruiser Tennessee carrying the Marine Artillery Battalion, which comprises 350 men and twelve 3-inch field pieces.

The American steamship Dacia, condemned by a French prize court owing to her transfer from German to American registry after the outbreak of the war, has been sold. She has been rechristened Yser and sails under the tricolor.

The letter to ex-Gov. Stokes of New Jersey in which Justice Hughes refused to permit his name to be considered as a Presidential candidate in 1916 was published last week. Justice Hughes states emphatically that his duty to the Supreme Court forbids his entrance into politics.

The Week

A new phase has been put upon the case of the Arabic by the communication sent to the State Department by the German Government on Tuesday, through its Ambassador, Count Bernstorff. This document, which is quoted in part in other columns, is not indeed a direct disavowal of the act, and will no doubt be interpreted in some quarters as a sophistical argument. It will be asked, How, if Germany was bent upon continuing her policy of torpedoing merchant ships without warning, could she have expected that the lives of American citizens would not sooner or later be lost? If the act was contrary to orders received from the Admiralty, why should she not have said so in so many words? But the main point is that Germany has, by this latest communication, shown a desire to maintain friendly relations with this country, and has asked, quite reasonably, that the Government at Washington wait until the German side of the case can be examined before taking a definite stand. The way seems certainly left for a peaceful settlement of the matter.

Names like Delbrück, Dernburg, Harnack, Theodore Wolff, von Donnersmarck are subscribed to a memorial addressed to the German Chancellor protesting against the demand for annexation of conquered territory as one of Germany's peace conditions. In numbers the anti-annexationists are apparently in a minority, but they stand so close to the ruling powers as to raise the question whether the protest has not the sympathy of the Kaiser and his Ministers. The memorial challenges the wisdom of annexation as a general policy, dwells on the difficulties which Germany has experienced in assimilating alien populations, and emphasizes the long heritage of hate which a ruthless policy is bound to leave behind it. There are, of course, immediate considerations, though these are not stated in the memorial. But it must be plain that any tendencies towards peace outside of Germany will be discouraged if Germany lets it be known that she is determined to exact her pound of flesh. It means, in other words, a prolongation of the war, a fight to the bitter end. The annexationists would pretend that Germany can face such a contingency boldly. But we have now some of the best-known names in the empire as evidence to the existence of a very real longing for peace among a large part of the German people.

We speak of the anti-annexation element in Germany as apparently in a minority, because most of the important political parties have spoken out in favor of exigent peace terms. The Agrarian-Conservative forces were the first in the field. The National Liberty Party took an emphatic position. Last week the parliamentary committee of one of the radical parties, the *Freisinnige Volkspartei*, pronounced in favor of future guarantees through necessary territorial expansion. Thus all shades of opinion, from reactionary to radical, and not impossibly a shade of Socialist opinion even, are for a policy of Thorough. But, on the other hand, the great bulk of Socialist opinion is unquestionably opposed to territorial expansion, and the Catholic Centre has not spoken out as yet. Between them, the Socialists and Centrists have a majority in the Reichstag and among the electorate. The jingo element is therefore not so superior numerically as its activity would indicate. The Socialists by themselves would have to be reckoned with seriously, and we may yet see the curious alignment of Socialists with men like the signatories of the protesting petition in favor of moderate terms of peace. It would be a powerful combination.

Problems of war finance have become acute in every belligerent state. They are possibly more acute in Germany than elsewhere, because Germany's war expenses must have far exceeded those of any other belligerent, and because, in Germany, the profits of productive industry must have been disastrously impaired by her exclusion from foreign commerce since the war began. Nevertheless, it would be wholly premature to say that Germany's economic resources are exhausted. Wars have been fought, long before this, on the basis of forced loans, or what is more euphemistically and familiarly known as issue of irredeemable government paper money. To this, as a direct expedient of the state, Germany has not yet resorted. No Government in these days would willingly have recourse to an expedient so discredited, and so certain of bad results in the longer future. But the fact remains that even the most costly war has never heretofore been stopped by the mere inability of a Government to place its long-term loans. Whether, now or hereafter, the demoralizing financial possibilities of the continued war expenditure will induce the German Government to negotiate for peace, is another question. It is one thing to say that a Government can continue to command the resources necessary to pursue a war; it is something different to assume that the people will acquiesce in the incidental burdens. Beyond this, it must always be remembered that this war, with its absolutely unprecedented daily cost and its far-reaching influence on the accumulated wealth of the nations involved, presents in some respects an economic problem new to history.

In France the truce of parties which arose out of the national need with the outbreak of war has been showing signs of strain. The controversy which has arisen over the transfer of Gen. Sarrail from command of the army of Verdun to the army in Gallipoli marks the reappearance of the old jealousies between radicals and conservatives, between clerical and anti-clerical. After the early disasters of the war, Gen. Joffre received a free hand in clearing the army of incompetent general officers. The crisis had to be met. To-day the feeling is apparently that there is no need for summary action, especially in the case of the man who helped greatly to win the battle of the Marne. In this respect the situation resembles the one in England during the unsuccessful drive of Northcliffe against Kitchener. But in France the question is something more than one of personalities. In Paris there has been a general movement for the vindication of Parliamentary authority as against the Cabinet and the high command. The parties in the Chamber have demanded that representatives of the Parliamentary commissions be kept in full touch with affairs military and political, and Premier Viviani has virtually consented. Here we see something of the traditional fear among French Republicans of centralization of power, fear of oligarchy, or, as the extremists would put it, of dictatorship. Germany might point to such party stirrings in France as a cheerful augury for her own cause. But it is just as reasonable to argue that there would be no internal bickerings in France if the menace from the outside were as real as it was a year ago. If defeat were confronting the nation, the claims of parties would not be asserted.

The entrance of the Italian army into the Dardanelles campaign should mean something more than the addition of so many men to the Allied forces—namely, increased efficiency. Given the enormous importance of a large amount of ammunition, the proximity of the source of supply is a factor that counts. From Marseilles to the Dardanelles by the regular commercial routes is about

ten days. From England the time must be near a fortnight. From Brindisi to the Dardanelles by direct transport is three days or less. The landing place for the Italian troops will probably be Enos, well above the neck of the Gallipoli Peninsula. This has the double effect of threatening the communications of the Turks operating in the Gallipoli strip, and, by forcing an extension of their line, weakening the resistance along the present points of contact with the British and French forces. Of further significance is the effect of an extension of the Allied line upon sentiment in Bulgaria. Statesmen may be decided in their course by considerations far beyond the moment. But popular opinion is feeling shaped by tangible facts. The extension of the Allies' line into the interior of Turkey, a close approach to Constantinople, would be a concrete fact powerfully affecting Bulgarian sentiment. As the war moves nearer to Constantinople, to Adrianople, to its own frontiers, Bulgaria's hesitations must come to an end.

The business shrewdness of Henry Ford, and the emphasis he lays upon practical reasons in announcing his crusade against the militaristic propaganda in America, will inspire respect in circles that would be inattentive to an Eliot or a Jordan. His appearance in the lists, moreover, will encourage those who believe that thousands of hard-headed business men like himself feel precisely as he does, though perhaps not with that intensity which his idealistic strain gives him. Why the unthinking should look upon all military advocates as tough-minded men, and all peace advocates as tender-minded, is no mystery. It is easy to label an unwillingness to be scared by bogies as a visionary optimism, and a prejudice against needless burdens and exaggerated "preparedness" as a trait of the mollycoddle. The tough-minded man is the one who looks behind all this throwing of epithets and raising of nightmares, and applies a pragmatic test to the assertions of those who urge arming to the teeth. Mr. Ford plainly admits that he does not know exactly how he will go about his work; but he avows his belief that Americans can be taught "that war does not threaten us, that war cannot reach us, that the fulness of peace is our inheritance, not the burden of militarism, with its heavy hand that curbs liberty, and its foul sustenance upon the blood, the liberty, and the toil-earned happiness and goods of the worker." Such confidence is simply confidence in the penetrating common-sense of the people.

Just when we were being constantly assured that improper practices of railway officials and directors had come to an end, we got so shocking a story as that recently of the looting of the St. Louis & San Francisco. Now we have the true inwardness of the ruining of the Rock Island Railroad by the conscienceless syndicate that plundered it. As in the cases of the Alton and the New Haven, the whole trouble was that the managers exploited the property for their own benefit. No one cared a straw about the rights of the stockholders. The Interstate Commerce Commission traces $20,000,000 wasted in unwise and improper deals "outside the proper sphere in which stockholders had a right to suppose their moneys were invested." Of this $1,000,000 was calmly voted to the officers in the form of gratuities. The crux of the whole thing lies in the attitude of directors like Mr. Daniel G. Reid, who testified that he burns his books at the end of every month, and so could not explain his profits from the various transactions in which he as a director took part, and in the testimony of George P. Boggs, a director and the secretary of the board of directors:

Question: Do you consider that the directors of a railway company, a public-service corporation, have the right to do whatever they please with the money of the railway company?

Answer: As in their judgment seemed right; yes.

Question: Did it ever occur to you that the money in the treasury of the railway company was the result of taxation of the public in passenger and freight tariffs, and that the public had an interest in the funds in the treasury?

Answer: I don't know that I ever thought of it particularly.

Question: And did it ever occur to you that in taking money from the treasury of the railway company, a public-service corporation, an additional burden was placed upon the passenger and freight traffic in order to make good the loss?

Answer: No; I never thought of it in that light.

Question: You don't believe it now, do you?

Answer: No.

Surely, the public-spirited railway men of this country must recognize that it is revelations like this that prevent friendly relations between the public and their roads. It would be extremely wise if railway officials like President Elliott, of the New Haven, President Rea, of the Pennsylvania, and President Holden, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, would jointly let the public know how they feel about these disclosures.

Judge Hughes shows that he is *tenax* as well as *justus* in the matter of a possible nomination for the Presidency. In his letter to ex-Gov. Stokes of New Jersey, he made it plain to his fellow-Republicans that they must give up all hope of having him as a candidate next year. The Judge simply will not have it. He even goes so far as to say that, if nominated in the face of his protests, he would not accept. This seems to be final. And it is no ostentatious refusal of what could not be had. We did not need the Colonel's expression of willingness to accept a Republican "like Hughes," to make it sure that, if the Judge would only silently acquiesce in a movement to nominate him in 1916, it would gain irresistible force. But Mr. Hughes made the great political renunciation when he accepted appointment to the Supreme Court. To his mind, this meant complete devotion to judicial work, which he would never permit the buzzing of politicians to interrupt or impair. However much we may regret this decision, no one can deny that it is a fine example of a lofty sense of public duty. At a time when the judiciary has been exposed to such varied attacks, and made the object of so much suspicion, Judge Hughes appears to have felt that he could perform no greater service than, so far as in him lies, to take one high court out of politics. And we may be certain that he has set a precedent that will long endure. Supreme Court judges have not, in the past, been so scrupulous in putting away political ambition. Chief Justice Chase had so long been an aspirant for the Presidency that he could not wholly give it up even when on the bench. Judge Stephen Field was often talked of as a Democratic candidate, and did not say the party blandishers nay. But hereafter, we believe, the position which Judge Hughes has taken will be regarded as binding upon at least all judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. When men enter that great tribunal of justice, they must abandon all hope of political preferment.

In this year of unparalleled human slaughter it is noteworthy that the committee of the Constitutional Convention to which the question of the death penalty was referred has decided upon an amendment which at least leaves with the jury the choice between death and life imprisonment. This would put New York in line with the bulk of the American commonwealths, twenty-seven of which have such a law. The advocates of the abolition of capital punishment will, of course, be disappointed; they had hoped that New York would be the eighth State to abolish it, particularly as Mr. Osborne has thrown himself so whole-heartedly into their

cause, and his Assistant Warden, Mr. Johnson, who supervised the killing of Becker, is so emphatic in his opposition to any further executions. To offset any criticism as to the substitution of life imprisonment at the option of the jury, the Albany Committee has specified that no one sentenced to life imprisonment shall have that sentence commuted or be pardoned, save on legal proof of his innocence. This is a complete answer to those who oppose life-imprisonment on the familiar ground that "a 'lifer' almost never serves out his term."

"About this time, begin to look out for the Committee of One Hundred." Thus might read a line in any accurate Philadelphia almanac for August, 1915. The contractor-politicians have recovered from any dismay they may have felt when Blankenburg was elected four years ago, and seem to be prepared to take the bold step of nominating for Mayor one of the notorious Vare brothers. The machine is divided now as then. The Penrose-McNichol part of it is no more favorable to Vare's candidacy than it was in the last campaign, and has suggested name after name in a hunt for that much-desired "harmony" which went to pieces in 1911. But the Vares are uncompromising. They see a chance to "come back." Penrose won in the primaries with Earle four years ago, but lost the election. Why should not the Vares face the primaries again as contentedly as their party rivals? Meanwhile, steps are being taken to bring about a new fusion among the opponents of both their houses. Beginning with the Washington and Democratic City Committees, the Committee of One Hundred plans to weld into a single organization every independent political force in the city. The problem will be to select a strong candidate who is acceptable to the diverse elements behind him.

Leo Frank's lynching convulsed the country, but a day later three negroes were lynched in Alabama, and the event passed unnoticed. What was the terrible crime of these black men? They had been "accused of poisoning mules"! Held by the authorities on that charge, of which it would seem there was no proof, they were let go, only to be murdered by a mob. It is all of a piece with the lynching of Frank. The fearful thing is the spirit of utter lawlessness and brutality; the victims of it do not signify, except as now and then a case of exceptional ferocity acts as a lightning-flash to show to the nation the abyss on the edge of which it has been standing. What we have to reckon with, and what we have to fight, is a monstrous state of mind. We have allowed infuriated men to believe that they are right in brushing aside judges and juries and the officers of the law, and making themselves the instruments of vengeance. A man named Crum, a citizen of Tennessee, was recently lynched in Arkansas. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* had a letter from Osceola, Ark., signed "One of the Executioners of Crum," in which the writer boldly took the ground that he and his fellow-lynchers "did not propose taking any chances" of having Crum tried in court for his alleged crimes. This is the barbarism, naked and unashamed, which inheres in all lynching. As it is a direct blow at civilized society by savages, civilized society has to gird itself in defence against this irruption of cave-men into the modern world.

If we are sending destruction to Europe in the form of munitions, we are also doing our best to care for her culture. At regular intervals, our fellow-citizen, Walt Mason, who gets his mail at Emporia, Kan., forwards to the London *Chronicle* one of his characteristic effusions. There they appear under the head, "War Lyrics." A recent one was entitled "A Hymn of Hate." Mr. Mason bears no ill-will against "the greasy Turk who stabs me with a rusty dirk. He thinks he is within his rights, he acts according to his lights." He does not bear a grudge against even "the howling Hun who shoots me with his ten-foot gun." What roughens his spirit is "the fraud who loudly rants of virtue while he drowns my aunts." If anybody in England can write like this, he has carefully concealed his ability. Only our own poetry-factories are capable of turning out this product. Fairness would require that it be shipped to both sides in the war, with, of course, such changes as would adapt it to the respective sensibilities of its several recipients.

The latest list of Prussian losses brings up the total to exactly one and three-quarter millions, according to a Copenhagen dispatch, which then proceeds to estimate the losses for the whole Empire at three and three-quarter millions. This is like the undergraduate's expense account, which itemizes $250 and adds a thousand dollars under "sundries." The casualties for the non-Prussian states of Germany may be safely estimated at about one-third the Prussian wastage, so that on the basis of the published lists the casualties would run up to 2,300,000; and if we remember that the lists are always in arrear, the German losses at the present moment may be placed at about two and a half millions. These figures are very nearly confirmed by the estimates made by a member of the British General Staff about a month ago in connection with certain proceedings in the prize court. Major Dillon reckoned the German wastage then at about two millions, describing his figures as probably an underestimate. With a monthly loss of about a quarter of a million, owing to the grand sweep of German operations, we obtain virtually the same results as the published lists would indicate.

More impressive than the drain of actual casualties are the figures illustrating the strain involved in Germany's mighty efforts to raise and maintain her armies. The German trade-unions published at regular intervals figures of the union members summoned to the colors. In July, 1914, the union membership numbered 2,300,000, or one-fifth of the total male wage-earning population between seventeen and sixty. By last May, 45 per cent. of the union membership had been mobilized. By now the rate is probably near to 50 per cent. In other words, of the 11½ million wage-earners, more than five million have been brought under the colors. Applying the same ratio of 50 per cent. to the five million German males of the professional, learned, official, and leisured classes, we get another two and a half millions, which would make a total of more than seven and a half millions. These figures are confirmed by the statistics for aid rendered to dependent families in Berlin, which would show that Berlin has sent 220,000 men to the war, a ratio which for the whole Empire would give 7,414,000 men. Finally, add the standing army at the outbreak of the war, about 880,000 men, and you obtain a grand total of 8,300,000 men in service. Subtract the casualties, with allowance for the return of the less seriously wounded, and you get six and a half million men. Deduct further about three-quarters of a million men still in training and the garrison troops in the interior, and you get about five million men as the present fighting strength of Germany. As for the remaining working population, from the five and a half million workers between seventeen and sixty, we must subtract the men engaged in serving the needs of the war, estimated at more than three millions, so that about two and a half million workers are left to supply the general needs of the Empire.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY AGAIN IMPERILLED.

It is needless to heap up words to show how critical is the situation caused by the latest German outrage at sea. The facts in the matter of the torpedoing of the Arabic speak for themselves. The whole tale is not yet told, but enough is known to prove that the commander of the German submarine acted in defiance of the distinct warning given by President Wilson in his last note to the German Government. For this it is possible that the German authorities may apologize. The first step taken by Washington would naturally be to demand such an apology. It has all along been a peril to our friendly relations with Germany that they were left at the mercy of some hot-headed or blundering lieutenant of the German navy. If the officer in command of the submarine which sank the Arabic, without warning and without pity, exceeded his instructions or disobeyed positive orders, Germany should promptly disavow him and offer amends. She should quickly receive the chance to do so, in order that she may not be able to say, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* said of the commander of the submarine which sent the Lusitania to the bottom, that it was impossible for his Government to disavow an officer whom it had already praised and rewarded for the very act in question.

It is a hideous business, this sinking of passenger ships at sea, whether American interests are directly involved or not. It is a clear violation of the rules of civilized warfare. It is an indelible blot on the reputation of a country guilty of it. That in this instance nearly all the passengers and crew escaped with their lives does not in the least affect the moral or even the legal character of the act. Between a murderous assault that fails and one that succeeds there is no ethical difference; there is very little difference in law. The outrage and the lawlessness are the same, whether one life was lost or one thousand. Either way, it is a thing to be denounced by all humane men. But the American Government has, of course, no occasion to move in the affair determinedly, unless American rights were violated. Were they?

Notice, in the first place, that none of the pitiful excuses advanced in the case of the Lusitania can be applied to the Arabic. She was sailing west, not east. She had no war munitions on board. There is no room for the lame theory of a secondary internal explosion to account for her sinking so quickly. It cannot be alleged that Germany was saving the lives of her own sons by destroying a cargo of guns and shells destined to her enemies. To be sure, the convenient but damnable doctrine of "military necessity" might be pressed into service. The Arabic was sailing to bring back more ammunition, therefore it was the same as if she had it in her hold! This argument would, obviously, justify the murder of any one engaged in the preparation of war supplies, all the way back. Germany could assassinate men in our mines or mills and then say, with as good a grace as in the case of the Arabic, that it was "necessary" in order to prevent bullets or rifles from being used against German soldiers.

Americans were on board the Arabic, as they had full right to be. Two of them were lost, and the lives of other Amercians "put in jeopardy" by the submarine attack; that was the phrase which President Wilson used in his solemn warning to the German Government. Were these Americans few or many, in the second-class or in the steerage, the duty of our Government to protect them in their rights, and to assert the full measure of our dignity as a neutral nation, remains unquestioned. And apart from President Wilson's notification, which was explicit enough, the German Government had ample reason to know that another event like the Lusitania would bring on a crisis with this country. The expressions of the American press left no doubt of that. It is also generally understood that from the German Embassy in this country, and from other sources of German information, Berlin was plainly told that if a war with the United States was wanted, the surest way to bring it on would be to go on sinking merchantmen with Americans on board.

Now, that Germany really desires war with this country, we have never believed and do not now believe. Nor do the people of the United States wish to go to war with Germany. Unhappily, the relations of two nations sometimes become hostile without any real popular animosity on either side. And that the still unsettled controversy over the Lusitania, with the perilous question of the Arabic now added to it, constitutes something like a crisis, it would be in vain to deny. It is to President Wilson that his countrymen will now look for the right leadership. All the dispatches from Washington agree that, while he is greatly concerned, he has not lost poise or calm. He will first ask for all the facts. Then he will come to his decision. No one imagines that he will for a moment think of retreating from the positions deliberately taken by him in his official communications to the German Government. The only question is in what way he will fulfil his pledge to omit no word or act to uphold the unquestioned rights of Americans on the high seas. If the whole truth about the Arabic shall make it evident that her torpedoing was what the President described in advance as a "deliberately unfriendly" act, then our relations with Germany cannot, without apology and reparation from her, remain friendly. In that event, and in case the German Government gives us no satisfaction, the probability is that we shall see what has so often been talked of in Washington—namely, the recall of Ambassador Gerard and the withdrawal of Ambassador Bernstorff.

COTTON AS CONTRABAND.

Great Britain's decision to declare cotton contraband of war was evidently come to very reluctantly. The Government yielded only to great pressure. This was partly military, partly popular. And it was strengthened by the public utterances of English scientists, like Sir William Ramsay, who pointed out the indispensable part which cotton plays in the manufacture of high explosives. To keep supplies of it from reaching Germany was, therefore, it was argued, the same thing as keeping from the enemy munitions of war. But this is no more clear to-day than it was a year ago. Why was not the step taken then? Why did Sir Edward Grey give assurances not merely that cotton had not been placed on the contraband list, but that it would not be?

The explanation is to be found in a variety of motives. England was anxious to avoid disturbing the export trade of the United States. She was also desirous that the neutral countries of Europe should receive their normal supplies of American cotton. There were thus trade reasons and also reasons of diplomacy why Great Britain hesitated. And the Government must also have been unwilling to reverse the historic British position respecting cotton as contraband. When Russia, at the time of her war with Japan, declared cotton contraband, the English Government made a vigorous protest. This did not avail, to be sure, but it served to put Great Britain on record. So did the Declaration of London, which enumerated cotton among the articles which should never be declared contraband. To this the British delegates agreed, though the Declaration was not afterwards ratified by

Parliament and is not regarded by our own Government as binding. Still, the British attitude has been so clearly defined in the past that the present abandonment of it must be a bit awkward for the Government. Of course, it can say that military necessity has compelled it to change its mind, but this somehow sounds like learning from the enemy.

American precedent has been cited for this English action. In our Civil War cotton was held contraband. But the two cases are not at all parallel. This was admitted in advance by Professor Holland, of the chair of international law at Oxford, when the protest against Russia's declaring cotton contraband was under discussion eleven years ago. He asserted that examination of the alleged American precedent would show that it had "no bearing on the question under consideration." The reason is plain. The North did not treat Southern cotton as if it had anything to do with munitions of war, except in their purchase. Cotton was the equivalent of money to the South. For that reason, it was classed among war supplies. As Secretary Bayard wrote long after in explanation: "Cotton in fact was to the Confederacy as much munitions of war as powder and ball, for it furnished the chief means of obtaining those indispensables of warfare." This is obviously very different from seizing cotton because it is an ingredient of explosives. The effect in the two cases may be the same, but the reasoning is unlike.

Many vexing questions arise in connection with contraband. Cotton is only one illustration. The fact is, as Prof. John B. Moore states in his pamphlet on "Contraband of War," the law of contraband is not settled. Can a belligerent declare anything it pleases contraband? The old contention was that it could. The right was supposed to be a part of a nation's "sovereign" power. But this is not now conceded. The general rule is held to be that "no extension of the contraband list can be made by any one sovereign to the detriment of all the rest without their consent." But how to get their consent? There's the rub. Despite all the efforts to obtain an agreement at The Hague and at London, the question of contraband remains, as Professor Moore puts it, "unsolved." It is one of the things which international Congresses will have to wrestle with after the war.

What recourse has a nation which believes that the inclusion in the contraband list of an article like cotton is a "detriment" to it? It can, first of all, register its protest. This the United States did at the time when Russia made cotton contraband, Our Government urged that there should be "no relaxation" of the established distinctions with regard to contraband, and that the one criterion to maintain was "warlike usefulness and destination." But today, of course, England will assert precisely that warlike usefulness in respect of cotton. Yet it is to be expected that Washington will nevertheless file a protest at London, which will look forward to possible claims for damages, after the war is over. This is the second remedy which a neutral nation has. It can also appeal to treaty agreements. Our treaty with Great Britain of 1794 would appear to give us clear ground for indemnification, in case cotton cargoes are confiscated. But all these questions, with the actual effect on our export trade, must remain for the future.

THE GERMAN BLOWS AT RUSSIA.

Of the great fortresses in Poland, only one, Brest-Litovsk is in Russian hands, and any day may bring news of its fall. The fall of Warsaw had more political than military significance. The conquest of Novogeorgievsk, while a brilliant feat of arms, had only a secondary meaning, since the tide of battle had surged far beyond the fortress, and its reduction was in the nature of a cleaning-up operation. With the fall of Kovno, on the other hand, there went down not merely a great fortress, but the northern pivot of the line to Brest-Litovsk, which was generally regarded as the second line of Russian defence. The Germans are in a position to assert that their deeds supply an immediate commentary on the boasts of the Allies. While people were reading the Russian Minister of War's apologia, his insistence on the line of the Bug and the Niemen as the real line of Russian defence, while he was emphasizing the failure of the Germans around Kovno, that place was already in German hands. With Brest-Litovsk it may be a question of hours. The line of the Niemen and the Bug is virtually gone. The question is where next the Russians can rally, if they rally at all.

If the Germans are not content with the new line along the Bug and the Niemen, if their object is to press forward until the destruction of the Russian armies is accomplished, we may take it that the aim will be not to throw a ring around the Russian armies, but to break the connection between the Russians in the north and in the south. A complete "encirclement" seems impossible on so vast a terrain. But if the Russians from Brest-Litovsk south to the Galician border can be separated from the armies falling back from the Niemen, the process of disorganization will have been notably advanced. If, on the other hand, unity of the Russian forces is to be maintained, it means a further retreat to the line from Vilna through the Pinsk marshes to Rowno in the south. Along this line there is railway connection. If Vilna goes, as seems not unlikely, a further retirement in the north becomes necessary until the Russians stand along the railway running from Minsk, to the west of the historic Beresina, southwestward to Pinsk and Rowno. In this position the Russians would still have railway connection with Petrograd, behind them would be the line to Moscow, and in the south the railways to Kiev would be intact.

Such a retreat involves difficulties. It means a retirement through great stretches of swamp land, with few roads and consequent strain on the railways. But this line once attained, it is doubtful whether the Teutons' drive would press it hard. The deployment of their forces would be hampered in turn by the unfavorable ground, their lines of communication would be enormously extended—Minsk is 215 miles from Brest-Litovsk—and time, which must still count in the German scheme, would run heavily against them. So that a close pursuit of the Russians far beyond the Bug is not very likely. To have driven the Czar's armies so far into the interior might be regarded as reducing them to comparative helplessness. In the north the attack might be pressed against Riga and Dwinsk, with the suggestion of a threat against Petrograd. On the greater part of their line the Germans would seemingly be at liberty to turn their attention to the Balkans, Italy, or France.

The question is whether the Russians, pushed so far back, can really be reduced to a point where they no longer count. Opinion in the Allied capitals is that they can always constitute a sufficient menace to keep engaged the great bulk of the German troops now massed in the east, and that, while the increase of German strength in the west may be considerable, it cannot come with sufficient force to threaten the Allied position there. This is not over-optimism. It is possible to draw a parallel between the situation to-day and in 1870-71. If we think of all Europe as a single theatre of war, corresponding to the France of forty-five years ago, then the great siege

operations in the west to-day may be thought of as corresponding to the siege of Paris in 1870-71, while the rôle of Russia to-day would be that of the French armies in the provinces. We know how busily employed the German generals were kept by those raw levies, whose ultimate defeat was certain, but who nevertheless gave Moltke many an anxious moment around Paris. We know how large a part of the German forces were diverted to the campaigns in Normandy, in the north, and around Belfort. Until total disorganization befalls the Russian armies, their influence on the main theatre of war will continue to be felt.

THE FIASCO OF THE INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION.

The Federal Commission on Industrial Relations expired by limitation on August 23. In public esteem, it expired long ago. In fact, it may almost be said to have died a-borning. This was partly on account of the nature of the task set it, but much more because of its personnel. The appointments to the Commission were not such as to do credit to President Wilson's information or his perspicacity. Two or three of the members were fit for their job, but the rest speedily showed that they were not. And the Chairman, Mr. Walsh, promptly seized the earliest and every occasion to advertise himself as a blatherskite. The fated result we now see. The Commission broke up in total confusion. There were nine members, and at least ten different opinions. No general report could be agreed upon for submission to Congress. Each Commissioner had to go it alone, or else be one of several small groups to sign separate and conflicting findings and recommendations. And in this multitude of counsellors who were quarrelling with each other, Congress expected to find wisdom!

We referred to the difficult duty assigned to the Commission, at the time of its creation. This was of a sort to test the skill and judgment of the ablest men in the country. Even they might easily have failed, except as they reached a few cautious and tentative conclusions. For who could be bold enough, and sufficiently sure of himself and all the facts, to assert that he had positively isolated and identified "the causes of industrial unrest"? Who could be so cocksure as to believe that he had discovered the appropriate and infallible remedies? To a man like Walsh, to be sure, all this seems ridiculously easy. All the knots in our industrial and social system he undertakes to unloose, familiar as his garter. But to sober inquirers and open-minded students, the whole problem is too vast, and at the same time too delicate, to be attacked by the methods of a country lawyer or an agitator. They know what labor, what patience, what racking of the brain must precede fruitful results in even a small portion of the extensive field of this investigation. Hence it is not strange that the cooler-headed members of the Commission refused to follow the vagaries of the heated Chairman Walsh. He accepted as gospel truth any statement of fact which any employee of the Commission chose to make. But Professor Commons and one or two other Commissioners with him pointed out that "the recommendations of investigators for the Commission are one-sided and incomplete, as they were not submitted for verification to the persons directly interested." One can imagine the scorn of Walsh for this idea that verification is necessary of anything which he has the will to believe true.

"Disappointing" is the word applied by the Chicago *Herald* to the final disagreement and disintegration of the Industrial Relations Commission. If these nine wise persons cannot tell us what is wrong, and how to right it, "what can the poor public do?" It is inferred that Congress will be much cast down at the failure of the Commission to lay before it a list of neatly catalogued industrial evils, along with cut-and-dried remedies for each. The consequence is that Congress will have to fall back on its own knowledge and conscience, and that is truly an appalling prospect. But it may be doubted whether the most sagacious Congressmen ever looked for any very definite benefits at the hands of the Commission. To create it was a convenient way of referring and delaying a matter on which it was hard, and perhaps unwise, to lay down a general public policy. Hence they may have been actuated by something of the motive expressed in the cynical saying of Lord Salisbury, that often the best way to dispose of a troublesome question was to let it die by means of a Royal Commission. For two years, at all events, Congress has let the Commission wrestle with the problem of industrial unrest; and if, in that period, it has done anything but muddle things up and add to the said unrest, the fact does not appear in any of its reports or in the impression which it has made upon the public.

We would not deny all value to the Commission's work. Several of its public hearings have been instructive. We believe thoroughly in the plan of getting men of different views together and letting them give the reasons for the faith that is in them. Inquiry and publicity are indispensable in all these matters. And even the speeches and the cross-examinations of Chairman Walsh have educated the public—in the way not to do it, and in the beliefs not to be accepted. When, however, one takes up seriously the previous reports of the Commission, and observes the confusion and bickering into which it has fallen at the end, it is hard to resist the conclusion that the whole affair has been a fiasco. The original idea of an investigation had much to commend it. Judiciously limited and placed in competent hands, it might have been of real help. But the thing was done otherwise; and about the only result of value, the chief lesson to the public, is the demonstration we now have that complete wisdom cannot be acquired in a day by those who have not at least a modicum of it to start with, and that the world cannot be set right by men unable to set themselves right.

"VILIFYING" A STATE.

To Gen. Sherman is credited the statement that he preferred never to give his reason in advance for any military operation he set on foot, because he might think of a much better reason when it was all over. The behavior of a large part of the people and the press of Georgia with regard to the nation-wide protest against the Leo Frank horror reveals the same process of reasoning by after-thought. Whether the dreadful deed is defended or merely explained away or only palliated, the argument has become standardized: it was the attempt of "outsiders" to dictate to the people and the Commonwealth of Georgia that is really responsible for the Frank tragedy. Apparently, a proud people was stung by outside meddling into convicting a man whom it otherwise might have set free, or putting him to death when the State's own will as expressed through one of its coördinate legal powers gave the man his life. So now to-day, when the question is what the people of Georgia will do to repair the shame that has come upon its laws, the same outcry against outside dictation goes up. Leave us alone, and we will see what we can do. "We feel warranted," declares the Atlanta *Journal*, which believes in Frank's innocence, "in saying a word to those scornful and rabid outsiders who are vilifying Georgia in sheer malice and are manifesting a spirit as violent and evil as that of the mob itself." It is the afterthought reason. If the people of Georgia did not feel that some excuse was

necessary, this pretence of dictation from the outside would not have been thought of.

No one of consequence has assailed the "entire people of Georgia," as the Atlanta *Journal* professes to believe. No reasonable person has "vilified" the State of Georgia. The State, as a political entity, did not lynch Leo Frank, did not even decree that he be put to death. It is true that the courts convicted and sentenced him, but the Governor of the State, in the exercise of his constitutional powers, granted the man his life. So far as the will of the State of Georgia was expressed through the counterbalancing action of the courts and the reprieving power, it was that Frank's life should be spared. Had that will been allowed to prevail, the Frank case would have brought honor instead of disgrace to the commonwealth; for it would have shown that on an issue over which popular passions were whipped into fury, in the face of the clamor of the mob for the death of Leo Frank, the sober thought of the Commonwealth speaking through its official representatives had prevailed.

What has really happened is that only a part of the people of the State, and probably a minority, has identified its own prejudices and acts with the State. When the conscience of the nation protests against the action of the Marietta mob, we are told that it is an assault upon the honor of Georgia. What is this Georgia beneath whose ægis the lynchers and their apologists are sheltering themselves? It is a convenient label. People who speak of the shame of Georgia do not mean that a certain iniquity pertains to the people within the boundaries of the State and ceases abruptly as soon as you cross the border into South Carolina, Alabama, or Florida. They are thinking of a fairly definite group of people who have perpetrated a definite outrage and who happen to live within the limits of the State of Georgia. No one is vilifying the State as a whole, because this at present is the very question: whether the State as a whole will identify itself with the Marietta criminals, or whether, by taking appropriate action, it will show that in denouncing the Marietta mob one is not vilifying Georgia. The surest defence of Georgia against vilification is for the State, speaking through its legal organs and its better citizenship, to express the same abhorrence of a criminal act that the "outsiders" have expressed.

And who were some of these "outsiders"? The United States Supreme Court was one of them. To have appealed to Washington was an infringement on the rights and dignities of Georgia. Judges and eminent lawyers of other States, who, from a study of the case, were convinced that injustice was being done and protested, were outsiders. Can Georgia really expect to surround herself with a Chinese wall of indifference to "outside" public opinion? New York, in the same way, might have protested against invasion of her dignity during the long years when Tammany was a national by-word. Philadelphia, during her long fight against corrupt politicians, should have resented the attention which the struggle drew from the press of the entire nation. No such insistence on her self-sufficiency comes from Georgia when it is a question of bringing outside capital into the State, or outside help into her educational institutions, or outside Federal assistance in marketing her cotton. On such occasions Georgia is willing to acknowledge herself a member of one great community. Can she afford to call up States Rights only for the defence or exculpation of an outrage against humanity and her own laws, as if lynching were another "peculiar institution"?

THE WAR AND THE AUTOMOBILE.

In dwelling the other day upon the difference between campaign conditions in Russia in Napoleon's time and to-day, Gen. von Bülow, one of the German commanders, pointed out particularly the changes in means of communication. Whereas Napoleon had to live on the country, or be supplied by convoyed wagon-trains over incredibly bad roads, to-day there are not only railways, but thousands of motor trucks, for whose use asphalt roads can be made to "grow as it were out of the earth." Beyond doubt, no recent invention, not even the aeroplane, has so affected the development of war as has the automobile. The first rush of the Germans into Belgium was facilitated by endless lines of motors, and the most striking military achievement of the war, the winning of the battle of the Marne, was made possible by the bringing up from Paris overnight in taxicabs and omnibuses of a fresh army of whose presence von Kluck was not aware until it compelled his hasty retirement.

Every sort of automobile has been requisitioned or constructed. There are ambulances, of course, galore; there are also bathhouses for the men, on four wheels, laundries, field- and soup-kitchens, sterilizing rooms, X-ray and bacteriological laboratories built on the ordinary chassis of trade or of pleasure—yes, the French have even little operating "theatres" that move to the wounded men instead of their being brought to the surgeon. The hastily armored cars of which we heard so much in the early days of the war have shown that they are of great value, but, so a British writer points out, are none the less dangerous because of their inability to turn quickly, particularly in narrow roads. There are even ladder-cars in use in the French army for purposes of observation; the instant they stop, a ladder is run up for the observer to climb. For dispatch carriers and scouting the automobile has proved its usefulness, as is shown by the multitudes of wrecked vehicles that litter the fighting-ground. It is even suggested that military motors hereafter be "double-enders," so that they may go in either direction without stopping to turn.

As for the automobile industry, it is one of the few that have profited immensely by the war. Some of the French manufacturers have divided their activities between turning out military cars and shells, the Government refusing to let them go on with their private business. But it is quite characteristic of the temper of the French people that these companies have not ceased their scientific development of the automobile. According to an American who has been watching the industry there, designers and experimenters have gone steadily ahead turning out new devices and improvements just as if there were no war raging. In England the industry has had an enormous boom. The English builders had gone further than any one else in the production of motors especially intended for the haulage of goods and for the conveyance of passengers in considerable number. The excellent British roads and the natural inclination of the British engineer to build machinery of a heavy and durable character have both tended to put the English ahead in the production of traction engines and heavy lorries. Certainly one sees nowhere else such long trains of wagons pulled by an engine—at times resembling the original steam engine—as are found in England.

It was not, of course, possible for the British to supply their Government's needs at the outbreak of war. Enormous orders were therefore placed in this country. The British builders of automobiles are now probably being mobilized under the Munitions act, as were the French at the outbreak of war, but even this speeding up of their production will not make it possible for them to

keep up with the need. Hence there will be a demand for trucks from this country as long as the war lasts. That this will have a favorable effect upon our truck business goes without saying. Marvellous as has been the development of our motor-vehicle business, the truck end of it has lagged far behind. The war has given an opportunity, therefore, to American designers and builders along this line which will furnish them with a knowledge and experience of the utmost value in the years to come. So obvious is this fact, that there is already great unrest in England, where the automobile industry has heretofore suffered from American competition only by the introduction of the Ford and similarly cheap cars. Thus the week before last a protest was organized in London against the purchase of American automobiles during the war, particularly while British manufacturers are at a disadvantage because their plants are turning out war contracts under pressure for certain types. Writing in the *Quarterly Review*, Horace Wyatt, a British authority, expresses great alarm upon this same point. He fears that during the war British manufacturers will have lost neutral markets under circumstances bound to tell heavily against them, for the necessity of maintaining a substantial output for the Government requires the purchase of great quantities of raw material a long time in advance at inflated prices, while the Government reserves the right to terminate any contract at the shortest notice. Meanwhile the British makers are, of course, wholly unable to supply the English demand for private vehicles.

What worries Mr. Wyatt even more than this is what will happen at the close of the war, when thousands upon thousands of second-hand lorries and cars will presumably be sold at auction at very low prices. Many of these will go into commercial service in a damaged condition, for the army or navy chauffeur has no time to keep his car in good condition; he simply flings it away and applies for another when it becomes unworkable. Mr. Wyatt feels that the slightly damaged cars when they return to the hands of the public will earn for their makers an unenviable reputation, besides preventing them from selling new products by reason of their flooding the market. He hopes, therefore, that the Board of Trade and the new Ministry of Munitions will devise some way of preventing the sale of these cars in bulk when the war is over, and will officially aid the industry to get on its feet again and compete with foreign makers anew.

Foreign Correspondence

AFTER ONE YEAR—THE SUBORDINATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL—HOSPITALS FOR HORSES—HENRY JAMES.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

London, August 4.

It has been Germany's good fortune to be able, in a sense, to capitalize some of her less worthy qualities (over-docility, lack of individual energy or initiative, blind obedience, respect of persons) into a fund of unselfish devotion for the service of the State, while some of our best qualities (self-reliance, individual enterprise, sense of independence) have rather tended to disunion and selfishness, and need to be effectively curbed. I presume that, if it were feasible, the ideal system for a country at war would be a pooling of the national income and a redistribution of it on a basis of relative national service, with only such regard as was absolutely necessary to previous services and standards of living. All flaunting of wealth should be tabooed; sumptuary laws of every kind should be enforced. The sprat must be unhesitatingly sacrificed for the whale. It must be more and more clearly understood that normal ideals of comfort and liberty must be "scrapped" in abnormal times; that we must be ready to suffer practically anything during the short-lived present in order to make the endless future endurable. In their inability and unwillingness to realize this necessity, the selfish egoist and the doctrinaire idealist join hands, and thus are of almost equal danger to the State.

Yet it is certain that conditions of war mean self-denial in moral luxuries as well as in others. Surely it is a supreme tragedy that the man who hitherto would not have harmed a fly has now deliberately to face a situation in which he feels it is imperatively right for him to wish the death of other human beings, either by his own act or by proxy. What sacrifice is it to put down your automobile or give up dinners in restaurants and new frocks, compared with the horror of accepting this crimson stain on your soul? And millions of good men and women in Great Britain have had to accept this ghastly "no-solution" of the moral problem of life. Woe unto those, whoever they may be, who are ultimately responsible for this compulsory degradation of the finest feelings; who have imperatively limited our moral activity to a choice of evils; who have not only said "Evil, be thou my good," but have unavoidably imposed the same law (so far as practical action goes) on those who hate the devil and all his works.

In the July issue of *Our Dumb Animals* (Boston, Mass.), I read these words: "Regard for all laws, human and divine, has ceased on the part of both hostile armies. Each is ready to stoop to any barbarities the other may put in practice." This rather hasty and unguarded statement is open to objections on many different lines; but one of the most obvious and utter refutations of it is the noble work now being done by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in conjunction with the Veterinary Corps of the British Army. Though this is so largely a war of mechanical haulage, it is estimated that there are at least one million horses employed at this moment in the armies of the various belligerents. The experiences of the Boer War showed the very unsatisfactory state of the organization for the care of horses in active service, and the Army Veterinary Corps was established in 1903. During the present war, this corps, consisting of about 700 officers and 8,000 men, has received most valuable assistance from the R. S. P. C. A., which is the only society authorized by the Army Council to raise funds for the provision of hospitals and other requisites for the horses in the field. The expenditure of the money thus collected is under the direction of the War Office, and Mr. Edward Fairholme, the chief secretary of the R. S. P. C. A., has been made an officer of the Army Veterinary Corps. There are now, in all, fifteen veterinary hospitals on the lines of communication or at the bases of the British army, two of which, with accommodation for respectively 1,250 and 1,000 horses, have been established with the contributions of the R. S. P. C. A. A third, to accommodate 1,250 horses, is in progress of construction. At the time of the latest returns 81,134 horses had been treated in these hospitals, with the result that 47,192 had returned to duty, 9,109 had died or been killed, and 22,991 remained under treatment. The staffing and equipment of these hospitals are as complete in their way as those of the hospitals for men, down even to hay-stuffed operating beds, on which chloroformed patients subside gently into a comfortable unconsciousness. Each patient is subjected to the Mallien test for glanders, and is then sent to the surgical, the medical, or the infectious ward as the case may demand. Pneumonia patients are isolated in loose-boxes, and a white tape round their necks indicates that they are not to be disturbed or taken out to water. The idiosyncrasy of mules is recognized by the provision of sand baths for their use. Local anæsthetics are employed for painful dressings. Just as many of the men at the front are better fed and cared for than they have ever been in their lives, so many of the convalescent horses, turned loose in a lush French pasture, are enjoying hitherto unknown delights. It is even asserted (I give the statement for what it is worth) that some of the coal-horses, accustomed all their lives to stuffy stables and artificial feeding, have actually to learn how to crop grass.

Motor and other ambulances have been among the most valuable contributions of the R. S. P. C. A., as they enabled wounded, sick, and tired horses to be transported with a minimum of distress. At one of the ports where large numbers of horses are landed, the steep hill which they needed to climb from the wharf to the veterinary station was found to be a real death-trap to horses that had contracted chills or pneumonia during the voyage. The Cricklewood Home of Rest for Horses, a daughter society of the R. S. P. C. A., provided a double motor ambulance for the comfort of these feeble knees, and the cost of this (£900) was saved in its first week's work. The society is able, in many other ways, to relieve the sufferings of the horses, largely through its ability to provide additional comforts and alleviations not prescribed on the military establishments. Its representatives report that the general treatment of the horses used by the army is as humane as the circumstances admit of, and that cases of mishandling are very severely dealt with. The society's educational work includes the giving of special lectures on the care of horses to N. C. O.'s and other soldiers. Altogether it may be truthfully

said that the claims of the horse to kind and considerate treatment have been recognized and provided for in this war, in a wholly unprecedented manner. If, as Mr. Galsworthy says, "we do violence to horses by employing them at all in this deadly business" we are at least doing our best to minimize the evil. The economic results have been as satisfactory as the humane. The figures already given show a marvellous improvement on the 66 per cent. of loss in the Boer War; and it has been estimated that the German cavalry use up at least three horses to our one, from want of care in unsaddling, removing harness, and feeding. The Boers used to catch our cast horses and restore them to condition for their own use; but there is now no waste of this particular kind in the British army.

Two personal incidents, one connected with an American in England, the other with an Englishman in America, have recently excited some interest here. The naturalization of Mr. Henry James as an English citizen has touched us all. Here and there, there has been an attempt to read into this action a measure of criticism of Mr. James's native country; but the general feeling neglects this possible negative aspect, and looks upon it merely as a loyal expression of sympathy with an old friend in distress, and of admiration for that friend; bearing of the strain. We remember that earlier in the war he wrote: "This grand old country has found herself again . . . at this hour she is in a perfectly magnificent moral position, the proudest, to my mind, of her history." In spite of his long residence in England and his deep regard for that country, Mr. James seems hitherto to have been unwilling to sever the ultimate ties with his old home; but now he apparently realizes that there can be no misconception of his real feeling when he transfers his spiritual treasures from the secure homestead to the harassed and menaced fortress. The garrison of the latter, at any rate, regards his adhesion as a marvellous compliment, and welcomes the new recruit with all its heart. "Harvard, of Harvard," has also found his way from the *Harvard Bulletin* to the English press; and the romance of his career has excited considerable interest in this latest recruit for the British army. His name seems of happy augury to the friendship between England and America; and it is believed that his American training will, without impairing his patriotism, help him to take the widest possible view of the cause for which he is about to fight.

THE WAR'S ANNIVERSARY—LEST WE FORGET.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 7.

This first week of August has been given up to remembrances of a year ago. I wonder if those days, in history written after us, will not be reckoned weightier for the world's civilization than Alexander the Great's journeying from Pella to Granicus or Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon; dearer even than the New England day when,

> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattl'd farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world;

or when, a first time, the tramp of the French Revolution crossed the Rhine:

> God said, I am tired of kings,
> I suffer them no more.

Perhaps, here in France, the people are counting too soon on peace that shall be worth such cost of war; but in their confidence is the spirit of great times once again:

> For He that worketh high and wise,
> Nor pauses in His plan,
> Will take the sun out of the skies
> Ere freedom out of man.

Yes, freedom from German "organization" in a conquering war-machine inspires France in this war.

One daily chronicler from the beginning of war—"Polybe" of the Paris *Figaro* (M. Joseph Reinach, who has been an artillery officer as well as a member of Parliament)—relates on August 1: "Yesterday and the day before, I was in the departments of the Marne and the Meuse. There I visited villages which, one year ago, were laborious and prosperous—and not a stone remains of them. Fire was set to them wickedly—by order—on coarsely lying pretexts. I saw along the roads and in the edge of woods and at the gates of towns—tombs, and then more tombs, and great collective burying mounds. I saw once more the cathedral of Rheims, mutilated, immortal, and the heroic city. I spoke with the poor who have lost all. I spoke with the wounded. To me the ruins spoke. The calendar shows we are entering the second year of war. Were it the tenth year, the same voice would make itself heard from ruins and hospitals and tombs:

"'We wish not to have suffered in vain. We wish not to have died in vain. We have suffered and died only to spare our children and our grandchildren, and the children of our grandchildren, the horrors and miseries which we have known. It would be a crime as great as the crime itself—to amnesty the crime. Not to destroy German Imperialism would be to amnesty the crime. Peace is not cannon that cease thundering and rifles returned to their stands. Peace is the victory of the liberty of peoples, the triumph of right. We wish not any other peace. We wish not a truce that would be an insult to our ruins, an outrage to our dead—a sacrilege.'

"And all the land of France—that which the foreigner still tramples, that which shall struggle until victory—answers that the sacrilege shall not be committed."

I go back to my own memories of a year ago. I am certain, with the certitude of one who saw the inmost springs of the French body politic at work, that war was not looked for. On the 25th of July I was speeding in a through train to Switzerland. In my compartment, off like myself to vacation, was a chief official of the P. L. M.—the great Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean railway which, in a week's time, was to be called on for its utmost effort to get soldiers to the frontier. Talking with me in the dining car was a high official of the war office whose engineering services were to be needed urgently; and he, too, was on vacation leave. We were all preoccupied with Austria's demands on Servia—but even these two great public administrations, responsible for the National Defence, did not foresee what less than one week was to produce.

That Saturday night, Austria's ultimatum was made known to Europe. On Monday, one of my friends who would have a responsible place in any general mobilization, still thought so little evil that, with a military doctor in active service, he crossed into Switzerland for a motor tour. The doctor's military superiors gave him no other warning than to keep within reach of telegrams. Wednesday the two arrived at my hotel, turned back by a dispatch recalling the doctor to his post. It was agreed that he should send the earliest news. From the midst of a great Eastern army post, which would have to centralize the movement of troops when mobilized, he had nothing to communicate until Friday, the last day of July. Then only he telegraphed, "Prepare for the worst!"

Switzerland took alarm sooner than France. She set her militia in motion to guard the neutrality of her frontiers the next day, Saturday, the 1st of August. Rising early, I learned that orders had already been given to prevent the taking of any automobiles out of the country. I awaked my friend at the hotel, and we decided to make an immediate dash for France. In fact, we got his automobile safely across the frontier a few miles away at a country cross-road. Either the customs officer of the Swiss side was too sleepy, or he had not yet opened his orders, to stop us. It was not until Sunday, the 2d of August, that French mobilization became an accomplished fact, and my friend went on to Paris, to take his post in the army, which was at last moving to the defence of the frontier.

The day before, that is, the day before French mobilization began, a band of German troops swept over the frontier near Belfort and took "prisoner"—already—the *maire* of the little commune, eight other chief men, and sixteen horses. This violation of French territory before Germany had declared her state of war and before France had mobilized, was published in the Swiss newspapers that evening. I was the more interested as the *maire* belongs to a family with which I have had a long friendship. The nine men thus taken prisoner before war are still confined, after a year's time, in the depths of Germany. One has died lately. To be exchanged, as others have been, they have been told they must sign a statement that they were on German territory when—arrested! We respect legality or we do not.

My remembrance of this last day of peace sinking into the first day of war in the department of the Ain is still very vivid. I was most impressed by the utter disbelief of Parisians in their vacation that serious danger was beginning. The French Government, as I well saw, awoke at the last moment; and the intelligent people of France were yet slower to realize the possibility of war.

I went on to Savoy, where I witnessed the mobilization. It was this calling away from their work of all able-bodied men that made the first earnest impression. There, as I wrote at the time, I was able to foretell how the unprepared French people would astonish the world by their steadfastness under prepared Germany's attack. There was yet no question of Belgium. Neither Germany nor the world yet knew what French and Belgians had in them. But I heard from all these Savoyards, as they quit hayfield and harvest and crowded into their army trains, the one word which has been their strength in war until now—for more than a year. *Puisqu'il le faut* (since it must be)!

Such are the remembrances of only one man—but one of many, all witnessing the same. And this is enough to prove, with the physical certainty of personal experience, that France neither expected war nor had prepared for it. When the Emperor who was prepared and set the war going says on its first anniversary, "I did not wish it!" I can only answer "Metaphysics!"

S. F. B. Morse and the Telegraph

THE EVOLUTION OF A GREAT IDEA AND THE PATIENT ENDEAVOR BY WHICH IT BECAME A PRACTICAL ACHIEVEMENT.

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

When Samuel F. B. Morse* conceived the idea of the electric telegraph, in 1832, he renounced a distinguished past. He was forty-one years old, a successful portrait painter, founder and president of the National Academy of Design. His life had been a broken one. In those days, a portrait painter was perforce an itinerant. He had not been able to live for any long time at home, and after nine short years of married happiness his young wife had been torn from him by sudden death, and their three children had gone to relatives. These vicissitudes had hardened his character for a new struggle far more bitter than any he had known. One feels this hardness in his European diaries of 1830 to 1832. He seldom relaxes in holiday vein. The superstition and the frivolity of the Europeans chiefly strike him. The Puritan asserts itself. He had gone to Europe in the hope of breaking out of the groove of portraiture, and realizing early aspirations to the historical style, but the mood is that of a tired and dissatisfied man. One would hardly credit him with the combative energy which he was to show for a bitter ten years to come.

The great idea came to him quite casually when returning to New York, on the packet Sully, in October, 1832. In the cabin one night the talk was of the new electrical discoveries. Dr. C. T. Jackson, of Boston, described the possibility of noting the current simultaneously at any part of a long circuit. Morse remarked: "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I can see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity."

Unknown to Morse, others were working at the same problem, notably Wheatstone in England and Steinheil in Germany. Military and marine signalling already used the principle of the alphabet. Morse's merit was to conceive once for all the apparatus by which electrical telegraphy became practical. As he himself sensibly insisted during the unhappy controversies which accompanied the perfecting of the invention, the telegraph was not an idea, but a machine. The essentials of the machine he worked out before the Sully reached Sandy Hook.

Samuel F. B. Morse, his Letters and Journals. Edited and supplemented by his son, Edward Lind Morse, in two volumes, with illustrations and diagrams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50 net. This is a sober and excellent biography woven together from abundant material. The author, Morse's son, has chosen a self-effacing rôle, but evinces good judgment in selection and proportions. Morse's own letters and journals furnish the bulk of a singularly complete and well-documented work.

I.

In view of subsequent controversies about the invention, it is unfortunate that the original notebook which Morse used on the Sully has disappeared. Yet there is no reason to distrust the copy which he made himself of the essential sheets. From the facsimiles in the new official biography, it is clear that Morse at once grasped the notion of the recording key. There is a sketch of a balanced lever with a stylus which bears on a moving strip of paper served from rolls. When the lever is held by the powerful magnet in the magnetic circle, the stylus scores the paper; when the circuit is broken, a weak local magnet raises the lever with its stylus from the paper. In other words, when the electric circuit was closed, a continuous line was made on the paper, and this line, by breaking the circuit for longer or shorter intervals, might be traced in dots and in dashes of any desired length. By breaking and closing the circuit at any point, the same dots and dashes would be recorded by any number of such keys. Mechanically and scientifically the apparatus was right from that moment in October, 1832, when Morse casually scrawled on pages 25, 26, and 29 of his pocket notebook. The perfecting of the invention concerned chiefly working the dots and dashes into the most convenient sort of code, and assuring circuits of sufficient power, length, and permanency. In all these later developments we enter a highly controversial field, with confusing claims and counter-claims. So we do well to remember that from the first flash of invention in Morse's mind there has been no radical change in the telegraph as an apparatus, merely refinements on Morse's principle, no change in the visible units by which the communication is made. Two of the most essential improvements have been claimed for his later partner, Alfred Vail, the alphabetic code and the relay which permits indefinite lengthening of the circuit. This matter we must consider briefly in its turn.

But before opening so contentious a chapter, one would willingly dwell on that flash of vision by which a difficult problem is once for all solved, a revolution effected in the turn of an eye. Of course, no such thing comes literally out of the blue. Morse had long had an intelligent interest in the new discoveries in electricity. At Yale, he writes with enthusiasm about Professor Day's experiment in the "Philosophical Chamber," and Professor Dwight's lectures. Later, in New York, he heard Prof. J. M. Dana in public lectures and demonstrations. He had never heard of Joseph Henry's researches at Princeton, which might greatly have shortened his labors and prevented the most infelicitous of his many controversies. Yet the smattering of electrical lore which he gained was enough. Men of his sort build on the broadest general principles which ordinarily they assume. Their business is with application. Their task is not that of science, but of supermechanics. Morse himself was wholly conscious of his rôle when he insisted that the telegraph was a machine. He was large-minded enough to distinguish between those who create and enlarge science and those who set it to work. It is a distinction that needs to be repeated and emphasized in an age that tends to confuse the Morses and Edisons with the Faradays and Kelvins.

II.

Fenimore Cooper, with other friends of Morse's, always insisted that before the memorable voyage of the Sully he had talked about and studied telegraphy in France. Morse himself had no recollections of the alleged conversations and studies, but was unwilling to question the memories of his friends. How much such stories lie in the realm of myth it is now impossible to decide. In any case, we do not need these European stages of the legend, for Morse plainly merely represents in its highest and most accomplished type the inventive Yankee, by birth and inclination. I suppose there are few of our old New England stocks where the family skeleton in disused closet or attic is not crowded by wooden and metal contrivances which are the models of patented or patentable inventions. Generation by generation the necessity to patent or copyright something persists in such stock, usually to their financial detriment, and those who have patented nothing at least dream of so doing, and lend money to those who put such dreams into action. Often it is an unselfish desire, half artistic, or a mere expedient to secure comfort. The best solution of the problem of bifocal spectacles has been worked out by the keeper of a knicknack shop in a small New England port. He has never taken the trouble to patent it. It is enough that his own glasses no longer bother him.

Of such a line came Samuel F. B. Morse. His father was an orthodox Congregational clergyman in Charlestown, Mass., but the family prospered, not by virtue of the salary, but from a geography and a gazeteer which the Reverend Jedediah had compiled. Morse himself, in his young manhood, had invented, as preliminaries to the telegraph, a pump, a fire engine, and a machine for mechanically reproducing sculpture. What is peculiar in Morse's case is not the super-Yankee inventor, but the fact that he belonged as well to the "Brahmin class," which is generally uninventive. He had withal a massiveness and persistency of character which is again commoner in the New England urban aristocracy than in the rural class from which the inventions generally come. He was an inventor superimposed upon an artist and an *intellectuel*. Of all the qualities he had need, and they were put to sore test before the day of ultimate triumph.

As soon as Morse landed in New York, he began to work at his model; but there were many threads to take up, and it was not until 1835 that he fully committed himself to the new venture. His decision was pre-

cipitated by the shipwreck of his artistic ambitions. Congress had voted funds for four mural paintings to complete the decoration of the Capitol at Washington. Morse, as president of the National Academy, had the best prospects of getting one of the panels. President John Quincy Adams, however, distrustful of American talent, entered a resolution opening the competition to foreigners. This action was sharply criticised in a letter in the *Evening Post*, which was generally attributed to Morse. It was, in fact, the well-intentioned championship of his friend, Fenimore Cooper, which had put him out of the running. From this chagrin Morse never recovered. He came to regret his devotion to painting. It was much more than the loss of a promising commission, it was the dashing of the hopes of a lifetime to excel in the historical and monumental style. He burned his bridges, but with prudence, gradually withdrawing from portraiture as other support offered, and resigning as soon as he honorably could the presidency of the Academy. Immediately he accepted a professorship of the literature of the arts of design in the University of New York, honorable drudgery which nearly afforded a livelihood. There, from 1835 on, in the now vanished building on Washington Square, he worked out the details of the great invention. At times his poverty was extreme. He lived frugally on the provisions which he brought into his studio after nightfall. As a great personage in New York, he must conceal the narrowness of his life.

III.

For several years he was on wrong tracks. He experimented with a dictionary code, the signals representing entire words and phrases. His feeling was still that the telegraph would be used only for important and secret business. But as early as the notebook of 1832, he had seen that the letter code must sometimes be used, as in proper names. For a long time, too, he made the signals by notched types which mechanically broke the current. Eventually this plan was abandoned for freehand manipulation of the key. For the key itself, after experiment with a pendulum form, he returned to the simple apparatus sketched in the memorable notebook. Before the year 1835 had closed, he had, unaided, carried the machine to the point where he could transmit messages through about forty feet of wire. It seems that he independently discovered the principle of the relay, but the difficulty persisted of obtaining current enough to record a message through a single circuit of more than forty feet. At this point a new colleague, Prof. Leonard D. Gale, came to the rescue. He was conversant with the recent discoveries of Joseph Henry. Once multicellular batteries and more powerful magnets were installed, it was easy to transmit messages over ten miles of wire.

In the late summer and autumn of 1837 Morse gave a number of demonstrations with a circuit 1,700 feet long. On September 2 there was present among greater notables Alfred Vail, a young alumnus of the University. His family owned the Speedwell Iron Works at Morristown, N. J., were prosperous and influential. He offered himself as Morse's ally, agreeing to finance the experimental stages of the invention, and to make the working models. Vail's mechanical cleverness was much superior to Morse's, and while any attempt to allot credit for the machine that finally was patented seems impossible, it is to be presumed that Vail's influence may be traced in the gradual simplification of the apparatus. It should be noticed, however, that such simplifications are invariably only so many returns to the sketch-book of 1832. The probability is, then, that at a time when Morse may have been somewhat confused by the many alternatives presented from his own teeming mind, Vail, reviewing the whole course of experimentation with greater coolness and detachment, aided substantially in the choice of the better possibilities. There is no question that he brought a great access of strength and encouragement to Morse at a critical time. It is not easy to exaggerate the moral support he brought to his partner. He was loyal under trying circumstances.

It is not unnatural that local patriotism and the piety of descendants have created a Vail legend which credits to him the invention of the alphabetical code and the local circuit. It should be said, however, that he never personally claimed either invention, and that the evidence seems conclusive that Morse had solved both problems before he met Vail in 1837. The claims for Vail, which have produced a considerable controversial literature, seem to the reviewer based on a misconception entirely honest but untenable. The machines which Vail unquestionably made are regarded as marking the discovery of the principles under which they were operated. The wording of his diaries often lends color to such a misinterpretation, quite innocently, for, of course, he was adventuring in a field new to him. As a matter of simple justice, however, one must insist that Vail's aid was chiefly moral and financial. Nothing that he contributed to the machine patented in 1837 was as indispensable as that counsel of Professor Gale, by which the telegraph was at once changed from an ingenious scientific toy, communicating across a room, to a practical means of communication across great spaces. And the candor with which Morse acknowledged the aid of Gale gives no color to any supposition that he consciously minimized any contribution that other associates may have made. It is well to recall that the three original partners always remained friends, and that in their lifetime there were no conflicting claims of any sort.

On January 22, Morse gave a private demonstration to many New York notables through ten miles of wire strung in his lecture-room. One of the spectators indited the bombastic yet not wholly inappropriate message: "Attention, the Universe, by kingdoms right wheel." The experiment was the occasion of intelligent and enthusiastic comment by the press, and the way of the inventor should have been thenceforth easy. As a matter of fact, it was five years before the Government sustained the project in the experimental line of 1843 between Washington and Baltimore. Meanwhile, Morse was harried by the insane claims of Dr. Jackson and by the treachery of later business associates, by the unfair and arbitrary denial of a patent in England, by the unexpected failure of a great contract with Russia. The general reception before the French Academy of Science, in 1839, where Arago explained the invention and Guy-Lussac and Alexander von Humboldt commended it, is one of the few bright spots in these years. But the French Government was as slow to move as the French savants had been quick. Morse returned disappointed to New York, where in 1840 he was within sight of death from starvation. Yet he won through, and after infinite difficulties, largely overcome through the zeal and patience of Alfred Vail, the wires were stretched from Baltimore to Washington. The test message which Morse sent from Washington to Vail at Baltimore was, "What hath God wrought!" Vail returned it correctly to the sender. Before that momentous experiment, the telegraph had sensationally proved its effectiveness by picking up from a train the news of Frelinghuysen's nomination as Vice-President, and getting it to Washington a full hour before the train's arrival. Soon the doubters in Congress and the business world were on Morse's side. At fifty-three, he had gained a new fame, this time world-wide. After eight years of poverty fortune was assured.

How weary he was of the struggle, how moderate were his personal ambitions may be understood from his offer to the nation of his controlling interest in the telegraph for $110,000. A month after the brilliant test of the Washington-Baltimore message he would gladly have exchanged prospects of wealth for a modest competence. The refusal of Congress to entertain the proposal must be reckoned as one of the major instances of official shortsightedness. If Morse was easily satisfied on the financial side, as regards the telegraph itself, he was consumed with a zeal of perfection. He tried every possibility, constantly revising the mechanism and its accessories, even in the vexatious times when the experimental line was being built. Shortly before the successful test, he discovered the principle of duplex telegraphy. In the summer of 1842, as the result of actual tests, he confidently predicted transoceanic telegraphy in a public report to the Secretary of the Treasury. Other improvements, such as reading by ear, had come almost as a matter of course.

IV.

To trace the remaining career of Morse is unnecessary. It was varied by frequent European trips, in which he received the highest social and official honors. A happy

second marriage in 1848 brought tardily the domestic joys which fate had earlier denied him. He settled down in a delightful country place at Poughkeepsie, an impressive and venerated figure. Fate still reserved sore trials for him, partly in the defection of business associates, partly in harassing controversies concerning the credit for the invention of the telegraph. Of these the most gratuitous and deplorable was the feud with Joseph Henry, which was occasioned by a needless oversight on Alfred Vail's part. Morse took these infelicities the harder, that he held a fairly mystical idea of himself as individually inspired by Providence. From the first, he dwells upon the benefits of the telegraph to society. In 1855, when the cable was being laid, he writes to a friend:

> The effects of the Telegraph on the interests of the world, political, social, and commercial, have, as yet, scarcely begun to be apprehended, even by the most speculative minds. I trust that one of its effects will be to bind man to his fellowman in such bonds of amity as to put an end to war. I think I can predict this effect as in a not distant future.

So speaks in old age the man who in youth had aspired to equal Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian. To perceive how much delusion may accompany the highest character and the greatest practical capacity should work toleration even in a critic. As a matter of fact, the generous youth had died very early in Morse. It is pathetic to find the patriot of the War of 1812 merely disgusted with the Civil War, declaring that there was glory for neither side, and willing to accept peace at any price. Throughout Morse appears more admirable than amiable. In his letters and journals there is seldom a touch of humor or sentiment, often something hard and schoolmasterly in quality. To his most faithful associates he was none too considerate; he had suffered too much from faithless allies. Yet in a man of his moral massiveness and tenacity we can hardly expect the more adaptive graces. A certain Olympian detachment is not compatible with full charity. It is odd and instructive to find Morse at the very moment when his invention needed all his forces, wasting himself in pamphleteering against a wholly imaginary conspiracy of the Roman Catholics. Yet it was, however mistakenly, a question with him both of his religion and loyalty. The converse of the positive strength of such a character is its capacity for moral repulsion. The penalty of such concentration is narrowing the vision and distorting it. In Morse unquestionably there was some sacrifice of the man to the inventor. Yet this self-imposed restriction has its austere nobility. It hardened the fibre for a particular work, and the justification of a process in which an able artist perished utterly and a man of culture was warped into a particular mould must be found in the sure immortality which Morse won for himself among the great inventors and benefactors of the race.

Poetry

DRAGON'S TEETH.

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER.

When I review the dark
Year that is gone,
I wonder whether God regrets the ark;
If it is He who locks away the dawn:
I dare not ponder why our prayers to Christ
Have not sufficed.

August, so fair, so rich
With fruitful life,
Bartered her golden harvest for a ditch,
Her scythe of silver for a butcher's knife:
She who wore once the grateful farmer's wreath,
Sowed dragon's teeth.

Alas, no Cadmus crop
Sprang from the earth,
But fiends whose bent no royal word can stop.
The blood they spill but teems with viler birth:
So sweet to them is hatred's poisoned breath,
They thrive on death.

Twelve fateful moons ago
Man prospered, proud
Of primacy. How swift his overthrow!
Blacker and lower broods the horrid cloud:
What will its depths disclose? Thy Peace, O Lord,
Or Flaming Sword?

Notes from the Capital

AN APOSTLE OF THE MEAN.

Though everywhere recognized as a courageous man, William E. Borah has never been given to acting on impulse. His views on our foreign relations, as set forth in his recent speech at Spokane, are probably, therefore, the well-considered outlines of a policy which he thinks it but fitting for one in his position to make public at this juncture. They point, moreover, pretty plainly to the part he may be called soon to play as the compromise Presidential candidate of the Progressives led by Roosevelt and of the regular Republicans typified by Root. How well his pronouncement will be received depends on the passing temper of the people at large, whether they feel like nodding assent to his down-right disparagement of our national spirit or object to being advertised to the world as an easy mark for every international bully. Other orators, as a rule, even if they do not approve in all respects of the diplomatic course pursued by the present Administration, have tried to save its face by putting the disagreeable things they had to say into the future subjunctive rather than a past tense. But that is not Borah's way. He does not warn us of what is likely to happen if we leave the country unprepared for war; he reminds us of what has already happened. Our men "have been" murdered; our women "have been" brutally maltreated, our flag "has been" insulted, he declares, and we have done nothing to right these wrongs. This has somewhat of a Rooseveltian ring. On the other hand, the Senator does not advise taking the aggressive now, rushing in and smashing our adversaries to smithereens. He only urges preparedness, so that, if similar occasions arise in the future, we shall be in a position to act at once as may seem best.

Here is the man on middle ground, blinking nothing as it stands, but pleading that untoward conditions be not allowed to remain as they are. His friends are very careful to draw the distinction between a straddling disposition and his poise of broad responsibility. They claim for him a strong sense of justice towards both sides of every question. The first case he tried as a lawyer in the rude frontier country where he had hung out his shingle was in defence of a ruffian charged with murder, and he won it. He was personally willing, and of course professionally glad, to save the fellow's neck, but he did not rest till he had done something to compensate the county for helping one of its human nuisances to escape elimination; so he seized the opportunity to reason with his client while the latter was still in a grateful mood, and induced him to disappear and never return. Again, though he was ready to risk his own life to rescue a negro whom a mob was preparing to lynch for wounding a constable in a street fight, this did not prevent him from approving President Roosevelt's dismissal of the colored troops at Brownsville without trial, on the ground that short shrift must be given treason.

He recognizes the human weaknesses of many judges, yet believes that we should not visit these shortcomings on the courts as a whole by subjecting them or their decisions to the recall, but should "cling to an independent judiciary as the men of old clung to the horns of the altar." He does not deny that a few amendments could profitably be made to the Constitution in response to the demands of modern life on its social side, but has no patience with the chatter about doing away with it, insisting that "our fathers understood the science of government as no other single group of men has ever understood it," and that probably, "if the plan upon which they built fails, with it will pass the hope of a democratic-republican form of government." And after successfully fighting the battle of a poor and obscure claimant against a powerful corporation, he was just as prompt to turn prosecutor in the cases of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners accused of supplementing legitimate agitation with dynamite bombs and a campaign of terrorism. Quite as characteristic was the position he took in the campaign of 1912, sympathizing with many of the principles avowed by the Progressives and deploring the neglect of the Republicans to adopt them, condemning the steam-roller methods of the national convention of his party, yet telling Col. Roosevelt flatly that the secession of the malcontents was a colossal blunder, and himself supporting Taft in spite of all that had evoked his disapproving comments on the regular platform and ticket.

Looking at Borah, one can hardly help wondering how he came by his calmness of judgment and manner; for his cool blue eyes are more than matched by his pugnacious nose, and his facial features and coloring suggest a rather recent Irish descent. He has an abundance of straight, black hair, a round face, lips that are full but not bulging, and

cleft chin. His whole effect is boyish, as he looks straight into your eyes with his habitual expression of cheerful candor. He is of good size rather than large, his well-knit frame and firm carriage giving you an impression of bulk which later proves a trifle misleading. He dresses simply, but with no affectation of carelessness, his black wide-awake hat and sack coat being the familiar costume of his Western home. In his daily intercourse with his fellows he is not at all a talkative man. As a public speaker, the first things about him that attract you are his quiet pose, his musical voice, and his clear enunciation; next, the air of good comradeship with which he draws you over to his view, instead of driving you like La Follette, or wearying you into helplessness like half the orators against whom he finds himself matched in the Senate.

VIEILLARD.

Book Notes and Byways

LUTHER S. LIVINGSTON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By JOHN THOMAS LEE.

I.

"An American scholar died on December 24, 1914. Self-made, the doors of opportunity opened to him a few months before, and with many misgivings he passed through them. He found himself among men of recognized attainments who, to his surprise, welcomed him to their assembly and conducted him to a seat beside the most honored. While he was still wondering how best to show his appreciation for their recognition, he died."

These words fitly introduce a sympathetic and carefully written sketch of the life and work of Luther S. Livingston, printed for private distribution by Mrs. Livingston. Although the little volume in its final form (attractively made by Mr. Bruce Rogers, who also drew the accompanying portrait) is issued without the author's name, it is no secret that the lovely tribute is from the pen of Mr. George Parker Winship, librarian of the Widener Memorial Library at Cambridge, Mass.*

Mr. Livingston must have possessed rare charm of personality and nobility of character to have won the enviable place which he now holds in the hearts of men. His achievements in horticulture, book-selling, and bibliography, notable as they were, could not alone have gained for him the fame which rightly seems his, for fame none the less it is, though circumscribed. The man was greater than his work. And it is a fine and stimulating thing to encounter in this time of hurry and sordid endeavor a scholar with the freshness and sweetness of the open about him: such appears to have been Luther Livingston.

When, a hundred years hence, some kindly and learned antiquary undertakes to write of the American booksellers and bibliographers of the twentieth century, he will single out for especial notice, I am sure, the name of Luther S. Livingston. He will tell his readers with charm of phrase (let us hope) that Livingston was not musty or unlovable or self-centred, as sometimes are those of his calling; that from small beginnings and none too well equipped with what the schools had to give, he, nevertheless, with good sense, diligence, and a clean heart, made a lasting place for himself in the world of books. And, what is far better, he at the same time cultivated and retained the friendship of the men whose money he took for honest service. Our historian, too, will dwell with emphasis on the man's love of flowers, his poise and mental integrity, and his fortitude in meeting physical suffering. Distress of body did not undo him or shake his faith in God or man. His fortitude seems to have been invincible.

The reader should know that these words are written by one who never met Mr. Livingston face to face, and who knows him only through his work and his friends. Why, then, should I care to write about him? Perhaps because such men, in a hundred ways, make their influence felt by those who never clasped hand with them, through leagues and leagues of space.

II.

I may be pardoned, I think, for giving a few biographical details before proceeding to notice Mr. Livingston's work. For Mr. Winship's sketch, on which I must rely, limited as it is to two hundred copies, will not have a wide circulation. And, moreover, it is necessary to know something of the principal facts of our subject's life, if we are properly to appreciate his work.

Luther S. Livingston first saw the light in Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 7, 1864. At the age of seventeen he left the high school, and obtained employment in a local book-shop. Some years later he was obliged to relinquish this work, on account of ill-health, and spent a summer in the open, collecting butterflies and wild flowers. In 1887 he became the shipping clerk of Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York city, with whom he was for many years to be identified.

Being an outdoor man, who did not take kindly to city ways, he, in 1888, took up a Government land claim in Florida. "The inspiration for this venture," says his biographer, "came from the books of Thoreau"; but, "after a year of unremunerative grubbing at palmetto roots, Livingston returned to the New York book-store."

Early in life he evinced a fondness for flowers, and his familiarity with the technical names of plants, together with his accurate information concerning them, prompted the firm of Pitcher & Manda, of Short Hills, N. J., to offer him a place on their staff, which he accepted. His first work was the compilation of catalogues, and here his aptitude for the niceties of description was shown from the first. It is said that the catalogues prepared by him have become classics among horticulturists. He was later sent to Colombia to execute an important commission—the collecting of orchids, a most engaging pursuit, one would think. His experiences in South America were duly chronicled in his notebooks and in charming letters to his mother. Fortunately, as I like to think, the financial crisis of 1893 was the cause of his return to the business of books. He remained with his old employers, Dodd, Mead & Co., until 1912, when a cruel accident robbed him of his physical vigor and consigned him to an invalid's chair.

Mr. Livingston married, in 1898, a friend of his boyhood, Miss Flora V. Milner, of Deer Lodge, Mont. At Scarsdale, nineteen miles from New York city, they made their home; and here Mr. Livingston transformed his three acres of woods, cliffs, and swamp into a wonderful garden, in which, we are told, he spent the happiest part of each week. "Under his wizard touch, this little country home lot became a botanical museum," writes Mr. Winship. "Month by month he added to his treasures, until he was nearing the consummation of his ambition to possess a healthy growing specimen of every variety of flowering plant that could be induced to take root in the latitude and longitude of New York city. . . . The parting from that garden within sight of the reflected lights of Broadway was not least among the tragedies of Livingston's last year."

*Mr. Winship's tribute to the memory of Luther S. Livingston, in abridged form and with a bibliography, was first printed in the Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, Vol. VIII.

Correspondence.

THE GERMAN PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some Americans are asking to what lengths the German propaganda may dare to go; others, how far German militarism is setting back the clock of civilization. The following statement of fact may aid their estimates. Lest anyone believe the statement unbelievable, I will add that I have it not from the newspapers, but from a friend who is well acquainted with the victim.

Among the hundreds of poor street-venders now in Athens, a man was last week crying out his picture-postals and cheap prints of distinguished people. An officer of the Greek navy hearing him asked: "Whose pictures have you there?"

"Pictures of the King, the Queen, Venizelos, and others."

"Haven't you any of Gounaris?" (Gounaris is the pro-German Prime Minister.)

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because there is no sale for them; nobody wants them."

The officer beckoned to a policeman and ordered the man's arrest. The policeman obeyed. The man was imprisoned, and was not released till the next day.

This is the whole story. I have suppressed no detail which could mitigate the officer's conduct. The act stands as a clean-cut statuesque example of German propagandism and militarism combined. It takes place under a constitutional monarchy modelled after that of England, but now, unhappily, in the hands of a pro-German King, whose energetic wife is sister of the German Kaiser. The clock of civilization, as it seems to me, is thus set back exactly 700 years, to the time before Magna Charta.

L. L. Forman.

Athens, Greece, July 27.

EXTRA-LEGAL "DUTIES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is with great satisfaction that I follow from week to week your consistent and powerful support of the side morally right in the lamentable European struggle. For how easily does the issue become confused! Even the change of seasons affects men's moral intuitions—so frail a thing is man's conscience! The price of a pound of cotton now threatens to determine our attitude towards democracy and autocracy in their death struggle.

So much is said of our rights, but has not a nation also duties? While the Government upholds the nation's rights, surely it behooves the nation to consider seriously its duties.

Neutral let our government remain so long as that be morally possible, but the citizenship of the country has never been neutral since Austria sent her fateful ultimatum to Servia. Except for the German-Americans and a small minority of our other citizens, that ultimatum inevitably ranged us on the side of the present Allies. The crisis is too sharp, the issue too vital, the contentions too utterly at variance for us to be at heart passive spectators. We share vitally with the Allies in their struggle for national freedom and independence. It is our own struggle, even though we must for the present refrain from participating with arms. But if it is our own struggle and we must not participate with arms, what must be our bearing and deportment during its progress?

Alas, that so many of us determine our bearing and deportment on the basis of Iago's advice

Put money in thy purse!

Doubtless the munition-makers of the North are actuated largely by this advice, but fortunately they make money by means which happen to be in keeping with the interests of the nation and the welfare of the world. If they have no other motive in the manufacture of munitions than the making of money, then are they of all men most contemptible. But the cotton growers of the South in their clamor against England and their determination to sell cotton to Germany are in deadly opposition to the interests of America and the world: they seek to feed the cannon of the Teutons. Is it too much to expect of human nature that we should look beyond the price of a season's crop and lend at least the weight of our financial sacrifice to the cause of human liberty? OLIN DANTZLER WANNAMAKER.

Auburn, Ala., August 12.

WAR SONG OF FRENCH WORKMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: These verses, some strong, none pretentious, and the whole of them together giving an impression of the force beyond words which animates all classes in France, are published by the *Bataille Syndicaliste* of Paris. This is the organ of those Labor Unions which, in peace, separated themselves most from the present organization of human society in Europe. Now, under war, they hark back to their fathers of the great Revolution who, in 1793, marched as one man on the invaders of their country. Then, as now, the invaders formed what Arthur Balfour, on this first anniversary of renewed war on the Liberty of Peoples, calls "alien and despotic Militarism."

This new "Hymne du Départ" accepts—"if it must be"—that sorest trial of "one year more" of war. Its author speaks in the name of a Labor Revolution which was verging, as many of his own fellow-countrymen were convinced before the war, on Anarchy. If the Frenchmen who adhere to such Labor movements quit themselves like men to-day, it must be that they were essentially good citizens yesterday. And this dispels another illusion regarding France and the people generally and so may help towards an end surely unforeseen by the organizers of this war—

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

I have tried to give only a very literal translation, line by line, so as to keep something of the tramping rhythm of these French toilers' feet marching to the wars. Since I witnessed the first call to arms and military mobilization of these workmen and peasants of France, I have often written in my letters of the strong, sane impression made on me by words with which I heard them universally comforting each other—*"Puisqu'il le faut* (since it must be)!" After a year's hard service of war, they repeat their words in their poet's verses. What American can read them and not hear echoing within himself his own Emerson's "Voluntaries"?

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

STODDARD DEWEY.

Paris, August 5.

WINTER CAMPAIGN.

By Raphael Périé.

The day that Germany opened up the abyss,
One and only word, peaceful, sublime,
Was spoken by the one-minded people:
It must be.

Toil of the hands, labor of thought,
You must quit the work you've begun:
It must be.

You must depart as in Ninety-three:
You must quit your mother and your wife:
It must be.

You must quit, for atrocious war,
Your sweet little girl and your good little boy:
It must be.

You must kill to save your country
And liberty and wounded justice:
It must be.

You must will the attack under shellfire
Or the trenches when not in the battle:
It must be.

You must will the gas that chokes and the mines,
The hand-to-hand fight, the shadow where they slay,
Feet that freeze and mud and vermin:
It must be.

Dear workman, put off your hope
To do away with hunger and suffering:
It must be.

Dear peasant, your wife wears herself out;
She is sobbing as she pushes the plough:
It must be.

Ah! well I know—sister, young brother,
Old parents—'Tis hard, such misery;
'Tis not I will say the contrary:
It must be.

Soldier of France, finish the work.
You must remember sorrowful Poland:
It must be.

You must think of the great misery
Of Rheims and Arras and of the Belgian your brother,
And, beyond, how Alsace weeping awaits you:
It must be.

Yes, your flesh bleeds and your heart eats itself away,
But you will hold out yet one year more,
If it must be.

THE IBERIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The fourth paragraph contained in the "Summary of the News" of the issue of the *Nation* of August 5 is somewhat disappointing reading. Really, is there not more to be said on the killing of the three Americans on the Leyland liner Iberian than that "the case, however, is likely to present no international difficulties, since on the evidence before us, it would seem probable that the Iberian was summoned to stop and was only shelled by the submarine when the captain disregarded the order"?

If our citizens, as we maintain, have a perfect right to be safe anywhere, even on board belligerent passenger steamers, why should this not hold good in the case of the Iberian also, so far as the captain's responsibility towards neutral passengers is concerned? In other words: What right had the captain of the Iberian to impose the gravest risks to life and limb on the Americans on board, as he did by "disregarding the order" of the hailing submarine? It surely has not come to this that English captains shall be free to hold the lives of Americans and other neutrals more cheaply than the vessels they command!

It seems to me, if we insist upon the right of free passage for our citizens, and will hold Germany to "strict accountability" in case of loss of life, we must also insist uncompromisingly on the corollary of this assertion, viz.: that captains of English passenger steamers, having American travellers on board, must stop under all circumstances, when legitimately hailed by enemy undersea craft, or our Government will hold them, and Great Britain, to as "strict accountability" as we do Germany in the Lusitania case.

This view of the case, as given above, I have missed altogether in your otherwise very clear-cut delineation of the affair. I hope you will make this side of it the burden of some paragraphs in a future "Summary of the News." WM. B. SCHULZ.

Baltimore, Md., August 10.

[The right under international law of the captain of a merchant vessel to evade or resist capture by an enemy warship has never been disputed.—ED. THE NATION.]

HENRY JAMES AN ENGLISH SUBJECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The decision of Henry James to become an English subject must have been arrived at very suddenly, for he evidently never dreamed of it a few short weeks, or even days, perhaps, before taking this action. I received a letter from him dated "London, June 23d," and posted even a day or two later, to be read at our annual Cornell Reunion in Europe, which occurred here in Paris on the 26th of last month. From one end to the other, this rather long letter breathes only the most ardent and sincere affection for America. It opens with a proud reference to "our American Volunteer Ambulance," of whose committee Mr. James is chairman, and then he goes on to say: "I am struck at every turn more and more with the amount of active coöperation that the inspiring cause of the Allies can look to from our countrymen—there, in fact, seems no limit to it." In my letter to him, I had said that the spirit of the gathering would be "decidedly pro-Allies," whereupon he replies: "'Decidedly,' my dear countrymen, is the palest of adverbs to describe the helpful passion that I myself have become acquainted with among us all"; and then he proposes this toast: "To the inspiring idea of our collective American rally to the aid of Civilization as menaced as never in the world before—may its shadow not grow less!" And again, in closing, he mentions "our boundless goodwill for France."

Mr. James was granted naturalization on July 26th. His petition for this end must have been sent in some days before. It is safe to say, therefore, that at some time within less than a month after writing his Cornell letter, Mr. James decided to abandon American citizenship, which evidently filled his heart to overflowing on June 23d.

One of the many lessons taught, on both sides of the ocean, by this present war is the chariness one should show in this matter of changing one's nationality. In the past, the

spread-eagle American has now and then found fault with Mr. James because he is "an American residing in England." But it is safe to predict that in the years to come Mr. James may hear his new fellow subjects chide him with being "a naturalized Englishman residing in England," for Mr. James should not have forgotten the profound reflection of La Rochefoucauld. that "L'accent du pays où on est né demeure dans l'esprit et dans le cœur comme dans le langage." THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, July 31.

APROPOS OF THE ALLEN SURVEY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here's a useful rhyme for those who've read good Dr. Allen's prose:

An expert in Efficiency (don't think good Dr. Allen he), now having proved by rigid rules all educators blundering fools, determined deftly to proclaim all poets very much the same. Here is a page from his report (except I've tried to cut it short): "SECTION 9, EXHIBIT K. ON POETS' PUTTERING AND DELAY: THE CASE OF MR. THOMAS GRAY. This poet piddled seven years with ink-pot, foolscap, books, and shears; and frayed his breeches past all patching whilst his slow Elegy was hatching. Seven years—an inefficient Gray. I had my clerk the other day (an average lady as to rhyme) write out for me said Elegy by up-to-date stenography; and seven minutes was her time."

O Expert, you and I, we two, know all there is to know, we do: I know that you're a chump at best, and you—O you know all the rest. UNCLE SILAS.

Madison, August 1.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A review of Thlis's "Leonardo da Vinci" in the *Nation* of June 17 contests some of the results of that important work. I agree closely with the reviewer's idea of the probable development in style shown by Leonardo's early drawings and pictures, and should like to argue a point or two in detail.

And first as regards the landscape in Verrocchio's Baptism of Christ, my chief reason for believing it Leonardo's is that it exhibits, in an obviously immature phase, characteristics peculiar to Leonardo as we know him in authenticated works. Certain of these may be briefly described as follows: (1) The generalized rocks, surviving from mediæval art, but modified, probably in memory of effects, seen from Vinci and even from Florence, of the sharp peaks of the Carrara Mountains under special atmospheric conditions; effects reinforced by the views of the Monte Rosa chain from the plains of Lombardy and culminating in the Alpine vistas of the St. Anne. In relation to this traditional archaism we may observe that the ground in Leonardo tends to a conventional flow of its masses and lines, rather than to the firmly organized natural structure characteristic of Masaccio. (2) This conventional geology serves, however, to focus the thrilling cosmical meteorology, the concrete and plastic sense for air and light as almost illimitably yet objectively imagined. The backgrounds of La Gioconda and the St. Anne are not fantastic, romantic experiments, but supreme achievements in landscape truth, which have for counterparts in European style only the works of men intellectually transcending merely professional standards—men like Rembrandt and Turner. (3) But Giotto has a broad and plastic elemental meaning—shown in his limning of light by sharp definition of shadow, and Masaccio the noblest cosmical sweep; what was needed to establish landscape style upon classical foundations, as distinct from a merely phenomenal aspect of things, such as determines Northern naturalism, was the working out of pictorial texture, which Leonardo gives us, with some inadequacy of technical resources, indeed, on a grander scale than any of his contemporaries. The conjectural early works are incomplete experiments, but in their application of pictorial texture to the more primitive patterns or the more sculpturesque drawing of traditional practice they exhibit an initiative for which Leonardo's authorship seems to me the only reasonable explanation. I find the first steps to such details as the great tree in the St. Anne, perhaps the noblest tree in art, in the foliage of conjecturally early pictures like the Uffizi Annunciation, where the complications of refracted and reflected light in the leaves are attacked with an elaborate fervor absent from mature work. In this picture, which shows more skill and must be a little later than the Baptism, Leonardo has not discovered his technical limitations and is thus more the ambitious pure painter than later on. I cannot, by the way, see two hands in the execution here, or even the repainting asserted to exist as an essential factor in certain passages.

There is no measurable demonstration in a rapprochement of the authentic landscape drawing of 1473 to the Baptism landscape, yet many students have felt a similarity in style and temperamental quality—the design is quite different. The drawing is a mere scrawl, very rapid in stroke, and probably, I should say (to judge by observation of a modern artist at work), rather a mnemonic and even half reflex note for a picture than a study from nature; yet it contrives somehow to translate very vividly a real scene. The squared fields, the definite contours of foothills, the tree masses, etc., are summarized in exactly the fashion of Far Eastern drawings of the later classic landscape periods—as in Sesshiu's open landscapes. We have a vague means with a concrete result—a sort of elemental impressionism. The rapprochement to Oriental modes is, however, *pace* the German theorists, a natural affinity.

As regards the date of the little Louvre Annunciation, I think the technical evidence should be conclusive. To me, as it marks an emancipation in composition from the conventional patterns of the early Renaissance, it might be as late as the Adoration of the Magi, but for a certain naïveté in its types. But it is a by-product, an academic exercise, compared to its Uffizi prototype, which engaged an artist's whole strength—whoever did it.

There are other points in Dr. Thlis's view of the early career of Leonardo to which I hope to contribute an opinion on further study of the book. I am not sure, however, that any scholar has explained a peculiarity in the early drawings—which, I think, is less marked as Leonardo works at sculpture seriously—and would call the attention of students to it here. I refer to the odd failure of many of the figure drawings in articulation or proportion of limbs. I need not particularize examples, as the fault is obvious when attention is called to it. It would seem that the naturalistic studies of the young master and his training under Verrocchio—an impeccable draughtsman in the matter referred to—gave correctness in detail, while the sketching habit and a generalizing tendency inhibited at times a vision of the figure in action as a whole, so that we have arms, especially those out of the figure plane, which are out of proportion with or do not belong to the body. There is a question here also of a habit of "frontality" in pattern, which I will not now discuss. I may say that the point concerns the authenticity of the Madonna of the Pink at Munich. Morelli noticed the bad drawing of an arm in the Christ Child in this much-damaged picture, and used it as an argument against Leonardo's authorship. As a matter of fact, the awkward arm is, so far as it goes, a sign of authenticity, as the peculiar fault occurs in many absolutely genuine drawings.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Roselle Park, N. J., June 21.

"THE STYMIE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a golf enthusiast for twenty years, I am struck by your comment, in the Centennial number, on an article by Mr. John G. Anderson advocating the abolishment of the "stymie." What occurs to me, and what I would call your attention to, is that neither in your editorial nor in Mr. Anderson's article, apparently (I have not seen the article), is the logical reason for the abolition of the stymie discussed. There is, as a matter of fact, a reason historically logical, why the stymie should never have become a part of the game, is not a proper element of it, and should be removed as soon as the amputation can be accomplished without disturbing the world-wide uniformity of the game.

Golf differs from most recreations in many respects; in one respect it is entirely different from all other games played with a bat and ball—such as baseball, cricket, lacrosse, polo, hockey, tennis, croquet, billiards, pool, etc. That is a sweeping statement and sweeping statements, when substantiated, deserve serious consideration. When anything differs from all other things of its kind in any one respect, that respect must be an important one. Golf differs from all other games played with a bat and ball in that nothing which either player does directly affects the other. The game is utterly individual. Each contestant must observe the effect of his opponent's play without interference, and with the self-control of a stoic. Then immediately he has to make his own performance in sharp contrast, again without hindrance; Epicurean now, he must achieve "Pleasure by avoidance of trouble." This demand upon the psychic forces of the player is the essence of the charm of the game. Without this, would hundreds of thousands of serious-minded, purposeful men and women become absorbed in agitating a small object from point to point over a well-kept sward? But there is one exception—neither player interferes with the other's game except in the case of the stymie. When the position of one player's ball interferes with the execution of the other's shot, strict individuality of play ceases. The stymie thrusts across and violates the very principle of golf which distinguishes it from all other games.

I said in the beginning that the stymie is historically illogical. All things have a beginning, and the first stymie established the custom. This was the way of it (why not?): The Dominie and the Major came to the last green all square. The Dominie putted and his

ball came to rest between the Major's and the hole. The Major, honest soul, said, "Ye maun lift yir ba." "Na, na," quoth the Dominie, "putt ut as ut lies." The Major weakly yielded (he deserved to lose the match) and an anachronism crept into the game of golf. British love of status quo has kept it there ever since; but they cut off a king's head once, when he displeased them, and perhaps we can persuade them some day to abolish the unfair, unscientific, and iniquitous stymie.

Mr. Anderson proposes that the U. S. G. A. legislate against the stymie. Emphatically, no. Let golf be the same game the world over. Let us not repeat the history of football. Let every golf club in the association take a postcard vote by its members on the question, "Should the stymie be abolished?" Let the clubs forward the results to the central body. Let the officials then report to St. Andrews the state of mind in this country and ask for a similar test of English, Canadian, and Australian public opinion. So we would correct the history of the game and not make new history. W. R. T.

THE ART OF MISQUOTATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reviewer of Hutchinson's "Life of Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury)," in your issue of July 15, tells us that, "although he was distinguished in many ways, his name became almost a household word as the author of 'The Hundred Best Books' and 'The Pleasures of Life.' He was an omnivorous taker of notes, and he had the faculty of seizing on the books and quotations which would appeal to the best popular taste. As a result he wrote these books with almost no effort."

A little effort is, however, required from even the most facile and best documented of writers. Sir John Lubbock's faculty of seizing upon quotations which would appeal to the best popular taste affords no guarantee for the accuracy of their form when they appear in his books. By that time they have occasionally suffered a sea-change into something not "rich" though "strange."

Thus, at page 106 of the forty-first edition of "The Pleasures of Life," published by the Macmillan Co., there may be found, in a chapter on "Poetry," the following verse which is attributed to Wordsworth:

> I think of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride;
> Of Burns, that walked in glory and in joy
> Behind his plough upon the mountain-side.

A reference to Wordsworth's poem "Resolution and Independence" will show how wide a departure the above is from the original.

On the same page is an alleged quotation from Coleridge: "that which comes from the head goes to the heart." There is a proverb centuries old, based upon universal experience, that "what comes from the heart goes to the heart" ("was vom Herzen kommt, das geht zum Herzen"). The supposed saying of Coleridge given above appears to be a distorted version of this aphorism.

The author of "The Pleasures of Life" sins, however, in good company. A few illustrations will suffice. Prof. Thomas Arnold, in the article on "English Literature" in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," says of Chaucer that he "saw life *thoroughly* and saw it whole," evidently imagining that he was borrowing a line from his brother's sonnet "To a Friend," but Matthew characterized Sophocles as one "who saw life *steadily*, and saw it whole."

Matthew Arnold himself gives two lines of Keats, in his essay on Maurice de Guérin, as follows:

> moving waters at their priestlike task
> Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores.

This is by no means an improvement on the poet's expression "*pure* ablution."

R. W. Shannon.

Regina, Sask., July 21.

A PLEA FOR LAWLESSNESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the *Nation*, I know, endeavors to be sane at all times, perhaps you will permit me to say in print that of the twenty or thirty people with whom I have discussed the Frank case I have found only one who did not thoroughly approve of the lynching. They, furthermore, considered it a most justifiable rebuke to the outside influence which tried to settle the case and to Slaton, "che fece per viltat' il gran rifiuto" W. H. Allen.

Woodhaven, N. Y., August 19.

Literature

A GERMAN MADE, NOT BORN.

Immanuel Kant. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Authorized English Translation by Lord Redesdale. 2 vols. New York: John Lane Co. $7.50 net.

Mr.—or, as one should doubtless rather say, Herr—Houston Stewart Chamberlain is a phenomenon more instructive than the books he writes; his career, indeed, tends to refute the most characteristic teaching of his books. He has been one of the chief apostles of a great nineteenth-century superstition, which has had no small part in producing that tragic madness now raging throughout Europe—the superstition of race. His "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" is among the most extreme, as it is among the most celebrated, expressions of the belief that there are specific ideas, modes of thought, or types of culture which are the peculiar possession of particular races or nations; that a *Weltanschauung* is somehow transmitted through the germ-plasm as an ethnic character; and that the salvation of humanity therefore depends less upon the diffusion of truth than upon the perpetuation and dominance of the stocks which are the hereditary custodians of truth. Thus, as he tells us, "a final judgment shows the intellectual renaissance" of the later Middle Ages "to be the work of Race, in opposition to the universal Church which knows no race." Yet earlier the Roman Empire "was the embodiment of the anti-national principle; this principle led to racelessness and simultaneously to intellectual and moral chaos; mankind was rescued from this chaos only by the more and more decisive development of the opposite or national principle." It is by Race that the individual as well as the species is saved:

> The man who belongs to a distinct, pure race never loses the sense of it. The guardian angel of his lineage is ever at his side, supporting him where he loses his foothold, warning him where he is in danger of going astray, compelling obedience, and forcing him to undertakings which otherwise he would never have dared to attempt. Race lifts a man above himself.

And by a race Herr Chamberlain means not only such a broad generic type as *der Germane*, of which all the peoples of Northern Europe are representatives, but also individual nations. "It is almost always the nation as a political structure that leads to the highest and most individual activities of race." It is an absurdity to maintain "that a nation of such distinct individuality as the English does not represent a race." "The English people, the Prussians, and the Spaniards have a distinct and absolutely individual character."

Now, to one of these "distinct, pure races" Herr Chamberlain belongs—to that one which, not long since, he was still disposed to regard as "the strongest in Europe." Yet, unlike the hero of "Pinafore," he has been quite unable to resist the temptation to belong to other nations; from a Briton *pursang* he has been spiritually translated into a character *plus Prussien que le roi de Prusse;* and "the guardian angel of his lineage" has of late been prompting him chiefly to disquisitions upon the nature and causes of the moral depravity of the race from which he descends. The son of an English admiral, and member of a family long distinguished in the British naval and military service, he settled in Germany at an impressionable age, read deeply in German philosophy and literature, and experienced the full tide of those new ideals, enthusiasms, and intellectual fashions—nearly all of them strongly impregnated with a sort of mystical nationalism—which swept over Germany after the Franco-Prussian War. The consequence is that he is one of the most conspicuous recent evidences of the fact that "national" traits of mind are chiefly the products, not of heredity, but of training, of the intellectual atmosphere a man breathes, of social suggestion in all its myriad forms. With the late Professor Cramb, with Professor Münsterberg, with our own Professor Burgess, he serves to show how little the possession of habits of thought or tendencies of feeling which all the world at present labels "German," is dependent upon race. Herr Chamberlain, meanwhile, has done much to intensify among his adoptive countrymen the tendencies which he has acquired from them; he has lent to some of their least rational and most dangerous enthusiasms the welcome ardor of a convert. His "Grundlagen" is reputed to be especially admired by the Emperor; and that exalted disciple has shown so much missionary zeal for the propagation of this gospel that he is said to have incontinently bestowed a copy of the book—two ponderous volumes in German—upon an American business man who was granted an audience for the purpose of soliciting the imperial patronage for an American world's fair.

Even the philosophy of Kant is, in the present work, represented as significant

chiefly by virtue of its relation to the anthropological conceptions of the "Grundlagen des 19ten Jahrhunderts." Kant is the Teutonic philosopher *par excellence;* and therefore—any reader of the former book might readily have predicted this—he is the complete antithesis to all that is Semitic in philosophy and religion. It is through his doctrine that "we may emerge washed and purified from Semitic delusions after millenniums, able to adopt as our own that most modern form of primeval Aryan religion which is accurately fitted to the thought of the living present." The Kantian "idea of God is the direct contradiction of the deity of the Jewish Thorah, which to this day poisons our religious conceptions and with them all our conscious and unconscious thinking." Judaism, however, is not the only enemy of the true Germanic spirit. "The empire of intellect raised by the Teuton, the first systematic attempt to make and educate a really free, inwardly free, race," is, like his political empire, threatened by a veritable *Einkreisung* by hostile powers: clericalism on the one side, on the other "a so-called empirically scientific philosophy—a philosophy which is nominally empirical, but solves everything in abstractions and hollow balderdash." Herr Chamberlain, however, is not long content with a mere analogy between national and philosophical antagonisms; he soon slips back to his characteristic method of literally identifying them:

> Such is the state of things in the life-giving centre of Western Europe. All round is a swarming population of Tartarized Russians, a lovable people, richly gifted, though brought up and emasculated in the most contemptible superstition, in un-freedom and ignorance, destroying with the sure instinct of slaves every racial element that had up to the present given it strength and importance; far away across the world the busy, soulless yellow race; the dreaming, weakly mongrels of Oceania and South America; finally, the millions of blacks, poverty-stricken in intellect, bestially inclined, who are even now arming for the war of races in which there will be no quarter given. The man who with an open eye looks round the world to-day, a century after Kant's death, will shudder to the marrow of his bones. No danger from outside would be invincible if we true men of northern Europe, not contaminated by the slavish blood of Syria and Carthaginia, the *homines Europæi* of Linnæus (Teutons, if we only understand the word with sufficient largeness)—no danger from outside need be feared if we only had the courage to stand united and strong in the possession and in the consciousness of a freedom won, never to be lost.

How ineffably in the humor of latter-day Germany that is: the pseudo-scientific air of it all; the naïve confusion of philosophical with enthnological categories; the preoccupation with the idea of race, the hypertrophied racial self-consciousness; the national arrogance strangely combined with a panicky apprehensiveness and a habit of seeing imminent hobgoblins—Slav perils, yellow perils, black perils—on every side; the honest inability to understand the modes of thought and life of alien peoples or to conceive that the diversity of human types is a thing worth conserving; the earnest sense of a mission to save culture, otherwise in danger of perishing from the earth; withal, the touch of self-complacent cant, the loving rolling under the tongue of those blessed Teutonic words, *innere Freiheit!* How much does such a passage—written in 1905—help to make intelligible the recent conduct of the German educated public!

Towards Kant, Herr Chamberlain takes, of course, the orthodox attitude. Kant was "the keenest analyst of all times." The categorical imperative was "the sublimest thought that ever, since the days of Christ, has been thought by man":

> Right is on the side of the man with the strong fist; yet with improved lyddite bombs and such weapons we may rise superior to him; but the man with a strong head is a cosmic phenomenon, just like the sun or the dog star; he is HE; taken as a personality he is neither right nor wrong; if we wish to understand him, we must look upon him as something that is, not as something which is yet to be; he is eternal.

Whence, except from a mind that had acquired its temper in Germany, should we be likely to get quite so turgid a dithyramb, quite so extreme a manifestation of the craving to lose intellectual self-possession in an ecstasy of hero-worship—and with the worthy metaphysician of Königsberg as its object? Kant was a highly important modern philosopher; but it would need to be a small and peculiarly Germanic cosmos in which he could appear as a figure of cosmic grandeur. His personality, though, in the main, eminently deserving of respect, was meagre in its sympathies, not magnanimous, stiff, with a touch of pedantry. His one opportunity of heroic action in defence of freedom of thought and teaching he lost, exhibiting instead an unadmirable mixture of submissiveness to authority with a sort of verbal trickery. And, however significant and valuable some of his speculative *aperçus* may—or may not—be, he is scarcely the exemplar of "the man with the strong head"—unless "strength of head" carries with it no implication of clarity. There have been few professional logicians capable of such depths of logical muddle and confusion as may be found in every part of the "Kritik der reinen Vernunft." If Kant achieved new and important insights—which is debatable—it was usually more by good luck than by intellectual good management.

Herr Chamberlain's method of elucidating Kant requires that some six hundred pages be devoted to essays on Goethe, Leonardo, Bruno, Descartes, and Plato, before Kant himself is directly dealt with. The reader will therefore find in the book a more diversified range of topics than the title might lead him to expect. The interpretation of the Critical Philosophy to which all this leads need not be set forth here; it is not, in the reviewer's opinion, of great importance. This opinion, it should be said, is not shared by the author. He does not hesitate to declare that the true meaning of Kant's doctrine is now for the first time disclosed. "Upon the living centre of Kant's way of looking upon the world" the reader is warned that he "will find little or no instruction in the writings of the professional philosophers." "The starting-point of Kant's whole thought" has hitherto "been left almost universally ignored or misunderstood." "We hold centenaries in honor of Kant, but of his personality, of his philosophy, we know little or nothing." "To break this ban" was the task set himself by the author. Nor is it Kant alone whom Herr Chamberlain conceives himself virtually to have discovered. "The true Descartes," too, is "as good as unknown"; "few of our professed philosophers are so equipped as to be capable of understanding Descartes." Those, therefore, who are disposed to take the book at its author's valuation, may expect to find in it a contribution of unprecedented importance to the history of modern thought.

The translation so far transcends in badness the average badness of translations from the German that it deserves some special comment. Its most extraordinary eccentricity is the constant rendering of *Erkenntnis* by "recognition"; thus *erkenntniskritische Untersuchungen* becomes "investigations in the criticism of recognitions"! The book abounds in such schoolboy blunders as "worldly wisdom" for *Weltweisheit*, "scholasticism" for *Gelehrsamkeit*, "unanswerably careless" for *unverantwortlich vernachlässigt*, "covering name" for *Deckname*. The sense of the original is constantly missed; for example, where the author speaks of "the germ of the entire 'Kritik,'" the translator converts this into "the germ of all criticism." As for English grammar, Lord Redesdale's conception of its possibilities is illustrated by the following sentence: "Kant defines culture as 'the bringing to the front of the aptitude of a reasonable being for any and all object, consequently in its freedom.'" Yet the translator declares that the author "has read the translation from Alpha to Omega" and has certified to its "exactness." This, if literally true, can only mean that the author has become so thoroughly expatriated that he has in great part forgotten his native tongue.

CURRENT FICTION.

Penelope's Postscripts. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

After twenty-odd years of intermittent flow, the stream of Penelope's experiences runs rather thin and pale. The truth is, Penelope is already a trifle antiquated. Her piquancies and audacities have been possibly imitated, certainly outdone, by a multitude of feminine successors on the page of fiction. Beside them she appears retiring, almost commonplace. Conventional standards have so far shifted that she no longer appears so delightfully near the ragged edge. Her very witticisms are of a fading fashion, and we blush for the feeble limericks and anecdotes with which she is fain to enlarge

these concluding pages of her confidences. At least we understand them to be concluding pages, though a Penelope would be quite as easy to resuscitate as a Sherlock Holmes or an Allan Quatermain. They certainly give us, within reasonable limits, the "ever after" of Penelope and her friends. After sundry rather perfunctory journeyings, in Venice, Switzerland, Devon, and Wales, dressed out in the whimsical manner (as far as her author can achieve it) of the Penelope of old, we get a glimpse of the wanderers at home. Francesca is married to a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and by exceeding virtue lives down the American splendors of her clothes, before the eyes of an Edinburgh congregation; Solemina yields to a middle-aged widower whom she has loved from youth, a professor in Trinity College, Dublin. Upon Penelope herself, now Mrs. Beresford, and mother of several children, the curtain falls in an idyllic posture in a New England orchard surrounded by her adoring husband and babes.

Michael O'Halloran. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Anne of the Island. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: The Page Co.

If it is painful to reflect that the better order of American fiction has become almost hopelessly feminized, it is still more ominous that the same thing should be happening to popular fiction. Melodrama has its faults, but it is not all slush and mush; at its best there is a kind of male strength about it. Perhaps it is better that the national type of auditor should be even the tired business man, rather than the silly high school girl—the flapper, as Britain hath it.

We have here the latest goods of two successful dealers in flapper literature. They have established their "line," and have only to keep up the output. The author of "Michael O'Halloran" is no doubt remembered by many grateful hearts as writer of "A Girl of the Limberlost" and "Freckles." She is mistress of a recipe of cuteness, triteness, and sentimentality which cannot fail. Her persons and plots may be absurd, her manner ridiculous, a compound of the comic supplement and the ladies' supplement—so much the better. Machael O'Halloran's newsboy rigmarole cannot be too boldly contrasted with the real elegant language of her ladies and gents.

"Happily," says the hero, Douglas Bruce, to his potential father-in-law who has just offered him a political job, "happily, I have sufficient annual income from my father's estate to enable me to live until I become acquainted in a strange city, and have time to establish the kind of business I would care to handle. I am thinking of practicing corporation law; I specialized in that, so I may have the pleasure before very long of going after some of the men who do what you so aptly term the dirty jobs."

"A repetition of the customary chorus," replies Mr. Winton, "differing only in that it is a little more emphatic than usual. I predict that you will become an office-holder, having party affiliations, inside ten years."

Michael is a little more amusing than this, in spots, but this orphan newsboy who adopts and rears a slum child has as little reality as Little Lord Fauntleroy. The ridiculous episode of the rich Minturns who permit their youngest child to have her skull cracked by a French maid, and conceal the cause of her death, again brings home the truth that people of wealth and fashion are commonly brutes and wantons, while newsboys and beggar maidens vainly set them examples of virtue and good manners.

Miss Montgomery's Anne of the Island is of course none other than the Anne of Green Gables and of Avonlea, who has hitherto found a market (say her publishers) to the tune of some half a million copies, and who threatens to become another Elsie for sequels. She is here brought to the verge of matrimony; so the worst may be over, since this is the kind of fiction which naturally ends with wedding bells. It is an altogether foolish and adequate account of Anne as a "co-ed." An adoring Gilbert appears on page three, who is clearly Anne's chosen, but, of course, the author puts him off by a series of transparent expedients till it is convenient for him to do the trick. It all "comes out right" in the end, which is the main thing. All that is desirable in this kind of fable is a perfunctory fumbling with obstacles in the interest of sentimental contrast.

AN IMPUDENT FRAUD.

The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.50 net.

This volume would not be worth noticing in a review were it not for the fact that the unwary reader is likely to be deceived by the author's apparent possession of a great amount of secret and accurate information. The bald statement, however, of his most important "secrets," when stripped of the apparently circumstantial detail which he freely invents to suit his purposes, is sufficient to show their absurdity. Thus, though it is well known that Bismarck settled the *Kulturkampf* himself in the late 'seventies, "Dr." Graves transfers the whole question to the 'nineties, and has Emperor William II settle it by a personal visit to the Vatican (pp. 39-43). The present war was caused by the Czar's confessor, who felt himself insulted at not being allowed to board the yacht Hohenzollern by the gangway reserved for royalty (pp. 78-84). The Archduke Frederick (*sic*) and his consort were sent to their death at Sarajevo because it was so willed by one of the lady-friends of the Emperor of Austria (pp. 84-87). The German Crown Prince was banished to Danzig (*sic*) after his father, discovering him in the rooms of an (unnamed) American girl, "had hauled off and planted a resounding whack on the left side of his son's proboscis" (p. 92). The Crown Prince Frederick became an enthusiastic advocate of the Franco-Prussian war because he was refused a dance by Empress Eugénie when he went to a ball in Paris in disguise (pp. 96-97). Most ludicrous, perhaps, is "Dr." Graves's explanation of Madame Caillaux's shooting of the editor of *Figaro* (pp. 116-139). Emperor William II went to Paris incognito to talk with M. Caillaux; the meeting was discovered by M. Calmette; as it would never do for the existence of such a meeting to be made public, the German Government secretly egged on Madame Caillaux to assassinate M. Calmette. On one page the knowing author states that "it is a notorious fact that wars and acts of aggression are never entered into by the Hohenzollerns until they have reached the age of forty" (p. 12); a little later this same "notorious fact" becomes "the greatest secret of the Hohenzollerns" (p. 98). Of course, this fact is not a fact at all; for, to mention only the Kaiser's two most illustrious ancestors, the Great Elector was only thirty-one when he made a war of aggression on Neuburg, and thirty-six when he treacherously attacked Poland; and Frederick the Great was only twenty-eight when he began the notorious Silesian wars of conquest.

The author's *modus operandi* would seem to be to take some well-known event and then to draw from his own fertile imagination a wild, romantic explanation for it. Intermingled with the resulting "secrets" is a strange mixture of gossip, platitudes, and political sense and nonsense, such as a porter or courier might overhear in lobbies and smoking-rooms of European hotels. To give an air of verisimilitude to the unwary, "Dr." Graves strews his pages glibly with foreign names and expressions in italics, but it is characteristic of his carelessness and ignorance that most of these are misspelled. He is equally in error in thinking that the Blacks and Clericals are distinct parties (p. 35), that Bismarck's successor was von Hohenlohe (p. 37), that Sir Edward Grey is an earl (p. 95), that "Dalmatia is purely Italian in intent and proclivities" (p. 217), and that "analogous" is synonymous with "conglomerate" (pp. 214, 217). The "Pariser Bahnhof" in Berlin, of which he speaks familiarly (p. 132), never existed, nor would the Emperor starting on his alleged journey to the Vatican depart from "the *Lehrter* (depot)," (*sic*, p. 39). When the author's statements are particularly untrustworthy he has the impudence to add a footnote asserting his personal part in the affair as proof certain of his veracity. "The author himself carried the documents" which were to insure the neutrality of Italy in the present war (p. 200); "The author was instrumental in gathering information" which enabled the Hohenzollerns to prevent a marriage between the Belgian royal family and a German house, "thus frustrating a hope of the Braganzas (*sic*) of making the two countries one" (p. 193).

Aside from other considerations, the author's charlatanry is sufficiently indicated by his presuming to reproduce the Kaiser's exact words, with quotation marks, at most secret interviews when no one was present

except the chiefs of the secret service. So we see the Emperor "pounding the table" and defying both grammar and philology as he curses, "*Beim Annherrn* ("by my ancestors," *sic*, pp. 127, 131). "Dr." Graves likewise describes a very select dinner given to Prince Henry of Prussia by the late J. P. Morgan; after the Prince had "sojourned to the bar where three Scotch and sodas were imbibed in as many minutes," questionable stories began to circulate, the atmosphere became "pretty torrid," dress-coats were "peeled off," and the great financier announced dinner with the words, "Come on, boys, and grab some eats" (p. 233).

The really astonishing thing is that a self-respecting publishing house should issue such a book under any other guise than fiction.

REALISM AND FANCY.

Borderlands and Thoroughfares. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This latest volume of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, author of "Daily Bread," "Fires," and "Womenkind," shows improved workmanship, with no loss of vigor in expression or imaginative fancy. The longer and more ambitious pieces constituting the "Borderlands" are markedly superior, in almost every way, to the cruder and more laborious sketches of the "Thoroughfares." Unequal as his work yet is, there can be no question of poetic ability. "The Queen's Crags" is a most effective bit of swift and vivid descriptive dialogue between an old hind and a young one on the Westmoreland Fells. For the most part it is the simplest prose chopped into irregular lengths, but it is good prose, singularly appropriate to the speakers and the wild environment, rugged and crisp, and constantly illumined by flashes of pictorial suggestion. The spot is associated with a legend of Arthur and Guinevere, the time is midsummer eve, and the talk is of queens. The old man, garrulous, tells how in his youth he was enamored of a gypsy queen in a circus, and his description of the dazzling creature in the arena, in the curtest and homeliest phrases, is a striking example of realism gilded by fancy. Once again, with his wife by his side, he encountered his charmer, crippled and broken, but still able to bewitch him, with the glory of her eyes and teeth and shining black hair. The young man, a dreamer, tells how, in a thunderstorm, he surprised Guinevere herself, in a secret cave, seated, like the circus majesty, on a golden throne, combing her golden hair. A second time he saw her, in the open, and he is confidently awaiting a third encounter. In his relation there is the happiest combination of simple speech with aptness of natural imagery. Suddenly the pair are confronted by the apparition of a queenly form framed in the rays of the setting sun, who presently is revealed as a local beauty, the red-haired Peggy Haliburton. The blend of realism and fancy is, throughout, exceedingly felicitous.

"Bloody Bush Edge," the longest piece in the collection, exhibits a similar power of poetic description in blunt phrasing—though it contains several passages of pure poetry—but is chiefly notable as a study of contrasts in habit and character. Virtually a dialogue, the interlocutors are a half-witted vagabond and a cockney criminal tramp, who meet at midnight on the moors on the Scottish and English border. Daft Dick, whose only industry is poaching, is a voluntary denizen of the wilds, loves no roof but the sky, is familiar with every border legend, and peoples his haunts with ghosts of which he has no dread. The tramp, gutter-bred, is only happy in the crowded slums of cities, from which he is driven by the police, loathes solitude, and is a prey to every superstition. The cough of a sheep has sent him floundering, in breathless terror, through bog and heather, until he stumbles upon the irresponsible and fearless Dick. The conference between the two is delightful in its naturalness and psychological insight. Mutual confessions lead to mutual recriminations. Dick tells stirring tales of reivers' forays and ghostly sallies, until his companion's nerves are all on edge, and finally starts him scampering anew through bog and brake to avoid the onset of phantom beeves. Pregnant speech, atmospheric verity, and vivid imagery contribute to the dramatic interest.

In "Hoops," a wastrel hunchback—once a gentleman, now a circus stable-hand—rallies a stalwart clown, who is downhearted because he has, for the first time, missed a hoop and fears the approach of physical decay. Here, too, the power lies in the apt expression of picturesque and vigorous thought in rugged lines, but occasionally the educated cripple rises to flights of eloquent and musical verse. In describing the elephants and camels, among which his lot is cast, he contrasts the brutes in realistic and apposite terms which Kipling could scarcely better, but when, in fierce contempt of the sturdy clown's lament and his own warped trunk, he expatiates upon the privileges and beauty of perfect manhood, he speaks with pathos and melody. His visions of a Mediterranean diver, a dancing fisherman, a cragsman of St. Kilda, a Cleveland puddler, a marble Hermes, and a dream figure of Diana are pen-pictures of great beauty and distinction. The philosophy of the poem is sane and virile.

The shorter pieces of earlier date, in "Thoroughfares," are mostly thumbnail sketches, suggested by incidents of city life. The best of them, however, "The Vixen," "Ragamuffins," and "The Goose," are of the country and owe no inspiration to the town. Mr. Gibson is at his best when nearest to nature. His mastery of pungent and significant vocabulary is exemplified in many of his fragments, but most of them, even when graced by touches of fresh imagination, are labored, artificial, and extravagant. As studies in concentrated expression, they are often interesting, but they resemble exercises rather than the fruit of inspiration.

DR. BILLINGS.

John Shaw Billings: A Memoir. By Fielding H. Garrison. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Even in our American life, where versatility is prized as a mark of leadership, it is seldom that one of our great men wins real and lasting distinction in more than a single calling. One of the rare exceptions to this general rule was the threefold career of Dr. John Shaw Billings, who, as an operating surgeon in the Civil War, attained the front rank of his profession, in later years became perhaps the foremost medical bibliographer of his time, as well as one of the ablest of hospital administrators, and died as the executive head and organizer of one of the world's great libraries. Nor was he merely a coördinator of other men's learning; by right of his own sound wisdom and practical sense he was an authority in hygiene, consulted and respected by European scientists as were few other Americans. Although never a practicing physician, Dr. Billings was one of the small group who to Europe represented the medical profession of the United States. The late Dr. Weir Mitchell, his life-long friend, was another member of that group.

An authorized account of Dr. Billings's life and labors has been prepared by Dr. Fielding H. Garrison, of the Surgeon-General's Office. This volume naturally emphasizes the importance of Dr. Billings's earlier services, some of which had been partially lost sight of in recent years amid changed scenes and activities. Fortunately, letters and journals were available, and Dr. Garrison has utilized these and similar materials to good purpose. In the main, they tell the story.

Born in southeastern Indiana, in 1838, young Billings, in his early struggles for an education, faced conditions that we commonly associate with frontier life. He worked his way through Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, and then through the Medical College of Ohio at Cincinnati. The outbreak of the war in 1861 found him a graduate in medicine and a demonstrator in anatomy at his medical college. He volunteered as an army surgeon, and after examination was appointed first lieutenant and assistant surgeon. Before the ink on his commission was dry he was placed in charge of Cliffburne Hospital, at Georgetown, D. C., which he developed into one of the most important of the army hospitals surrounding the Federal capital. That so young a man—he was then only twenty-four—with no previous military experience or training, should have such responsibilities literally thrust upon him early in the war, was not an altogether exceptional instance; what was really significant was the masterful way in which this young man dominated the situation, created order and system, inspired those about him with his own sense of loyalty to his calling, and accepted the most exacting duties with the easy self-confidence of a veteran in the service.

Dr. Garrison's account of the young army surgeon's experiences (one of the few contributions to that branch of Civil War history) is noteworthy more as a study in administration, and a picture of conditions in time of war, than for any light that it throws on the professional practice of the time. In a day when antiseptic surgery was unknown, we can only wonder that the percentage of deaths was not far greater than it was. At Chancellorsville and Gettysburg Dr. Billings performed many operations with a success that shines the more brilliantly against the limitations and handicaps of improvised field hospitals (at times under fire) and the myriad distractions of battle.

The war ended, the scene of action is shifted to the national capital, where for thirty years Dr. Billings, remaining in the army medical service, found his opportunity for working out original plans for the advancement of his chosen science. At first there was everything in his duties and environment calculated to smother ambitions of that kind. An associate described his work at that time as "arid drudgery among invoices and receipts, requisitions and bills of lading, treasury drafts and auditors' decisions." This was not a favorable atmosphere for either the conception or execution of scientific undertakings; yet it was during these years of tiresome routine and grind that Dr. Billings blocked out the "Index Catalogue" of medical literature—a work which within a very few years gave him a place among the foremost bibliographers of any age or country. The library of the Surgeon-General's Office, growing rapidly under his direction, was the basis of this work, but the compilation of such a catalogue was a distinct service to medical science throughout the world and has been so recognized. It was admirably supplemented by the monthly *Index Medicus*, conducted for many years by Dr. Robert Fletcher, a colleague, and at present edited by Dr. Garrison, the author of this memoir.

Here was a man whom the routine of office could not confine. Such was the range of his interest and his zest for constructive learning that within the first decade of his life in Washington he had gained a national reputation as an expert and statistician in hygiene and sanitation. As an outcome of this came the call to supervise the erection and organization of the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. This was a task that called for the best that was in him. It demanded a dozen years of planning and building and then the assembling of a faculty and staff and the creation of a school of medicine such as this continent had never known.

Dr. Billings had behind him a record of thirty years of constructive effort when, at the age of fifty-seven, he was called to the directorship of the New York Public Library, created by the merging of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. After his retirement from the army, he devoted the last seventeen years of his life to a task that might well have demanded the energies of a younger man—a task, too, that revealed in the doer unsuspected abilities. In the planning of the great central library building and the system of circulating libraries made possible by the Carnegie bounty, Dr. Billings rendered an enduring service, which New York has not failed to recognize. Indeed, those achievements of his later years are so well known that Dr. Garrison seems to have thought it unnecessary to give as much space in the memoir to their recital as to the matters already mentioned. In this judgment most readers will probably concur; yet we could have wished a somewhat fuller presentation of the views of library management and the relations of a library to its constituency that prevailed in fixing the policy of so important an institution as the New York Public Library.

Surveying this unusual career as a whole, one can hardly avoid the conclusion that its chief distinction was in the two fields of bibliography and the administration of hospitals, rather than in librarianship. The New York Public Library would somehow have been set going by other hands. There were helpful models already in operation, Boston and Chicago, for example. But it may well be questioned whether any other American could single-handed have originated an "index catalogue," or built the Johns Hopkins Hospital in the '70's and '80's of the last century.

An important feature of the memoir is a bibliography of Dr. Billings's writings prepared by Miss Adelaide R. Hasse. There is also a genealogy of the Billings family in America.

MISSIONARY INDIA.

The Arya Samaj: An Indian Movement. By Lajpat Rai. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

India: Its Life and Thought. By John P. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Written from rival camps in the world's oldest mission field, these two books lend themselves to an intimate juxtaposition. For the student of missionary India each complements the other, and to our mind they adumbrate the same idealism. Both writers have worked passionately for India's future. Mr. Rai's endeavor, backed by an aggressive society in its purpose of reviving Hinduism to its pristine, intellectual standard, has, on one occasion, led to his summary deportation by the British, while Mr. Jones records the experience of a long exile as a Christian missionary-educator. Both writers give a definite idea of the political, religious, and intellectual ferment now agitating India.

It would be misleading to indicate that these or recent writers on India report a great, widespread renaissance: the fact remains that, besides lacking homogeneity, India's submerged masses proportionately equal China's. Not for another decade will the beginnings of compulsory education, as incorporated in the late Mr. Gokhale's tentative bill, bear fruit. And yet the latest Blue Book is sanguine, stating that since 1912 the total amount allotted for education has grown from 3¾ to 5¼ millions sterling. These figures are, of course, hopelessly disproportionate to the illiterate masses of India, yet Mr. Jones's discouraging statistics "that only 1 in 10 of the males, and 1 in 144 of the females can read" may rapidly become obsolete. The phenomenal growth of literates in India, due to greater social fluidity and the spread of modern ideas, is perpetually flouting the statistician. What the bazaars accomplished of old is now augmented by a growing vernacular press and increased facilities for travel. Of the Indian press Mr. Jones remarks that in hardly any country does it enjoy greater liberty, and "there is no land where that liberty is more abused."

The two books are thus concerned with those vitalizing currents which are at work upon the vanguard of India's reformers. Both writers, however, tell us from a full experience that these manifestations are not, as the cables infer, an expression of a united India, but rather of her intellectuals. In Mr. Jones's more comprehensive study we are immediately plunged into the matter of India's unrest, while Mr. Rai tacitly admits that his society has been suspect of the British. It is, after all, in the manner by which she shall fulfil her promised destiny that our two authors disagree about India. Mr. Rai's hope of India's salvation is not unlike Mr. Lowes Dickinson's: his vision of her nationalization allows of any but Christian or European influences. With Mr. Dickinson he feels that, in her adoption of Western materialism, India will disintegrate, and lose her old spiritual consciousness. Mr. Jones predicts a great gain for India as a result of her contact with Christianity and Western institutions, and he attributes her awakening to a share of the present *Weltschmerz* that is obliterating the artificial barriers between East and West.

Though he is prone to a special view, Mr. Jones has given us a great deal of disinterested information. Including chapters on the political situation and on the more fortunate dependency of Burma, but omitting the nearer Ceylon, he has devoted most attention to the traditional religions of India and to her modern religious movements. Touching the question of Indian unrest, he is impartial and illuminating. While justly demanding extended suffrage and a larger share for Indians in higher administration, Mr. Jones considers them, as does Mr. Rai, their own enemies: Moderates and Radicals fail to find a common platform, and are themselves keenly sensible of this lack of public spirit. Attributing no small part of the present misunderstanding between emancipated Indians and their rulers to the traditional Anglo-Saxon self-sufficiency, Mr. Jones believes that the vital issue is the question of ultimate Indian or British paramountcy in India's administration. In this valuable political diagnosis it is a pity that he fails to estimate the new school of Indian political thought characterized by the "Servants of

India" movement, founded in 1905 by Gopal Krishna Gokhale. This political movement is strictly unsectarian, but the omission, and the absence of the great leader's name from the Index, is to be regretted. Conspicuously honored by the British, respected by Radical and Moderate for his devotion to India's cause, Mr. Gokhale's death last January is a loss that India will increasingly realize. Mr. Rai also debars the unsectarian Gokhale from his pages, though we run across the ubiquitous Tagore.

A great part of Mr. Rai's book is devoted to the life and activities of the Swami Dayananda, founder of the Arya Samaj, and a better idea of the purposes of the society is thus obtained than from the discursive pages on its subsequent growth. The Arya Samaj is a virile sign of the reaction against their own religious and intellectual decadence by advanced Hindus, and is inspired by the ruthless criticism to which that decadence has been subjected by Western scholarship. Dayananda's society questions the sources of Brahman authority, the irrelevant accretions of custom and myth acquired by the Hindu fabric under its Brahman hierarchy, and it insists upon a return to the pure inspiration of the Vedas and a pre-Brahmanic theocracy. A detailed account of its educational platform appeared in the *Nation*, Vol. 95, pp. 76-77. This propaganda of the Arya Samaj forms a considerable influence in that zone of intellectual Hinduism that is closed to Christian activity. Perhaps it is unfortunate that this theistic society should be regarded as inimical by missionaries. Mr. Jones feels "there is to-day in north India no enemy to the Christian cause so wide awake and so bitter as the Arya Samaj." Mr. Rai reminds us that his society, while opposed to Christianity and the current Hinduism, has for its chief object the reconversion of Mohammedan Rajputs to the new Hinduism.

It is significant to find in Mr. Jones's valuable chapter on these movements that caste is the issue on which there is dissent, and the steady growth of an emancipated type of Hindu must be regarded as one of the most encouraging signs of a new India. While the sturdy rationalism of this class is opposed to Christian influences, yet it is more virulent towards the discredited Hindu hierarchy of its ancestors. India will always remain the home of cults and creeds, and her complicated ethnic elements, in assuming national orientation, have now evolved numerous religious and political *samajes*, all of which greatly contribute towards her eventual emancipation. Mr. Jones loyally admits that the Arya Samaj "is a bulwark against drink, caste, idolatry, early marriages," and "vigorously promotes female education, the remarriage of widows, and various philanthropic institutions." To this we may add Mr. Rai's chary admission that "it would be futile to deny that Christianity is gaining ground. . . . It is no satisfaction to be told that the work of conversion to Christianity is limited mainly to the depressed classes."

Notes

Harper & Bros. publish this week "Pudd'nhead Wilson" in their new Limp-Leather Edition of Mark Twain.

Mr. John Trevena's new novel, "Moyle Church-Town," will be published in this country late in September by Alfred A. Knopf.

Artzibashef's Novel, "Breaking-Point," is announced for publication on September 10 by B. W. Huebsch.

Included in the list of autumn publications of the Yale University Press are the following: "Economic Aspects of the War," by Edwin J. Clapp; "Aspects of Islam," by Ignaz Goldziher, translated from the German by Kate E. Chambers; "The Hostage," a translation of Paul Claudel's "L'Otage," by Clara Bell, and "The Physiology of the Amino-Acids," by Frank P. Underhill.

The following are among the recent or forthcoming publications of Scribners: "The Freelands," by John Galsworthy; "Aunt Jane," by Jennette Lee; "The Real Man," by Francis Lynde; "Somewhere in France," a book of stories by Richard Harding Davis; "The Rose-Coloured Room," by Maude Little; a Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for boys and girls, by Jacqueline Overton; "Socialized Germany," by Frederic C. Howe; "A History of Christian Missions," by Canon C. H. Robinson, which will be followed presently by "The Latin Church in the Middle Ages," by André Lagarde.

We have received from the Oxford University Press the Oxford Edition of "The Arabian Nights," being a selection, for the most part, from Lane's translation, with 46 illustrations by A. B. Houghton and others. The price is one shilling sixpence net.

Prizes have been offered by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney for the purpose of creating a competition in art on the subject "The Immigrant in America." For the best works in painting or sculpture the prizes are four in number, ranging from $500 to $50. There is a prize of $100 for the successful work in black and white drawing, and one of the same amount for poster design. An exhibition of the works winning the prizes and of others selected by the jury of awards will be held at Mrs. Whitney's studio, 8 West Eighth Street, from November 15 to December 15.

Incidental to the celebration of the semi-centennial of the opening of Vassar College to be held at Poughkeepsie in October, President Taylor and Miss Haight have written a history of the college for the American College and University series (Oxford University Press, American Branch). The book covers the life of the college from its beginning to the close of President Taylor's administration, and contains some preliminary discussion of the state of education for women before the opening of Vassar. It will be uniform with the earlier volumes of the series and will be published in October.

The fifth volume of the Oxford Historical and Literary Studies contains a selection of the works of Henry Tubbe, edited, with a biographical introduction, by G. C. Moore Smith. This very minor celebrity was born in 1618; was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1635; took the degree of M.A. in 1642; was disappointed in his ambition to obtain a fellowship; abandoned his intention of entering the church, owing to the upheaval of the times and to a "scurvy cold" which never left him; and for the rest of his brief life (ending in 1655) was a retainer of some sort of the Hertfords at Essex House and then tutor to the sons of the Earl of Thanet at Hothfield. His works he left to posterity, beautifully written out in manuscripts collected in two volumes and preserved in the British Museum. One of these volumes was evidently prepared for the press and contains "Meditations: In Three Centuries," a title which immediately recalls the now famous work of Traherne. Four years after Tubbe's death a selection of these "Meditations" was printed, and a specimen of them is given in the present volume by Mr. Smith. The bulk of our reprint is from the poems in Tubbe's second manuscript volume. They have a mild historical interest, as showing the temper of the cultivated Royalist in those trying times. To our taste altogether the best of the poems is the first, which rises in some of its lines to real beauty:

> . . . when Thou & I
> That never single were, must part and dye:
> Our Friends (I hope) will be so liberall
> And kind, to let us have one Buriall,
> One Grave to blend our Ashes, as one Life
> Did mix our equall Hearts with mutuall strife
> Of friendship & Delight. There (as Wise Men
> Beleeve, that Love lives after Death) agen
> Our Spirits shall intermix, & weave their Knots;
> Free from the trouble of these earthly Grotts;
> Thence winged flie to the Elysian Groves,
> Where, whilst wee still renew our constant Loves,
> A Thousand Troops of Learned Ghosts shall meet
> Us, and our coming thither gladly greet.

Tubbe's letters, though not exciting, are of more value than his literature, and the editor has expended a good deal of diligence in weaving them into a narrative. Students of the age will find some material here, and there is a genuine human interest in the pathetic lot of this ambitious and thwarted poet.

A large part of John Burroughs's "The Breath of Life" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.15 net) consists of a delightful monologue, in which the author dwells upon the more baffling phase of the riddle of the universe. The treatment of the great mystery is not at all devotional, but is strictly reverential.

The Wordsworthian sense in nature of "something far more deeply interfused" than the principles of exact science, is probably the source of nearly if not quite all that this volume holds. To the rigid man of science this is frank mysticism; but without a sense of the unknown and the unknowable, life is flat and barren. Without the emotion of the beautiful, the sublime, the mysterious, there is no art, no religion, no literature. How to get from the clod under foot to the brain and consciousness of man without invoking something outside of and superior to, natural laws is the question. For my own part, I content myself with the thought of some unknown and doubtless unknowable tendency or power on the elements themselves, a kind of universal mind pervading living matter and the reason of its living, through which the whole drama of evolution is brought about.

The work may be regarded as a serious attempt to satisfy the mind with pantheistic conceptions, and it therefore contains many striking passages dealing with the most interesting of the modern theories of matter

and the forms of force. As might be expected, the author does not always present very clearly such obscure matters as radioactivity, the electrons, and the like, but he does not lead his readers far astray. The part of the volume which will appeal to a large number of thinkers is the chapter in which the European war is considered.

Four recent addresses by the President of Princeton are brought into a little book by Scribners with the title "The Higher Patriotism" (60 cents). "Preparedness and Peace" is the speech with which President Hibben fluttered the dovecotes at Lake Mohonk. "Might or Right" was delivered before an ecclesiastical audience. "Martial Valor in Times of Peace" is a baccalaureate sermon. President Hibben expresses with dignity and restraint the average enlightened view of patriotic Americans who are as far from militarism on the one hand as they are from extreme pacifism on the other. Of this resolute but generally silent majority President Hibben is the spokesman.

"Roger Bacon. Essays Contributed by Various Writers on the Occasion of the Commemoration of the Seventh Centenary of His Birth," collected and edited by A. G. Little (Oxford University Press), is a valuable volume, though it lacks the artistic finish appropriate in a memorial. More than a dozen British and Continental scholars have contributed papers to illustrate the many sides of Bacon's genius. The editor, Mr. Little, writes an excellent introduction on Bacon's life and works. A collection of this kind, popular in England of late, suffers almost inevitably, even after editorial revision, from repetitions, contradictions, and the lack of balance. It is like a statue on which diverse artists have collaborated, a realist fashioning the nose, an impressionist the lips, and a futurist the contour. Far better the ordinary *Festschrift,* in which the assemblage of different articles makes no claim to either unity or completeness. Or, if the raw material of the separate investigations had been turned over to Mr. Little or M. Picavet, who gives an admirable account of philosophic movements in the thirteenth century, either scholar could have produced a comprehensive, illuminating, and interesting treatise on Roger Bacon. The present work, like the various Cambridge Histories, must be consulted, but it does not invite consecutive reading.

Apart from this general criticism, we have nothing but praise for the contents of these essays. "The Influence of Robert Grosseteste" (L. Baur), "The Latin Vulgate" (Cardinal Gasquet), "Philology" (S. A. Hirsch), "Mathematics" (D. E. Smith), "Optics" (E. Weidemann), "Alchemy and Chemistry" (Pattison Muir), "Gunpowder" (Col. H. W. L. Hime), "Medicine" (E. Withington), "English Literature" (Sir J. E. Sandys)—these titles and authors indicate the range of subjects and the competency of the treatment. The composite picture shows us in Bacon a man of erudition, devoted to exactness in science, mathematics, and philology, and yet headed towards theology as the supreme goal of thought. His last dated work is the "Compendium Studii Theologiæ." Though original in methods and in observation, humanistic in his passion for texts, and notably disdainful of authority, Bacon, no less than St. Thomas Aquinas or Albertus Magnus, was committed to the scholastic programme; incidentally, the scholastic programme had room for many things. Mr. Little concludes the volume with an extremely important appendix, containing a list of Bacon's works, with references to the manuscripts and printed editions. Part of a fund has been raised to publish Bacon's still inedited treatises, a cause deserving every encouragement and, we hope, not abandoned in the grim necessities of the hour.

A book valuable as a survey of the subject indicated by its title, but more notable as a document in the debate between advocates of "dual" and of "unitary" control of the elementary and industrial schools, Frederick William Roman's "The Industrial and Commercial Schools of the United States and Germany" (Putnam; $1.50 net), represents eight years of study following the author's appointment by Kentucky to investigate European school systems. The historical survey of the development of industrial and commercial continuation schools in Germany since 1836, and the account of the more recent rise of trade schools, are pedestrian enough; and the parallel description of American industrial schools, treating those established by endowment, as the Pratt Institute and the California School of Industrial Art, the brewing schools, and other private special schools, and the recent wave of interest in State or municipal-supported vocational schools, is distinguished only by its thoroughness. Even the trade courses of the Christian associations and the work of the "business colleges" are included. An ever-present fault is the author's tendency to present a series of excerpts from the many reports and bulletins on such institutions without genuine attempt to digest them. His preoccupation with facts leads also to a neglect of theory, and of the social and pedagogical implications of the new movements. The final division, however, comparing American with German control and organization of the industrial schools, is an effective answer to those who have argued that European experience shows the necessity of putting trade instruction into the hands of joint boards representing labor and industry, while leaving the regular studies to the State. The question has had much legislative discussion of late. Mr. Roman defends the theory of "unitary" control, and shows conclusively not only that it predominates in south Germany, but that Prussia and Hessen are moving towards its adoption.

Mr. Stephen Graham's "Russia and the World" (Macmillan; $2 net), contains articles which have already appeared in the *English Review,* the *Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Weekly,* and the London *Times.* Mr. Graham has been the most prolific writer on Russia since the outbreak of war, but to many he has become a distinct disappointment and not a little of a puzzle. In his first writings on Russia he both charmed and convinced. He has seen and described one side of Russia, the Russian peasantry, which westerners have never had put before them with such force and charm, as in his "Undiscovered Russia." As other books came from his pen, one saw deeper into Mr. Graham's own psychology. He is an avowed enemy of the modern commercial spirit. When he penetrated into north-eastern Russia, it was perhaps in part to escape the materialism of his own country; he was most happy among the Russian peasants, the mystic side of their character having for him a strong appeal; he accompanied them in their pilgrimage to Jerusalem and gave a wonderful picture of these people of honest but simple faith. But, as he travelled more in Russia, he saw that "western" ideas were penetrating even into the village. The discovery grieved him, and in his subsequent writings the tendency to preach has become more and more apparent. "Russia the sanctuary from Westernism" is Graham's own phrase, and as he has found this sanctuary being "invaded," the preacher has developed into almost the crank. He departed from his original line of study, plunged into politics, and began to flounder about in a distressing manner. In the present book, one can admire the way the author has seized and described this or that fact of Russian life, but one-sided and unfair statements are numerous. Frequently we find a mere paraphrase of what we have heard from the Russian reactionaries. He does not want the Russian peasant educated: "If you educate the peasant, he will cease to want to plough . . . The peasants are happy on the land, thanks to the satisfying popular rites of their religion, thanks to village customs, village songs, village sociabilities. Do not pervert them *en masse.*" There is sufficient truth in some of what Mr. Graham says about Russia, especially about the peasants, to make one always read him carefully, but one resents his careless generalizations. The Russian peasantry is backward and still too apathetic, though there are many evidences that these faults are being corrected by the peasants themselves, on their own initiative. But Mr. Graham finds that "Russia's instinctive struggle is against 'Westernism,'" and by "Westernism" he means the very things which the best minds in Russia have been trying to develop.

There is one side of the Russian peasant's character, his strong humanity and kindliness, that Mr. Graham in his earlier books taught the western reader to recognize and appreciate. But now he tells us that "the Russian peasant soldier regards the enemy as vermin that must be destroyed"; though on the very next page we are told that "there is . . . no malice, no lust, not much delight in cruelty, but, on the other hand, no squeamishness." Again the writer contradicts himself when he discusses the closing of the vodka shops. He speaks of the "Russian nation's sudden passion for sobriety"; a few lines later he tells us that "when what was practically a national measure of local veto was adopted, the whole of Russia from Czar to peasant woman was swept with a temperance ardor . . . and long before the war thousands of spirit shops had been sealed owing to popular demand." Then we are told that "Russia was made sober not by act of Parliament, but by something more powerful than that, more ready, more simple—by word of Czar. . . . So Russia was rejoiced by the Czar, by one of the most amazing personal acts in the modern history of civilization." One must protest against the author's logic, as well as against his political theories. One regrets that Mr. Graham did not continue along his original line, and give us the results of his own actual study of the life of the Russian peasant. By his latest writings he has made many less ready to accept his judgment on this special aspect of Russian life, which he had come to know most intimately, and which he described with great accuracy and remarkable charm

"Quaint, quaint," will be the British comment of the American reader of "America of the Americans" (Scribner), by Henry C. Shelley, the latest addition to the long Countries and Peoples series. The impression will not be derived from the humor of the volume. The compiler has, to be sure, culled from his various sources many witty remarks, but they are quite by way of relief from the seriousness of the discussion. Nor will the quaintness be found in the numerous mistakes. The author does, indeed, speak of "prohibited laws" when he obviously means "prohibitive." He praises a celebrated critic under the name of Paul Elder More. He lists no *McClure's Magazine,* but does refer to *McClure's Monthly.* Surprising as such slips are, they do not betray incompetence. Mr. Shelley has prepared several books before this, and knows how to find and handle the various authorities on the phases of life in the United States which he selects for treatment. But he does betray a lack of personal familiarity with conditions here and a faultiness of perspective that at times lead to grotesque results. Of one of our newspapers he declares: "Another great service rendered by the *World* is the annual publication of its 'World Almanac and Encyclopedia,' the latest issue of which extends to no fewer than 836 pages of closely printed reading matter," and then makes the curious addition, "plus nearly 200 pages of advertisements." In discussing The Magazines he makes no mention of the *Atlantic Monthly* among either the popular horde or the three of higher grade. The superficiality of the treatment is most obvious in the chapter on Social Problems, where labor conditions and the negro question are taken up from one point of view and another with insufficient attention to consistency or to the underlying causes of unrest. It should be added, however, that the chapters are clearly written and that the insular prepossessions are a source of interest even in the unexpected prominence given to some features of our life. The thirty illustrations, chiefly half-tones from photographs, should help to clarify for English readers every subject attacked.

Two new volumes of the publications of the Champlain Society have just been issued: volume ix of the series is the second volume of Knox's "Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America," edited by A. G. Doughty, the Dominican Archivist; volume xi is the third volume of Grant and Biggar's edition of Lescarbot's "History of New France." The second volume of Knox's Journal is devoted to the campaigns of 1759 and 1760. The editing is excellently done. There are many portraits, and some useful maps, particularly one of the Lake Champlain region. The text of this volume contains rather less of physiographical description and political and economic comment than the preceding one (see *Nation,* April 29), and its value is therefore more purely military. Besides a great number of official orders, the journal contains the text of the articles providing for the capitulation of Quebec, Niagara, and Montreal.

Of more general interest is Marc Lescarbot's charming history of New France, the present volume of which contains the most interesting part of all, the part devoted to a description of the manners and customs of the Indians. This part, the sixth book, has indeed a value for the student of the history of French thought as well as for the student of Canadian origins. The idealization of the "State of Nature" was by no means peculiar to the eighteenth century; and it is so characteristic a sentiment in Lescarbot's history that one might suppose him a contemporary of Rousseau, were it not for the quality of his prose and his attitude towards the Church and religion. He sings the praises of the simple life in opposition to the artificial conditions of French society, and of agriculture as opposed to commerce and the professional occupations, although, perhaps because, he was himself a lawyer. It is "Mother Earth" alone, he says, "that nourishes us, warms us, lodges us, is contrary to us in nothing, and she is set at naught, and those who till her are laughed at; they are placed below the idle and the blood-suckers of the people. All this is done here where corruption holds a great empire, but in New France the Golden Age must be brought in again, the ancient crowns of ears of wheat must be renewed, and the highest glory made that which the ancient Romans called *gloria adorea,* a glory of wheat, in order to invite every one to till well his field, seeing that land presents itself liberally to them that have none." It would be interesting to investigate the importance of the New World in forming that idealized conception of a state of nature which came to prove so attractive to the eighteenth century. The above passage may serve also to indicate Mr. Grant's skill as a translator. The task which he set himself, of giving the exact meaning of the text, but at the same time of preserving something of the charm of Lescarbot's style and something of the antique flavor of the prose of a past age, was a task which only a lover of literature and a historian who is deterred by no difficulties would have undertaken. It ought to be said that in this matter he has achieved a marked success. The rendering, so far as the reviewer attempted to make a comparison, is excellent, and in many difficult passages—for example, the preface to the sixth book—the English form has the identical characteristics of structure and the identical bewitching tone or timbre of the original.

Besides the publications of the Jesup Expedition (which dealt only with Northeast Siberia), we have had no description in English of the social life of the aboriginal Siberian populations. Now, in "Aboriginal Siberia, a Study in Social Anthropology" (Oxford University Press; $4), Miss M. A. Czaplicka, of Somerville College, Oxford, has brought together a large mass of material hitherto not accessible to English readers. She has utilized the labors of the large body of Russian ethnologists and anthropologists whose writings, being in Russian, are a sealed book to most European and American students. She has made a special study of Shamanism, and of the phenomena included in the designation "Arctic Hysteria." While her description of Siberian social and religious life does not pretend to be complete, her volume will be of great importance for the understanding of Northern Asia, and, it may be added, will have significance for all persons engaged in ethnological research. The value of the volume is increased by an extensive bibliography and a glossary of native terms.

The Rev. E. A. Wasson, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Newark, N. J., has been at great pains in "Religion and Drink" (Burr Printing House) to prove that the burden of testimony in the Bible and in the writings of the early Fathers is in favor of the proper use of liquor. To this end he has collated every text bearing upon the subject in the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha, and has no difficulty in making out a case which, so far as it goes, is unanswerable. The churchmen of any sect who maintain that the wine used at the marriage in Cana of Galilee and at the Last Supper was unfermented, are in a decided minority, and it is doubtful whether many of them could be converted by the familiar arguments here employed. But the book is a scholarly and conscientious compilation of facts with many of which only students are conversant, and its explanation of the terms employed in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin records are of general interest. The policy of the prohibitionists, however, does not rest entirely upon the mandates of Scripture, but largely upon questions of social, physical, and economic expediency. Nevertheless, Mr. Wasson takes a very strong position when he argues, in his closing chapters, that the best means of combating and vanquishing drunkenness are to be found in moral and religious education, not in legal authority, and that the churches especially should beware of forming any alliance with secular authority, a union which has, in the past, always resulted in persecution and abuses. Mr. Wasson, while believing that liquor is among the good gifts of a beneficial Providence, is, it should be unnecessary to add, a zealous advocate of temperance.

Written as a doctor's thesis in sociology, "The Sociological Implications of Ricardo's Economics," by Cecil Clare North (University of Chicago Press; 50 cents), proposes to round out the Ricardian literature by a chapter on the great economist's place in social philosophy. Other books have studied what Ricardo thought; this book is devoted to a study of what he did not think. For Ricardo, as is well known, based his economic reasoning on abstract hypotheses; few economists of the period before the rise of the mathematical school neglected so consistently the social foundations of economic science. The author follows a path that promises little profit. The most important part of his work has already been done for him. He holds "that the interpretation of Ricardo has failed to recognize two essentials facts . . . (1) that the Ricardian theories were worked out with special reference to specific technical measures which the author was interested in furthering; (2) that the economic data on which his conclusions were founded were not correlated with data of wider social significance." The first of these points was emphasized and illustrated by Cannan some years ago, in his "Theories of Production and Distribution"; the second has been a commonplace of economic thought for generations past. The review in detail of Ricardo's doctrines tends to become perfunctory, or to lose itself in the mist of what Ricardo seemed to think when his attention was really directed on some other object. The author does show how natural were some of the assumptions that Ricardo allowed himself; he presents a satisfactory review of the Ricardian literature, and he gives a sympathetic, even generous appreciation of Ricardo as a man.

Science

HEREDITY.

Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men. By E. G. Conklin. Princeton University Press. $2 net.

A number of publications have appeared in recent years with the avowed intention of giving a popular account of the interesting results and speculations that are current at present among specialists in biology in regard to development and heredity. Biology, in fact, has something to communicate upon these subjects, and, very properly, some of its leading workers have made the attempt to lay their results before the public. These attempts have not all been successful. It is a matter of great difficulty to present technical details to a popular audience in such manner as to be understood and yet not to depart from the lines of scientific accuracy. Professor Conklin's book seems to accomplish this difficult feat in a most satisfactory way. The author handles his material with the firm touch of one who is intimately acquainted with all its varied phases. He has been particularly fortunate in avoiding the multiplication of specific instances, a tendency that in many books of this character serves to confuse the reader. But the main facts are given clearly and attractively, and their applications to the practical sides of life are discussed in a suggestive and helpful way. The matters considered include such topics as the fertilization of the egg and the subsequent development of the body and mind of the individual, the mechanism of heredity and of sex, the explanations of hereditary resemblances and differences in the light of the Mendelian hypothesis, the influence of the environment upon development, the possibilities of eugenics, and, lastly, the bearing of all these newer facts upon the ethical sides of life. The author endeavors apparently at all times to speak as plainly as the knowledge of the question under discussion permits, so that it is not difficult to get his point of view. At the same time, conflicting speculations, old and new, are presented with a clearness and impartiality which win the confidence of the reader and tend to bring him to a sympathetic understanding of the aims and methods of modern biological investigations. It is, in fact, an admirable book that can be read with interest and profit by the non-specialist, in most parts at least. Some of the cytological details are of necessity difficult to follow for those who may not have had an elementary training in the biological laboratory. In his interesting comments upon the development of the mind and of consciousness, the author is perhaps somewhat dogmatic. It is entirely permissible to assume, as he does, that the mind, like the body, develops out of the germ, but when he states that the "elements out of which consciousness develops are present in the germ cells," and goes on to say or to imply that this conclusion is beyond controversy, he forgets for a moment the becoming attitude of the scientific man towards questions concerning which evidence is lacking or very incomplete. One may hold such a view as highly probable, but to assert that it is incontrovertible goes a step too far. We can understand very well how the various tissues may be evolved from the fertilized egg by processes of differentiation. Such changes are chemically conceivable. We can demonstrate the fact that the egg cell exhibits fundamental properties, such as irritability, sensitivity, responsiveness, and metabolic activity. From such raw material most of the specialized functions exhibited by the adult organism may readily be developed, or at least we can conceive such a course of development, and scientific observation has discovered many of the intervening stages. But who can assert that there is any positive evidence of the existence in the germ cells of a beginning of consciousness? In the denseness of our ignorance on this subject, no view can be accepted as incontrovertible. The proper attitude of mind for the scientific man is one of simple agnosticism, or, if he prefers some positive view, it should at least be stated in tentative terms.

Domestic science schools are multiplying rapidly, and with them treatises useful as textbooks. One of the most valuable and thorough of these is "Food Products" (Macmillan; $2.25), by Henry C. Sherman, professor of food chemistry at Columbia University, a volume of nearly six hundred pages of solid information on all kinds of edibles, their composition, food value, digestibility, economic importance, and the relative ecomonic importance of the industry. Lists of references appended to the different chapters facilitate further research. They strikingly illustrate the recent progress in the science of food.

Dr. Paul Ehrlich, one of the foremost medical scientists in the world, died on Friday of last week at Bad Homburg at the age of sixty-one. In 1908 he shared with Metchnikoff the Nobel prize for medicine. Dr. Ehrlich was born at Strehlen, Germany, on March 14, 1854, and was educated at the Universities of Breslau, Strassburg, Freiburg, and Leipzig. He first became famous because of his studies of blood. These greatly extended the knowledge of the cellular element of the blood, which forms so important a part of medicine to-day. John D. Rockefeller, learning of Dr. Ehrlich's contributions to medical science, authorized the directors of the Rockefeller Institute to place $10,000 at his disposal. Dr. Ehrlich was giving at the time much attention to syphilis, and aided by this appropriation he soon discovered (1909) a substance (an atoxyl derivative) which, upon being injected into the blood of a syphilitic patient, proved highly effective. A record of more than 10,000 cases showed "606"—as the substance was called from its place in a series—to meet the requirements of a cure. Dr. Ehrlich added to his fame by discovering the antitoxin for diphtheria. In announcing his discovery of nigrosin (1912), he expressed the belief that it would prove to be a cure for cancer. In 1914 he began experiments with a remedy for the sleeping sickness.

Dr. Charles J. Finlay, who first put forward the theory that yellow fever is transmitted only through the bite of a mosquito, died last Friday in Havana, Cuba, in his eighty-second year. He was born in Puerto Principe, Cuba, on December 3, 1833. He was educated at the Lycée de Rouen in France and at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, from which latter institution he received his degree in medicine in 1855. Returning to Cuba, he became one of the leading physicians on the island. He was a delegate from Cuba to the International Sanitary Conference in Washington in 1881. From 1902 to 1908 he was chief sanitary officer of Cuba, and in 1909 was made honorary president of the Junta Nacional de Sanidad y Beneficencia. Dr. Finlay was a member of the Havana Academy of Sciences, the Sociedad de Estudios Clinicos of Havana, the Société des Sciences of Brussels, the Royal Society of Arts of London, the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and a member of the American Public Health Association. He was also a fellow of the Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene of England, an honorary member of the American Society of Tropical Medicine, and the Société de Médecine Tropicale of Paris, and corresponding member of the Académie de Médecine of France.

Drama

"ROLLING STONES."

Mr. Edgar Selwyn's play "Rolling Stones," which had its initial performance last week at the Harris Theatre, is above the average of pre-season productions. Nor is it belied by the author's own description, which styles the play "a melodramatic comedy." It has the crude outlines of melodrama and not only a happy ending, but a vein of genuine comedy. To the last will be owing whatever success the piece may achieve. For of solid construction or even "go" there is next to nothing. Indeed, it is surprising that a writer who has other plays to his credit should find so much difficulty in getting his machinery started. For the purpose of melodrama he has a sufficient theme. Partners of a flourishing candy business have died, leaving behind them an agreement that their fortunes shall go to the son of one and daughter of the other, provided these two shall marry each other. But the one who first disobeys the injunction by wedding another shall be deprived of any portion of the fortune. Of course, these two independent young people determine to marry whom they please, and a pretty intrigue is presently afoot.

It is in furtherance of this plot that the real comedy of the play appears. Dave Fulton (remarkably well played by Charles Ruggles), spurred on by an accomplice equally down and out, agrees to impersonate Jericho W. Braden, one of the heirs to the estate, who is supposed to have been killed in a railway accident. The combination of daring, and physical and moral timidity demanded by the author is most convincing in the representation of Mr. Ruggles, who throughout the play is an amusing and quaintly appealing figure. For the rest, it is enough to say that the play is no better than the usual productions with which managers attempt at this season to feel out their audiences.

F.

"The Growth of English Drama" (Oxford: the Clarendon Press; 3s. 6d. net), by Arnold Wynne, is a scholarly, comprehensive, and convenient handbook. To students of early English dramatic literature it has, of course, nothing new to offer, but for the casual or less diligent reader, desirous of acquiring intelligent acquaintance with the main outlines of a big subject, without the expenditure of much time or labor, it will prove uncommonly useful. Beginning with a brief sketch of early church drama on the Continent, it furnishes excellent summaries and descriptions of the miracle plays of the twelfth and succeeding centuries in England and of the late moralities and interludes. Here Mr. Wynne traverses old and well-trodden ground, but the critical acumen with which he points out the significance of each development, the copiousness of his well-selected quotations, and his concise analysis of plot give decided value and interest to his volume. He has been at pains to supply just the information which is missing from most short works of this description and which could only be obtained by reference to the original texts, or those standard commentaries which are not at everybody's disposal. Moreover, his individual comments are, as a rule, eminently sagacious, while his style is vigorous and attractive. Nearly one-half of his book is devoted to a consideration of the comedies of Lily, Greene, Peele, and Nash, and the tragedies of Lodge, Kyd, and Marlowe. In his comparative estimates of Lily, Greene, and Peele he is particularly happy, and in discussing Euphuism he displays a pleasing originality in dwelling on the potential graces rather than the obvious absurdities of the school. His remarks on the foundations and principles of dramatic construction are sounder than his application of them. In the light of Shakespeare—whom he does not reach—it is difficult to sympathize with his enthusiasm over some of these early tragedies. In characterization and action they are the crudest of rawhead and bloody bones melodrama. Their occasional literary felicities are another matter altogether. Mr. Wynne wofully exaggerates the value of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," even if it did, in some respects, mark a step in dramatic evolution. Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" is, undoubtedly, a work of poetic genius, but Barabas is a grotesque psychological impossibility, whom even Samuel Phelps, with all his declamatory and emotional power, could not galvanize into renewed life. Marlowe was a great poet, who knew how to cater to the theatrical tastes of his time, and he has an imperishable fame in literature, but his disappearance from the stage is, perhaps, sufficient proof of his essential defects as a dramatist. Of the splendor and power of many of his individual scenes there can be no question. Mr. Wynne's book amply fulfils its main purpose and may be heartily commended.

"The Unveiling" (Putnam; $1.25), a poetic drama in five acts, by Jackson Boyd, is an ambitious effort to explain, on scientific principles, the whole order and scheme of the universe from the first living atom to the final consummation, the establishment of ideal man in a kingdom of Heaven upon earth. The inhabitants of this Paradise, however, are to remain subject to the prevailing conditions of mortality. Man, it seems, is to work out his own salvation, by gaining wisdom from experience and acquiring a mastery of all the secrets of nature, which, of course, is not an original idea. The play is supposed to be the dream of a college student. In it Ormazd and Ahriman, the spirits of good and evil, are incarnated, and reveal to him—after he had elected to be a disciple of Ahriman—the consequences of his choice, brief success and final ruin. For acting purposes the play is hopeless, on account of its portentous length, its chaotic construction, the exceeding blankness of its verse, and the confusion of spiritual and material ideas, which the dream figment does not excuse or explain. But it is the work of a clever man, whose ideals are high—if not of the most inspiring kind—and contains some admirable individual scenes, in which theological opportunism and various social hypocrisies are assailed with refreshing vigor. What is a little strange is that the vision of a man of such determined optimism, and faith in the evolutionary forces of nature, should not be able to see further. But he should write in prose and study the art of condensation.

There is some charming work in "Earth Deities and Other Rhythmic Masques," by Bliss Carman and Mary Perry King (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50). "The Dance Diurnal," in which Night, Day, Shine, and Shadow weave their figures to mark the eternal successions of light and darkness, is full of happy descriptive fancy, and "Earth Deities," in which visions of Vertumnus, Iris, Syrinx, Fauna, Psyche, Beroe, Ceres, Bacchante, Pomona, and Daphne reward the rapt student of Nature, is saturated with the old classic pagan spirit, and expressed with all the verbal felicity, perceptive imagination, and melodic grace characteristic of Mr. Carman's verse. The delicacy of the lines relating to Daphne contrasts admirably with the rattling roll and "frenzied throb" of the Bacchic lines. The "Pas de Trois," for Pierrot, Pierrette, and Columbine, to the accompaniment furnished by an organ man, is a delightful and ingenious jingle. "The Children of the Year" is of altogether inferior quality.

"Radisson, the Voyageur," a verse drama in four acts, by Lily A. Long (Holt; $1), is vastly superior to the majority of pieces of similar description dealing with the adventures, real or imaginary, of far western pioneers. In the first place, it has a fresh and solid historical foundation. The names of Pierre Radisson and his brother-in-law, the Sieur de Grosseillers, were entirely unknown to fame, until the accidental discovery of old manuscripts, thirty years ago, revealed the fact that their explorations, as hunters and trappers, led to the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company. They were among the first white men, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to penetrate the recesses of the great Northwest, and their actual adventures contained all the elements of romance, except a love story. This the author has very wisely and ingeniously woven into the actual records, with excellent effect. In the theatre the drama would be impracticable, for many reasons, but, as she suggests, it might easily —by liberal excisions—be converted into an admirable instrument for interesting and instructive outdoor pageantry. The Indian scenes offer a variety of spectacular opportunities. If the verse is not particularly rich in poetic inspiration, it is smooth, animated, and agreeable, while the tale itself is interesting and the different characters are sketched with spirit and vitality.

Music

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

Early Opera in America. By O. G. Sonneck. New York: G. Schirmer.

Studies in Musical Education: History and Æsthetics. Ninth Series. Hartford: Music Teachers' National Association. $1.60.

Oscar G. Sonneck, Chief of the Division of Music in the Library of Congress. is not one of those historians who compile their books from the tomes of their predecessors. A few years ago he issued a volume on "Early Concert-Life in America," which had involved a prodigious amount of original research in newspaper files and other documents. To this book he has now added as companion an equally scholarly and valuable treatise on early opera in this country. He admits his indebtedness to the three bulky volumes making up George A. Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre," to which he refers as a work "truly monumental and so astonishingly full of information that merely to extract and copy the musical data would mean to have compiled a fairly exhaustive monograph on our early opera, opera singers, opera houses, and so forth." But the greater part of Mr. Sonneck's history is based on independent research. Much of the material contained in it was written originally for serial publication in the *New Music Review*. At one time the author was so impressed with the inadequacy of what he had been able to gather that he almost cast aside the projected book as "hopeless." Fortunately, this was only a passing mood, for while much remains to be done, chiefly by local chroniclers with unlimited time at their disposal, it is none the less true that Mr. Sonneck's monograph goes far towards reaching his goal of laying bare the roots of opera in America.

He reaches the conclusion—subject to correction by local historians—that the first opera advertised by title for performance on American soil was "Flora, or Hob in the Well," an English ballad opera, which was produced on February 18, 1735, at Charleston, S. C. Charleston was, throughout the eighteenth century, one of the country's chief musical centres, although at the end of the century it had only 20,000 inhabitants. Other centres at that time were New York, with a population of 60,000, Philadelphia (70,000), Boston, and Baltimore (about 25,000 each). One of the most striking results of Mr. Sonneck's investigations is that not only these leading cities, but smaller ones, like Providence (9,000), Salem (8,000), Washington (3,000), and Hartford (3,000), with many others of similar size, came in every year for one or several musical "seasons." The author considers this fact particularly significant, so far as the towns of New England are concerned, "for there, we have been taught, the pleasures of life were not looked upon as necessities, as down South." Another interesting reflection is

that in this early period there was an organization named the Old American Company, which had in its repertory, besides an equal number of tragedies, comedies, and farces, between fifty and sixty musical entertainments; which proves that, together with early concert enterprises, opera, using the word in its most elastic sense, filled our principal cities with music to an extent which cities of similar size do not possess to-day; a remark which, so far as quantity is concerned, applies even to New York. It should be borne in mind, too, that the presence of an opera company in a town resulted in concerts given by their principal singers.

Naturally, some of the details in this book regarding early performances and those who appeared in them make dry reading. Mr. Sonneck atones for this by providing amusing illustrations of the manners and customs of the olden times. There was not, in those days, the modern craze to witness first performances. A Philadelphia correspondent, in reviewing the reopening of the New Theatre, remarks that "as the *beau monde* repudiates the idea of a first-night performance, we were not surprised at meeting but few ladies there." A managerial announcement declared that "the music will be assigned for each evening—it is therefore requested that no particular tunes may be called for by the audience." Provincial orchestras were often made up in part of amateurs, who, we read in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of November 30, 1769, "as they have no view but to contribute to the entertainment of the Public, certainly claim a Protection from any manner of Insult," such as, to cite another request printed in 1794, "throwing apples, stones, etc., into the orchestra." Such things, to be sure, may happen to-day; and in many ways the olden customs were similar to those of our time, as in the matter of endless encores at the concerts given by operatic singers, the result, in some cases, being that the entertainment was "protracted to so late an hour as to leave the contending songsters to a show of empty benches and a handful of tired-out hearers; the audience preferring to retire at a reasonable hour."

While it is doubtless true that, as pointed out by Mr. Sonneck, the American cities of all sizes had proportionately more musical entertainment, two centuries ago, than they have now, qualitatively the comparison is in our favor. One would, for example, look in vain in the olden days for even a germ of a volume like the Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association, the ninth annual volume of which is now before us. Every paper in this book bears witness, directly or indirectly, to the surprising growth of musical activity not only in public entertainments, but in homes and schools, where teachers are kept busy. It is almost startling, for example, to read, in the chapter headed Report of Public-School Conference, regarding Oakland, Cal., that in that city there are forty-two grade schools in which no fewer than twenty-three bands are organized, and twenty-one orchestras! It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of such a situation for the future of musical appreciation. Under the head of "A New Mission for the Violin," Prof. Paul Stoeving, of the Guildhall School, London, tells about the National Union of School Orchestras in England. Every year a festival is held by this Union at Crystal Palace. In June, 1914, the number of violin players heard together in that building reached the stupendous maximum of 6,800; yet these represent but a small fraction, the London pick at the most, of the actual number of school children who play the violin. In 5,000 schools all over the country, orchestras have been formed, with a total of something like 200,000 violin-playing children—"a movement of gigantic proportions and incalculable possibilities." Professor Stoeving believes that a similar American movement will soon render the English prototype "a mere apology"; and he is pleased with this amazing and steadily growing activity in both countries, at a time when concert-givers so often appear in empty halls. What has been wanting heretofore in England, as well as in America, is "music-making in the home"; and this will be greatly promoted by way of the flourishing condition of music in the schools. From this movement the writer expects much better results than from free concerts, the value of which seems to him problematical.

Among the other interesting papers in this volume may be mentioned an account by J. Lawrence Erb, of the Fifth International Congress at Paris in 1914; "Musical Evolution in Russia," by Jaroslaw de Zielinski; "Musical Education in the British Isles," by Percy A. Scholes; William Howard's "The Voice Teacher's Opportunity in the National Awakening"; "Music in the Pacific Northwest," by Elias Blum; "The Will to Practice," by the President of the Association, Charles H. Farnsworth; "A New Era in Piano Study," by Henry Holden Huss; "High-School Orchestras as a Stimulus to Instrumental Study"; "The Symphonies of Mahler," by P. G. Clapp; and a few pages on the Music Division of the New York Public Library, by Edward Silsky.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Prof. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin College, is one of the leading musical educators of the time. To his three valuable books: "Music in the History of the Western Church," "The Study of the History of Music," and "The Education of a Music Lover," he has now added a fourth, "Music and the Higher Education" (Scribner; $1.50 net), which cannot be commended too highly, particularly to the professors and college trustees of this country. It is, in the main, a plea for the recognition of music in our institutions as one of the great forces making for true culture, a barrier against "the swelling tide of vulgarity and debasement." The author's profound yet lucid thoughts on the true inwardness and function of music will open the eyes of many college dignitaries who are still skeptical as to its value. His able arguments will be aided by the fortunate circumstance that the tide is turning in their favor. Edward MacDowell seemed to lose his fight for university recognition of the fine arts; but the cause is now winning. Up to a certain point, music has long been welcomed as a precious influence in college life. "The student song is a branch of the folk-song, spontaneous and inevitable. If a college could be found anywhere in the wide earth where singing was unknown, one would infer but dry returns from a mental life so hard and joyless." The religious branch of music has also long been fostered, as an aid to devotion, but secular art-music is only just beginning to get its dues. Professor Dickinson's book not only pleads eloquently for equal recognition of this great branch, but points out in detail what should be done to make it count as a true educational force. The second half of his treatise is concerned principally with the subject of musical appreciation. Emerson remarked that Thoreau had the eye of a bird. His "Journals," says Professor Dickinson, "display an almost incredible acuteness of vision," and his ear for the sounds of nature was equally keen. Ruskin declared that in one of Turner's landscapes there is not a space as large as a grain of wheat that does not contain gradations in color. Thoreau and Ruskin endow their readers with new senses. They taught appreciation of the arts, and teachers of appreciation of the fine arts, including music, are, in Professor Dickinson's opinion, what our colleges need.

Art

"The Art of the Exposition," by Eugen Neuhaus (San Francisco: Paul Elder), is a prettily made book devoted to the architecture, sculpture, and mural painting of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, excluding exhibits of gallery type. There are a number of illustrations. The criticism is generally judicious, but written in a very lumbering English.

"The Studio" Yearbook of Decorative Art for 1915 (Lane; $3 net) lacks perforce the usual articles and illustrations from continental Europe, but includes as recompense a rather fragmentary and desultory chapter on Architecture and Decoration in the United States, by Alfred Yockney. This latter department should be continued and enlarged, with a view to offering a really catholic representation of the best work of American craftsmen. The present selections seem to be confined to a few examples casually picked up in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Nothing is shown of the very active production of artistic handicraft in Chicago and elsewhere west of the Alleghanies. The British chapters, profusely illustrated, comprise Small Country Houses and Cottages, by M. Baillie Scott; British Domestic Architecture; Thatching, by Sydney R. Jones, a very fascinating subject; British Decoration, and Wall Paper Designers and Their Work, by Horace Warner. The text, as usual, is informational and much better written, in a literary sense, than that of average articles in our American fine art magazines. The pictures, like those of the 1914 yearbook, seem to prove that domestic architecture in Great Britain is in a very promising state, and that the applied arts are not altogether keeping pace with its development.

"Lost Mosaics and Frescoes of Rome of the Mediæval Period," by C. R. Morey, number IV of "Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology" (Princeton University Press; $2), is a publication of drawings made for the antiquary Cassiano dal Pozzo, and now at Windsor. These rude colored copies Professor Morey identifies as the work of Antonio Eclissi. They were made early in the seventeenth century at a moment of general demolition and rebuilding. Happily, certain pious antiquaries took the pains to copy these disappearing monuments. Upon such copies, for example, we largely depend for our knowledge of the decorations of St. Paul Outside the Walls and of old St. Peter's. The Windsor copies, though well known as part of the Albani collection, from which they passed to George III only against Winckelmann's protest, have never been so fully published. Professor Morey makes a selection of the more instructive sheets. Some, as is the case in S. Lorenzo in Lucina and the Chapel of St. Nicholas in the Lateran, preserve designs which have been destroyed. Others, as S. Teodoro, SS. Cosme e Damiano, and S. Passera, throw light on the original state of much restored pictures. Virtually all the material presented is of work of the thirteenth century or thereabouts. Thus the study adds considerably to our data for the understanding of the movement that culminated in Pietro Cavallini. The seventeen illustrations, representing eight compositions, are accompanied by an elaborate and learned commentary. From it we may only mention a more convincing reading of the imperfect signature of Cavallini, at Sta. Maria Nuova. The Windsor drawings not seldom offer new epigraphic evidence. We shall await with interest the author's further cultivation of this field.

Finance

THE ARABIC AND THE MARKET.

It was natural that the news, last Thursday afternoon, of the destruction of the Arabic by a German submarine, with loss of American lives, should have instantly affected the Stock Exchange. Wall Street recalled the break of 10 to 30 points, in stocks which had previously been a focus of speculation, when the news of the Lusitania arrived on the 7th of May. Prices for these very stocks had gone still higher, during the intervening time. The outside public's speculative activities in them had extended widely. If fear of a breach with Germany had been the primary cause of the demoralized market of three months ago, that danger was unquestionably very much nearer now.

In the three or four days after the news from the Arabic, there occurred in fact a sufficiently violent decline. Prices of half a dozen of the most active speculative shares fell 9 to 18 points from the prices quoted just before the news came in. When this week's market opened, it was felt that the real test of the financial situation, in its relation to this latest German outrage, was at hand. The course of events on the Stock Exchange was peculiar, and perhaps significant.

The story of the market was of a violent break, with the sales coming largely from good financial quarters, followed by an even more violent recovery, in which the previous declines in prices were for the most part cancelled, and in which the outside public was a heavy buyer—wholly in connection with rumors as to the Arabic and the controversy with Germany. On Tuesday afternoon, at the top of an unimpeded upward reaction of more than one full day, came the news of Count Bernstorff's communication to the State Department, which on Wall Street, was interpreted as disavowing, in behalf of the German Government, the action of the German submarine.

A very remarkable incident in itself, this move of the Berlin Foreign Office was hardly less remarkable for the manner in which the Stock Exchange foreshadowed it. Apparently, it was an instance either of the prescience with which the stock market always measures the probabilities of an important situation, or, what sometimes amounts to the same thing, of the channels of private information possessed by the higher circles of finance, which find heir expression ultimately on the Stock Exchange. Yet, behind all this probable influence of secret knowledge in advance, the interesting fact of the present market has been the persistency on the part of the general "outside public," in the belief that even war with Germany could not arrest the revival of American prosperity.

Was this belief well-grounded, or not? Declaration of war with Germany would not necessarily have interfered with some of the elements in our present financial and industrial prestige. As matters stand in the European war, this country could not be invaded. Our land forces could not come into actual contact with those of Germany. Our trade with all nations outside the Triple Alliance would continue; those nations would still buy our agricultural and manufactured products, and the breaking-off of diplomatic relations with Germany would not sever our trade with her any more completely than it is severed already by the English blockade of the German coast.

In the more conservative circles of finance, the visible evidence of this country's powerful economic situation is as yet the bulwark against despondency and misgiving over the German controversy. With the public at large, the enormous orders for war munitions, causing activity in our factories and swelling our outward trade, is the main consideration. It is yet to be determined, how far the first ground of reassurance would persist if the dispute with Germany were to reach a state of war. Nor is it yet entirely clear to what extent even the "munitions exports" would be affected in such case. The speculative public's equanimity might be seriously upset, even by the calling of Congress in extra session; for a hot debate on our English and German relations, and effort to bring about an embargo on munitions exports would then inevitably ensue.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bowman, R. The Invisible Night. McBride. $1.10 net.
Cramp, W. S. Myrta. Boston: Badger. $1.35 net.
Galsworthy, J. The Freelands. Scribner. $1.35 net.
O'Brien, H. V. Thirty. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Vivian, E. C. The Young Man Absalom. Dutton. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dewey, J. The School and Society. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Durkheim, E. L'Allemagne au-dessus de tout. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Junks, E. A. An Index of the Adverbs of Terence. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
Murray, Sir James A. H. A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. X. Trink-turn-down. Oxford University Press.
Osborne, T. M. The Story of Canada Blackie. Dutton. $1 net.
Redgrove, H. S. The Magic of Experience. Dutton. $1 net.
Ritter, W. E. War, Science, and Civilization. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Rutherford, M. Last Pages from a Journal. Oxford University Press.
Seignobos, C. Du Congrès de Vienne à la Guerre de 1914. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Van Hoonacker, A. Une Communauté Judéo-Araméenne à Eléphantine, en Egypte, aux VIe et Ve Siècles av. J.-C. Oxford University Press. 3s. net.
Wilson, Sir James. Lowland Scotch. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Trask, K. The Mighty and the Lowly. Macmillan. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Brown, W. J. The Underlying Principles of Legislation. Dutton.
Münsterberg, H. Business Psychology. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Murray, G. The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Gibbs, P. The Soul of the War. McBride. $1.75 net.
Gregg, F. M. The Founding of a Nation. 2 volumes. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $7.50 net.
Guilland, A. Modern Germany and Her Historians. McBride. $2.25 net.
I Accuse. By a German. Translated by A. Gray. Doran. $1.50 net.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. The War and After. London: Methuen & Co. 1s. net.
Myres, J. L. The Provision for Historical Studies at Oxford. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.

POETRY.

Bryant, W. C. Thanatopsis, Sella, and Other Poems. Progressive School Classics. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.
Lowell, J. R. The Vision of Sir Launfal and Other Poems. Progressive School Classics. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.
Norwood, R. W. His Lady of the Sonnets. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Bauer, L. A., and Fleming, J. A. Land Magnetic Observations, 1911-13, and Reports on Special Researches. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hale, G. E. Ten Years' Work of a Mountain Observatory. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hasse, A. R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the U. S. New Jersey. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Papers from the Department of Marine Biology. Vol. VIII. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Rankin, H. A. Lantern Making. Dutton. $1 net.

Richards, H. M. Acidity and Gas Interchange in Cacti. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Step, E. Marvels of Insect Life. McBride. $3.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Ashley, R. H. Chemical Calculations. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Deming, A. G. Language Games for all Grades. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.

Palmer, C. I., and Taylor, D. P. Plane Geometry. Scott, Foresman & Co. 80 cents net.

Rietz, H. L. Crathorne, A. R., and Taylor, E. H. School Algebra. Holt.

Scott, H. F. Elementary Latin. Scott, Foresman & Co. $1 net.

Sindelar, J. C. Morning Exercises for All the Year. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.

The Arabian Nights. Translated by E. W. Lane. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1915.

Summary of the News

The crisis of America's issue with Germany over the sinking of the Arabic was passed on Tuesday of last week, when Ambassador Bernstorff forwarded to Washington expressions of sympathy sent by the German Government, together with the request that the American Government wait for further particulars before taking a definite stand. On August 25 Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg gave out a statement to a representative of the Associated Press in which he said that, if the commander of the submarine which sank the Arabic had exceeded his instructions, "the Imperial Government would not hesitate to give such complete satisfaction to the United States as would conform to the friendly relations existing between both Governments." The inference is that some time since the sinking of the Lusitania orders were issued forbidding the torpedoing of passenger ships without warning. On Thursday of last week the German Ambassador called at the State Department and, it is understood, gave assurances that the whole dispute over submarine warfare, so far as it concerns this country, would be brought to a peaceful settlement.

Nothing definite is known by the public as to the lines on which the German case will be presented. But it is reasonably certain that the President will insist upon a discussion of the question on its own merits, regardless of what the United States Government may have in mind in the way of attempting to modify the English blockade of German ports. Meanwhile the situation may be somewhat affected by the fear expressed in Berlin on Tuesday that the submarine which is alleged to have sunk the Arabic has been lost.

Informal negotiations by foreign trade advisers of the State Department have resulted in concessions also from England. The British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, has explained that the concessions are especially designed to relieve the hardship of American importers who have contracted for goods made in Germany and Austria for the Christmas trade. The proposed relaxation of the Order in Council of March 15 will, it is understood, release American-owned goods of German origin now at Rotterdam and valued at more than $150,000,000.

On Thursday of last week Col. Roosevelt's name was once more to be found on the first pages of the morning papers, as a result of his attack made the preceding day upon President Wilson. On the invitation of Major-Gen. Wood Col. Roosevelt addressed the business men in training at Plattsburgh and instructed them mainly as to the meaning of the phrase, "standing by the President," his interpretation being that the President should receive the adherence of American citizens only when he was right, and he plainly implied that Mr. Wilson in his foreign policy had substituted "elocution" for "action." This speech brought a rebuke from Secretary of War Garrison to Major-Gen. Wood for allowing Mr. Roosevelt such latitude. Thereupon the Colonel shifted his attack to Mr. Garrison, upbraiding him for not having asked to see the now notorious speech in advance. Mr. Garrison countered neatly by remarking good-humoredly that he was too busy a man to hope to save the Colonel from his indiscretions. And there the matter rests.

Following up its designation of cotton as a contraband of war, the British Government has announced through the Embassy at Washington that assignments of cotton would be permitted to neutral countries to the extent of their normal consumption, but that "under the procedure of international law relating to absolute contraband, evidence of ultimate destination will be necessary to the condemnation of cotton as lawful prize."

The Austro-German armies have added considerably to their successes recorded in our issue of last week. It was announced last Thursday that the fortress of Brest-Litovsk had been captured, and later that the Russian lines in southeastern Galicia had been pierced at two points. If this latter statement is true, operations of the railway leading to Kiev may be seriously interfered with. In the Baltic provinces Gen. Hindenburg's forces have resumed the offensive. Grodno is holding out. According to reports, von Hindenburg still has hopes of cutting off the Russian retreat by capturing a portion of the great Warsaw-Petrograd railway north of Vilna. We leave our readers to fill in the details of the Austro-German operations from the extended discussion of the matter found in our editorial columns.

What is understood to be an inspired statement of Bulgaria's present attitude has appeared in a publication controlled by the Government of that country. It explains that it is the intention of the Cabinet to adhere to a policy of neutrality except in the event that the rights "filched from Bulgaria" under the Treaty of Bucharest after the second Balkan War are restored. Berlin, on the other hand, continues to believe that a Bulgarian-Turkish agreement has been signed and is about to go into effect. As for the concession asked of Servians to facilitate the entrance of Bulgaria into the war on the side of the Allies, dispatches from Nish and Rome, transmitted by London, give the positive assurance that Servia's reply to the Powers of the Entente has been received, and that it makes the "indispensable sacrifice." Until more definite proof is furnished, cautious observers of the situation in the Balkans will not look for action.

Malcontents who have recently been busy with a plan to embarrass the French Government in its conduct of the war, and especially to retire Gen. Joffre, were put to rout in a session of the Chamber of Deputies on August 26. Though intending to strike at the Cabinet, and particularly at M. Millerand, Minister of War, because of the secrecy in which Government business has been enveloped, such a feeling against them developed in the Chamber that, instead of recording their dissent from the Government, as expected, they voted the war credits asked almost to a man, the figures being 539 to 1.

Considerable activity has been shown during the past week by French aviators, who have bombarded at Dornach a plant where the Germans manufactured asphyxiating gases and also the railway station at Mülheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, besides repulsing an attack upon Paris attempted by six German aviators.

After a period of unusual success, the German submarines have during the past week relaxed their activity. Since we last wrote they have sunk two British merchantmen, two trawlers, and the Swedish steamship Disa. Lloyd's quarterly report for the period ended August 12 gives the losses to British shipping from submarines and other hostile craft and from mines as 68 steamships, with an aggregate gross tonnage of 180,713, and nine sailing vessels.

Hayti's Parliament has been given until the 17th of this month to act on the treaty urged by this country, according to which the American Government proposes to establish a protectorate for ten years over the island republic. Secretary Lansing on August 25 gave out a most important statement concerning American intentions. The purpose is to protect Hayti, by assuming control of her finances, against the machinations of grafting politicians. Mr. Lansing was emphatic in declaring that the Administration would be bound by its pledges to refrain from acquiring a foot of foreign territory. But he implied that if the Haytians would not accept the treaty offered, this Government was prepared to exercise force.

The American submarine F-4, which was wrecked in Honolulu harbor on March 25, with the loss of twenty-two lives, has at length been raised from a depth of 300 feet, and has been placed in dry-dock. Thus far only one of the bodies has been identified.

A report was current on Wednesday that Gen. Pascual Orozco, one of the supporters of Huerta, had been shot and killed in a fight between Mexicans and an American posse.

Agents of the Secret Service of the Department of Justice arrested at Washington last week Gustav Kopsch, a German reservist, on the charge of espionage. Kopsch had in his possession photographs and films of the fortifications at Fortress Monroe and pictures of the proposed fortifications at Cape Henry.

The receipts from tolls of the Panama Canal for its first year of commercial operation, ending August 15, were $5,216,149. This amount represents the passage of 1,317 ocean-going vessels, having a gross tonnage of 6,494,673, and a net tonnage of 4,596,644. The Suez Canal, during the past year, has received from tolls four and five-eighths times the amount taken in at Panama.

The Week

Hopefulness in Washington regarding the prospect of a settlement of our submarine controversy with Germany is fully justified. Berlin is indulging in a rapid series of manifestations of a desire to give satisfaction that are positively bewildering when contrasted with the iron attitude of non-concession that her press and her public men have hitherto maintained. First came the Bernstorff note, asking for suspension of judgment until Germany's side of the Arabic case had been heard. Then came Bethmann-Hollweg's interview. Now comes Bernstorff's explicit promise that his Government is prepared to give "full satisfaction." And all this volunteered from Berlin! From the Bernstorff note asking for a little patience on our part it is evident that the German Government had made up its mind to be friends. We were asked to wait until the other side had been heard. What could that other side be? Surely, not the renewal of the general question of Germany's right to sink passenger ships with Americans on board. On that, the note of President Wilson had taken so explicit a stand that there was no further room for debate. Evidently, listening to the other side meant giving Germany a chance to show, not that the sinking of the Arabic was perhaps justified, but that the act was contrary to Germany's orders. Of this we now have specific confirmation.

The reasons for the sudden change of front in Berlin are plentiful. In the first place, undoubtedly, is the desire not to make of us an enemy. The argument so often heard that Germany would not be averse to having us go to war, in order to cut off our supply of ammunitions to the Allies, or in order to make it easier for the German Government to acknowledge a general defeat by pointing to a world of enemies, was always metaphysical. Unquestionably, the victories in Poland have placed the German Government in a position where it can yield without seeming to do so under the fear of defeat. Add to this the growing recognition of the fact that the submarine campaign against England has cost more than it was worth. The British Admiralty's phrasing of the report regarding the destruction of a German submarine by an aeroplane goes to confirm the belief which has been current for many weeks that Germany's loss in undersea boats has been far heavier than she has admitted. Finally, comes the diplomatic reason. Having yielded to us on a matter which for half a year Germany has professed to consider of vital concern to her, she can now begin to press for action by our Government against England in the matter of blockade. The coincidence in time between the establishment of cotton contraband and Germany's giving in on submarine warfare may be significant.

Germany's yielding to the United States has surprised and impressed English newspapers. They speak of it as a great American diplomatic triumph, and call it a "fine moral victory for President Wilson." If such a thing had happened after our fleet had been mobilized, or plans announced for raising an army of 3,000,000 men, we know how jubilant our super-militarists would have been. As it is, they have been telling us that the country is so weak and contemptible that nobody pays any attention to our protests, and that our honor is trampled into the dust by every nation that chooses to do it. Well, what they have to explain now is the fact that the mightiest military Power on earth has eagerly sought to keep the friendship of the despised United States, and to do what we have demanded as a matter of law and neutral rights. This is the sudden and amazing change in German policy which has overcome the whole world with special wonder. Of course, much remains to be done. The settlement of the Arabic case, which the German Government now promises to our full satisfaction, has to be made the basis for the settlement of the entire large question at issue. From the one instance our Government will be able to advance to the general principle. This is that Germany wholly concede our contention as to past events, and give us assurances that nothing of the kind will occur in the future.

Not everybody in Germany is in agreement with Minister of Finance Helfferich in regarding the enormous war expenditures as an investment on which the returns will come from indemnities contributed by the Allies. The Berlin *Vorwärts* points out that after the war the interest on the Imperial debt and pensions alone will amount to two and a half billion marks ($625,000,000), which is only one hundred million dollars less than the total expenditures of the Imperial budget three years ago. In discussing the possible effect on internal conditions of the enormous problems in taxation which the future will bring, the *Vorwärts* plainly does not take it for granted that the Allies will pay the interest on Germany's debt, or that money will be obtained, as suggested in some quarters, by selling back the soil conquered by the German armies to its former possessors. Germany's vast outlays did not begin with the outbreak of the war. Shortly before that came the patriotic "war contribution" of a quarter of a billion dollars. Whereas the "extraordinary" expenditures in the Imperial budget during the years 1912-14 ranged between twenty-five and thirty million dollars, in 1915 they ran above $2,500,000,000. Of course, the financial problems that confront Germany must be faced by all the Allies in varying degree; and the result everywhere is bound to be what the *Vorwärts* foresees for Germany—a demand for a great extension of popular rights, as a reward for the sacrifices of the war and the vast new burdens imposed upon the people.

The arrival on Sunday of $19,500,000 from Europe, in part payment of the increasing indebtedness on the part of England and France to the United States for current trade, is in many ways a striking incident of the day. This particular consignment, though sent immediately from England, was not taken from the London market. It undoubtedly is part of the amount of gold (described in the dispatches as $40,000,000) which was shipped a week or more ago by the Bank of France to England. Such a shipment by the French Bank was made easy by the extraordinary manner in which the French people have responded to the request of their Government that they bring their hoarded gold to the Bank to exchange for notes. Since that request was published, on July 2, no less an amount than $107,000,000 gold has been added to the Bank's reserve, that great sum representing part of the hoards laid aside in safe corners, ever since the "Morocco episode" of 1911 foreshadowed the coming war. As for the indebtedness of the Allied belligerents to the United States, that is something which grows more spectacular as the war continues. In the popular mind, this excess of payments due to us from Europe, over payments due to Europe from us, is commonly ascribed to the enormous orders placed here for war material. Those shipments have undoubtedly played their part; including exports such as horses and woollen and rubber goods, which must be largely destined for military uses, we have sent out since August, 1914, perhaps $170,000,000 more than in the same months of the preceding twelvemonth. But the Government's report of our foreign commerce for July, just published, shows

that as yet the "munitions exports" are but a relatively small part of our increase in outward trade. In the seven completed months of 1915, our total export of merchandise ran $769,000,000 above that of 1914, while the surplus of exports over imports was larger by $900,000,000.

The Vatican has probably received with only partial gratification the suggestion of an improvement in the status of the Papacy, put forward in the course of the recent debate in the Reichstag. "The position created for the Pope by the war," said Dr. Spahn, leader of the powerful Catholic Centre, "reveals its untenability for the future and compels us to think of the international regulation of his status which shall be commensurate with the rights, dignity, and duties of the Papacy." This is plainly directed against Italy, the new enemy, as Bethmann-Hollweg called her in the same debate. Outside interference will be regarded in Italy as making only more difficult the relations between Quirinal and Vatican. Nor does it improve the international status of the Papacy to make its interests a war issue. The position of the head of the Church has been hard enough in a war in which Catholics are engaged in slaughtering each other, and in which the Princes of the Church have assumed the rôle of partisans. Cardinal Mercier's hot protest against the ills inflicted by the Germans upon Belgium must be reconciled somehow with the action of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Cologne in congratulating the Kaiser upon the triumph of German arms. The Catholic Committee of French Propaganda, under the patronage of the Cardinal-Archbishops of Paris and Rheims, has been circulating documents and photographs accusing the German armies of sacrilege as well as cruelty. The Church is suffering sufficiently from the strife of national passions without having the issue of the political status of the Papacy superadded.

It was as a result in part of our own Civil War, in part of Europe's development of iron hulls, that the American merchant marine rapidly began to lose place about 1863. As a consequence of the European war and the lower price of steel plates in America, it has now mustered a greater number of ships than at any time since that year. The American flag can to-day be seen on 2,768 vessels registered in the foreign trade; and whereas in 1913 the ports of Great Britain were visited by fewer American ships than even Greek, Russian, or Spanish, we now have a tonnage running close to that of France and Norway, or fifth in the world. It is not likely that there will be many more foreign vessels transferred to American registry, but our own shipyards are turning out an ever-increasing number. There was a time, when sailing navigation reached its greatest development early in the last century, that the American navy stood first on the Atlantic, and was seriously trying to wrest the Chinese trade from England. Frenssen's hero of that day, standing on the Hamburg waterfront and trying to catch the flags of the largest vessels in sight, could remark: "Of course—the Star-Spangled Banner." The new and unprecedented increase in tonnage is a reminder to us that we achieved our old station by building ships of superior speed, carrying capacity, and labor-saving devices. To gain or hold our own after the war will challenge our builders, while it already puts upon our legislators the necessity of repealing laws that increase labor-costs.

The Commons-Harriman portion of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission will receive discussion where Walsh's maunderings will be thrown aside. The plan is to create a permanent bureau in each State, and another at Washington, the former to administer and enforce all State labor laws, the other Federal laws. Associated with each should be an advisory council, representing capital, agriculture, and labor, and serving without pay. The whole idea is to entrust to an impartial body, coöperating with all parties, matters that are now fought out blindly in Legislatures and in manufacturing plants. It is easy to adduce reasons why practical applications of the plan will be slow. There is by no means unanimous agreement that the greatest cause of industrial unrest is the breakdown in the administration of the labor laws. The serious split in the Industrial Relations Commission itself breeds a doubt whether the permanent State and Federal commissions and their councils would be such harmonious bodies as Professor Commons envisages. With the members intrenched behind their six-year terms, deadlocks and quarrels might be endless. The report gains nothing by its inclusion of an inadequately sketched plan for an inheritance tax to support these new industrial bodies. It would be felt, too, that our State Executives could not always be entrusted with the appointment of a body of such far-reaching powers. Moreover, legislative interference is sometimes salutary. But the Commons plan may still be adjudged to stand out from the general wreckage of the Industrial Commission's findings, and it might be well if it induced some States to enter upon the experiment it recommends.

Cotton is holding his sceptre more steadily than he was able to do at one time. He has been immensely cheered by the announcement of Southern banks of importance that they will lend money on cotton at the rate of six or seven cents a pound, and an interest charge of only 6 per cent. a year. This announcement is made possible by the Federal reserve system. The Federal reserve banks were the first to express their intention of financing the crop, and the conditions they laid down were few and simple. They will require safe storage, a satisfactory warehouse receipt, and adequate insurance. Upon these conditions, they will advance, through their member banks, 75 per cent. of the market value of the cotton offered as collateral. Secretary McAdoo's announcement that he will place $30,000,000 in gold in the banks of the cotton belt without interest, to be used in making cotton loans, makes it possible for the reserve banks to lend through their member banks at the lowest interest rate. The result must be at once financial and psychological. Financially, as the Atlanta *Constitution* notes, the grower will be able to meet his obligations, to "take care of himself," and to hold his cotton until market conditions warrant his disposing of it. The psychological gain will be in his perception that sound financial methods avail more than spectacular ones.

A bulletin of the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics on the effects of Oregon's Minimum Wage law presents a roseate view. "The average weekly earnings of all women in the six department, dry-goods, and ten-cent stores [in Portland] increased 10 per cent., or from $7.89 to $8.68 per week." At the same time the number receiving $9.25 per week increased 130 per cent. The slight displacement of women by men does not seem chargeable to the new rulings. The question arises whether causes were not at work which would have independently caused a rise in the weekly wages of women, and whether the six stores examined are typical of employment for women. The Bureau thinks that the financial depression of 1914, with the legislation restricting hours of labor, would naturally have tended to depress wages. It also explains that the six stores were the largest available for study. It is plain

that we need reports from other fields of industry. They should not omit the effect of increased labor-cost upon selling prices.

Ex-Gov. Blease's new freedom carries us back to the state of nature in a way to make cave men gasp. It is refreshing to see how his statement that, "when mobs are no longer possible, liberty will be dead" was rebuked at the Boston conference by Southern executives. His palpable inconsistencies were nicely punctured when Gov. Goldsborough, of Maryland, rejoined that if capital punishment was wrong, capital punishment at the hands of savage lynchers was infinitely its worst form. The amazing thing is to find Blease, as a man who thinks there is no such thing as liberty within the social system and political organism, resorting not to the arguments of raw Rousseauism, but to the stock justifications of the mob against order. The courts, we hear again, cannot be relied upon to do justice; and the "unmentionable crime" deserves a more signal punishment than mere civil hanging. If there were no Southern lynchings that killed innocent men and women, or that often cheated justice within a few days of the time set for an execution, we might have less conviction that they are not merely extra-legal, but anti-legal. If it were not that less than one-third the lynchings are for the grossest of crimes, and that a full third are for minor offences or no offences at all, the latter of his excuses would be more acceptable.

The kind of "preparedness" which consists in choosing for the administration of our military and naval affairs men like John D. Long, who died Saturday, will never meet anything but the warmest commendation. In his work on "The New American Navy" the ex-Secretary describes how, with the development of the war cloud in 1898, he brought the naval service in a few months from its unready condition to comparative efficiency; and his statement that "all the money disbursed by the Department was honestly spent and every purchase made in good faith" was hardly questioned. His record would have been notable even had it not stood in refreshing contrast to the work of the War Department. Apart from his Cabinet term, which closed in a controversy over which he had no control, and which no one regretted more than he, his service in many offices marked him the rare type of the gentleman and scholar in politics. The same year—1879—which witnessed his election as Governor of Massachusetts saw his publication of a translation of the Æneid; and it is still remembered that he found fault with the message dispatching Dewey to Manila for saying that war had "commenced" rather than "begun."

In several matters the New York Constitutional Convention has temporarily "got away" from its natural leaders, only to reverse itself later. This was happily the case with the proposed amendment—first adopted, but later defeated—to make ability to read English a qualification for voting. One obvious weakness of it lay in discrimination against literacy in other languages than our own. Ability to speak English is quite different from ability to read and write it. The Federal Government's naturalization regulations regard the former, with the ability to write one's own name, as enough. Large numbers of voters might muster enough oral English to pass the naturalization examinations, and yet be far from having a literary use of the language. If it was literacy that was alone at issue, the amendments might—as in other States—have required merely a general test. If it was the wish of its sponsors to strike at manifestations of disloyalty among the foreign-born, more direct methods would have been fairer and would have avoided depriving many loyal and enlightened men of the ballot, while giving it to most of the fomenters of discord. Several States require a general literacy test, but apparently only one requires literacy in English. The country's experience with such nativistic restrictions has proved them undesirable.

The action of the United States District Attorney in dropping his inquiry into election frauds in Vermilion and Edgar Counties, Illinois, has been approved at Washington. It seems the laws of Illinois are more effective for such cases than are the Federal laws. This is also true in Indiana. But, while the Indiana officials have obtained the conviction of the Mayor of Terre Haute and the indictment of more than a hundred others, including Taggart and the Mayor and the Chief of Police of Indianapolis, the prosecuting machinery in ex-Speaker Cannon's county and its neighbor is doing nothing in the way of emulating this success. The Chicago *Daily News* makes the sarcastic suggestion that this inactivity is owing to a desire not to bring embarrassment upon "eminent and influential citizens," but expresses its preference for the Indiana method of proceeding, which pays more regard to the embarrassment of the community than to that of individuals, however eminent.

Whoever introduced modesty into politics would be overjoyed at the example of it in Massachusetts. Ex-Gov. Foss confesses that he had foreseen that if he ran for the nomination again he would be charged with caring more for his own success than for that of prohibition. But he explains that he was forced into the fight. Mr. Bird would not be persuaded to "take" the honor, and Mr. McCall refused to declare for prohibition. Even so, Mr. Foss's modesty restrained him from doing anything hastily. But the immodest Mr. Weeks, "having completed his journey across the United States as the self-appointed 'favorite son' of Massachusetts, upon his return home ordered the Republican party of Massachusetts to declare against national prohibition." The most retiring diffidence could not endure this. To be himself effaced was no sacrifice, but when "even the strictest machine-man would soon see that the Republican party in Massachusetts needs me more than I need it," hesitation would have been treason. Foss has "salvaged from the wreck the party's only hope for victory." The sole remaining detail is to make the party see it.

The practical outline which Chancellor Jordan has been giving of the requirements of a college president chiefly defines what he must not be, and will delight those who have a cynical conception of his office. Three centuries ago Thomas Fuller discovered the foremost defects of the schoolmaster in his tendency to be a master to the children and a slave to their parents, and in his scorning to touch the school but by the proxy of the ushers. Chancellor Jordan hints at the president's respect for his peers in saying that he must not tell all that he knows about those around him. As for actual contact with the college, "he must not do anything he can hire some one else to do." Happily, these requirements permit of such broad interpretations that they do not carry the condemnation of Fuller's picture. And the practicality that is the essence of Dr. Jordan's definition is not marred when he says that a president must be a scholar to the extent of knowing truth from untruth. Every State university head extorting his millions from a Legislature, every head of an endowed college organizing his schools and courses up to the public demand of the moment, knows that this does not necessarily refer to philology and science. It may have reference to the pragmatic field where hypotheses are useful because they are true, and truth is what is useful.

A GAMBLE ON INDEMNITIES.

A few days ago, I met G——, the American, just back from Berlin. He is a good friend of ours, and he understands his Germany pretty well. His view was quite simple. "Stick to it, keep your teeth in, and don't worry. You have only to make Germany pay her own costs and you will win this war. The German people will settle with their Hohenzollerns and Bethmann-Hollwegs and von Bülows." G—— means that the whole thing is now a gamble on indemnities, and that if they fail, as they will, there will be a wholesale crash in Germany.

The above is from an article in the *Westminster Gazette*, over the signature "S"—undoubtedly the editor, Mr. Spender. We print it only for what it is worth. The main fact involved, however, is beyond question. Germany is counting upon a huge war indemnity partially to make good her immense financial losses.

On this point there was a remarkably plain-spoken utterance some days ago in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It did not attempt to conceal the severe industrial and commercial dislocation which the war had brought upon Germany. And the strain upon the Empire's finances it admitted to be very great. England's financial plight it believed to be worse, and that of France and Russia about as bad; but it argued that neither of those nations could cherish the hope which Germany has of helping to right matters by means of an indemnity. This idea has evidently been sedulously put about in Germany. "We are compelled to make heavy financial sacrifices, but keep on bravely: our enemies will have to pay a good part of the bill."

The matter recently received an official status from the German Minister of Finance. In his address to the Reichstag, at the time of calling for a new war loan of $2,500,000,000—making a total war expenditure of $7,500,000,000—Herr Helfferich spoke of the "gigantic burden of war" which had been laid upon the Empire. But he declared that Germany's "economic future" would be freed from this burden, since "the thousands of millions will be borne through decades by the instigators of the war, and not by us." Whatever view we may take of this, it is clearly put forward as a Government programme. The design may be to brace the German people to further sacrifices by holding out hopes that the authorities themselves know cannot be realized; but, in any case, there the thing stands. The cost of the war is frightful, but we shall make the Allies pay it all.

That there are those in Germany who regard this as illusory is made evident by the fact that financial writers are being called upon to show that the Government is not dreaming. One of these, Herr Bernhard, addresses himself in the *Vossische Zeitung* to the "pessimists" who doubt that the Allies can be made to pay the war-bills of Germany, Austria, and Turkey. He maintains that the plan of Minister Helfferich is not so absurd as it sounds. For Germany holds large strips of conquered territory, both East and West. If these lands are returned to their former owners, "they must pay the price fixed by the victors." If they are retained, they will increase the national wealth and the "actual amount of tax receipts." This is a pretty picture—laying heavy taxes on prostrate Belgium and ravaged Poland! And we see at once how the two ideas of annexation and indemnity come into collision. Both have been dangled before the German people. But now it appears that they must give up one or the other. It might be a sop to the annexationists if the Empire could be paid seven or eight billions not to annex. Yet any such sum, sensible people in Germany must know, could never be exacted from the Allies until they had been absolutely crushed. But if nations have fought to their last man and their last dollar, where are they going to find the billions of indemnity-money wherewith to purchase the right to drag out a contemptible existence?

All this talk of indemnity is purely speculative as yet. If the German Government and the German people are going ahead upon the strength of it, then they are truly acting in the spirit of gamblers. The basis of fact for any solid hope of the kind which the Finance Minister expressed, cannot at present be found. What may appear later, no cautious man will predict; but at present no cautious man will pretend that there is any certainty at all that Germany will be able to exact any indemnity at all. Discussion of it is only part of the continued cropping out of hints and rumors of peace in Germany. Nowhere else are they heard. It is triumphant Germany who alone appears anxious for peace. The significance of this is not lost upon the rest of the world. The stories of an impending financial crash in Germany, with warnings of national bankruptcy, are no doubt put in sensational garb on their way through Amsterdam. But that there is enormous pressure upon the Government to find a way to end the war satisfactorily, there can be no manner of doubt. A part of the apprehension grows out of the heightening strain upon the national finances. Hence the prediction of a war indemnity, to make all good. But this, we repeat, is a sheer gamble.

THE CONQUEST OF POLAND.

Brest-Litovsk is Brest in Lithuania. The fortress was part of the system of the Polish defences, but it lies across the River Bug in Russian, as distinguished from Polish, territory. Except for isolated positions on the Niemen and west of the river, like Grodno, all of the nine provinces of Poland are in the hands of the enemy. In addition, the greater part of the provinces of Courland and Kovno have been overrun, and the Austro-German armies are now pressing forward into the provinces of Volhynia and Grodno. Only along a narrow slip of Galicia east of the Zlota Lipa River do Russian armies stand on foreign soil, and their retirement in this quarter is apparently a matter of days. In just four months the Russian armies have been driven from the crests of the Carpathians and the East Prussian frontier close to the borders of old Russia, before the second partition of Poland in 1793. This has been accomplished in a campaign which, for sweep of operations, the armies engaged, and the sustained energy of the offensive, has no parallel in military history.

The middle of last April witnessed the climax of the Russian effort. In Poland proper at that time there had been a virtual deadlock for nearly two months. The battle-line ran close to the Prussian frontier in the Niemen region, swung further into Polish territory north of the Vistula, crossed that river at the confluence of the Bzura, followed that stream, the Rawka, the Pilica, the Nida, and the Dunajec, in a straight line down to the Carpathians. Here the deadlock ceased. In the mountains the fighting was continuous during the early spring. The northern passes were mastered by the Russians, who penetrated, at one point, twenty miles into Hungary. The centre of the fighting was around Uzsok Pass. With that in Russian hands, the invasion of Hungary on a broad front could be accomplished. Around Uzsok, therefore, the Austrian forces with the German armies sent to their aid, made their great defence, and in the third week of April Vienna was reporting that the Russian attack had been broken.

The Austro-Germans passed immediately to the offensive, but not at the expected point around Uzsok. Instead they hit out along what may be considered the centre of the entire line from the Baltic to the Pruth, namely, on the Dunajec front to the east of

Cracow. The attack began with an annihilating bombardment of the Russian positions around Tarnow and Gorlice in the last two days of April. It was a demonstration on an enormous scale of the new tactics of artillery concentration which the British had practiced at Neuve Chapelle. There followed, on May 1, the assault in "phalanx," which was to show that trench warfare had not reduced military operations to deadlock. The Russian line was broken, the Czar's Carpathian armies were taken in flank and rear, with a huge harvest of prisoners, and there began that great retreat which has not yet come to an end. The extraordinary German talent for system has never appeared to better advantage than in the perfect synchronization of the advance of so many great armies on so huge a front.

The routes traversed by the three main divisions of the Teutonic forces referred to in the Berlin dispatches as "army groups" may be briefly described. The southern or von Mackensen group, now comprising all of the Austrians and the Germans under von Linsingen, have advanced in the course of four months a distance of about 220 miles as measured straight across the map, from the Dunajec and the Carpathians to beyond the Bug. They marched east through Galicia to the San, and pivoted north on the left wing until Lemberg was retaken on June 22. Then the advance was almost due north by way of Lublin towards Brest-Litovsk. It has been the slowest group of the three, its average daily progress being less than two miles. This was due to the fact that they had opposed to them the best of the Russian armies, while on the other hand their own efficiency was probably reduced from the average German level by the presence of the Austrians. Temporary setbacks, such as von Mackensen's armies encountered at the Dniester and around Lublin, were not experienced by the purely German armies to the north.

The German attack from the north by the von Hindenburg group did not begin till late in June, although subsidiary operations against Libau and Courland began early in May. Von Hindenburg's armies have covered the least ground of all. From around Przasnysz, which they captured July 15, to the Warsaw-Petrograd Railway, which they have just crossed, they have advanced some eighty miles, only a little faster than von Mackensen's forces. Von Hindenburg, in turn, had to deal with the chain of great fortresses along the line of the Niemen, the Bobr, and the Narew, from Kovno to Novogeorgievsk. Had he waited for the reduction of the forts in order to advance on a uniform front, his progress would have been much smaller. Instead he threw forward separate armies in the interstices between the Russian strongholds. So to-day the German front here bends and turns.

The armies of the centre, the group of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, started latest of all. These were the forces which for half a year had lain quiet along the Bzura and the Rawka. When the wings of the Russian army had been driven back, the German centre moved. It has travelled with astonishing rapidity. From Warsaw, which fell on August 5, to Kamienetz Litovsk, where the centre armies are to-day, they have covered more than 150 miles in three weeks. Yet the several places of the army groups were so adjusted to one another that when Warsaw and Ivangorod fell and the Vistula was crossed, Gen. Hindenburg, Prince Leopold, and Gen. Mackensen touched hands for the final effort, the complete envelopment or destruction of the Czar's armies. That solid curve, like a gigantic sickle, is still sweeping east.

A NATIONAL DEFENDER FOR POLITICS ONLY.

Secretary Garrison's rebuke of Gen. Wood for inviting and allowing Mr. Roosevelt's violent harangue at the Plattsburgh camp naturally pains the Colonel. Why, he explains, he never once mentioned the President or the Administration. No, he simply attacked Mr. Wilson by covert insult, and assailed the Administration by innuendo. The fearless man! Moreover, he made his speech "outside the line of tents." This from the great hater of technicalities!

What must chiefly rankle in the Colonel's gallant breast is the official statement that he was at Plattsburgh merely as a politician, for the sake of stirring up "controversy, antagonism, and ill-feeling." Does not Secretary Garrison know that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the greatest military authorities on earth, at whose feet the bankers and merchants and city officials learning to be soldiers would be glad to sit? There is said to be in existence in New York a photograph sent to a friend here by the German Emperor. It showed Roosevelt and William at a military review; and at the bottom was written, in the Imperial hand: "Col. Roosevelt instructing the Kaiser in the art of war." Whether this tale be veracious or not, we cannot say; but everybody knows that Mr. Roosevelt would not have hesitated to instruct Cæsar, Cromwell, or Napoleon in the art of war. And to think of treating such a man, at such a crisis, as if he were a mere trouble-maker! If the Secretary of War was unaware of the Colonel's supreme military competence, he might at least have spoken of him as a sage, as a retired statesman in whom old experience had attained to something of prophetic strain. But no such roses grow over Secretary Garrison's party wall. He speaks of the ex-President as if he had become well known as merely a Shimei, promiscuously cursing all passers-by.

We are bound to add that the great majority of Americans see in Mr. Roosevelt's present activities only an attempt by him to make use of a troubled situation in order to get a party and personal advantage out of it. He is flinging himself upon the idea of a possible war, and of preparing for it, only as the most promising political issue which he can at present see. It cannot have been forgotten that he not long ago pointed to himself as the only man who could "tear to pieces" President Wilson's foreign policy. This was put in evidence at the trial of the Barnes libel suit. Since then Mr. Roosevelt has lost no occasion to seek to embarrass and discredit Mr. Wilson. In this effort he has, it is true, made only a series of blunders. He railed at the Lusitania note, before he knew what it was, and immediately thereafter ran away and kept ingloriously silent. He rushed into print about the case of the Arabic, demanding "deeds" instanter; and now has to read of the complete yielding of Germany to the American diplomatic contention, for which Roosevelt had nothing but scorn. Thus he has made a good deal of a mess of it, so far, in his endeavor to tear the President in pieces; and has the mortification of seeing the country rallying strongly to Wilson. This, however, does not obscure the animus of his bitter assaults, which is purely self-seeking and partisan. He is an improvised national defender for politics only.

That this is not an isolated judgment of Col. Roosevelt may be seen from the article by Dr. W. J. Tucker, formerly president of Dartmouth, in the last *Atlantic*. He is writing of the development of the social conscience in this country, and pays an adequate and even warm tribute to Mr. Roosevelt for what he did to rouse public attention to public wrongs. But he feels compelled to touch upon what he calls the "moral limitation" of the man, which he finds in his insatiate desire to push himself forward,

and in his monumental "egoism." Moreover, Dr. Tucker goes on:

He is the sportsman in politics. He follows the game. He plays the issue which has the immediate political effect. He has his eye constantly on his antagonists, who for the time are his "enemies." These must never be lost sight of, though principles may be retired from view.

Recent events must have confirmed the justice of this analysis, in the mind of multitudes of Americans who could not before bring themselves to believe it. But they have now sorrowfully seen the evidence. They have observed the course of a man upon whom they had heaped high their honors. In a year of great national stress, they have witnessed him restlessly scheming, not only to thwart and decry the Government of his own country, but to imperil the peace which the President and the great mass of the people have been so anxious to maintain. And all this in a desperate striving to score a point against a party opponent, and to contrive, by any means within reach, to get himself once more at the front of the political line of battle. This is the pity, this the shame, of Mr. Roosevelt's conduct. Fortunately, it stands so plainly revealed to the gaze of his countrymen that his power to do mischief, except to his own reputation, is rapidly being reduced to the vanishing point.

"LET US NOW BELITTLE GREAT MEN."

Thus should the quotation be modified for the warring nations. Each is discovering that its antagonists, despite strange traditions to the contrary, have always been barren of geniuses. Some might expect Germany, nursing her own culture and hatreds, to traduce the foreign great more vehemently than the Allies, who insist upon their liberalism; some might expect the insular British or impulsive French to be more extreme. But when we see the same astigmatism in all, the motive apparent is each nation's consciousness of the necessity of blackening its opponent in order to fight with a good heart. It is not possible for a German lover of British literature, or a Russian admirer of German scientists, to smite with the zest of one who despises the smitten; and the very grotesqueness of many of the slanders makes it incredible that they are believed in except as moral narcotics. Others are evidence of the purest spleen.

Where contemporaries are concerned, and no generalizations made, the evil is at a minimum. Little harm is done when the Germans state that D'Annunzio is a monkey, and Henry James a literary cuttlefish discharging his ink-pot, or when the French declare that Haeckel and Ostwald have no backs to their heads and cannot help betraying the fact. It is when the cudgels are laid about in those literary arcana supposed to house the securely great, and the moral is drawn that the entire history of a nation shows it decadent, that rancor becomes dangerous. Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, for example, has recently informed readers of the London *Times* that Schiller, "the most German of German writers," was "only a milk-and-water Longfellow"; that Heine was a Jew, and "regarded the Germans as barbarians"; that Kant was more than half Scotch, and that "it is difficult to say what the Hegelian philosophy would have been had the German language been more cultivated."

The Teutons, to be sure, wandered earliest and most blindly along this path; it was they who instituted *Völkerpsychologie*, by which historians, geographers, and ethnographists explained the superiority of the Teutonic race over all others, and by which Mommsen, brushing aside Shakespeare and Dante, wrote fifty years ago that "the Greeks and the Germans alone possess a fountain of song that wells up spontaneously; from the golden vase of the muses only a few drops have fallen on the soil of Italy." Treitschke, with an indulgent liking for Molière and Mirabeau, found abundant opportunity to jeer at the great of the nation where all were "Baconians, shallow utilitarians, narrow and selfish islanders, hypocrites with the Bible in one hand and a pipe of opium in the other." But no nation has failed to pay some heed to the voice of mingled national arrogance and international jealousy, as we can see by going back to our own relations with England a century ago.

It is even pretended that there may be a benefit in these campaigns of belittlement, as being declarations of the cultural independence of a nation. When a Russian gravely writes that the Germans have produced not a single great sculptor, and have only borrowed foreign architecture and spoiled it, the Russian builder—unless he is provoked to laughter—will take courage to employ his own styles. When an Englishman declares that Bach and Mozart are the sole warrant for Germany's claim to musical greatness, and that "it is agreed that the Germans are now surpassed in music by other nations," it is thought that the way is paved to a national school of composers. Fetiches alone have stood in the way of self-expression. But it is clear that the highest intellectual declaration of independence can be built only on full knowledge and correlation of what intellectual leaders in other lands have accomplished. The liberal spirit behind a full recognition of other intellectual lights is in itself a prerequisite. The true leader of an independent movement could hardly be blind to fundamental interdependences. Emerson's "American Scholar" was the product of the same period as the "English Traits," which has a noble enthusiasm for the geniuses dead and living to whom we were then in leading-strings; and it would be hard to point to men of more broad and humanistic feelings than Herder, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, who gave Germany her first full mental independence.

The violence of this genius-baiting is a token of its brief life and of the special purpose for which it is employed. The contradictions are too palpable. In conflict the French must realize they are using German drill tactics, and the Germans that their wireless is Italian, their Dreadnoughts English, their aeroplanes, automobiles, and submarines perfected chiefly by the French. It is impossible to vilify Goethe without vilifying Carlyle, or to minimize Curie without minimizing Hertz. In the first reaction following the end of the struggle, it is easy to believe that the nations which are on record with the fewest utterances of such a tenor will be glad to call attention to their comparative generosity.

SHOULD ONE LOVE AUNT SARAH?

This question, which millions of little boys and girls have puzzled over, and frequently decided in the negative, is raised to the dimensions of a social problem by a writer in the *Atlantic*. It is one phase of the broader problem of the relations between the younger and older generation. For the latter our author has very little use, though, without mentioning the fact, he probably recognizes that the older generation does serve a purpose in propagating the younger. Otherwise the seniors are a nuisance. Here is one count in the long indictment:

The great complaint of the younger against the older generation has to do with the rigidity of the social relationships into which the younger find themselves born. The world seems to be full of what may be called canalized emotions. One is "supposed" to love one's aunt or one's grandfather in a certain definite way, at the risk of being "unnatural." One gets almost a sense of the quantitative measurement of emotion. . . .

It is those dry channels of duty and obligation through which no living waters of emotion flow that it is the ideal of the younger generation to break up. They will have no network of emotional canals which are not brimming, no duties which are not equally loves.

Loving Aunt Sarah, in other words, should be like the resistless march of the tides, and not like the Gowanus Canal. Solicitous inquiry after Aunt Sarah's rheumatism should be dictated by M. Bergson's vital urge, and not by a stupid sense of duty.

Canalization is vexation. Aunt Sarah is only one example of our thoroughly canalized society in which love, duty, loyalty are made to flow through sharply defined channels. Radical youth is fond of its own vocabulary, which changes with the seasons. It works its pet words hard. Until very recently, for example, life in the progressive vocabulary was usually described as "reaction." You reacted to the social impulse, you reacted to a sunset, to Caruso, to an endive salad. Reaction is now making way for canalization. One imagines the fashion began a year ago with the outbreak of the war when military writers spoke of the fortresses on the French frontier as intended to canalize the flow of German invasion. The word caught on. Where formerly to be only moderately forward-looking was to be stagnant, to-day it is to be canalized. There is something impressive about stagnancy. There is no excuse for a sluggish, humdrum flow between definite containing banks. Yet canalization is a good word, and there would be no reason to complain, if the very fondness of the young for pat phrases were not itself an index of the irresistible human tendency to canalize. The radical indictment against society tends to the same painful sameness as the society which it criticises.

The fact is, of course, that canals are a very useful invention. Marshes have been drained and made fit for human cultivation by canals. Life in New Jersey will be made really worth living when enough ditches have been built to wash out the mosquitoes. The great upheaval of the tides is not enough. The tide pours in and leaves pools behind for the enemy of mankind to breed in, whereas a scientifically planned system of canals permits the tide to pour in and out again, carrying with it one of the most pervading of contemporary anti-social elements. It is the same with the dry lands of the West. Up in the hills lie the brimming reservoirs of saving water. They can work only through the irrigation canals. Sometimes the ditches are permitted to brim over. Sometimes a mere trickle is enough for the great purpose which is to render the desert fruitful. A young person who acted only when the emotion seized upon him would be an unsafe gate-keeper at the Roosevelt dam. In itself there is nothing immoral, nothing essentially anti-social, about a network of canals.

It is the same with Aunt Sarah. In the course of evolution it has been found more useful for the race that it should love its aunts rather than hate them; though it is, of course, a matter of degree. People perhaps began by loving their children, their parents, their brothers and sisters, and gradually extended the internal waterways of their affection so as to include aunts and grandmothers. It is true that in the course of evolution a function or an organ may outgrow its usefulness for the race. It may be no longer necessary to love our aunts. It may not be necessary, for that matter, to love our mothers and offspring. Love spontaneously pouring itself out on any one is undoubtedly the ideal. But the human habit of canalizing affections is still very strong. One may not feel the obligation to love one's aunt, but then it is very likely that you will love the member of your trade-union. Free yourself from the sense of compulsion to love your mother and there will still exist the obligation to love your fellow-members in the Fifteenth Assembly District Local of the Socialist Party. Or is there to be no obligation there, either? It may be. Only one imagines it will be rather hard to keep intact the organization of trade-unions and party locals if the members feel at liberty to dislike one another. A certain amount of canalization is necessary.

The final question remains whether the "notorious Victorian era" of which our writer speaks was really as completely canalized as he supposes. One imagines that the Victorians recognized the existence of tidal waves and recessions, and allowed for them. Not to love Aunt Sarah may have been described as "unnatural," but the Victorians knew that it was very natural for little boys and girls to be unnatural in that way. When Aunt Sarah sent down big Christmas boxes, when she organized picnics in the grove with many sandwiches thickly buttered, when she told stories at bed-time, we loved her. When she insisted on a very thorough washing behind the ears, when she put prying questions about school, we were unnatural, and she grimly acknowledged the situation; perhaps not so grimly after all. The Victorians said "unnatural" as the young generation now says "canalized"; because it was the fashion. They had no illusions as to the real status of aunts. Does the writer in the *Atlantic* recall what one Victorian wrote of aunts?

Oh, that the gracious powers would send me an old aunt, a maiden aunt, an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage and a front of light coffee-colored hair. How my Julia and I would make her comfortable!

This has a fairly uncanalized ring; it sounds almost modern.

Foreign Correspondence

THE FATE OF WATERING-PLACES—THE CASE OF THE ISLE OF MAN—SPAS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

LONDON, August 10.

The scriptural prediction that, in times of national turmoil, "the one shall be taken and the other left" applies in these days not only to persons, but to places. Within the United Kingdom the effects of the war have been felt with marked inequality in various towns and districts. To some it has brought, for the time at least, exceptional prosperity, while others have been suddenly reduced almost to privation. During the present holiday season, the experience of the best-known pleasure and health resorts has provided many examples of this diversity.

One of the worst sufferers has been the Isle of Man. Normally, the island derives its main livelihood from its visitors. With a population of 50,000, half of them resident in the town of Douglas, it is accustomed to welcome every summer a quarter of a million outsiders. This year the number of its friendly invaders has dropped to zero. Douglas is a desert, and its magnificent promenade, with two and a half miles of boarding-houses, is as bare as in December. There are no boats running regularly to and from the mainland, the steamers of the Isle of Man Packet Company having been commandeered by the Admiralty. The occasional activity of German submarines in the adjacent waters would in itself have been sufficient to discourage holiday travel.

A public-spirited Wesleyan Methodist minister, the Rev. C. Copeland Smith, has been making an effort to meet the emergency. He was himself once employed in a Leicester hosiery factory, and he has been using his special knowledge of the business to introduce the manufacture of hosiery as a local industry. He has obtained a War Office contract for a quarter of a million socks, and is organizing the supplying of private purchasers as well. Mr. Smith is also attempting to revive an old Manx industry which in recent times has become almost obsolete—the fate of traditional occupations in so many other pleasure resorts—because the catering for visitors has been found to pay better. In the days when every Manxman was a fisherman, every Manx woman used to spin and weave wool and make garments. An association has now been formed to obtain an adequate supply of yarn, and to give the technical training necessary for the restoration of this ancient handicraft.

The watering-places along the East Coast of England, from Whitby to Margate, have become victims of the war, though for a different reason. Stories of bombardment and air raids, some of them authentic and others greatly exaggerated by rumor, have scared away prospective visitors, especially those with families. In some parts the billeting of soldiers has brought a certain financial compensation, but in many previously popular resorts there are so many vacant rooms just now that a holiday-maker bold enough to make the venture could obtain accommodation at unprecedentedly cheap rates. There are even instances in which entire households of all-the-year-round residents have migrated to places supposed to be safer from hostile attack. In a minor degree, seaside resorts far removed from the danger zone, but at a distance from London and other centres of population, are suffering loss of custom.

This loss to the more distant places has brought corresponding gain to those near London. Visitors who would otherwise have spent their vacations in Wales or Devon or Cornwall are taking shorter journeys to the seaside towns of Hants and Sussex. Such places as Brighton and Eastbourne are reported as over-full. During the week-end of the August Bank Holiday the trouble in these towns was not from slackness, but from congestion.

An especially interesting feature of war conditions has been the revival of the prosperity of the English spas. This has been brought about by two distinct causes. In the first place, the usual contingent of British visitors to the spas of Germany and Austria has been compelled to stay at home. Of recent years it has been the fashion not only for invalids, but for overworked professional and business men, to "take the waters" at Homburg or Carlsbad. It will be remembered that, when the war broke out last August, many hundreds of such persons were held up in German or Austrian territory, while others endured no little hardship and privation in the rush homeward. Had the outbreak of war been delayed by two or three weeks, four or five times as many would have found themselves in a sorry plight. In so far as these British frequenters of foreign baths were *malades imaginaires*, the real ills and excitements of the war have by this time cured their megrims and released them from the care of the doctors. But those for whom medical treatment is still a necessity are this August obtaining what they want without crossing the Channel. They are discovering that within their native country there are waters quite as beneficial as any in Germany and Austria, with appliances as scientific and an environment as attractive.

The English spas are prospering, in the second place, because of their proved value for disabled soldiers. In thousands of cases, after the resources of surgical and hospital treatment have been fully utilized, there remains an urgent need for the very services that these spas can efficiently render. Not only the wounded, but sufferers from neuritis, rheumatism, shock, and disorders of circulation need just such a "cure" before their recovery can be complete. During last winter this matter engaged the attention of the section of Balneology in the Royal Society of Medicine. Early in the year there was formed a committee on which the War Office was represented, and local committees to work in coöperation with it were set up at the various resorts. Information was collected, and the War Office circulated among the military hospitals a pamphlet giving particulars of the conditions for which waters and baths were appropriate, together with a schedule of places and treatments offered. An organized system is now in operation for enabling these facilities to be put to the best possible use.

Foremost among English spas is the historic city of Bath. It is now reverting to one of its most ancient functions, for it served precisely the same purpose in the days of the Roman occupation of Britain. During the Roman period certain health resorts in various parts of Europe obtained considerable celebrity as "soldiers' spas," for it was found that bathing in their waters allayed the pain of wounds, promoted healing, and restored the use of stiff and swollen limbs. In an atlas of ancient history one may find such place-names as Aquæ Aureliæ (Baden-Baden), Aquæ Mattiacæ (Wiesbaden), and Aquæ Sextiæ (Aix). Bath itself figures in the map of Britain under the Romans as Aquæ Solis. Its waters not only helped to restore the Roman legionaries, but, many centuries later, brought healing to the soldiers of Marlborough and Wellington. Fortunately, Bath is well prepared to play her present part, inasmuch as the curative properties of her waters had been receiving special attention for some years before the war. In 1912 an analysis by Sir William Ramsay, revealing the exact proportion of radium in these waters, provided a new basis for clinical investigation, and suggested new methods for their use. Since then important research work has been carried on in connection with the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, whose new laboratory for studying the pathology of rheumatoid arthritis was opened by Sir William Osler in June of last year. The reports of the opening ceremony described how those who took part "made a tour of the wonderful Roman baths, among the colonnades of which and into their green depths luxurious sunlight poured." It is Aquæ Solis still.

Part of the "cure" of Bath lies doubtless in its delightful natural surroundings, including the neighboring hills, with their exhilarating air. The same health-giving properties are possessed by the environment of the other English spas, all of which are now making their contribution to the recovery of men wounded and shaken in the war. Among them are Cheltenham, rich in its magnesia and alkaline waters, and protected by the Cotswolds from the biting east winds; Buxton, another health resort of Roman soldiers; and Harrogate, whose sulphur springs are world-famous. Across the Welsh border is Llandrindod Wells, a spa in the making, with springs that show a remarkable variety of medicinal constituents and with a bracing climate well fitted to provide the final stage in a therapeutic treatment that has begun further south. The conditions of the war have made themselves felt not only in an increased recourse to the baths and drinking-places themselves, but in a greater demand for the spring waters for use elsewhere. At St. Ann's Well, at Buxton, for instance, the bottling staff has been more than doubled since the war began. It need scarcely be added that, in the spirit of willing service that is a characteristic of all England to-day, the invaluable resources of these spas are being placed at the disposal of wounded soldiers with eager generosity. Properly accredited members of the fighting forces may have access not only to the waters, but to courses of treatment, either without payment or at greatly reduced charges. Not less readily than the dockyards and the munition factories, the pump-rooms and wells are "doing their bit." H. W. H.

SPIRITS OF WAR AND PEACE—SOLDIERS ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE—THE APPEAL TO FRENCH WOMEN—PAUL SABATIER.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 14.

Madame de Witt-Schlumberger, the names of whose mother and grandfather, the historian Guizot, were household words in the America of my childhood, writes me a few simple lines which I may publish without indiscretion. For it is essential that, in the United States, those who love Peace should not love it at the price of all that makes life worth living. At the same time, as President of the French Union for Women's Suffrage, Madame de Witt-Schlumberger sends the "Appeal to French Women," of which 55,000 copies have been distributed on every side. She also encloses the French text of the letter which M. Paul Sabatier, with whom she is in correspondence, published at the end of last year in London on this question of peace—a letter to which he still adheres. Madame de Witt-Schlumberger says in her own name (August 9):

"It is because I am an ardent Pacifist that I do not believe in any possibility of peace at present; the conquering Militarist spirit—which *must* disappear—is still too much alive. And yet—my five sons and my son-in-law have been called into active army service; one is a prisoner, another is dead, and the four others are at the front."

The "Appeal" has its occasion in the permissions to visit their families which are now being given, by relays, to soldiers absent at the front for many months, some of them from the beginning of the war a year ago:

"French Women—A certain number of permissions are to be granted gradually to soldiers of the front, in so far as the necessities of National Defence will allow: some among us are going to have with us again for a few days husband or son, *fiancé* or brother! . . .

"French Women, all we who are sisters in the love of our country and in our duties toward the National Defence, let us not forget that we are going to be put to a hard test; think how the whole world will be able to judge the quality of our soul and the worth of the spirit which animates us; it will know by the way we welcome back our soldiers, and most of all by the way we let them depart once more, whether we are women worthy of France, or whether we are only poor loving creatures, mothers unworthy to be the mothers of French soldiers, sisters without courage, and betrothed ones without moral worth. . . .

"Surely, we have no reason to doubt the good result of this experiment of visits to families: the attitude of French women, from the beginning of the war, their courage and devotedness, are a sure guarantee of the firmness with which they will know how to face this new responsibility.

"Soldiers come to us from the front, full of courage and life, as we know by the wounded we care for and the letters we receive. Shall we send them back, at the end of their few days, strengthened by the tenderness of which they have been so long deprived, or shall we weaken them by our tears and regrets? . . .

"Remember that we have not the right to be weak, and that the tenderness which enlivens proves a greater love than the tenderness which softens. Our soldiers will not be deceived.

"Any woman who, at the present hour, weakens in a man his sense of duty towards our country would be a criminal. When the fight is on, not for our country alone, but for the principle of right and justice in the world, duty should be accepted, not as a heavy burden, but as an honor and a joy.

"French Women, my sisters, we shall be able to wait with patience and without repining for the day so longed for when we shall be together again with our own; we shall be able to understand that our most lawful desires must be subordinated to the needs of the National Defence; we shall know how to take on ourselves all our responsibilities. We shall be worthy of the imperious and higher duty that is incumbent on us."

The experiment of allowing soldiers who have suffered hardship for so many months to come back for a few days to the atmosphere of love and home is succeeding—in a way of which few Americans would dream. But it must have been intended all along by Gen. Joffre, who knows his people. It is in line with the now historic cartoon of the artist Forain, by which he expressed in the first months of war the real point of gravity. One soldier is saying to another: "Provided only they hold out!" "Who holds out?" asks the other. "Why, the civilians, of course!" So, among the recent *permissionnaires*, an intelligent, uneducated Parisian—a graduate of the great university of Paris streets—confided to me an effort at expression: "Notre moral est beaucoup meilleur!" By which he meant, not that soldiers' morals are superior to civilians'—though that, too, may be defended—but that it is those who are bearing the heat of the day and the brunt of danger who have the most enduring courage and confidence in the end. Their visits home have notably toned up the spirit of the French civilian population.

This renders the words of Paul Sabatier still timely, and indeed he persists in uttering them: "A Frenchman cannot, here and now, pronounce the word of peace. It would be something resembling treason. . . . We are battling for ourselves, no doubt, but we are also fighting for all peoples. The idea of stopping before reaching the end cannot come to our minds—and we have trouble in understanding how it can come to the minds of lookers-on. We are grateful for their good intentions, but we are somewhat disconcerted to think they are more preoccupied with our physical life than with our moral life.

"Our soldiers are martyrs, since they bear testimony to a new truth. Their defeat would be, for Europe, the triumph of brute force relying on two spiritual forces which it has mobilized—science and religion. Before we can allow that, it is our 'duty' to struggle without even thinking what may happen from it. And if our soldiers die to the last, those who have not yet taken up arms will struggle on to the last cartridge, to the last stone of our mountains which we may be able to throw against a 'Kultur' that is nought but adoration of the sword and the golden calf. . . .

"Justice comes first and peace afterwards—there is no true and enduring peace that is not founded on justice. . . .

"This is what our soldiers—I see it in their letters—this is what our peasants—I hear it in their conversations—feel and understand better than I can express. What the France of the Crusades was stammering, what the Revolution saw by glimpses, France of to-day wishes to realize. She believes with all her strength in victory, because she has an indomitable faith in the ideal of justice and truth which she carries in her heart. But she has no need to believe in victory in order to fight, for to give up the struggle would be to betray her past and her ideal—her 'vocation.' And if she should die at the task, what matters it—if she has done 'her' work!

"Vive l'Italie! [M. Sabatier was writing to his friends of Assisi.] And may 1915 secure to the eldest of Latin nations the material and spiritual victories which shall give health to the geography of Europe and settle civilization on new foundations!"

I am not presumptuous enough to restore to their authors' English the numerous testimonials which American professors have spontaneously sent to Ernest Lavisse, the man who more than any other represents the University of France. He has published them in French, for common edification. Besides sympathy, and the feeling that "Germany has made herself guilty of the greatest crime of history," they all manifest the sense of duty—"to bring all our energies to bear on the establishment of international justice and loyalty." One who says "We can do nothing but remain neutral," confesses "We know that, at this very moment, you are combating for us."

Professor Lavisse is impressed by one of these Americans, who says openly that Germany has been "possessed by a depraved national philosophy," and the Frenchman, who, beyond contradiction, loved peace with Germany until it became impossible, adds mournfully:

"The day when so many German *intellectuels* made public declaration of their love for Prussian militarism, the inspirer and support of this philosophy of crazy pride, German intelligence indeed lost its right to a 'respectful hearing.' The day is near when other intelligences—for happily there are others—shall reproach it with having given consent and love to 'the greatest crime of history.' Freed from excessive admiration for Germany, they shall labor, each according to its own genius, in that fruitful and harmonious diversity which is the glory and the beauty of the human spirit. All shall labor, stirred and moved as they are by so great a drama, by so many horrors and ruins and sufferings. And those will work best who shall have suffered most cruelly, among whom ruins venerated as very holy relics shall protest against the enormity of the German crime. And I hold it for the most certain thing in the world that, amid this competition of free genius, humanity will honor with particular esteem the intellectual life of France—for the reason that, if there is one soul which, feature by feature, is opposed in absolute contrast to the German soul, it is ours."

Pan-Americanism

OUR INTERNATIONAL DEMOCRACY, THEN AND NOW: THE LESSON FOR THE PRESENT REVEALED IN THE PAST.

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

When Mr. Theodoric Bland, one of three United States Commissioners, called upon the Dictator of Chili a little less than a century ago, he had occasion to refer to an international situation with which we are rather painfully familiar to-day.

Mr. Bland took great care to remind his host that "while the contending and warring monarchs of Europe, pursuing a policy peculiarly their own, and with which the United States is fortunately not entangled, had closed every channel of commerce against each other, the peaceful republic [the United States] became the same carrier to them all."* In other words, he made it very plain that Chili, which at that time could boast of no merchant marine, should consider herself distinctly blessed in having the neutral United States as a cordial neighbor.

But as Mr. Bland was far more than a mere agent for American shipping, he hastened to add that the United States, having once been colonies themselves, "could not but feel a very strong sympathy in favor of the people of South America, who, they were induced to believe, were not only struggling to throw off an odious colonial system, but also to establish for themselves republican institutions."†

The Commission of which Mr. Bland was a member was sent by the President in 1817 merely to investigate the local South American conditions and advise the State Department whether the time seemed to have come for recognizing the independence of the Spanish colonies. But the important point for our purposes is that, after coming in contact with South American statesmen, these Commissioners urged far more than they were expected to urge. They urged, not in their official reports, it is true, but in familiar letters, the actual establishment of an American "system," a sort of experiment in international democracy among states unfettered by monarchical interests.

One member of the expedition, for example, writes home from Buenos Ayres, March 11, 1818: "The period, I hope, has arrived in which we shall cease to be deluded. It is high time for us to regard with the deepest interest, the situation of our brethren to the South. Our political salvation is intimately blended with theirs. The monarchs of the Old World have formed what they impiously term a holy league, for the purpose of patching up, and preserving the ancient system. . . . The free governments of the New World are the subjects of their deadliest hatred. These ought also to unite in defence of everything sacred. Such, I hope, will

*American State Papers, Foreign Relations, Vol. IV, p. 203.

†*Ibid*

be the views which our Government will now take."*

This letter would be noteworthy if only as one of the earliest clear expressions of Pan-Americanism. But when we remember that it was written over five years before the issuance of the Monroe Doctrine, and was inspired by association with South Americans, it assumes a distinctly modern as well as historic value. For we are all too prone to praise the part of England in Monroeism, and to forget the pressure exerted at a much earlier period by the South Americans themselves. During the entire stay of the Commissioners in South America, no opportunity apparently was overlooked to fill their minds with Pan-American doctrine.

To mention but two of these occasions, a certain soldier in Buenos Ayres was condemned to be shot for insubordination. Our Commissioners as a special favor requested the man's life, which the supreme director at once granted. A local newspaper, commenting on the affair, declared with reasonable pride that "such is the early influence in the cause of humanity of an union between the two great parties of the new world."† And, again, on the occasion of the recognition of Chilian independence by the Argentine Government, the *Gazette Extraordinary* of Buenos Ayres published the grateful letter of the Chilian envoy, in which he said: "Whoever has observed the spirit of this people . . . cannot doubt that Chili, no longer the patrimony of an imbecile and tyrannical dynasty, will, henceforth, emulating her elder sister, the great republic of the north, be, also, an abode of freemen, an asylum for the oppressed of the human race. I congratulate Your Excellency upon an event, which will have so favorable an influence upon the common cause of Americans."‡

By subtle courtesies, by official and semi-official suggestion, and even by direct solicitation, the South Americans did all in their power, as they seem to be doing again today, to invite and obtain our generous cooperation in the establishment of a representative American system. As an instance of their direct pressure, I have been especially struck by a letter from Don Manuel Torres to our Secretary of State, then John Quincy Adams. Torres was physically a rapidly failing man. The greater part of his life had been spent as an agent of Colombia at Washington, where, despite ill health, he had worked unremittingly to effect the independence and recognition of the country he loved with a real and deep passion. His faith in the future of Colombia was inspiring to all who knew him, and he numbered among his friends many of those who were soon to shape our Latin-American policy. His official letter to Mr. Adams was written on November 30, 1821, a full two years before the Monroe Doctrine.

"All South America, formerly Spanish," he declares, "is emancipated—that is, upwards of eleven millions of souls; this has given a new importance to the new world, and now they are no more afraid of the machinations of the Holy Alliance to keep America dependent upon Europe, and to prevent the establishment of free Governments.

"There has occurred a project, long since formed, to establish a monarchy in Mexico, on purpose to favor the views of the Holy Alliance in the New World; this is a new reason which ought to determine the President of the United States no longer to delay a measure which will naturally establish an American alliance, capable of counteracting the projects of the European Powers, and of protecting our republican institutions."*

Whatever virtuous claims Mr. Canning may have made to calling the new world into existence, one is tempted to revert with distinct pleasure to the evidences that the Latin-Americans had a very considerable share in establishing their own existence, and in obtaining the famous sanction of the United States. Lafayette's opinion on this matter, it seems to me, should have a notable place among our classics. "How do you find Mr. Canning's assertion in the British Parliament," he asked Henry Clay, "that he, Mr. Canning, has called into existence the new republics of the American hemisphere, when it is known by what example, what declaration, and what feelings of jealousy the British Government has been dragged into a slow, gradual, and conditional recognition of that independence?"†

Manuel Torres, whose zeal for all-America had alone sustained his last years, lived just long enough to have the honor of being recognized by President Monroe as Chargé d'Affaires from Colombia. He died on July 15, 1822, confident, probably, that his dream of an American federation would soon be realized. The Philadelphia *Aurora* must have felt a prophetic fear when it said, the day after his death, that, "perhaps, to Colombia and the whole of Spanish America, the loss is irreparable; nor is the departure of this rarely gifted man a light consideration to those interests which naturally unite the Northern with Southern America, in that great communion of security and unity."‡

The removal of the great statesman's influence at Washington did, in fact, prove irreparable. The Monroe Doctrine, as it was finally issued the following year, would have dashed his greatest hopes. To him it would not have been a true Pan-American document. It was too avowedly inspired by the individual interests of the United States. It contained little or nothing of that democratic idealism and unselfishness which he would have liked to see; and whatever measure of protection it indicated for republican institutions, it failed to found the inter-American relations upon generous coöperation.

The Doctrine certainly aroused some sentiments of sincere gratitude among the southern republics at the time, yet it could not but help to confirm a suspicion that our policy was still directed by that same individualism which characterized the "warring and contending monarchs of Europe." We are often sincerely puzzled, I believe, at the almost endless explanations and interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine which we are forced to issue for South American edification. That is probably because we are apt to consider the suspicion of the southern republics a typically modern development. It is of no little interest, then, if only as an explanation, to discover that even before the Monroe Doctrine appeared, and despite the unmistakable Pan-American efforts of certain South Americans, their suspicion of our motives was deeply rooted.

It did not even require the tangible fact of the Philippines to engender a mistrust of our territorial interests. At times this mistrust seized upon amusingly impossible rumors, as when a prominent Argentine planter, named La Rocca, during a conversation with Mr. Brackenridge, "enquired with considerable earnestness as to the truth of a report, of our Government having endeavored to obtain a cession of territory from the King of Naples, and laid great stress on the circumstance of our having no colonies, and from the nature of our Constitution not being permitted to have any. They said it was impossible for them to repose full confidence in the friendship of nations holding colonies."*

Doubtless, this would make an excellent meditation to-day for the lovers of the Philippines. At all events, it indicates a state of mind that has had no good reason to change, and which we should at least recall when trying to conciliate South America.

At other times, the long-standing mistrust took more practical forms. Even after our recognition of Colombia, Mr. Todd, who was our Chargé d'Affaires in Bogotá, was forced to write in confidence to Henry Clay that "the hopes of the public councils are directed to Europe, and especially Great Britain, in the vain delusion, that it is by those Powers alone, their interests can be promoted."†

Two years after the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, at the opening of John Quincy Adams's Presidency, there was an exceptional opportunity to correct this vague mistrust of our Americanism. We were invited, with some natural hesitancy, our manner having been decidedly chilling in the past, to send delegates to the first Pan-American Congress, at Panama. A prompt acceptance, such as Mr. Adams desired, would have cleared the air very pleasantly. But this opportunity for genuine courtesy was lost by the Senate. The delegates were finally sent, it is true, but only after weeks of the most determined Senatorial opposition, which effectually removed from our act all semblance of good

*Printed in *Niles' Register*, August 22, 1818.
†Quoted by *Niles' Register*, July 4, 1818.
‡Quoted in *Niles' Register*, August 1, 1818.

*Am. State Papers, For. Rel., Vol. IV, p. 835.
†Private Correspondence of Henry Clay, Vol. IV, p. 154.
‡Quoted in *Niles' Register*, July 27, 1822.

*Mr. Brackenridge was Secretary to the Commission of 1817. This account was written to *Niles' Register*, and published November 14, 1818.
†Clay Correspondence, Vol. IV, p. 77, letter dated May 8, 1823.

will. In this opposition, mere political machinations in defiance of the President were supplemented by some thoroughly Old World statesmanship. In fact, the importance of the Panama Mission, as it came to be known, was actually much better understood in Europe than by us.

M. de Chateaubriand, writing in the Paris *Journal des Débats*, spoke of the mission as "the most important feature in the foreign policy of the Anglo-Americans, a resolution . . . which . . . may consolidate the liberty of a whole hemisphere. . . . It is for the eldest daughter of American liberty," he continued, "to be the guide of her younger sisters, and to gain over them the empire of persuasion and friendship; let her show herself frank, disinterested, great, and generous. The noble post of being at the head of a new world is certainly well worth the sacrifice of a few dollars in duties and a few bales of cotton."*

And Lafayette was another to see the great possibilities of coöperation between North and South. In March, 1826, he wrote to Henry Clay, expressing his great relief that the Mission had actually left for Panama. His faith in the American system was implicit. "I believe it of high moment," he said, "for the welfare of South America and Mexico, for the prospects of mankind, and for the dignity of the people of the United States, that they preserve and exert the moral influence to which they are so justly entitled."†

The truth was that, quite apart from the political opposition, the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, which reported against the Panama Mission, was dominated by a man very poorly endowed with imagination. In the words of the Boston *Courier* of the day, Mr. Macon was "a very honest man, who makes it a point of conscience never, under any circumstances, to change his opinions or the cut of his coat. . . . Mr. Macon is a complete Chinese, as to all intercourse with foreign nations."‡

Mr. Macon's Orientalism was duly echoed in all the speeches of the opposition. He and his associates, with some of that cold reserve still exhibited by our statesmen, refused to see in the full coöperation of new republican governments an act characteristically different from the entangling alliances feared by Washington. He was the first of a line of men who, by a certain ill-disguised contempt for the Latins, have given to the South Americans some reason for believing us blind to those principles which should distinguish the relations of American states as "frank, disinterested, great, and generous."

At the present moment, when, as in 1818, the "contending monarchs of Europe" have "closed every channel of commerce against each other," the Monroe Doctrine certainly seems to defend itself against the least charge of obsolescence. But do we not owe it to our own highest interests, as well as to a true sense of international democracy, to ask frankly if it can defend itself against the charge of insufficiency?

The Latin-Americans, as I have tried to show from some hitherto rather neglected material, took the initiative in the Americanism of 1818-1826, when the tangled politics of Europe threatened to spread across the Atlantic. The Latin-Americans, it seems, are still compelled to take the initiative today, during a notable repetition of history. For that reason I am forced to the conviction that a very real problem of the immediate future centres in our readiness or refusal to meet that initiative with fair recognition, and to throw aside our cloak of semi-Oriental exclusiveness. It may not prove necessary to supersede the Monroe Doctrine by a new declaration; but I think that if we are to judge honestly from the very partial success of our past policy, we shall see the necessity of securing for the Doctrine a new sanction, and in so far of rendering it the declaration of all America.

*Reprinted in Boston *Advertiser*, March 17, 1826.
†Clay Correspondence, Vol. IV, p. 140.
‡Boston *Courier*, December 21, 1826.

Miscellaneous Idling

REFLECTIONS OF OLD AGE ON LIFE AT SUMMER HOTELS.

There must be a considerable number of elderly city gentlemen of no well-defined occupation who, when summer time comes around, find themselves, like the present writer, under the painful necessity of enjoying a brief vacation in the country. Men of this class—I can vouch for it—would much prefer to remain in town and pursue undisturbed that half-busy idleness which so well agrees with their constitution, but no! an anxious relative persuades them that what they need is change, with complete rest; so they pack their trunk, with a sigh, and go to the mountains.

The region is undeniably beautiful. Its charms unfold themselves, in varying outlines, to the gazing traveller, as the automobile that awaited him at the sleepy railway station takes him swiftly to the end of his journey. Here, then, is the mighty ravine, famed in literature, scarcely five miles ahead to the east. "You know the verse about that gorge?" queries the stranger in the automobile, and I (for none other is the traveller), with a vague, youthful recollection, weakly nod assent. The frowning rocks on both sides of the road converge menacingly. "The view is shut out completely by the ravine," I remark. "Yes, but there are glorious views from the top of the rocks near by," replies the stranger, "and the trail [here he surveys me rather critically] is not difficult to follow for any one who can climb at all." I turn aside, somewhat abruptly, to gaze at the peaceful lake nestling at the foot of the mountains that close the prospect. "A charming bit of nature!" I exclaim involuntarily. "Yes, but the lake is artificial," and I listen, with becoming wonder, to the story of how it took seven years to dig the basin out of the bowels of the earth. And now the automobile curves gracefully into the *porte cochère* of the spacious hotel, and my vacation has begun in dead earnest.

Let me state emphatically that at the first glance everything about the hotel seems promising. My room is quite large enough. It commands an extensive view, and more than sufficient closet space for my modest wardrobe. The dining-room and parlors are of generous dimensions, airy and well furnished, and a hasty survey reveals a suitable writing-room, combined billiard and card rooms, and a ballroom ample enough for any one who wishes to dance. The table I find in due time to be fully as good as I expected. (No one expects city fare in country hotels.) The guests, taken *en masse*, look refined and friendly—decidedly up to the average of country hotel patrons. I meet a friend, who introduces me to his friends. They are cordial and talkative, but I am rather tired, and excuse myself and retire to my room. Am I satisfied with my first experiences? Yes; I certainly ought to be. The place is quite as attractive as it had been pictured. Besides, one ought not to judge by first impressions.

De Tocqueville says (chapter on "Public Association"): "I have always admired the extreme skill with which the inhabitants of the United States succeed in proposing a common object to the exertions of a great many men, and in getting them voluntarily to pursue it." I had a very pretty illustration of the truth of this observation next morning, immediately after breakfast, when the eager golfers of the hotel assembled on the porch, exchanging records and discussing the outlook. Amid much bustle and hilarity, two huge automobiles, packed to overflowing, took the party—men and women, arrayed and equipped as became their common object—to the golf links, two miles up the road. Though I protested that I did not play golf, I was persuaded to join the company, so that I might enjoy the view from the golf links on the very first day. "The finest view east of the Rockies," said a much-travelled and emphatic gentleman.

The view was, indeed, superb; but was it finer, or less fine, than the view from another mountain plateau, in another region, which another emphatic gentleman, three years ago, within my hearing, pronounced "the finest east of the Rockies"? Why will devotees of Nature spoil our enjoyment of her beauties by useless comparisons and deceitful superlatives?

I slowly drank in the panorama spread before me, as I sat on the porch of the clubhouse—for more than an hour, I should say. Then I strayed to what looked to me like the starting-point of the golf course (I do not know the technical name). Gradually, a few players approached the spot and prepared to start the game. I proceeded to ask one gentleman how long

the course was, but was quickly hushed by my friend (one of the golfers), who whispered to me not to disturb the players. I will admit I was uncomfortable, and I strayed back to the porch, where I sat for another hour, and watched the players until they passed out of my sight. I really envied their zeal and skill, and yet there was something about it all that displeased me. Was it the knowledge that I had displeased *them?* What was it Disraeli said about our either excelling men in their accomplishments or despising them? What an old cynic he was! On the whole, I decided not to visit the golf links again.

After luncheon, while I was comfortably sitting in a rocking-chair, my neighbor (a gentleman of about my own age) asked me, after some preliminary remark about the weather, whether I did not find this a splendid place to rest in. I assented, and we both rested silently for some time. Then I arose and walked towards the lake. Several young persons were swimming in it, and near the further shore an elderly fisherman, standing in a boat, was casting a line for trout (I believe that is the right expression). The whole was a pretty scene. "Fine, isn't it?" exclaimed some one suddenly (not much younger than myself) who had halted in a brisk walk, just to give me a friendly greeting. "I hope you are enjoying the place. Nothing like it anywhere for variety. You will find something to do every moment of the day—climbing, golfing, fishing, automobiling, horseback-riding, tennis (for the youngsters), and plenty of other things in the day-time, and music, dancing, billiards, cards, and so on, in the evening. Are you going to stay some time?" I said I did not know exactly. I had come for rest, and did not play any game. In fact, I was not good at games, even in my younger days. But I enjoyed miscellaneous idling—even in the city. "A capital scheme!" answered my brisk acquaintance; "but I must have some exercise. Glad to have met you."

During the next few days I followed a certain régime. In the morning I walked all around the lake, a stretch of a mile and a half, and sometimes back again; then I fed the deer kept within an enclosure a short distance up the slope (the ascent is very gentle); afterwards I threw crumbs to the trout in the brook that empties into the lake (in the lake itself the fish would not nibble), and, in a general way, the forenoon passed less slowly than might be thought. But I am afraid the guests did not find me very communicative, though they certainly were polite to me, and some appeared quite willing to engage me in conversation. Directly after luncheon the mail arrived, and the reading of the papers took up an hour or more. Then I strolled once or twice around the lake, and perhaps visited the deer again, or looked in at the garage or the blacksmith's shop (where there was always something going on), and so the afternoon passed without much difficulty. But the evenings, I have to admit, dragged. Sometimes I listened to war-talk, but I refrained from taking part in it. I had promised my relative to be a neutral for two weeks. Besides, political discussion is hard work, and my injunctions were to be strictly idle. Billiard-playing (such as it is in my hands) I was allowed to do, but the table was generally preëmpted by younger men, and the only evening when I had a chance, a stream of ladies booked for the adjoining ballroom brushed past me and disturbed my alm and, I regret to say, my equanimity. I was never asked (how did they know I could not play?) to take a hand at auction bridge (or was it bridge pure and simple?). Reading, of an evening, was always rather difficult, as the light was never quite bright enough, except directly under the bracket lamps, where the same serious gentlemen (very nearly my own age) sat firmly intrenched night after night. Moreover, there was nothing to read. By supper-time I had exhausted my papers and those I casually picked up. "Summer reading" I abominate, and serious books were out of the question, in accordance with home instructions. The evenings, in fact, if the whole truth must be told, grew longer and longer (I could not easily stroll after dark, because it was damp, and the black flies were troublesome), and sometimes I went to bed earlier than is my custom. I forgot to mention that once or twice, just before supper-time, when few people were around, I played croquet with two bright boys, but they kept at some distance afterwards.

One sultry afternoon my friend pointed to one of the most persistent of the readers at the hotel, a rather oldish gentleman, who had been sitting motionless in an arm-chair on the porch for over an hour (how I envied his self-forgetful enjoyment of the book!); my friend, as I was saying, pointed to him and remarked: "Do you know that gentleman, the president of the ——— railroad? He told me a little while ago that of all the hard work he has ever done in his life the hardest is sitting in a chair with a book, and waiting for the day to wear out." "What!" I exclaimed, joyfully; "is he bored, too?" The spell was broken.

I rushed upstairs, locked the door of my room, drew the shade so as to shut out the view, turned on the light, sat down at my writing-table, and shamelessly *worked* —worked steadily for three hours, without once looking up. Never mind at what; enough, I worked.

"You look particularly well this morning," said an acquaintance next morning. "You are evidently enjoying your stay." "I am," I could now truthfully say. And I kept on enjoying it, three hours in the morning, three in the afternoon, and one in the evening, regularly, until I left.

I intend no reflection on Nature, the hotel, or the company. I was simply not attuned to miscellaneous idling in the country. The truth is, I like to see city people around me—in the city, no matter of what kind. "Die *schlechteste* Gesellschaft lässt dich fühlen, dass du ein Mensch mit Menschen bist," says wise old Goethe (the italic is mine). Not that I seek miscellaneous company by preference, but I can tolerate it—in the city. In Rome I do as the Romans do. And, by the way, speaking of Romans, we all know how Horace loved his Sabine hills, but the sly dog knew his Rome too well not to have loved the city better than his farm. And was not old Dr. Johnson—as honest a soul as ever drew breath—unhappy everywhere except in the streets of London? X. X.

Notes from the Capital

A GREAT AMERICAN CHURCHMAN.

Benedict XV, by his desire to confer the red hat upon Archbishop John Ireland, has certainly proved his courage. Again and again, under former Popes, Ireland's name has come up when a new Cardinal was to be chosen, but objections raised within the higher walks of the Church have prevailed, and the project has been dropped. The complaints against Ireland, so far as they have reached this country, have related to his advanced modernism and his independent manner of expressing himself. His critics have argued that he was overmuch identified with political and social activities unconnected with his strictly ecclesiastical duties. To his fellow Minnesotans, however, and to a multitude of Americans in all other parts of the Union, this very trait has endeared him as little else could.

The Archbishop's experiences in early life doubtless had a great deal to do with his liberality of sentiment. Born in Ireland, brought to the United States as a boy, but sent to France for his education for the priesthood, he came back to America just as our Civil War was beginning, and promptly volunteered as chaplain of an infantry regiment recruiting in St. Paul. He was known to its members simply as a pious adviser till, in the midst of a critical battle, they found themselves short of ammunition. Discerning instantly their trouble and a way to relieve it, he hastened back to the field stores, and soon brought to his comrades a load of fresh cartridges. All the rest of the day he ran hither and thither along the line, distributing these and encouraging the fighters with words of cheer. When night came, the regiment missed its chaplain from his usual place, and great distress prevailed till a searching party discovered him in a little hospital-camp which he had rigged up himself, where he was dressing the wounds of the disabled men and ministering to the spiritual comfort of the dying.

When, at last, he was stricken down with illness due to overwork and exposure, and was sent home with an honorable discharge in his pocket, nothing was too good for him in St. Paul. Not only has his influence ever since been immense among the people of his own communion, but citizens of all faiths have demanded his aid in their efforts for the moral welfare of the city and State. He is a fine speaker, with a keen sense of the dramatic, so that in the presence of a popular audience he can throw into a sentence or two, enforced by a vivid gesture, an appeal to the emotions

which carries with him many listeners who are impervious to the more carefully prepared argument. He never loses an opportunity of stirring the patriotism of his hearers and reaffirming his own devotion to the American ideals of free government. As a loyal Catholic and a firm believer in the importance of giving children a religious training in connection with their secular instruction, he has always wished that, as matters stand now, all Catholic children could be taught in parochial schools. But this interest has never lured him into hostility to our common-school system; and it is well remembered how, in the midst of a public address delivered while the school controversy was at its height in Minnesota, he suddenly exclaimed, with a fervor which thrilled the entire assemblage of two thousand men and women: "The free school of America: withered be the hand raised in sign of its destruction!"

Equally effective was his admonition to the Christian people of this country to "go forward, bearing in one hand the Bible, and in the other the Constitution of the United States!" So fierce is his condemnation of the liquor traffic that he has sometimes been styled "the Father Matthew of the Northwest," and he has even been known to refuse confession to dramsellers on the ground that they are feeding their bodies by destroying the souls of their brother men. He has also done everything possible to promote Irish immigration into Minnesota, procuring control of large tracts of farm land, cutting them up into homesteads grouped in colony fashion, and then assisting the poorest settlers in paying for their allotments and working their way upward by industry and thrift. In any enterprise of philanthropy or reform which enlists his services, he regards no distinctions of race, color, or creed, but mixes freely with his fellow citizens of all conditions, the only key to his sympathetic companionship being their sincere desire for better things.

But, naturally, the Archbishop has the defects of his virtues. He could no more keep out of politics than he could turn infidel. Once, in the early '90s, visiting New York to raise a loan on his individual property to clear his diocese of debt, he uttered his views publicly on the machinations of Tammany Hall and its congeners, and thus fell into a controversy with some of the local clergy. Again, in 1896, he came out vigorously against the Populistic ideas of Bryan, with their discrediting of the courts, their incitement of class antagonisms, and their attempt to foist a fifty-cent silver dollar upon business man and wage-earner alike. His candor was reported to Rome as a cause of scandal, and probably did him some damage there for a time, though later, in the settlement of the question of our Philippine friar lands, the Pope made considerable use of him as a go-between.

Personally, the Archbishop is a striking figure. He has a face of uncommon strength, keen yet responsive eyes, and the protruding nose and chin of a leader in forward movements. His presence, whether in plain dress or in his official vestments, inspires respect. He is, moreover, a man among men—genial, full of interest in whatever is afoot, fond of people, with a marked preference for informality of intercourse. He would be an ideal prelate to fulfil the prophetic picture suggested by a distinguished layman some years ago, of a Yankee Pope who should one day walk down Broadway, like any other modern apostle, in a frock coat and a high silk hat.

VIEILLARD.

Correspondence.

THE JUBILEE "NATION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Allow me, even at this late date, to add my congratulations to the many that have reached you on the "golden" anniversary of the *Nation*, and with these congratulations an expression of appreciation of what the *Nation* has been to me these many, many years. My father must have been among the early subscribers, for I began to read the *Nation* as a boy, long before I could possibly understand it. Naturally, politics, because least intelligible to a boy's mind, proved the most attractive feature of the paper at that time, and as I write I recall heated discussions with my companions, all strong partisans, in which I used weapons drawn from the *Nation's* arsenal in favor of independent political thought that would no doubt have surprised Mr. Godkin and his associates.

This training in independent thought has been to my mind one of the most valuable among the many services rendered by the *Nation* to its readers, and through its readers to the country at large. Whether in politics, literature, science, or religion, in history or in current events, the *Nation* could always be depended upon to present a subject with due consideration of its various phases; and it could always afford to be fair towards honorable opponents, while merciless to those of whose sincerity or honesty it was in doubt.

The attitude of the *Nation* towards the various issues involved in the present most lamentable war, and towards the many problems aroused by the course of events, has been a test of the principles that have always guided your paper in its long career. To me and, I am sure, to many thousands the editorial expressions and the views set forth in the correspondence columns have been a vast help in clarifying one's own views and in aiding one to maintain that judicial attitude so essential at a time when feelings run high and when sympathies or prejudices are apt to cloud one's vision.

Morris Jastrow, jr.

Northeast Harbor, Me., August 4.

AS VIEWED BY A CHINESE STUDENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a foreign student in America I have been greatly interested and sometimes amazed by the attitude the people of this country assume towards the European war and the parties involved. The sympathy and charity extended to the suffering masses of Europe, the serious and often idealistic tone of the press, the calmness and firmness of the statesmen—these cannot fail to impress any observer as evidences of a noble spirit that is in the Americans. But when one comes to examine the arguments for or against the several parties of the war, one can scarcely overlook the tint of prejudice. We hear today nothing but condemnations of German bureaucracy, German brutality, German violation of treaties and international law, German aspiration of dominating the world. But are you consistent in condemning the violation of Belgian neutrality and upholding the violation of Chinese neutrality? If Germany should not kill innocent passengers on the ocean, should the Allies starve innocent civilians on land? Germany is fighting a war of selfish nationalism; the Allies are fighting a war of altruistic internationalism. If they are, they surely can be expected to right the wrongs that Japan has so shamelessly inflicted upon China, to give the peoples of Korea, Persia, Egypt, India, and Poland a chance to work out their own problems. Will they?

These arguments and questions are all futile and bewildering. They are clear only in one respect—that might is right in the present world. We might as well put aside the mask, and tell each other coldly and frankly that nations are as yet unmoral internationally. The lesson for China, as well as for every other weak state, to draw from the European conflict is that her hope does not lie in the loving heart and lofty motive of the Powers, but in her ability to defend herself.

H. Gah Tsen.
Chinese student in Oberlin College.

Oberlin, O., August 31.

HUMANISTS AND HUMANITARIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The logical confusion that underlies Mr. R. K. Hack's spirited attack in the *Nation* of August 19 on my distinction between the humanist and the humanitarian comes out most clearly, perhaps, in the following sentence: "Instead, therefore, of cursing democracy, muckrakers, and humanitarians, I propose that we curse nobody but our sinful selves." The whole point of my objection to muckrakers and humanitarians is that they would have us curse about everybody and everything except "our sinful selves"; that they would, in short, have us set up as "beautiful souls," instead of taking up the burden of moral responsibility. They have thus helped in no small measure to undermine spiritual discipline—which alone can curb the lust for power—and that at the very time when men have been acquiring a more and more thorough discipline in the use of material forces. Hence the emergence of that most sinister of all types, the efficient megalomaniac. If science has become a "wild Pallas of the brain," has forgotten that "she is the second, not the first," the error has arisen even less from a deliberate usurpation on the part of science than from the obscuring by emotional sophistries of the ethical law to which alone Science is rightly subordinate. What is monstrous in this age is not that it possesses mechanical efficiency, in itself an excellent thing, but that this mechanical efficiency has no sufficient counterpoise in spiritual efficiency. It would seem, therefore, that the first step in clearing up the present imbroglio is to call the humanitarians to a stern reckoning for the flabbiness they have encouraged on the human and spiritual levels of man's being; for having sought to discredit all traditional restraints, and failed at the same time to establish any new centre and principle of control; for having, on the contrary, belittled in a thousand ways intellect, insight, self-control, everything, in fact, in comparison with sympathy. Sultan Murad in Victor Hugo's poem of that name, after committing every imaginable crime of unrestraint, is pardoned at last by the Almighty because on one occasion he brushed away the flies from the wounds of a dying pig. An ass says Hugo elsewhere, that takes

a step aside to avoid treading on a toad, is "holler than Socrates and greater than Plato." By this overemphasis on sympathy the humanitarian shows that he has no sense of proportion, whereas the sense of proportion is the very essence and breath of life of humanism.

Pleas of the kind in which Mr. Hack indulges for the poetic faculty and spontaneity and the creative imagination have been poured forth in unparalleled volume during the past century; and yet the more these pleas have multiplied the more man has become the thrall of mechanism. This result points the way to some error of the first magnitude in dealing with the facts of human nature. The truth may be that man shows his own special spontaneity and the highest form of imaginative activity and at the same time escapes from mechanism, not by following impulse, but by resisting it. To let one's "feelings run in soft, luxurious flow" is, as Newman says, the exact reverse of spirituality. The opposite assumption is found in the entire modern movement, from its inception in the sentimentalists of the early eighteenth century down to the latest glorifications of instinct in philosophers like Bergson. The error is so grave, because it corrupts the very idea of duty; and men, as the French moralist has put it, must be either the slaves of duty or the slaves of force. In spite, therefore, of oceans of fine talk about liberty and democracy and service, the whole occidental world is now moving towards the triumph of force in some form or other, and will continue so to move until the underlying error is rectified.

According to Mr. Hack, what is implied in my assertions is that "human brotherhood is finally indistinguishable from tigrine association." Instead of asserting anything so preposterous, I have gone back to the earlier stages of the humanitarian movement, not as Mr. Hack supposes, that I might enjoy the pleasure of seeing battalions of abstractions march and counter-march, but, on the contrary, that I might escape from abstraction and show that, however beautiful in theory, sentimentalism is in practice akin not to brotherhood but to brutality.

May I add that it seems to me somewhat singular that a teacher of the classics like Mr. Hack, who is so plainly in earnest, would have us begin by considering the war from the situation as it existed only yesterday, instead of taking a long-range view—instead of building up a solid background of ideas and showing how these ideas have actually worked out in life and conduct? It seems to me at least equally singular that a classical teacher should seek to obscure the distinction between humanism and humanitarianism, on which the very survival of the classics as sources of substantial wisdom must ultimately depend—and what sensible person would care to see them survive on any other ground? I recently heard it remarked of our classical teachers that they have a genius for suicide. The best way for them to refute this charge is to show that they have a clear insight into the ultimate differences between a truly humanistic discipline and our modern humanitarian expansion.

Regarding the present mixture of efficient megalomania with humanitarian dreaming and the outcome. I wish to take this opportunity to quote a passage that has a prophetic flavor, by a writer of a very different school of thought from my own—the late Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale. In his essay on "War," first published in 1903, after commenting on the strangeness of the martial enthusiasm displayed in an industrial country like this during the conflict with Spain, he continues:

"At the same time, the social philosophy of the modern civilized world is saturated with humanitarianism and flabby sentimentalism. This humanitarianism is in literature; by it the reading public is led to suppose that the world is advancing along some line which they call 'progress' towards peace and brotherly love. Nothing could be more mistaken. We read of fist-law and constant war in the Middle Ages, and think that life must have been full of conflicts and bloodshed then; but modern warfare bears down on the whole population with a frightful weight through all the years of peace. Never, from the day of barbarism down to our own time, has every man in a society been a soldier until now; and the armaments of today are immensely more costly than ever before. There is only one limit possible to the war preparations of a modern European state; that is, the last man and the last dollar it can control. What will come of the mixture of sentimental social philosophy and warlike policy? There is only one thing rationally to be expected, and that is a frightful effusion of blood in revolution and war during the century now opening."

IRVING BABBITT.

Monadnock, N. H., August 26.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the series of Portraits of American Women, which I am now preparing for the *Atlantic Monthly*, I wish to include Charlotte Cushman. If any of your readers can refer me to persons owning any of her letters that would be of value for my purpose, I should be greatly obliged. GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., August 23.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Bodleian Quarterly Record* having now completed the first year of its history, it is possible to form an opinion of its value to librarians and book lovers. It was not to be expected that the conservative curators of the Bodleian would resort to any advertisement of their new publication; but the public has borne the loss in not knowing of its existence. The *Bodleian Quarterly Record* "is intended to be interesting and useful to readers in the Library, to Oxford residents, and to a wider circle." This wider circle must include many Americans who have enjoyed the hospitality of Bodley's Foundation, and many librarians who would gladly pay two shillings and four pence a year (to the Librarian, Bodleian Library, Oxford), for the information contained in this admirable account of the Library's activities.

Most valuable is the selected list of accessions for the preceding quarter, arranged in fifteen classes, and containing over 500 titles selected from forty times that number. This list should be of great use to book purchasers who may thus profit by skilled judgment before buying for their libraries. Each number also contains notes on literary and bibliographical matters and some hitherto unpublished material drawn from the vast treasures of the Library. A few selections will suggest the wide range of these notes. The total number of printed Incunabula is believed to be about 30,000; of these fifteenth-century books the British Museum has 11,500, the Bodleian 5,600, the Cambridge University Library 2,800, the John Rylands Library in Manchester 2,400. Of Baconian MSS. the Bodleian has 109, more than any other library. Lady Mary Shelley has added to the Shelley collection by presenting the poet's nursery rattle with bells, whistle, and red coral complete; while Captain Williams has given the original autograph copy of Shelley's "Epithalamium." It is pointed out that every edition of the Common Prayer Book of Psalms from 1553 to 1661 printed Ps. xxxvii: 29, "the *righteous* shall be punished," etc. The error was first made in the quarto Bible (Cranmer's, founded on the Great Bible) in 1553. "The punishment of the Righteous must have been proclaimed by hundreds of the clergy and by thousands of devout worshippers, during more than a century!"

Very interesting in one of the recent issues of the *Quarterly Record* are some Latin and Greek poems by Oxford men, devoted to praise of the Founder and the Library in 1613, and also Humphrey Wanley's suggestions, made in 1697, looking to improvements in the cataloguing and in the administration of the collection. Admirers of the late Prof. Ingram Bywater and of his works on Aristotle will be glad to know that his precious library was bequeathed to the Bodleian. If books are gifted with emotions, those in the Bywater collection have every cause of self-complacency; it was an honor to have received a place upon his shelves. There are more than 3,600 volumes in the collection, dealing chiefly with Aristotle, and nearly all printed before 1650. Many volumes bear *marginalia* by the great Continental scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a copy of Melanchthon's "Commentatio de Anima" (1540) bears the rare autograph "Francisci Rabelesi καὶ τῶν αὐτοῦ φίλων." Nowhere could this collection have found a more appropriate resting-place than in this ancient centre of Aristotelian study.

There is no room for further reference to the literary notes. Old Bodleian readers will be glad to know, however, that, despite the lack of funds under which this greatest of University libraries is forced to labor, the money was forthcoming for a recent and most urgent addition to the stack accommodations. The ground between the Library and the Camera was excavated to the depth of sixteen feet, nearly to the water level, without disturbing the street or sod, and space was thus made for storing one million octavo volumes. There are two floors, of which the upper is installed with the most modern sliding steel bookcases. These slide upon upper tracks into the aisles with perfect ease, are entirely clear of the floor, and occupy two-thirds of the total floor-space. The system of electric lighting, heating, and ventilation is admirable. The Librarian is authority for the astounding statement that the total expense of excavation and interior construction work, excluding fixtures, was only £12,000. Each sliding bookcase costs £10, and holds 600 octavo volumes. To have created underground space for one million books at a cost of $60,000, is something of an accomplishment in economy. Moreover, it is gratifying to learn that, whatever physical drawbacks the Bodleian may have inherited

from the past, its stack can still be indefinitely enlarged by utilizing in the same way the ample space between the Camera and the University Church. The possibilities of underground stacks, when well protected from dampness, have perhaps never been better illustrated than here, where any surface disturbance would have been sacrilege.

W. W. COMFORT.

Oxford, June 30.

THE GAIETY OF SOCRATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see many glowing tributes to the anniversary number of your incomparable paper, and I wish to add my congratulations, but I wish also to express my gratitude for the article "The Gaiety of Socrates." In the welter of discouraging and serious reading, it came as a real oasis—delightful in its wit and brilliant in humor. It is a real addition to one's treasure book. A. L. S.

Greenwich, Conn., July 30.

THE HARVARD ENGLISH PLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on the Harvard English plan, printed in your issue of April 22 (p. 431), and the comments elicited by it from J. M. H., in your issue of July 1 (p. 14), and from Professor Fore, in your issue of July 29 (p. 146), lead me to say that a plan similar to that recently adopted by Harvard has been in use in the University High School at Columbia, Mo., for some eight years. The University High School affords a practice school for those seniors in the University of Missouri who contemplate a degree from the College of Education. The supervisor of the English department in this High School had notebooks from the departments of mathematics, history, and the sciences delivered to his desk once a month. The contents were read from the point of view of clear, idiomatic English, as well as for spelling and punctuation—vital matters in a secondary school. The books were returned with brief but significant comments, and a note to the teacher in charge setting forth those issues most worthy of congratulation or criticism. A student's mark in English depended not less upon the character of his ability in English, as demonstrated in all other departments, than upon that work actually done for the English class.

This scheme had a most notable effect upon the general appearance, the style, and the content of all written work done by the students. It also had a tendency to render those college seniors who were doing their practice teaching exceedingly careful of their own written and spoken language. Students from this secondary school entered college with not a trace of that attitude which Professor Fore condemns as disgraceful; and the teachers from this practice school entered their profession feeling that "good writing is the business of every teacher." I quite agree with Professor Fore that the burden of teaching technical English rests primarily upon the teacher of English; but his burden need not be increased by the carelessness and the neglect of teachers in other departments. The problem of the secondary school is the problem of the college, intensified.

CAROLYN BENTON COCKEFAIR.

Warrensburg, Mo., August 2.

Book Notes and Byways

LUTHER S. LIVINGSTON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By JOHN THOMAS LEE.

PART TWO.

In 1910 Mr. Livingston entered into a partnership with Mr. R. H. Dodd, under the name of Dodd & Livingston, and in 1911 visited London, where he formed many friendships—a thing for which he appears to have had a rare and happy gift—and, had not a lamentable accident befallen him on April 15, 1912, he would probably in due time have become one of the world's great book-sellers; for he was endowed as few men of his business have been.

Mrs. George D. Widener, whose son was lost in the Titanic (also on that fateful 15th of April), when Mr. Livingston's condition was sufficiently improved, asked him to become the first librarian of the Harry Elkins Widener collection in the Library of Harvard University. "He loved you, Mr. Livingston, and has talked to me so often of your knowledge and the help you were to him in advising him about books," wrote Mrs. Widener. And so the Corporation of Harvard University appointed him to the place on November 30, 1914, scarcely a month before he succumbed, after the bravest of fights. He lies buried at Mount Auburn under a beautiful pine tree.

III.

Mr. Livingston, in January, 1914, printed for private distribution "A Bibliographical Record," being, so the title continues, "A List of Books and Pamphlets, More or Less Bibliographical, Written, Compiled, Edited, or Containing a Preface or Other Contribution, by Luther S. Livingston." The "Record," as reprinted in the *Papers* of the Bibliographical Society of America (Vol. VIII), including a few titles added by Mrs. Livingston, contains sixty-six items. Thus it will be seen that he left a tidy legacy to bibliographical literature. It is true, of course, that some of the entries are of items of small importance, but the list contains many studies of permanent value and interest. All the items enumerated relate to books and manuscripts, with a single exception, "Chrysanthemums," printed anonymously in 1893, during his employment with Pitcher & Manda. The first volume of "American Book-Prices Current" (1895) was wholly the work of Mr. Livingston. The later issues of this useful series were largely compiled by assistants under his direction. Some of his best contributions to bibliography were issued in the form of catalogues by Dodd, Mead & Co., who made many notable collections, which were for the most part catalogued by Mr. Livingston in a way to leave little to be desired. He showed a decided interest in early historical Americana, writing prefatory "Notes" to facsimile reprints of "The First Four Voyages of Americus Vespucius" (German edition of 1509); "A Brief and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia" (1588), by Thomas Hariot, the earliest original book in English on the region now within the limits of the United States; and John Brereton's "A Briefe and True Relation of the Discouerie of the North Part of Virginia" (1602).

One service to American scholarship is not included in the bibliography of Livingston's writings. Many of the rare books acquired by Mr. E. D. Church passed through our friend's hands; and Mr. Church asked him to make a catalogue of his magnificent collection. It was found, however, that he could not spare the time for so great an undertaking, and so, in 1901, the editorial task was assigned to Mr. George Watson Cole, a thoroughly competent scholar, and was completed in 1909. The Church "Catalogue" is a monument of erudition and bookmaking. Much of the preliminary work was done by Mr. Livingston, and it is said that the general plan of the catalogue, model for collations, descriptions, and notes were his, and he read all the proofs with the utmost care.

It is not surprising that Mr. Livingston's last days were cheered by the appearance of his "Franklin and His Press at Passy," published by the Grolier Club in 1914. The volume is before me as I write. It is a handsome octavo of 216 pages—a fine example of Bruce Rogers's art. It is unquestionably Mr. Livingston's best work, the ripe product of his learning and judgment. It is a captivating study of the numerous issues from Franklin's private press at Passy, where that many-sided man played the printer for his own amusement, and students and collectors of Franklliniana will be alive to the importance of Mr. Livingston's last and best book.

In 1898 he began his contributions to the *Bookman*, and it was here that I first encountered his work. Later he became a frequent writer for the *Nation*, whose readers will not soon forget his interesting manner of conveying dry bibliographical information.

He left many bibliographical notes and uncollected material, which Mrs. Livingston hopes to publish from time to time. Bibliophiles will be gratified to learn that it is proposed to reprint entire the "Bagatelles" described by Mr. Livingston in his "Franklin and His Press at Passy." Mrs. Livingston's position in the Widener Memorial Library will give her opportunity to carry forward some of the work her husband commenced so hopefully. At the time of his death there was in type one of the rare tracts which he planned to reprint, "Captain John Smith's Circular or Prospectus of His Generall Historie of Virginia." This has since been issued by Mrs. Livingston. It is a handsomely printed folio of five unnumbered leaves, limited to sixty copies. Smith's prospectus is a choice bit of Americana, and excessively rare; indeed, only one copy is known to have survived, and that is preserved in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries, in London. The tract is reproduced in excellent facsimile, and Mr. Livingston has added a valuable note of three pages.

Mr. Livingston was a bibliographer of wide range. During his long connection with the book trade very many rare and unusual items in all branches of literature passed through his hands. He was alert and not easily deceived, and he seems never to have missed an opportunity to add to his store of bibliographical knowledge from all available sources. On the whole, he was, I think, the peer of any book-seller of his day on this side of the Atlantic as an expert in matters of bibliography. There are those, no doubt, who surpassed him in a chosen department, but none, perhaps, had quite his versatility and competent grasp of the entire subject of rare books having an especial appeal for American collectors.

Literature

TWO BOOKS ON CONSUMPTION.

Consumption, What It Is and What to Do About It. By John B. Hawes, 2nd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 50 cents net.

The Tuberculosis Nurse, Her Functions and Qualifications: A Handbook for Practical Workers in the Tuberculosis Campaign. By Ellen N. La Motte. Introduction by Louis Hamman, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The first of these books (one of the Welfare series) is by an eminent physician, a specialist in tuberculosis who is also secretary of the Massachusetts Tuberculosis Commission, and the second by one who was formerly nurse-in-chief of the Tuberculosis Division of the Health Department of Baltimore. Utilizing not only their extensive experience of tuberculosis as a disease to be treated by physician and nurse, but also their knowledge concerning the disease as a human problem, Dr. Hawes has prepared a short treatise of one hundred pages intended to give the general public some definite knowledge of the subject in such a way as not to take the place of the physician, but to be of service to him, to the patient, and to the patient's family, while Miss La Motte has prepared a larger volume to fill the needs of nurses, social workers, anti-tuberculosis associations, and physicians and laymen engaged in public health work.

Dr. Hawes opens his discussion with several short chapters in which in simple, non-technical language he tells what consumption is, how the germ gets into the body, what the early and important symptoms are, what one should do when he *thinks* and when he *knows* he has tuberculosis. A brief summary of methods of home treatment is then given, and this is followed by a detailed description of How to Live and Sleep in the Open Air. Sanatorium treatment is discussed in detail, the advantages of various situations given, and, what is quite unusual in books of this character, the patient is told how to get to the various sanatoria, what it costs to stay at each, and what may be expected as the result of residence there. In connection with sanatorium treatment emphasis is laid on the one great advantage of such treatment—that aside from the possibility of cure or arrest of the disease, the patient learns *how to live so as to keep well after leaving the sanatorium.* Other chapters deal with tuberculosis in childhood, open-air schools, the marriage of consumptives, the use of drugs, and how to keep from giving consumption to others. The book closes with a chapter on Hints and Helps prepared by Dr. Charles L. Minor. Its tone is cheerful and hopeful, and the details as to the practical management and the financing of the tuberculous so valuable that it should become the *vade mecum* of those suffering from tuberculosis or responsible for the care of such.

Miss La Motte's book of about three hundred pages is based on her experience first as a visiting nurse to the tuberculous and later as organizer and director of the tuberculosis campaign in Baltimore. The material presented has, therefore, a local flavor, but as the problems discussed are common to all towns and cities, this does not limit the application of the ideas and principles set forth. Throughout her discussion, Miss La Motte emphasizes the importance of voluntary segregation as the chief factor in the eradication of tuberculosis—the removal of the distributer of the disease germ from an environment where he is dangerous to one where he is harmless. This she considers the chief and foremost duty of the public health nurse. This view is supported also by Dr. Hamman, who writes the introduction, and who especially emphasizes the isolation of advanced cases as the most important factor in limiting the dissemination of the disease. This and the development of an increased resistance to infection through improved personal hygiene and standards of living, are flatly stated to be of more importance to the community at large than the question of treatment. In short, the eradication of tuberculosis, though it is a problem of preventive medicine, is above all else a human social problem which concerns the community at large and is bound up with all social movements, as housing laws, child-labor laws, the wage question, municipal recreation centres, the liquor question, social service efforts, open-air schools, factory inspection, and so on. The question of early diagnosis and cure concerns the individual; the broader problem of eradication concerns the community. As Dr. Hawes's book discusses the problem from the point of view of the individual, so Miss La Motte, on the other hand, presents the problem from the point of view of what the community, the city, the State, should do.

In the earlier chapters Miss La Motte discusses the organization of a tuberculosis nursing service—the selection, training, and supervision of nurses, their compensation, duties, supplies, and reports. Then follow chapters on the relation of the visiting nurse to the practicing physician, the dispensary, the hospital, and the sanatorium, with a frank discussion of the advantages of co-operation with these various agencies and the reasons for failure and disappointment in such joint relations. Other chapters deal with the prevention of the disease, the inspection and disinfection of the houses, the care of the family, the problem of giving financial aid, and the question of occupation for the consumptive. A final chapter discusses the municipal control of the disease with special reference to the danger of political control and the influence of poverty. In the latter connection the statement is made that tuberculosis recruits 50 per cent. of its ranks from the very poor. When to this statement is added that of Dr. Hawes, that in the United States 200,000 people die annually of the disease, and Dr. Hamman's opinion that "ninety per cent. of the human race is tuberculosis infected, and that infection occurs at a very early age, so that at twelve years few children have escaped it," it is evident that tuberculosis is not merely a medical problem, but a human, social problem of the greatest importance. As Dr. Hawes says, "Compared with tuberculosis, the acute infectious diseases of childhood sink into insignificance, and even those much-dreaded diseases, smallpox, yellow fever, leprosy, and even cancer, do infinitely less harm and kill a vastly smaller number of people."

In combating this scourge the individual suffering from tuberculosis, as also those immediately responsible for his care and treatment, will find Dr. Hawes's book of the greatest value, while for societies, communities, and other agencies directing their efforts towards the broader problem of the control and eradication of the disease Miss La Motte's book will serve as both guide and stimulus.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Freelands. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Here is a tale by Galsworthy which, in its lack of connection with wars or rumors of wars, might have been written ten years ago. It is (happily) in the vein of "The Country House" and "The Patrician" rather than of "The Dark Flower." It presents once more little England, ante-bellum England, country-house and week-end England, "muddling through." This is an England not unaware of problems; there is an unpleasant minority which thrusts them upon it; but it has no real liking for them, with their habit of threatening the *status quo.* In this story the chief little problem involved is "the land," more particularly the question of what is to be done about the agricultural laborer, his limitations, needs, and defections. The opening scene, in which three brothers, gentlemen by blood, are indirectly brought together by the existence of this problem, gives a thumbnail view of the whole situation. Stanley Freeland is a manufacturer of ploughs for the colonial trade. John Freeland has an important place in the Home Office. Felix Freeland is a successful novelist. Each of them thinks the country in a bad way. Felix goes to the fraternal conference "conscious of a certain superiority in that he, at all events, had no hand in this paralysis which was creeping on the country." John lays the country's difficulties "partly to industrialism, with its rotting effect upon the physique; partly to this modern analytic Intellectualism, with its destructive and anarchic influence on morals." Stanley feels that the country is "eaten up with officialism . . . and the advanced ideas of these new writers and intellectuals, always talking about the rights and sufferings of the poor."

This note of overt satire is dominant throughout the book. There is another Freeland brother, "Tod," the crank or freak of the lot, a dreamer, or rather a dreamy lover,

of nature and simple living. He has married a woman of revolutionary temper; and their boy and girl have derived from her a rebellious attitude towards society. The "Tods" live secluded in the country; but at the moment when the story begins certain oppressive acts on the part of a neighboring landlord against two farm laborers have roused young Derek and his sister to assume the rôle of agitators. Their labor is wasted and worse than wasted. The death of one of the laborers is indirectly the outcome of poor Derek's activity, and as for the rest, the whole matter is summed up in a few lines of poignant dialogue at the end:

"Us can't afford to do no more dyin' for you—that's all," says old Gaunt.

"For me! Dying! My God! D'you think I wouldn't have——? Oh! Confound you!"

"Aye! Confounded us you 'ave! Hope you're satisfied."

Pale as death and quivering all over, Derek answered:

"So you think I've just been frying fish of my own?"

Tom Gaunt emitted a little laugh.

"I think you've fried no fish at all. That's what I think. And no one else does, neither, if you want to know—except poor Bob. You've fried his fish, sure enough."

Luckily for Derek, there is a maiden, daughter to Uncle Felix, who stands ready to comfort and support him—an old-fashioned maiden in whose arms we may be content to leave him, for his sake if not for hers.

The Nurse's Story. By Adele Bleneau. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Miss Adele Bleneau has gathered together a timely supply of facts on the hospitals, the trenches, and general army conditions, and woven them together by means of a story. The weaving is not expert, and the story itself is singularly inept and spiritless. With her stage set as a battlefield, with a chromo of distant hospitals for her background, with modern carnage rampant, she has introduced the two antediluvian characters of fiction—the wounded hero of royal blood and the villain who springs forth suddenly from spiritual darkness and suffers reform in the next to the last chapter. In doing this, moreover, Miss Bleneau has been consistent: she has re-created her types without variation. There is even supplied the crisis where the villain, wounded, and sustained only by his own cunning, staggers to the cot of the dying hero and rips the bandages from the fatal wound. This is the beginning of noteworthy events. For just then the heroine returns and seizes upon the plotter to battle bravely with him. With this there arises confusion and still greater confusion; but at the end of it all despair alone remains triumphant, for the villain malignantly locks everybody up in the room, and with one sinister gesture tosses the key out of the window. At this critical moment the enemy begins to shell the building.

The Teutonic army proves a great convenience for Miss Bleneau. She moves it about from page to page of her novel like a mad chessman in some incredibly swift and futile game; and she even allows it, in one strenuous moment, to capture the heroine and bear her off to a prisoners' camp where the food is very bad. However, the heroine, faithful to type, steals through the enemy's lines, saves the life of the hero, combats shells and shrapnel, and returns at the supreme moment to reform the villain.

GERMAN INDUSTRIALISM.

Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Readers acquainted with Professor Veblen's books on "The Leisure Class" and "The Instinct of Workmanship" will find the qualities of those stimulating works in his latest writing. The author is both economist and sociologist, and he is both at the same time; he does not pass from one field to the other, but makes the two fields one. An economic fact suggests to him a moral reflection, and a social institution is to him a problem in economic valuation. This attitude is a sufficient departure from the usual academic habit to give zest to all that he writes, and to make his work original and suggestive even when it is not conclusive. It is an attitude well adapted to a discussion of the topic in hand, which is an explanation of German industrial efficiency by reference to social facts and principles.

The author begins his study in the stone age of the Baltic peoples, but he confesses that his problem has to do with the recent rather than with the distant past, and his early chapters add little to the strength of his argument. Comparing the German with the English system, he is particularly impressed by the advantages which a people obtains by borrowing the technical arts rather than by developing them as a native growth. The English people, he thinks, made their industrial progress, in the period succeeding the reign of Elizabeth, at the expense of their old social and political institutions. The principles of self-help and equality of opportunity dissolved old authorities in law, government, and religion. Insubordination grew, and loyalty declined. The materialistic logic of business infected all English thought. The English industrial system, furthermore, developed in its growth a fringe of customs and conventions that were natural products of the time, but were actual hindrances to economic efficiency. Such were abuses in the competition of trade, leading to irregularities and loss, and breeding up a race of "depauperate" workmen, almost irremediably damaged in physique. Such were the canons of consumption, imposing "conspicuous waste" as the signal-mark of social propriety. Extravagance and useless or harmful sport became national institutions.

There were but the accidents of industrial progress in England, and from them the German people was spared while it was procuring political rehabilitation under the dynastic power of the Prussian state. The people retained habits of mind suited to the maintenance of a coercive, centralized, and irresponsible political control. They were confirmed in the frugal habits of a simple economic organization. Finally, when the time was ripe, still under the strict guidance of political authority, they assimilated rapidly the effective parts of the English industrial system, and took their place among the leading peoples, unique in their combination of qualities of the old time and the new. The "new technology brought with it virtually none of its inherent drawbacks, in the way of conventional waste, obsolescent usage, and equipment, or class animosities; and as it has been brought into full bearing within an unexampled short time, none of these drawbacks or handicaps have yet had time to grow to formidable dimensions. . . . Carrying over a traditional bias of Romantic loyalty, infused anew with a militant patriotism by several successful wars, and irritably conscious of national power in their new-found economic efficiency, the feudalistic spirit of the population has yet suffered little if any abatement from their brief experience as a modern industrial community."

The author ranges into all parts of national life in his endeavor to appreciate modern German "Kultur." As often as not he fails to command the assent of the cautious reader, but to his credit it must be said that his assertions are fair scientific hypotheses. His forecast, that the Imperial German state is "unable to get along without the machine industry, and also, in the long run, unable to get along with it," appears perfectly reasonable; and most American readers will agree with his conclusion that, whether the German state wins or loses in its present struggle, the cause of Western civilization will suffer from its activities.

LETTERS OF ROBERT E. LEE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Lee's Dispatches: Unpublished Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee, C. S. A., to Jefferson Davis and the War Department of the Confederate States of America. Edited, with an Introduction, by Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

The originals of the more than two hundred letters and dispatches included in this volume appear to have been kept by Jefferson Davis among his private papers, and to have been lost at the time of the fall of Richmond. Where or how they were recovered we are not told, but eventually they passed into the private collection of Mr. Wymberley Jones De Renne, of Wormsloe, Georgia, with whose assistance they have now been printed. The papers cover the period from June 3, 1862, to April 1, 1865—from the time, that is, when Lee took command of the army defending Richmond until shortly before his surrender. With a few exceptions they are brief, but the editor

has supplied voluminous explanatory notes, and references, where necessary, to the "Official Records" or other works in which the subject-matter of the dispatch is also treated.

Only an elaborate review could point out and evaluate all the additions which these letters make to our knowledge of Lee's career. A few of the more important contributions are briefly summarized by Mr. Freeman in his introduction. For example, the second letter in the collection, dated June 5, 1862, outlines a plan by which Stonewall Jackson, then in the valley of Virginia, was to be strengthened by troops drawn from the Carolinas and Georgia, which would enable him to cross Maryland and invade Pennsylvania; while Richmond, whose defence in the event of siege would, Lee thought, require 100,000 men, "which perhaps would only prolong, not save it," was apparently to be abandoned if necessary to defeat McClellan's plan of "a battle of Posts." It would appear from this that the plan eventually adopted for the campaign from Mechanicsville to Harrison's Landing was an alternative rather than Lee's only choice. Again, from a letter of August 30, 1862, it seems that Lee regarded the second Manassas campaign as primarily defensive, intended to force the Federal troops across the Rappahannock in preparation for offensive operations later. Particularly interesting, also, though substantively less important, is the correspondence of the winter of 1864-65, in which the danger of starvation for the Confederate army, the urgent need of supplies of all sorts, and the necessity of keeping open railway communication with Richmond, are frequently mentioned.

One of the most notable letters, in human as well as military interest, is that of July 31, 1863, in which Lee takes upon himself the entire responsibility for the failure at Gettysburg. "No blame can be attached to the army," he wrote, "for its failure to accomplish what was projected by me, nor should it be censured for the unreasonable expectations of the public——I am alone to blame, in perhaps expecting too much of its prowess & valour. . . . I thought at the time that [a victory] was practicable. I still think if all things could have worked together it would have been accomplished. But with the knowledge I then had, & in the circumstances I was then placed, I do not know what better course I could have pursued. With my present knowledge, & could I have foreseen that the attack on the last day would have failed to drive the enemy from his position, I should certainly have tried some other course." Elsewhere in the letters appears the same admirable trait, his unwillingness to allow his subordinates to be blamed where he felt that he was responsible. On the other hand, Lee would not recommend promotion where, in his judgment, merit did not fully warrant it. In May, 1863, after the battle of Chancellorsville, he spoke of R. H. Anderson and Hood as "capital officers," who "will make good corps commanders, if necessary"; but in July, 1864, when Davis was planning to remove Joseph E. Johnston from command of the army before Atlanta, and substitute Hood, Lee, while commending Hood as a good fighter, and expressing "a high opinion of his gallantry, earnestness, & zeal," nevertheless declared that he had had "no opportunity of judging of his action, when the whole responsibility rested upon him"; and he indirectly recommended Hardee.

These letters should go far to set at rest the impression that there was friction and unfriendliness between Lee and Davis. Lee was too serious and devoted to dissemble, and without dissemblance he could hardly have written with the frank confidence which his letters show to an official superior whom at heart he distrusted or disliked. Differences of opinion there were, of course, but proof of any save cordial and friendly relations is in these pages wholly lacking.

THIS PUZZLING WORLD.

Boon: The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump. Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon, Appropriate to the Times. Prepared for publication by Reginald Bliss, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.

Mr. Wells has permitted himself a good deal of sheer wit and not a little pure fooling. But we have always felt—as, despite their apologists, we have not felt about Messrs. Shaw, Chesterton, and the rest—that there was a basis of sound humor beneath his wildest extravagances. Our feeling about them, when the war broke out, was something like "Well, now these fellows will have to settle down." But we did not feel that about Mr. Wells; for if the time for flippancy and mountebanking was suddenly past, the time for true humor, for the humor that informs suffering and heals it, was ripe indeed.

Superficially, his present utterance bears the earmarks of the ante-bellum school of British jollity. The look of the title-page is odd. The publishers obligingly inform us that the contents make up "a literary salad with plenty of red peppers in it." There is a thinly mystifying Introduction, in which Mr. Wells goes casually through the motions of assuring the reader that the book is not his. It seems to him, he says, "an indiscreet, ill-advised book," and he does not wish to be identified with its author. "Bliss is Bliss and Wells is Wells. And Bliss can write all sorts of things that Wells could not do." Of course, the sense of this is that Bliss is stalking-horse for Wells's wit. The theory of the book is further complicated by the fact that the alleged Reginald Bliss is supposed to be acting chiefly as reporter of one George Boon, a popular novelist, who is privately a cynic philosopher. On its face, in short, the whole performance is one of those fantastic and whimsical divertisements with which the volatile Britain of the past decade has been wont to surprise us at intervals.

But it is more than this, for here, whether attributed to Boon or Bliss or Dodd or Wilkins, is assembled a humorous commentary upon the world of to-day. Upon the literary world in the foreground; for if there is a dominant idea in these pages it is that the hope of the race lies in its writing men, in "the great task of literature, the great task of becoming the thought and the expressed intention of the race, the task of taming violence, organizing the aimless, destroying terror. . . ." And this task is to lie not upon the shoulders of the few great writers. Boon has much fun with Greatness as a Victorian invention. "Never so little recognized Greatness," read his notes, "and never so much subtle, sweet, and boldly conceived literary work as now." . . . "Arnold Bennett as an aborted Great Man. Would have made a Great Victorian and had a crowd of satellite helpers. Now no one will ever treasure his old hats and pipes. . . ." As for the present world-muddle, Boon gives it up; his parables of "The Wild Asses of the Devil" and "The Last Trump" are the gropings of a broken-hearted man. But Bliss, the absurd Bliss, does not give it up, and here it is he rather than Boon who speaks for Mr. Wells. The war is horrible. "The black stream of consequence will flow for centuries. But all this multitudinous individual unhappiness is still compatible with a great progressive movement in the general mind. The tremendous present disaster of Europe may not be, after all, a disaster for mankind. . . . We must see these things from the standpoint of the Race Life, whose days are hundreds of years."

ORGANIZED CHARITY.

Social Work in London, 1869-1912. A History of the Charity Organization Society. By Helen Bosanquet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Never probably has there existed an institution more bitterly criticised or more ineffectually, from its foundation to the present day, than the London Charity Organization Society. To those rich people who regard "charity" as a salve to their consciences, or, as the cynic has it, a form of fire-insurance, it has represented the unpleasantly candid friend; to the recipients of their doles it stands for "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"; to the professional charity-monger it has been a horrid nightmare. Yet never, probably, has a similar institution effected more within its chosen limits.

Commanded by religion; suggested by conscience and sentiment alike; acceptable to self-love, that aspect of charity which is best defined by the word "giving" has always been accepted as one of the most noble of human impulses. The handing of money to a starving beggar seems an act at once so grateful, so reasonable, and so virtuous that he who attempts to point out that it may actually be a form of wrong instead of well-

doing can scarcely hope for any prompt or widespread popularity. Accordingly, when the C. O. S. points out—as it has pointed out a score of times—that indiscriminate "charity" may be no more than a means towards pauperization, and that the only way to arrive at a cure for chronic poverty is to study its causes and their removal, it must accept the lot of the unpopular and trust to time to vindicate it.

An excellent example of this occurred in the winter of 1886, at a time of great distress in the East End. In response to numerous appeals and disregarding the protests of the C. O. S. and other students of the realities, such as Canon Barnett, the famous Warden of Toynbee, the Lord Mayor opened a Mansion House Fund for the relief of the Unemployed. Enormous sums were subscribed and poured in an ill-controlled flood into the poorer parts of London. Exactly what the C. O. S. had predicted resulted—as the Lord Mayor himself admitted some months later. Beggars, tramps, and other undesirables flocked in from all parts of the country; it was impossible to distribute the money with any attempt, even, at selection; the deserving were swamped in the serried ranks of the undeserving; mendicancy was again raised to the height of a profession, and East London suffered a degradation from which it took years to recover.

Originally designed to act as a clearing-house for all the reputable charitable societies, the C. O. S. very soon developed in the direction of a University of Social Study, especially, of course, in relation to poverty and its causes. A mere catalogue of its activities during its forty-five years of existence would make a formidable document. Housing and sanitation, the study of tuberculosis, hospitals, and their almoners, the care of and provision of food for underfed or mentally defective children, the causes of unemployment, the provision of pensions, sanatoria—in all of these directions, besides its better-known work in the regulation of charity and the suppression of bogus charities and professional mendicancy, the influence of the C. O. S. has everywhere made itself felt, and has in most cases offered a lead later to be followed by such public bodies as the London County Council, or even the Imperial Parliament.

In her careful study of these varied activities, Miss Bosanquet has produced a book of the greatest possible value to every student of social work. Although primarily devoted to London problems, it has a very direct bearing upon those, curiously parallel, which await solution in New York and every other great American city. That day may be long in coming when the public generally will be brought to realize that one of the most potent means of making poverty more poor is for the more fortunate to fling it doles out of their superfluity, and that the only way to work towards the millennium is to study the causes of human misery rather than the results. When that day comes the much-abused C. O. S. will find itself justified of all men.

Notes

The Macmlian Co. will bring out this month a new volume of Miss Sara Teasdale's poems, entitled "Rivers to the Sea."

A new volume by Arthur Christopher Benson, "Escape and Other Essays," is announced for immediate publication by the Century Co.

A new collection of Walt Mason's prose poems is published this week by A. C. McClurg & Co., under the title "Horse Sense."

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. announces the publication on Saturday week of George Bronson-Howard's novel, "God's Man."

Scribners bring out on Saturday "The High Priestess," a new novel by Robert Grant.

On September 11 Houghton Mifflin Co. will issue the following volumes: "The Valley Road," by Mary Hallock Foote; "Beigium's Agony," by Emile Verhaeren; "The Dot Circus," by Clifford L. Sherman; N. S. Shaler's "The Citizen"; "Red Wine of Roussillon," a drama in blank verse by William Lindsey; "The Arrow Maker," a play by Mary Austin; "Old Calabria," by Norman Douglas; "The House of Friendship," by Agnes Edwards, and a new. enlarged edition of "The Roads toward Peace," by C. W. Eliot.

Among the "other addresses" by Viscount Haldane printed under the title of "The Conduct of Life" (Dutton; $1), of particular interest, in view of the many suggestions now being made towards a world federation, is the address delivered before the American Bar Association in Montreal in 1913 on "Higher Nationality." The most serious question in connection with a federation of nations is the basis of organization and authority. In reply Lord Haldane points to the English law, and especially to the common law. The common law rests upon no articles of agreement; it is not even defined previously to being enforced. The common law is simply common moral sense become authoritative custom. Yet, to the wonder of most foreign observers, it has been proved to be an effective instrument of order. This suggests, according to Lord Haldane, that an international order may in the end be not less securely based upon the moral sense of nations.

Frances Delanoy Little, author of "Sketches in Poland" (Stokes; $2.50), is an English painter, who also writes, and, judging from the specimens of her double activity, her palette serves her rather better than her inkwell. Shortly before the outbreak of the present war, she travelled in Galicia, Russian Poland, and Posen, and visited the churches and museum of Cracow, Lemberg, Danzig, and a few other towns. She also saw something of village life in the Tatra Mountains, but, above all, she consorted with the Polish aristocracy—her pages bristle with princesses and counts. What she gathered from these informants possesses a certain value, as showing what miseries were inflicted upon patriotic Poles by the Governments of Russia and Prussia. Her chapters are very short, disjointed, and fragmentary. The best part of the book are the descriptions of the peasant costumes, seen with an artist's eye, and the account of her tribulations while painting in the presence of gaping country folk and the ever-watchful police. The author's sympathy with the Poles is in great measure offset by her heartless sneers at other elements of the population that do not happen to appeal to her fancy.

The report of the Library of Congress for 1914 is not so dull but that it contains two items of news which have attracted attention in Europe. One records the acquisition of the late Bertram Dobell's collection of privately printed volumes, 1,611 in number, the fruits of years of searching in London, and many of them of great value. The other announces the purchase of the Mercy-Argenteau papers, consisting of more than ten thousand documents relating to the history of the family of that name between 1660 and 1880. It may be recalled that the letters of the Count Mercy-Argenteau contain the fullest descriptions extant of the French Court in the days of Marie Antoinette. The papers were offered for sale in New York in 1912 by an indigent member of the family, auctioned off for a song, because their polyglot character—they are in Greek, Latin, Spanish, German, Dutch, French, and Italian—concealed their value, and bought by the Library from a dealer. The British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale cannot but regard these additions to the Library with envy.

Prof. A. S. Mackenzie's "The Evolution of Literature," a grandiose survey, which takes the extraordinary position that the development of letters is closely connected with the development of society, and which traces literary composition on the five continents through the "primitive," the "barbaric," and the "autocratic" processes to its present happy "democratic" stage, has been reissued by Crowell in a cheaper edition ($1.50 net). The book is in its way provocative of thought—the laws of literary progress which it states, and in the formulation of which the author skims over vast expanses of traditional and written literature, are of that daring quality which must rouse any reader—and the new edition doubtless testifies to some general demand for this most unusual application of Spencerian theory. Its chief usefulness, however, will be found in its account of savage and semi-civilized modes of literary composition.

The more dramatic and sinister figures of Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre have found numerous biographers in English and have rather eclipsed the noble-minded, patriotic youth of twenty-seven who came up from Dauphiné in 1789 to help establish in France a constitutional government. Barnave's fellow townsman and devoted admirer, Bérenger, published a biography, with some of Barnave's papers, in 1843; but no one, not even any Frenchman, has made so exhaustive a study of the famous Dauphiné Deputy as E. D. Bradby in his admirable "Life of Barnave" (Oxford University Press; two volumes; $5.75 net). Mr. Bradby has been to Barnave's papers in the Archives Nationales, to all the contemporary newspapers which reported the great debates in the Constituent Assembly and in the political clubs, and to the mass of other material relating to the early years of the French Revolution. He gives a just and convincing picture of Barnave's character—one of the most able, eloquent, genuine, and even

lovable figures among the members of the Constituent Assembly. Mr. Bradby is so devoted to Barnave that he gets a little impatient at times with his hero's enemies and detractors. He rails at the "lachrymose eloquence" and "suppressed snarls" of Robespierre; the fatuous conceit of "the busybody, Gouverneur Morris, the one-legged American statesman," who fondly imagined that he was guiding the Revolution because he gave advice which nobody took; and "the *Actes des Apôtres*, that famous paper of the aristocrat party, which enjoys an undeserved reputation for wit among those who have not read it, and a well-deserved reputation for obscenity among those who have." But he is no blind panegyrist. His biography of Barnave is really an excellent history of the Constituent Assembly so far as its work was influenced by Barnave. He has picked out the interesting details which give the proper setting for Barnave's great speeches and other activities as Deputy. To the "Flight to Varennes" he gives particular attention because Barnave was one of the three Deputies sent to escort captured royalty back to Paris. He sat in the berlin, wedged in on the seat between Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and was so courteous to them that the charge arose a little later that he had treacherous secret dealings with the Court. The charge was frequently repeated and became the pretext on which he was sent to the guillotine on November 29, 1793. It has also been often repeated and accepted by historians. But Mr. Bradby, after critically examining all the evidence, seems to establish conclusively that the charge was an unjust calumny born of political hatred and suspicion.

Helen Bosanquet's "The Family" (Macmillan; $2.25 net) is a reprint of a work which appeared first in 1906. The origin of the family, the purpose of the family, and the extent to which the purpose is being accomplished are as fundamental questions as those relating to the nature and purpose of electricity. Most persons give them about as much thought as they give the air we breathe. As the author of this work says, no one will feel himself at a loss in answering the question, "What is a family, and what is its purpose?" Man, woman, and child constitute the family, and the purpose of the combination is the mutual convenience and protection of all the members belonging to it. Nevertheless, in its just history, its present significance, and its importance for the future, the family involves a whole heaven and earth beside. In its simplest form it gives rise to no ambiguity and doubt. But in many of its aspects it is quite the reverse of simple, and here we find it susceptible of the widest divergences of interpretation. The justification of this reprint lies in the inexhaustible character of the theme, its vast importance in connection with modern political and social activities, and, not least of all, the sympathetic and conscientious treatment accorded it.

Under the rather unusual title of "The Orthocratic State" (Sturgis & Walton; $1) John Sherwin Crosby has embodied the results of an inquiry into "the unchanging principles of civics and government." The little volume contains a thoughtful statement of what its writer believes to be the underlying justification of all civilized rule, together with a survey and analysis of governmental functions, whether properly or improperly exercised. Mr. Crosby was prompted to write these chapters by the seeming need of meeting the Anarchists with their own forensic weapons, that is to say, by matching argument with argument rather than by entering a general denial or demurrer. He sets out to prove, accordingly, that the state is orthocratic, or endowed with an absolute right to be and to act so long and so long only as it does nothing which would be unjust to any human being if performed without civil authority. "That which would be harmful or unjust if done by an individual or a mob," he argues, "can be neither harmless nor just when done by the state." Having settled the basis of political obligation the author adds a chapter on Civic Problems, in which his conclusions on political theory are applied to the interpretation of present-day affairs. In the main, however, this portion of the book is an argument for such radical measures as public ownership of land, the abolition of all corporate privileges, and the adoption of a non-metallic or abstract basis for the national currency. The author writes with skill and sincerity. This will gain for his ideas a respectful hearing, even though his conclusions will not command any wide acceptance.

Not the least myopic of Mr. Bryan's recent ineptitudes is his proposal to discuss the question, "How may peace be restored?" wholly without reference to the question, "Who began the war?" If, as all the belligerents in some sense maintain, the great conflict was caused by a sudden but premeditated act of criminal aggression, the fact can hardly be without pertinency to the question, "How *ought* peace to be restored?" For it is not in the interest of the future security of Europe that acts of criminal aggression be proved by the event to be highly profitable to the nations engaging in them. It can be no good peace which rewards past disturbers of the peace. Books about the causes of the war, therefore, cannot yet be relegated to the category of ancient history; they touch very nearly the momentous practical issue of the future settlement. Among briefer books of this sort, that of J. Holland Rose ("The Origins of the War"; Putnam; $1 net) is, on the side of the political and diplomatic antecedents, one of the best documented and most readable. The volume—composed of lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge last autumn—shows, indeed, many signs of haste in composition; it is, for example, rather amazing to find a historian of Mr. Rose's quality citing "The Secrets of the German War Office," even though it be with the mild warning that "the statement is made without proof and is on several grounds suspicious." But in general the author makes a more discriminating use of the unusually wide range of material, especially of diplomatists' memoirs, in which he shows himself to be scarcely less at home than in the similar literature of the Napoleonic period; and his account, in particular, of Anglo-German diplomatic relations since 1875 is at several points exceptionally illuminating.

In his discussion of the social and economic causes of the war, Mr. Rose is much less competent. He embraces the theory, bathetically set forth by some German writers, that it is the "excessive pressure of population" that has driven Germany to arms. "The militant German of to-day is consciously or unconsciously harking back to the primitive times when the young Teutonic bloods persuaded the tribal meeting to let them lead forth a band of warriors to a land of plenty." At bottom the war is due to the determination of the German people not to "see the great majority of their emigrants forever lost to the Fatherland." This determination, in itself, Mr. Rose regards as a legitimate one; and he expresses the generous hope that the Germans may yet—not by conquest, but through "the fiat of mankind"—acquire, "if need be, parts of Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and South Brazil," the Monroe Doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding. All this is more creditable to the author's magnanimity than to his learning. A slight use of ordinary works of reference would have acquainted Mr. Rose with the facts that for many years Germany has had no "excessive pressure of population," relatively to her resources and to the labor required for her industries; that German emigration has long since sunk to almost negligible proportions, amounting in 1912 only to some eighteen thousand persons; that immigration into Germany has meanwhile steadily increased, and has annually far exceeded the emigration; that for thirty years the Empire has possessed colonies in Africa and in the Pacific, extending over more than a million square miles, much of this territory being not unsuited to white habitation; and that at the outbreak of the war the German population of these colonies amounted to scarcely twenty thousand persons. Germany's craving for over-seas expansion has undoubtedly been one of the serious causes of international friction during the past quarter-century; but it has been in no degree the manifestation of a genuine economic or cultural need. And even if the facts had been otherwise, the action of German statesmen in 1914 would have been the strangest imaginable way of remedying a plethora of population. For among its most probable consequences were the loss of most of Germany's colonies, and the loss at the same time of the supposed surplus of population which was conceived to make colonies needful.

"The United States Federal Internal Tax History from 1861 to 1871," by Dr. H. E. Smith (Houghton Mifflin), is the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Economic Essay of the year 1912. It is the conventional essay in fiscal history, but somewhat more thorough and painstaking than the average. Indeed, Dr. Smith seems to have left little, if anything, for others to do in writing the legislative history of the internal revenue system for his period. On the actual operation of the internal taxes the book is not so strong. It summarizes fairly well the evidence afforded by official documents, especially the reports by Mr. Wells, and utilizes some other materials; but does not attempt minute study of the history of the industries most affected by war taxation. Perhaps such work can be undertaken only by students of the history of particular industries, but it must be done by some one before a definitive history of internal taxes can be written. At some points Dr. Smith has neglected useful secondary materials. Thus (p. 2) upon the crisis of 1857 he refers to Hyndman's "Commercial Crises," and overlooks Dunbar's noteworthy essay. He overlooks, also, Dunbar's essay on the direct tax of 1861. Had he read it, he

might have modified the opinion expressed, at the end of the second chapter, concerning the utility of the constitutional grant of power to levy direct taxes. On page 163 Dr. Smith states that the stamp tax on mortgages "was $50 for every $500," and expresses the opinion that this rate was, "*perhaps*, excessive." Fortunately, however, Congress imposed no such rate, the tax on mortgages being, not $50, but 50 cents per $500.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the New England town meeting elected the schoolmaster. Then his election was turned over to the Selectmen, and ever since that time it has remained out of direct popular control. The Selectmen were succeeded in the exercise of this function by a "prudential committee," which easily led to our boards of education, which, in turn, sometimes delegate the power to a superintendent of schools. The present practice in detail as it exists in seventy-two of our cities is set forth in "The Appointment of Teachers in Cities," by Dr. Frank Washington Ballou, in the second volume of the Harvard Studies in Education (Harvard University Press). He finds that there is a well-defined tendency to increase the importance of the superintendent, but a wide diversity in the qualifications required of teachers. Only English grammar and American history are required uniformly in the five cities especially studied, twenty-nine other subjects being prescribed in one or more of them. At the close of his book Dr. Ballou presents a "constructive plan" for the appointment of teachers.

Among the mystics Ruysbroeck is an attractive and important figure. Although familiar with the writings of Meister Eckhart and his pupils Suso and Tauler, he shunned the excesses bred by the German school and reverted to the more sane and orderly mysticism of Latin Christianity. The latter variety is a kind of flowering of true Catholic doctrine, the former tends to a grotesque and ego-centric pantheism. In an interesting if rather exuberantly written little volume (Macmillan; $1) Evelyn Underhill, who has written other books on mysticism, gives an account of the life and works of Ruysbroeck, analyzes his modes of thought and practice, and concludes with an amateurish bibliographical note.

One had thought that the day of the simple-hearted narrative of European travel was gone forever. Father Michael Barrett, O.S.B., in "Rambles in Catholic Lands" (Benziger Brothers; $2 net), proves the contrary. Having completed a very pleasant little tour in Germany, Austria, and Italy, he sits down to give us his experiences, of which those remaining most forcibly in the reader's memory are such discoveries as that railway travelling is wearisome, but can be alleviated by the attentions of a polite guard; that the scent of lemon-blossom resembles that of orange-blossom, or that German beds are uncomfortable until you get used to them. He also describes a number of monasteries, which in themselves are interesting, but which are doubtless treated of, though perhaps less exhaustively, in the local guide-books.

To the Western mind, distracted by the spectacle of woman protruding from the "home" in various degrees, there is promise of repose in the opening pages of Elizabeth Cooper's "The Women of Egypt" (Stokes: $1.50 net). But we soon learn that even here the pure type is being modified; "the aristocracy can be seen driving in the afternoon within closed broughams." And a young man is capable of saying of his fiancée, "I will try to get her into a school or have teachers for her after we are married, if my mother will permit it."

The difficulty of finding a suitable book for a course for volunteer social workers has led to the compilation of "The Field of Social Service" (Boston: Small, Maynard; $1.50), edited by Philip Davis, who is the head worker in the Civic Service House, Boston. Beginning with a survey of the Background in Social Work, the volume describes in untechnical language the field for such activity, not laying special emphasis upon "charitable" work, and giving practical suggestions to persons who wish to have a part in such effort. To others the book will be of interest as an authoritative, readable account of social readjustments that are taking place and of the agencies that are more or less consciously bringing these about.

Science

THE SILLIMAN LECTURES.

Problems of American Geology. By William North Rice, Frank D. Adams, Arthur P. Coleman, Charles D. Wolcott, Waldemar Lindgren, Frederick L. Ransome, and William D. Matthew. A series of lectures dealing with some of the problems of the Canadian Shield and of the Cordilleras, delivered at Yale University on the Silliman Foundation in December, 1913. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4 net.

This course of lectures was arranged at Yale as a memorial to James Dwight Dana on the centenary of his birth, and two great groups of problems in geology were selected as fitting subjects in view of Dana's interest in them. The first of these is the problem of the meaning of that most ancient land on earth, a land of granite wastes bordered by mighty lakes, the Laurentian Highlands of Canada. The second is the problem of the mountain foldings, volcanic rocks, and vast deserts of the Cordilleran mountain ranges from Alaska to Mexico, a field which, like the other, has been rapidly explored in great detail since Dana's time. It has yielded up stores of learning on the subjects of the ancient geography, evolution of animal life, and intrusion and extrusion of enormous bodies of volcanic melt, which makes the granite cores of the mountain ranges, and the country rock of innumerable mining districts, as well as the floods of lava and remnant hot places that are so conspicuous from the Yellowstone to the great volcanic peaks of California and the Cascade Range. For the exposition of present-day knowledge on these subjects a group of the most distinguished geologists of Canada and the United States was invited to lecture, and the summary statements of the several problems which they have presented in this volume compose a fitting memorial to the man who was the author of the greatest textbooks on mineralogy and geology of his time.

The contribution of Professor Rice, entitled "The Geology of James Dwight Dana," is an admirable and sympathetic revelation of the extraordinary range of Dana's learning and publications, and a tribute to his work and character as a man and a teacher. His two great, world-famous books were "The System of Mineralogy" and "The Manual of Geology." In addition he was no mean zoölogist, and described more than two hundred new species of coral animals and more than five hundred new species of crustacea. One of his admirable traits was his capacity for accepting new ideas and unhesitatingly abandoning old prejudices; thus he accepted evolution in the later editions of his book and completely changed his classification of minerals when it was found that chemistry and crystallography were the only sound bases for mineral system. He was the originator of the doctrine of permanence of continents. He wrote important books on coral islands and Hawaiian volcanoes, and the successive editions of his Manual kept pace with the growth of our knowledge of the glacial period in America, the difficult interpretations of the age of the ancient rocks of New England, and the mechanism of mountain-making in the Appalachians and in the Rocky Mountains.

If Professor Dana could return to us and read this book, probably the most distinctive characteristic of the progress of the last twenty years in American geology which would impress him is the brilliant and extraordinary work of Canadians. In his time, the work of Logan, Murray, and the Dawsons had already taken first rank in geological scholarship and brilliancy of generalization. But the great explorations of the West sent out by the American Government overshadowed them, and the names of Clarence King, Hayden, Wheeler, Gilbert, Dutton, Powell, and Dana himself were preëminent. But along with the marvellous growth of the Dominion of Canada in population, commerce, communication, and education, there has been developed a sturdy race of brilliant explorers and a marvellous development of mineral wealth. Three of the authors of this book are Canadian geologists, and the authors most cited in the index are Lawson and Daly, both Canadians, and both employed as American college professors. For many years there has been a friendly conflict waged between the American and Canadian schools of thought and terminology on the subject of the gneisses and schists of the Lake Superior region. Tomes as large as dictionaries have been published by American authors dealing mainly with the rocks originally called Laurentian and Huronian by Canadian authors. This book, published by an American university, is a complete triumph for the Canadian school; the classifications advocated are based upon the discovery by a Canadian, Lawson, of the most ancient fossils in the world, definite sponges of two species, and at least as old as the

Lower Huronian. Other Canadian geologists have identified the scratched pebbles and gigantic boulders of a still older glacial period; and the finding of limestones and carbonaceous deposits among the lowest beds that can definitely be considered sediments, leads to a division of the pre-Cambrian rocks into two groups, Archæozoic and Proterozoic, meaning the containers, respectively, of an ancient unknown life and of the first definite life. It is a far cry from the geological opinion of fifty years ago, when the so-called Silurian was the container of the first-known fossils, to that of the present day, which has added Ordovician, Cambrian, Proterozoic, and Archæozoic, and unhesitatingly believes that no sedimentary rocks exist remnant from a time when there was no life.

It should not be understood, however, that the several authors of this book agree in classification or in any theory concerning the ancient sedimentary rocks. Professor Adams, who writes on the very old gneisses of Canada, the granites, and the most ancient unconformities, does not believe in the term Archæozoic. The brilliant experimental work which Professor Adams has done in Montreal on the effects of high pressure on minerals, makes particularly interesting his conclusion that the hornblende schists may be produced (p. 69), (1) by the recrystallization of impure limestones; (2) by the alteration of basic igneous rocks; and (3) by the transfusion of limestones by granite fluids. He suggests as criteria for correlating formations that contain no fossils (p. 59), (1) tracing a formation directly; (2) similarity of mineral character; (3) relation to great revolutionary periods characterized by uprising, folding, and igneous phenomena. One cannot but regret that Dr. Adams has not separated in this list the times of surface volcanic action, such as the Keewatin and Keweenawan. The discussion of these periods and their volcanic activity would be illuminating, and the Keewatin is somewhat neglected in this book.

Professor Coleman appears to accept the terms Archæozoic and Proterozoic, and as his studies have been directed to the Sudbury Series, a great body of sediments and volcanic rocks shot through with Laurentian granite, he introduces this series as separated by a great discordance from the Keewatin and Grenville formations below, and (with the Laurentian) similarly separated from the Lower Huronian above. Although their differences of interpretation are not pointed out as such, the tabulations of succession given respectively by Adams and Coleman differ very greatly. Adams considers the Laurentian gneisses to be at the base of everything, as well as partly invading later formations in igneous fashion. Coleman definitely places the Grenville limestones and schists as the oldest known rocks, making the Laurentian granites much later intrusions, in which, however, the sediments "are cradled as if the magma had lifted them bodily." The fossils discovered by Lawson near Atikokan, one hundred miles west of Lake Superior, were considered by Lawson as Archæozoic, or about the age of Keewatin or Grenville. Coleman considers them much later, the fresh appearance of the limestone resembling typical Huronian. An amusing evidence of how doctors differ appears in the philosophical interpretations of the pre-Cambrian presented in different parts of the book by Professor Coleman as authority on Proterozoic formations, and Dr. Wolcott, a world authority, on the Cambrian. Coleman writes: "It may be that the earth in pre-Cambrian times was not yet clothed with land plants, and that life existed only in the water" (p. 156); his chronological table (p. 160) of pre-Cambrian events shows at least five marine invasions. Wolcott, on the other hand, using the term Algonkian for all pre-Cambrian sediments, considers that probably (p. 203) "all the known rocks of Algonkian time are of non-marine origin, and hence could not have imbedded a marine fauna."

The Keweenawan, a volcanic time next before the beginning of the Cambrian, injected the whole Canadian Shield with dikes of diabase estimated as possibly surpassing in bulk all the many cubic miles of outpoured lavas known in the Keweenawan formation (p. 157). These eruptions brought with them copper, nickel, silver, cobalt, gold, platinum, and palladium, and, excepting iron, almost all the metals in the rich mines of Canada resulted from the Keweenawan eruptions, no ore deposits of importance being known to have formed there later, "its floods of molten magma seem to have exhausted the treasure-house" (p. 160).

Dr. Wolcott's discussion of the Cambrian and its problems brings up to date the many discoveries, largely by himself and his colleagues, which have been made in North and South America and in Asia during the intervals since he wrote his famous paper on "North America in Cambrian Time." The most striking items in this paper are the résumé of pre-Cambrian fossils discovered (p. 202), and the discussion of the great Upper Cambrian invasion of marine waters. While the early Cambrian trangressions by the sea of the North American continent were due to localized down-warpings of the land, it appears that at the beginning of Upper Cambrian time the whole continent across the Mississippi basin was flooded from the Pacific side so as to connect through from Lower California to the Arctic Ocean. At the same time, Eastern Asia and South America were flooded with mediterranean seas, "which leads to the conclusion that it was a movement of the ocean level rather than a movement of the continents" (p. 139).

Coming to the igneous geology of the Cordilleras, Professor Lindgren shows that the most striking phenomenon is the great chain of Jurassic-Cretaceous batholiths from California to Alaska, the largest single unit, and "probably the greatest single intrusive mass known" on earth, being the body extending north of the international boundary from Vancouver to the Yukon for 1,100 miles, with a greatest width of 120 miles. This body is largely quartz diorite. This series of intrusions ranges in age from Middle Jurassic to early Tertiary, and "the intrusions seem to have begun on the west side by irruption of basic magma" and thence extended eastward, becoming more granitic. In the late Cretaceous and early Eocene the monzonite stocks and laccoliths appear in Idaho, Montana, and in general through the Rocky Mountains, while Miocene and Pliocene times were characterized by the maximum of volcanic activity, mostly surface flows constituting in the aggregate the greatest lava areas of the world; eleven greater volcanic areas are distinguished, from the Mexican Plateau to the Aleutian Islands. The succession of Tertiary lavas varies in different places, the most common arrangement indicating that rhyolite was first erupted, the series closing with the outpouring of basalts. Mr. Lindgren keeps an open mind on the subject of differentiation of igneous magma. He believes that in general the outer earth is in layers with the basaltic zone deeper than the more acid zones. Concerning the differentiation of lavas into rhyolite, andesite, and basalt, he writes: "The circumstantial evidence of differentiation is strong, but with all our discussions, nobody has yet proved the exact *modus operandi*." He believes in the stoping and "blowpiping" hypothesis of Lane and Daly, but he is not ready to grant that this passive rising of magma by detaching blocks from its roof is the dominant mechanism. He insists that everywhere uplift and intrusion go hand in hand, that wherever a roof is visible, doming is observed, and that undoubtedly uplift was a consequence of batholithic intrusion.

Dr. Ransome's chapter is an exhaustive classification of the Cordilleran mountain ranges. He lays stress on the Basin Range district of Nevada, being an area of collapse rather than of uplift. The post-Laramie revolution is accounted for by supposing that, during Cretaceous time, the Cordilleran land mass was rising and being eroded, the rising mass tending to spread eastward towards the sediments of the Laramie trough, and, finally, the uplifting forces were relaxed enough to permit thrusting stresses to accumulate on the border. The land mass was thrust forward against the eastern sediments, crumpling and overthrusting them. This revolution "would be followed by collapse and down-sinking of the imperfectly supported Cretaceous continent and by normal faulting behind the overthrusts."

Most readers will find Dr. Matthew's article on the problem of the Tertiary sediments the most fascinating and absorbing story in this intensely interesting book. The great accumulations of red, yellow, and brown silts that make the picturesque buttes and badlands of the West have yielded a store of fossil bones, and the older thought which considered them lake beds has been completely replaced by a knowledge that they are mostly river wash, volcanic ash, and wind-blown dust which trapped the bones of animals that lived upon the land. The lake theory had a great vogue, but it is now

dismissed, "true lake deposits playing but a minor part" (p. 398).

As for the record of fossils, if we assume that in Tertiary time the fauna and flora were as large and varied in any one epoch as they are to-day, then there must have been about 300 genera and 1,500 species of land animals living at any one time.

During the Tertiary period there was a slow change in climate from warm and humid all over the world to the present cold polar climates and large arid deserts. Examining a chart of the world on a North Polar projection, we see a great circumpolar land mass, with Australia, Africa, and South America extending southward from it as peninsulas. The story of the distribution of monkeys, carnivora, horses, sloths, and other mammals in successive ages indicates a dispersal southward from this polar continent. The sequences tabulated, particularly that of the horse, show how strikingly the evolutional series are being filled out by modern science. The evolution of Tertiary mammals is traced "in an ever-increasing diversity of structure and adaptation, in an ever-increasing dominance of the fauna of the open plains, of arid regions, and of cold climates." "And through all the adaptive divergencies, we see a steady, continuous improvement in the size and quality of the brain, . . . raising the mammals continually higher above the semi-automatic and instinctive life of the lower animals."

The following word-picture of the possible forefathers of mankind is vivid:

> I am more disposed to think of these, our distant ancestors, at the dawn of the Tertiary, as a sort of hybrid between a lemur and a mongoose, rather catholic in their tastes, living among and partly in the trees, with sharp nose, bright eyes, and a shrewd little brain behind them, looking out, if you will, from a perch among the branches, upon a world which was to be singularly kind to them and their descendants. . . . A kindly providence . . . had just removed from their path the huge and horrific dinosaurs which had terrorized the world for so many ages.

Only the birds, equally quick and active, might dispute the mastery of the world, but these were studying aerial navigation and left the mammals to rule over the land, "only reserving to themselves a few coaling stations, as it were, among the trees, and elsewhere on the land and picking up any unappropriated islands of the ocean where the mammals had not made good their territorial claims by occupation and settlement" (p. 440).

The summarized analysis of the evolution of modern mammals is to the effect that the placental orders date back to the late Cretaceous, the families to the early Tertiary, the genera to the late Tertiary, and modern species rarely date earlier than the Pleistocene or Glacial period, while the most highly specialized and dominant families, genera, and species are those of more recent origin. Such generalizations, drawn without bias from many groups of animals, show that there is nothing remarkable in the fact that the genus homo is geologically of recent date.

Drama

"YOUNG AMERICA."

A timely subject is worked out along solid, if conventional, lines in Mr. Fred Ballard's "Young America," which had its opening performance in New York at the Astor Theatre on Saturday evening. It was inevitable that a dramatist, casting about for an engrossing theme of the present day, should sooner or later choose the relation of children to the law, as it is seen especially in the juvenile court. The underlying proposition that even waifs will respond to kindness is of course not new, but the spirited courtroom scene, which makes up the entire second act, at least gives an appearance of freshness to this latest treatment. Mr. Ballard has indeed shown wisdom in confining novelty to setting and appurtenances. Of the latter he has been perhaps too prodigal. Besides a vacuum cleaner which can be used in a pinch to rid one's clothes of flour hurled in small bags by naughty children, there are two trained dogs, one of which at a certain juncture lays claim to being the protagonist, and a Plymouth Rock "rooster." But the real test is revealed in the fact that the characters themselves hold the audience's interest pretty steadily.

The problem of the play centres in Art Simpson, a young orphan who, at the request of his dying mother, has been looked after by his aunt, a washerwoman. But Mrs. McGuire has tired of the task, and, having children of her own, has wasted precious little sympathy on him. The result is that the boy has twice been brought before the Juvenile Court, and now, after a third offence—stealing chickens—awaits commitment to a reformatory. The court scene has been led up to by an act in which is assembled a group of suburbanites—some of them characters of capital interest, among them the Dorays, newly married, whose hen roost the boy has attempted to rob, and Billy Coombs, an amusing grumbler with a good heart. It is Mrs. Doray's sympathy for the wayward boy, fostered by a wise judge, which in the end makes a man of him, and, after strong scenes of uproarious comedy, broadens and softens the outlook of her husband and that of Coombs.

In spite of the fact that this play gets its effect in large measure from the surprises of situation, there is some firm character-drawing. The boy (Percy Helton), who loves his dog Jasper enough to steal for him, and who has no other friend but Nutty Beemer—a gamin admirably represented by Benny Sweeney—is made a bit too emotional in the climaxes, but otherwise is an excellent example of a child become sullen by being forced in upon himself. To the part of Mrs. Doray, who in the author's hands is nothing more than a sweet, sympathetic woman, Peggy Wood has added no little subtlety. Hers was a happy bit of acting. The rôle of Jack Doray, a man looking for domestic peace and finding himself, through his wife's intervention, saddled with the bringing up of a supposedly vicious orphan and his dog, is, of course, spectacular rather than difficult, and requires no comment. But a word should be said for the solid work of Forrest Robinson as Judge and of William Sampson as the cynic, Coombs. As played, both parts partook of the soundness usually to be found only in the old-time stock company.

We have allowed considerable space to a play which is after all only fair in all-round execution, because its author gives promise of better things. Other young playwrights might profitably follow his lead, to the extent at least of concentrating their attention upon representative human character, instead of attempting to solve any world-problem which happens to be to the fore. F.

The difference between Christian theory and Christian practice is the theme of John Galsworthy's play, "A Bit o' Love" (Scribner; 60 cents). When it was acted in London some time ago the piece met with a cool reception from the public and the critics. This is not surprising, for it has some manifest imperfections as drama, and offers little that would be likely to appeal to the great mass of theatregoers. Nevertheless, it exhibits many of the qualities to be expected in any work of Mr. Galsworthy, such as a genuine realism enriched by imagination, a definite purpose, and sterling literary skill. The bitter wrong of it is too subtle to be apprehended of the multitude. Logically, the story should have closed in tragedy. The allegorical ending, if pretty, poetic, and sentimental, is also dramatically feeble and conventional. Michael Strangway, an ideal Chrisitian priest, patterned after the model of Francis D'Assisi, has been deserted by his newly wedded wife, to whom he is passionately devoted. She returns to tell him that she has rejoined an earlier lover, on whom her future happiness depends, and to implore him not to begin the divorce proceedings which must ruin them both. After a cruel struggle with despairing passion and anger, he convinces himself that revenge is no part of the divine love, and bids her go in peace. But the interview has been overheard, and presently he finds himself the jest of the parish. His rector's wife rebukes him for conduct subversive of the Faith and the Church, while the villagers deride him as a coward, and hiss him as he leaves the pulpit. In his agony he meditates suicide, and is about to hang himself in a barn when the prattle of a child and the coincidence of a feather wafted to him on a moonbeam revive his energies and hope, and he starts for fresh scenes to begin the battle of life anew.

The inherent dramatic defects of such a tale are obvious, in spite of the simplicity, sincerity, and power with which Mr. Galsworthy tells it. Nice problems of moral conduct, religious belief, and social law cannot be settled arbitrarily upon the merits of a very special and somewhat improbable instance. The judgment of enthusiasts is apt to be led astray by their zeal, and Mr. Galsworthy is not exempt from this liability. It is by no means certain that a woman in Mrs. Strangway's position might not live to regret that divorce had not enabled her to establish legal claims upon her lover. Mr. Strangway's benevolence, in the final issue, might prove the reverse of beneficial. Freedom is not the only question involved in free love. The dramatist unquestionably would have made his play more effective if he had permitted his hero to die, and so presented the by no means inconceivable spectacle of a good man done to death for daring to live up to the spirit of the faith that was in him. But the chief virtue of "A Bit o' Love"—an infelicitous title—resides

not in the story but in the dialogue, which reproduces the atmosphere of the prescribed locality, the Southwest of England, with notable fidelity. The manner in which frequent satirical meaning, of which the supposed speaker is often unconscious, is expressed in the simplest and most natural phraseology, is particularly skilful. There is delightful sense of rural character, of mental processes as well as of speech, in the scene showing a meeting in the village public-house. Both humor and utterance are redolent of the soil. Admirable, too, is the talk of the children, really childlike, but not merely childish. Strangway himself is a fine type of spiritualized humanity, neither maudlin nor sanctimonious, a saintly man. The rector's wife is a vital and womanly sketch. It is a delightful play for the library, with little to commend it to the commercial stage.

"The State Forbids" (Mitchell Kennerley), by Sara Cowan, is a little thesis play of decided but misdirected ability—written to prove that the state which makes it illegal for doctors to destroy idiotic children at birth, on the ground that all life is sacred, is utterly unjustified in destroying healthful life by enforcing conscription in time of war. Of course there is no real relationship between the two propositions. Authors of thesis plays seldom take the trouble to look far beyond the particular instance with which they are dealing. It is not difficult, one would imagine, to foresee some of the manifold abuses which might occur if the question of life or death for infants was left in the hands of irresponsible physicians. In the case of conscription life is endangered only (not taken) in order to save other lives and liberty. The public would not be any the worse off if a good many silly and mischievous plays were snuffed out before making their way into the world, but the state unluckily respects their right of existence.

Finance

THE GREAT FALL IN STERLING EXCHANGE.

The complete demoralization in exchange on London, this week, has superseded all other topics of financial discussion. The break from last week's high rate of 4.66½ to 4.62½ on Saturday and to 4.55½ last Tuesday (31 cents under the normal parity) brought dealing in international exchange to an absolute standstill. For perhaps the first time, it caused apprehension in the markets over the heavy additional cost involved to European purchasers of our merchandise by the premium which they must pay in English money to lay down the price in American money at New York. The notion that this might curtail England's purchase of our merchandise was urgently discussed on Wall Street, as was also the more familiar notion that selling of our securities by London would be stimulated because of the advantage in turning dollar values into pounds sterling. Both on the Stock Exchange and in the wheat market the present week's movement of prices was visibly influenced by this imagined sequel to the collapse of exchange rates.

These apprehensions are probably much exaggerated. Necessarily, this great depreciation in the purchasing power of the English pound on a market where England buys supplies will enhance the price of all such commodities to the English consumer. In that respect, it operates almost precisely like actual depreciation of a currency through abandonment of the gold standard. The abnormal fall in sterling exchange, however, is not limited to our own among the great producing markets. Greater or less depreciation, in one of these markets as against another, might lead to temporary shifting of such orders. But in the main, Great Britain is buying in our own market what it has to buy.

In the face of last week's 4-cent drop in sterling at New York, this country's merchandise exports for that week, as shown by the Government's statement this week, rose $10,000,000 over the week preceding, making the third largest weekly export movement of the year. As for the stimulus to selling of our securities by English holders, the patent fact is that such sales have actually slackened, during this latest violent break in exchange. Either the English investor argues that, by keeping his securities, he can get the bonus on his interest and dividends as well as he could get it on his principal by selling, or else he is, on the whole, content to leave his money in the securities of a country to whose economic prestige the exchange market is giving such eloquent testimony.

The really grave aspect of this sensational fall in exchange is not its effect on trade or on investments, but its inevitable bearing on the prestige and credit of London. It is frequently remarked that sterling at New York fell nearly to present figures during 1873, and below them in 1857. But those cases were not analogous. The decline was in each case momentary, was followed by recovery to normal rates, and was caused, not at all by England's necessities, but by the prostration of the New York money market in the face of panic, which made it impossible for holders of drafts on London to get cash for them, except at a heavy sacrifice. To match existing conditions in exchange, one would almost certainly have to go back to the rate on London at the great continental cities in the Napoleonic wars. But London can ill afford such loss of prestige now, in view of its admitted surrender, considered by Lombard Street only temporary, of its position as the world's money centre. It is probably not yet too late to remedy the situation through scientific use, on a very large scale, of English credit in New York. But the problem has been fumbled with at least six months too long, and each successive day makes its solution harder.

On the side of the United States the episode in the sterling market is most interesting. A few days ago $19,500,000 gold arrived in one consignment at New York from London. This followed a long succession of smaller shipments, which have borne witness to the new situation in this country. Nobody will have forgotten that, a year ago last month, the one thing on which our whole financial community seemed to agree was that if our Stock Exchange should reopen, Europe would draw away all the gold of the United States. It was commonly believed that Europe held $5,000,000,000 of American securities, and that our markets were also heavily in debt to London on current account. The American stocks and bonds, it was taken for granted, would all be sold back to us. How could we pay for them, except in gold?

As a matter of fact, this country actually did export $104,000,000 gold in the first four months of war-time, even with our stock exchanges closed to European liquidation. But since January 1, the outside world has sent more than $180,000,000 gold to the United States—an amount more than double the largest previous import for any corresponding period, and matched only twice in any full calendar year of the country's history. Meantime the complete report by the United States Mint, published a week ago, showed that this country's own gold production during 1914 was $94,500,000, larger by $6,200,000 than the year before.

At the monthly average thus indicated, $63,000,000 gold has been added from this source alone, since January 1, to the country's stock. The Government's "money circulation statement" showed that even on August 1 the gold in the United States was greater by $190,000,000 than on January 1, and greater by $119,000,000 than on August 1, 1914, when the war broke out. And gold is still pouring in at spasmodic intervals from Europe; nobody ventures to predict how much more will come before the year is over.

Will this extraordinary movement mean, as many bankers have predicted, that the wildest carnival of speculation in our history is about to break out? This is always a possible supposition. There is another possible theory, however—that this immense increase in reserve money means that the country is being equipped with the tangible resources wherewith to take up in earnest its new and possibly epoch-making task as the present money centre of the world.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bowen, M. The Carnival of Florence. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Davis, R. H. Somewhere in France. Scribner. $1 net.
Lynde, F. The Real Man. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Rives. A. Shadow of Flames. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Winter, W. The Winner. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chase, B. Through a Dartmoor Window. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Dewey, J. Schools of Tomorrow. Dutton. $1.30 net.

Oxford University Roll of Service 1914-5. Edited by E. S. Craig. Oxford University Press. 70 cents net.
Reynolds-Ball, E. Mediterranean Winter Resorts. Seventh edition. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Van Dyke, H. The First Christmas Tree. Scribner.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lagarde, A. The Latin Church in the Middle Ages. Scribner. $2.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Brown, W. J. The Prevention and Control of Monopolies. Dutton. $2.25 net.
Christensen, A. Politics and Crowd-Morality. Dutton. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters. Edited by her daughter, Henrietta Litchfield. 2 vols. Appleton.
Masefield, J. John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections with Biographical Notes. Macmillan. $1 net.
Overton, J. Life of Robert L. Stevenson; For Girls and Boys. Scribner. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Shelton, L. Continuous Bloom in America. Scribner. $2 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Brower, H. Piano Mastery. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Stevens, T. W., and Goodman, K. S. Masques of East and West. The Stage Guild. New York: Vaughan & Gomme.

ART.

Barry, J. D. The City of Domes. San Francisco, Cal.: John J. Newbegin.
Old English Mansions. Depicted by C. J. Richardson and Others. Lane. $3 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Brownlie, R. B., and Others. First Principles of Chemistry. Allyn & Bacon.
Foster, W. H. Debating for Boys. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.
Greer, C. C. A Textbook of Cooking. Allyn & Bacon.

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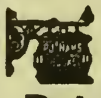

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Pittsburgh, Pa., Boggs & Buhl Book Dept.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Horne's Book Dept.
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St. Louis, Mo., Philip Roeder Book Store, 703 Locust St.
Toronto, Canada, Prince George Hotel Newsstand.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1915.

Summary of the News

Hopes of a satisfactory adjustment of the submarine issue between the United States and Germany were raised high by the publication on September 1 of an official communication addressed by Ambassador Bernstorff to Secretary of State Lansing. The German Ambassador's statement, evoked by the controversy over the sinking of the Arabic, contained the following passage: "Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning, and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance." Count von Bernstorff added that the policy of the German Government as outlined in his statement had been decided upon prior to the sinking of the Arabic. Secretary Lansing, on behalf of the Administration, contented himself with a brief, formal expression of satisfaction with the Ambassador's communication. By the daily press the statement was generally hailed as presaging a complete settlement of the issue with Germany.

Apparently rejoicings were premature. Three days after the publication of Ambassador Bernstorff's statement, on the evening of September 4, the Allan Line steamship Hesperian, with three hundred and fifty passengers and a crew of three hundred aboard, bound from Liverpool to Montreal, was torpedoed off the Irish coast. According to all information attainable as we write, there is little room for doubt that the explosion which destroyed the vessel was caused, not by a mine, but by a torpedo from a German submarine. All accounts also agree that the attack was made without warning. Early reports asserted that a 4.7 inch rifle was mounted in the bows of the vessel, but doubt as to the truth of these reports has been expressed by officers of the line, and, as we write, the matter remains in doubt. In any case, it is pointed out that the carrying of guns on merchant vessels for purposes of defence is permissible by international law and by the laws of the United States. The Hesperian did not immediately sink, but efforts to tow her into Queenstown failed, the ship foundering thirty-four hours after she was hit. The majority of the passengers and crew were landed safely at Queenstown, those now reported missing numbering twenty-six. The only Americans aboard were three members of the crew.

After the lull in activity which we noted last week, German submarines have returned with zest to the attack. In addition to the liner which, according to Count von Bernstorff, was to have been exempt, seventeen vessels have been reported torpedoed since we wrote last, fourteen British, one Norwegian, one Swedish, and one Danish. Rumors which have come of late from so many sources as to demand credence, that the submarine campaign has proved exceedingly costly to Germany, were in a measure confirmed by the publication in the New York *Times* of September 4 of information contained in a personal letter written by Sir John French to the effect that up to three weeks ago forty-two German submarines had been sunk or captured by the Allies. In the Dardanelles four Turkish transports were reported sunk last week by a British submarine. The sinking of a British transport was also reported from German sources, but the report lacks confirmation and may refer to the loss of the Royal Edward last month.

The difficult situation existing between this country and the Teutonic allies can hardly be said to have been improved by the admission of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, that he has engaged in various activities calculated to prejudice a legitimate American industry. The revelation of the Austrian Ambassador's enterprise came through the detention by the British authorities at Falmouth last week of James J. Archibald, an American newspaper correspondent, who was carrying dispatches from Dr. Dumba to Foreign Minister Burian, at Vienna. In these dispatches, it is asserted, was evidence that the Ambassador was engaged on a scheme for crippling by means of strikes the industry in munitions in this country. The following passage is quoted from the correspondence: "We can disorganize and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent, the manufacture of munitions in Bethlehem and the Middle West, which, in the opinion of the German Military Attaché, is of great importance and amply outweighs the expenditure of the money involved." The Ambassador issued an explanatory statement, published in Monday's papers, which, by the press at least, has not generally been accepted as satisfactory. He had an interview on the subject with Secretary Lansing on Tuesday, the result of which has not, as we write, been made public.

The situation in the Balkans remains delicately balanced. Reports last week indicated that Servia was at last prepared to meet the wishes of the Allies in the way of territoral concessions to Bulgaria, only insisting that she retain direct means of communication with Greece. The Greek Parliament, after an all-night session, adjourned on September 5 until October 28, without any statement in regard to foreign policy having been made by Premier Venizelos.

According to the Overseas News Agency, by wireless to Sayville on September 1, the Russian losses in the eastern campaign since May 2 have been 300,000 in killed and wounded and 1,100,000 prisoners.

On September 2 Cardinal Gibbons had an interview with the President, in the course of which it is safe only to say that the European situation and the prospects of peace were discussed. The Cardinal, it is understood, was the bearer of some kind of message from the Pope to President Wilson, but it was expressly denied by the Vatican on September 4 that the Pope sent any special message to the President, by which it may presumably be inferred that the communication, whatever its nature, was oral and informal. It is expected that a statement in regard to the interview will be made public shortly.

President Wilson caused to be made public on September 2 the text of the letters he wrote under date of July 21 to the Secretaries of War and the Navy in regard to formulating a programme of national defence.

Instructions were sent to Ambassador Page on September 3 directing him to press for an immediate answer to inquiries recently addressed by Washington to the British Foreign Office in regard to the method to be adopted to obtain the release of American-owned goods of German origin, valued at more than $150,000,000, which are at present delayed at Rotterdam. An official statement by the State Department on the general situation was published in the papers of September 4.

Dispatches from Berlin of September 4 stated that there was every indication that the subscription to the new German war loan would be highly successful.

The situation in Mexico can hardly be said to have improved. Trouble of a somewhat serious nature has developed on the Texas border as a result of the firing by Mexicans on American troops and of raids across the line. A skirmish, in which one American trooper was wounded and several Mexicans were killed, took place on Saturday of last week, and American troops are massed on the border to repel any renewed attempt at invasion. From dispatches from Washington on Tuesday there appears to be some suspicion that the recent raids have had the support of Carranza, a considerable body of whose forces is said to be concentrated on the Mexican side of the border.

Rear-Admiral William B. Caperton, commanding the American forces in Hayti and Haytian waters, issued a formal proclamation on September 3, declaring martial law in Port au Prince and the immediate territory occupied by the forces under his command. The text of the proclamation was published in the papers of September 5.

According to a dispatch by the Associated Press under date of September 6, "to obviate the necessity of again obtaining the recognition of foreign nations" the Chinese Government "has decided tentatively to maintain the form of a republic instead of restoring a monarchy, but to make the Presidency permanent and hereditary." This information, it was stated, came from "high official quarters."

The New York State Constitutional Convention adjourned on September 4, after having passed thirty-three articles and amendments to the State Constitution. Adjournment was taken until this (Thursday) evening, when the delegates to the Convention are to return for twenty-four hours in order to pass formally upon the State Constitution, as amended, in readiness for its submission to a vote of the people on November 2.

The Week

No error could be more serious than that of looking upon the great achievement of American diplomacy recorded in Count Bernstorff's note to Secretary Lansing as a victory on a mere punctilio, a satisfaction like that of the duellist upon a "point of honor." The principle for which we were contending, though it happened to be embodied in a form which, in the concrete, might be made to appear as of trifling character, was a principle than which nothing could be more vital. The carrying on of commerce upon the high seas—even commerce in contraband—without peril to the lives either of crew or of passengers, is one of the few privileges of international intercourse in time of war which have been held intact and unchallenged for generations. In setting at naught this simple and unmistakable principle, Germany justly earned the title of "an outlaw nation"; and it was to vindicate and reëstablish the law of nations in a vital point that we interposed our veto. The crime of the Lusitania massacre did not consist in the fact that there were Americans among the murdered; but it was owing to that fact that we had specific ground for intervening on our own account—intervening without making ourselves the judges of other nations in their relation to one another. Had the matter, however, concerned merely the slight advantages or opportunities immediately at risk for Americans, we could not have nerved ourselves to the point of insisting on our rights at the peril of the bare possibility of war with a nation with which ours desired to be at peace. Our case was impregnable in law and justice; but what made it great and momentous was that it was in principle the case of international right, the case of civilized warfare against unshackled terrorism—in a word, the case of civilization itself.

The gravity of the latest allegations of Austro-German activity in attempting to hamper the manufacture of munitions in this country is hardly lessened by Ambassador Dumba's explanation. His statement, in the first place, is inadequate. Accused of having written that "we can disorganize and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent, the manufacture of munitions in Bethlehem and the Middle West," he explains that he merely wished to induce many blindly laboring Austro-Germans in American munitions industries to throw down their tools. Did the Ambassador really think that to do this would dislocate and perhaps entirely stop the export of war materials from the regions named? The editor of an Hungarian newspaper remarks that the stoppage of work by every laborer of Austro-Hungarian blood in the land could not have had such an effect, as these men would be easily replaced by those of other nationalities. If Dr. Dumba wrote what is alleged, he should have realized that many would think him under suspicion of having planned more far-reaching steps to attain so great an end. He cannot too soon establish the fact that it was an unexceptionable moral propaganda he had under contemplation. If he appealed to the individual Austro-German through his newspapers or other organs of information, well and good. Any one may sympathize with his desire to make such men see the wrong they were doing their native land. But he must make it plain that he intended countenancing no recourse to paid agitators who would work on masses of men through labor leaders, often against the wishes of individuals. An effort to call out laborers in an organized way, by the use of money paid to men who had somehow gained influence over them, and under cover of questions foreign to the manufacture of munitions against the Central Powers, would be at once an interference with our civil order and our neutrality. Dr. Dumba ought to realize that there have been reports of such veiled and illegal activities, and that he lies under strong suspicion of being connected with them.

In short, while Dr. Dumba qualifies his plan as "a very open and direct method," its openness seems to have waited on the British search of his confidential agent's papers, and doubts are cast on its propriety by even the slight details he has given. He wished to carry on an educational campaign to withdraw his countrymen from a work the purpose of which they did not understand. Why did he not make a suitable announcement of the undertaking, whose hazy outline he now tries to rob of its suspicious appearance? He planned, he says, a labor bureau to obtain employment for his nationals when they had abandoned their work. In certain lights and to a certain extent this was proper enough; but the mobilization of Austro-German labor as a distinct body in this country can easily be carried too far. The sensitive state of our diplomatic relations with Germany and Austria-Hungary makes it imperative that Ambassador Dumba do his share towards clearing up the matter at once.

Some of the comments of the German press upon Count Bernstorff's guarantees to the United States have an unpleasant sound. The British writers who discounted German assurances and declared that the submarine warfare would undergo only the narrowest, most technical modifications, we thought sourly illiberal. They might now plead the utterances of the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Tägliche Rundschau* in justification of their suspicions. If these journals had the direction of German naval policy, reparation for the Lusitania outrage would be unthought of. The sinking of the Arabic, pending the report of a submarine that will probably never come in, would be declared thoroughly justifiable. According to the *Vossische Zeitung*, ordinary merchant ships will not be spared in any circumstances, and any passenger ship that can be imagined to be manœuvring against a submarine will receive the shortest shrift. The *Tägliche Rundschau* thinks the relaxation of the submarine campaign a serious offset to the victories in the east. With views of this nature having currency in Germany, the Imperial Government ought to see the internal necessity for defining its position more unmistakably.

"There is small consolation in the events of the last few days," said our dear friend Herman Ridder, in his *Staats-Zeitung* last Thursday morning, "for those who were so eager to rush this country into war with Germany over the Lusitania and Arabic incidents." Well, that may be true enough; only we don't know of any considerable group either of individuals or of newspapers who were "eager to rush the country into war with Germany." On the other hand, we do know of a considerable group of newspapers, professing to represent a vast body of citizens of German nativity or descent, that is left by "the events of the last few days" in a position that is so ridiculous that any talk of "consolation" for them is simply out of the question. One may think of consolation for a man who has made a tragic blunder, even if it was a wicked one; but for a comic blunder there can be nothing but laughter. Where does von Bernstorff's announcement leave our super-Teutons of the German-American press, who thought the Lusitania and Arabic performances a mere matter of course, and protests against them an American impertinence? They didn't *quite* say this, of course, especially in the first shock of universal indignation over the Lusitania slaughter; but they soon drifted into a position so near to this as hardly to be distinguishable from it. And now they

are left high and dry, with only von Tirpitz for company. It is a funny sight for Americans.

The overshadowing importance of Germany's change of heart in the matter of the submarines has entirely crowded into the background the latest "revelations" concerning Belgian diplomacy published by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. The German press has devoted much space to the subject, and while most of the leading papers think that the alleged evidences of British duplicity, manifested so long before the outbreak of the war, throw more or less light on the causes that led up to it, not one paper of any standing, so far as we know, pretends to believe that these "proofs" prove very much. A few short months ago the tone of the discussion concerning the subject would have been very different. Now, so able and important a paper as the Bremen *Weser-Zeitung*—one of the ablest in all Germany—speaks of the value of the Belgian documents with considerable restraint. The sum and substance of its remarks is: Germany cannot afford to disregard anything that sets her right in the eyes of the world, and every little bit helps. But what we wish to point out as really significant in the *Weser-Zeitung's* article is the admission that "it cannot be denied that Germany went into the war with a confession of guilt" ("Wir sind einmal mit einem Schuldbekenntnis in den Krieg gegangen"). To be sure, this refers to Bethmann-Hollweg's confession as to the violation of Belgian territory, but when German newspapers once begin to confess any guilt at all, there is no telling where they may stop.

No one is surprised that Washington remains calm in the midst of the fusillade of rumors about exchanges of shots across the Rio Grande; the gratifying element in this latest development is the continued calmness of the American public. But why this world of difference between our state of mind—or feeling—towards Mexico and the hair-trigger attitude we took towards Spain the best part of two decades ago? One reason is doubtless to be found in the different atmosphere at Washington. Nobody in the Cabinet now is talking as if a conflict were inevitable—and Congress is not in session. But a larger cause may lie in the view we hold of Mexico. If that unhappy country were a great Power, between whom and ourselves old rivalries, economic or political, or both, had created animosity that could be heated at any moment into irritation, then we might easily be having such a situation as would promptly have arisen between France and Germany at any time these fifty years as the result of corresponding rumors. Our cartoonists have correctly summed up the reality. Uncle Sam is annoyed rather than angry, because he realizes that his duty is double, being not merely the protection of his family against a neighbor's dog, but also such service as he can render the neighbor in putting restraint upon the animal.

Why panic should ever befall the inhabitants of this country is incomprehensible in the light of a single morning's headlines:

Daniels Planning for Huge Navy to Be Afloat by 1918.
American Solves Our Dye Problem.
Blues Win a Hill in Big Sham Battle.

If it is true that in three years we can build twenty-one battleships, twenty-two cruisers, several hundred destroyers and submarines, accomplishing in three-quarters of a Presidential term what the British or German navies would probably require half a dozen years to accomplish; and if it is true that the mastery of the dye industry, which Germany has been building up for fifty years, has been won by an American, and that production will begin "within about two weeks"; and if it is true that the Blues at Plattsburgh, consisting largely of business men fresh from the padded office chair, are wreaking havoc among the ranks of the United States regulars who make up the invading Red army, then it is plain that, no matter what national emergency presents itself, we can solve it anywhere from three times to three hundred times as fast as any other nation. Then why panic? Or can it be that the optimism of the headlines is to be taken just about as seriously as the panicky fear of the headlines? We imagine that President Wilson neither builds 200 warships in three years, nor yet sees German troops landing on Long Island early in 1916, but that somewhere between the extremes of foolish panic and foolish cock-crowing he searches for the truth.

When any one of our consular or commercial agents finds himself short of matter for a letter to the Department of Commerce, he puts on his hat, goes down the street, stops at any shop or office where he has not stopped on a similar errand recently, and primes himself to listen to a fresh tale of American stupidity. The latest such story happens to come from Panama. In May, there was a fire in Colon that burned out many business houses. A few weeks later one of the largest of these firms received by the same mail—thus dramatically was the scene staged—two letters, one from England, the other from New York. The letter from England showed none of the contempt for "natives" that forms an important ingredient of the British reputation, but on the contrary inquired solicitously about the effect of the fire, noted the additional burdens created for business in England by the war, and wound up with this practical expression of sympathy: "Give yourself no occasion for worry at the state of your account. We know how conditions are. Send on your orders, and they will be filled as usual and upon the usual credit terms." The New York letter began: "Owing to war conditions, we are compelled to curtail our lines of credit, and the terms in future will be——" If this were an isolated instance, it might be passed over; indeed, a commercial agent would know better than to report it. But it appears to be in keeping with the rule.

No indictment of Government wastefulness could be more emphatic than would be the approval by Congress of the proposal to abandon the partially completed improvements of the Missouri and Arkansas Rivers. Though it is the Board of Army Engineers which has reported them generally unsound, it is to be remembered that the projects involve so many considerations beyond those of an engineering nature that the Board is by no means a final authority. For years Congress has debated the desirability of carrying on by annual appropriations large rivers and harbors improvements, and has usually given the benefit of the doubt to those in charge of the pork-barrel. By virtue of the bill of last year, the Board not only has the direction of $20,000,000 to be spent immediately, but is authorized to report upon the desirability of continuing improvements already under contract, for which an additional $7,000,000 was appropriated under the Sundry Civil act. Its attitude of hostility promises a more critical examination of these projects in Washington this autumn than they have ever received. Whereas Middle Western interests have long maintained that steamboating would yet see a revival, and deep channels on the tributaries of the Mississippi be justified, there has always been a feeling that an impartial examination might condemn these improvements. The projects which have been or are being reëxamined by the Board call for an ultimate appropriation of $75,000,000, and there is talk of

cutting off one-half. Every dollar saved of this, as of the lump appropriation for integral improvements, will be testimony to the wisdom of Senator Burton's plan for the employment of the expert army board.

What has become of the famous Republican team-play? Here is Theodore E. Burton, back from a Western trip, full of rosy visions of Republican success in 1916. Not an ordinary success, which the party might conceivably be content with after four years out in the cold, but a landslide. Victory, victory everywhere, is the burden of Burton's slogan. Let no one say that the ex-Senator is influenced in his forecast by the idea, popularly attributed to him, that it is about time for another President named Theodore. He merely reports in cold blood what his eyes have seen. But so does Gov. Gates, of rock-ribbed Republican Vermont. "If present conditions prevail in 1916," he confesses, "America will support the Administration." To see two Republicans divided like this is sad enough, but the melancholy spectacle is made worse by a third Republican, who adds his voice to the wrong side. Nobody has hitherto questioned the party devotion of Senator Sherman, of Illinois, who is also a candidate for the Republican nomination, but his praise of the President might at least be qualified by a hint that while Wilson is all right for 1915, it behooves the people to take a better man in 1916.

That steps may be taken simultaneously to simplify two important industrial problems is indicated by reports of a conference last week between the Government's dye expert and representatives of the Du Pont and General Chemical Companies. Both are manufacturers of chemical materials which are bases at once for explosives and for dyestuffs. Whereas the market for explosives is certain to witness a sudden collapse at the end of the war, the most earnest efforts are now being made to discover sources from which the bases for dyes can be permanently supplied to a strong domestic industry; and entrance into the field will permit those now turning out benzol, toluol, and naphthalene for Europe to preserve the hastily built plants that might otherwise have to be scrapped. Such a resource is probably but one of a number which the Government, if it meets a proper response from the industrial world, will be able to help develop. Want of coördination among several industries, and especially, those using the by-products of coke, with a failure to pay sufficient attention to modern methods and the work of the chemical expert, has been at the root of our dependence on Germany for dyes. There has been no lack of raw materials, and the Department of Commerce has firm ground for its confidence in the possibility of building up a stable native dye manufacture without such artificial aids as a tariff increase.

California is pluming herself upon the prosperity of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, its $1,200,000 of "mortgage indebtedness" having been paid off some weeks ago. Beside the St. Louis and Chicago fairs, the fiscal conduct of the Exposition has clearly been a shining success. Indeed, it has given a lesson to European managers. Some of the great exhibitions on the Continent have been almost disastrous, that of Vienna in 1873 having left a deficit of nearly $8,000,000, and that at Paris in 1900 having failed in spite of national and municipal gifts and the issue of admission tickets with numbers for lottery drawings attached. But the accounting of expositions is by no means standardized, and much of San Francisco's advantage may be only apparent. It has not yet paid back the appropriation of $5,000,000 authorized by the State or the equal amount given by the city; while the private citizens who subscribed $7,500,000 in capital stock are not likely to get it all back. The Exposition is now enjoying its most crowded season, and the total of admissions does not seem likely to surpass that of over 27,500,000 at Chicago.

The grand jury which has been sitting at Marietta, Ga., has at least succeeded in indicting all Cobb County. Given a community of the knavishly indifferent, to paraphrase Carlyle, how could zeal for justice be evolved from their united official action? Though succeeding grand juries are authorized to resume investigation if fresh evidence appears, Cobb County has in effect served notice on the country that the great majority of her citizens so approve of the lynching of Leo Frank that they are willing to let the crime sink into history unpunished. What is the country to do about it? This ending of the affair makes it plain that the one thing that can be done by better sentiment, North and South, is to push forward an educational campaign which shall revolutionize the entire attitude of communities like northern Georgia towards these anti-legal proceedings. The nation-wide interest aroused by the Frank case should make the time peculiarly propitious for a crusade against mob outbreaks, on a more organized plan than ever before.

Berlin's official estimate of the Russian losses since May 1 as 1,100,000 prisoners and 300,000 killed and wounded will raise the question how thoroughly the official German figures for prisoners must be accepted. During the entire conduct of the war it has been a fairly safe rule to accept official statements in dealing with the facts of victory and defeat, as true. It may be different when it comes to numbers. There are observers who have all along questioned the German figures for Russian prisoners. Hilaire Belloc in his review of the first year of the war squarely refuses to believe. He charges that Berlin has a way of duplicating captures and of including large numbers of civilians. Thus, writing in the early days of August, when by Berlin accounts the Russian prisoners in Galicia were nearly 700,000, Mr. Belloc places the number at 200,000. On the other hand, he estimates the Russian losses in killed and wounded at a million, whereas Berlin's estimate for a period longer by a month places them at only 300,000. If the truth lies somewhere between the two estimates, we believe that it lies much nearer Berlin's figures than Mr. Belloc's. Allowing for duplications and civilian prisoners, the Russian prisoners since the beginning of the great drive in May should come close to a million.

Berlin's figures are interesting in the light they throw on the probable total losses of Russia since the beginning of hostilities. These losses have been exaggerated. When one reads of nearly two million prisoners, the natural tendency is to allow for a proportionate loss in killed and wounded, and so obtain an enormous total. But it has been pointed out that if the Russian troops are captured with ease the casualties must be much smaller than in the obstinate fighting on the western front. This is confirmed by Berlin's estimate of 1,100,000 prisoners and 300,000 dead and wounded, in spite of the fact, as Berlin says, that the Russians saved their artillery "by recklessly sacrificing their infantry." Altogether, by Berlin's figures, Russia has lost about two million prisoners, and this ratio would give a total of only 600,000 casualties, or a total loss of 2,600,000. Allow for the savage fighting in the Carpathians and around Lodz and before Warsaw last winter, and it is still probable that Russia's total losses are less than 3,000,000 men, or not much above Germany's.

THE HESPERIAN.

The sinking of the Hesperian has suddenly cast a cloud over the situation. That the cloud may be soon, and completely, dispelled is the earnest hope of the American people. The genuineness of their satisfaction over the clearing up of our dispute with Germany, so plainly promised by Count Bernstorff's note of a few days ago, was manifest. One reason for expecting that the sinking of the Hesperian will not prove to be the undoing of all this is the almost unthinkable outrageousness of the act, if it is an outrage at all. It is true that the Lusitania outrage also seemed unthinkable before it happened; but there is a vital difference. So far from Germany having promised at that time to respect the laws of war in her treatment of peaceful ships, she had expressly notified the world that she would set those laws at naught; the reason for confidence that the Lusitania was safe was that the world could not believe that Germany would carry the lawlessness and barbarism she had foreshadowed to their furthest possible limits. She herself, however, was in a position to say that she had done no more than she had threatened. But Count Bernstorff's note was a withdrawal of that threat, and an explicit promise of abstention from any repetition of the crime. If, therefore, the Hesperian was torpedoed without warning and without cause given by herself, Germany would be guilty of an immediate and shameless violation of a solemn written promise upon which the ink was hardly dry, made to a great neutral nation which had shown its sincere desire for a continuance of friendly relations with her. Until the facts have been brought out more thoroughly than is the case as yet, it is reasonable to suppose that an explanation will be forthcoming which will restore the conditions in which, during the past few days, we have been taking such keen satisfaction.

But, while it is sincerely to be hoped and expected that this latest disaster to an Atlantic liner will be accounted for in such a manner as to permit of the continuance of progress towards a complete settlement of the issue between this country and Germany, there is one result which ought unquestionably to follow from the occurrence. It is a sharp reminder of the incompleteness of the understanding that has thus far been arrived at. The brief note addressed by Ambassador Bernstorff to Secretary Lansing was in itself by no means free from doubt as to its interpretation, and moreover it did not profess to give more than a mere fragment of the communication which the Ambassador had received from the Imperial Government. What caused it to be received as almost tantamount to a settlement was not so much what it explicitly said as the spirit that seemed evidently behind it—a spirit indicated not only by what was contained in the note itself, but even more by the manner of Count Bernstorff's approach to Mr. Lansing, and by the extremely conciliatory character of the dispatch which the German Government sent to ours immediately upon receipt of the news of the sinking of the Arabic. On the face of it—what with the use of the word "liner," and what with the meagreness of the communication as a whole—the note of Count Bernstorff did not by any means cover all the ground involved in our contention for the safety of life upon merchant ships. But it was generally felt that the German Government had probably gone as far as could be expected in its first disavowal of a submarine policy by which it had set such great store; and that, while thus "saving its face" as far as possible in this communication, it would presently become clear that its yielding to our contentions was substantially complete.

The destruction of the Hesperian must bring sharply home to the country the necessity of a more solid basis than this for national assurance. The Administration has maintained a prudent reserve, indeed almost complete silence, on the subject. A few words of general satisfaction were all that Secretary Lansing permitted himself when the long-standing tension upon which the interest of the whole nation had been centred was suddenly relieved; and nothing has been added since, either by the Secretary or the President, to that brief comment. Accordingly the Administration will not be under any embarrassment whatever in any determination which the Hesperian incident may influence it to take as regards the nature of the assurances which it will accept as satisfying our demands, or as to the time during which it will be willing to wait for that fuller statement of the German position of which Count Bernstorff's note appeared to be merely a precursor. Even if it shall turn out that the sinking of the Hesperian was caused by a mine and not by a submarine, in which case the event has logically no connection with the dispute, it will still have served psychologically to sharpen the issue. We shall all be more anxious to-morrow than we were yesterday to get a clearer definition of where the matter stands than is given in Bernstorff's note; and the sooner it is obtained the less danger will there be of everything being upset by some new and startling occurrence.

SEDAN DAY ONCE MORE.

Forty-five years ago, when the news of Sedan and the fall of the French Empire reached this country, the event was hailed not only as a great military achievement, but as the triumph of a just cause. At that time the world did not know of Bismarck and the Ems telegram. But even if the Iron Chancellor's share in bringing about the war had been known, it is doubtful whether the sympathies of this neutral nation would have been radically different. The fundamental issues would have remained the same. The German states were fighting for the realization of their national unity against a Government whose basis was the Napoleonic tradition and whose prestige, now rapidly waning, had been nourished on foreign adventure and the glory of playing the arbiter of European destinies. The Napoleonic empire represented a dying tradition. Merely the revolt of the German people against French aspirations towards a European dictatorship would have been a service to civilization. But in itself the new German Empire marked the advent of a new force rich in potentialities. "In the interest of that orderly and intellectual progress of which the world now expects Germany to set the example," wrote E. L. Godkin in the *Nation* in September, 1870. In that month Germany stood forth as the conqueror of France and of liberal, neutral opinion.

On the same page that thus welcomed the German nation among the fraternity of the Powers the following words occur: "France has for sixty years sacrificed her peace, her liberty, her literature, and her art to the perfection of her military machine, and has rested satisfied with such influence as it gave her." Substitute Germany for France, and that is the indictment which the press of this neutral country hurled against a military power on the occasion of another Sedan Day, a year ago. During the first week of September, 1914, we in this country did not know how it stood with Germany's case in the trial by battle. We knew that the tide was running in her favor, but how near to success she was we did not know. The first wireless reports of German victories were only a few days old, and we were still under

the spell of the Belgian episode. But if we were uncertain as to the precise inclination of the balance of victory we were under no doubts as to the swinging of the moral balance. It is no exaggeration to say that in neutral America the Kaiser was execrated as the prime mover in the calamitous war, as the violator of treaty rights, as the invader of a weak and neutral country.

Looking back in the fuller knowledge of later events we see that in Germany they were under no doubts as to where they stood in the test of war. They had beaten the Allied armies all along the line in the first pitched battles of the war, they were in close pursuit of the enemy, and on Sedan Day they were within striking distance of Paris. So confident were they of victory and a speedy end of the war that von Kluck, precisely on Sedan Day, broke off his march to Paris, and with superb disdain attempted the perilous feat of parading his army with flank exposed to the enemy's full front, in cheerful confidence of breaking that front and crushing all organized opposition. On September 3 the French Government fled from Paris after issuing an appeal to the country which rang like a cry of despair. We see now that the facts on September 2 warranted the German leaders in believing that they had won. Thus the German nation stood on Sedan Day a year ago, victorious in the field, disastrously beaten in the moral judgment of the world. At Berlin the latter circumstance was held of no account. Right would rally to the side of the victor, and if not, could be dispensed with.

Sedan Day in 1915 finds the military situation greatly altered. The victories over Russia are there to cheer the nation, and the firm hope in ultimate victory is still asserted. But even from the German point of view it is not such a triumph as seemed to lie in the lap of the Kaiser on September 2 a year ago. In beating down Russia at the end of more than a year of tremendous exertions and at the cost of untold sacrifices Germany has beaten only one of a circle of formidable opponents. To bring about the ultimate victory that Germany expects, still greater sacrifices are confessedly needed. To enter into a balancing of precise gain and loss is not necessary here. In actual gain, it is a question whether Germany's conquests in Russia and the west atone for the loss of her merchant fleet, her colonies, her world trade, and the destruction of the splendid industrial fabric which was the great showing of the Germany that arose after 1870.

With the prospect eliminated of a crushing triumph such as she looked forward to on Sedan Day a year ago, a triumph which would have atoned for the moral weakness of her case, Germany has now recognized the need of straightening that fatal gap in her defences. Hence the recognition that she cannot afford to flout neutral rights and neutral opinion. Hence the effort to offset the stigma of Belgium by advancing the promise of a free Poland and the championship of the rights of the Jews in Russia. Hence the unmistakable effort to erase the impression in this, the most powerful of neutral nations, that German victory would be a calamity for the world and to reawaken, if possible, the sentiment of forty-five years ago when Sedan was welcomed in this country as a great stroke for civilization.

THE NAVY'S DILEMMA.

Pity the poor Navy Department! On July 21 President Wilson wrote to Secretary Daniels asking him to get the "best minds in the Navy Department to work" on the matter "of a wise and adequate naval programme." Since then all the minds in the Navy Department have been agitated on this subject, and, if current Washington gossip is correct, the experts are not only up a tree, but are ungracefully reposing in its topmost branches. Or, to use a more nautical figure, they are so far at sea as to be beyond vision of the coast they are to protect. For, if the truth must be told, this horrid European war, while greatly increasing the demand for preparedness, has deliberately unsettled all the established naval theories, and has not as yet definitely established any new facts or tactics or proved the superiority of any particular arm, unless it be the submarine.

Take the question of the battleship. Its supporters admit that it is helpless the minute a submarine appears, and has to flee to the nearest harbor for shelter, there to be protected in every conceivable way. If an English battleship goes to sea to-day, she is surrounded by a small fleet of destroyers and torpedo-boats that course around her "like a pack of mad greyhounds," according to a naval writer. The one argument which the defender of the battleship has is that it has given to England the command of the sea, although hidden away in an obscure harbor, just as the German battleships are put up, in camphor presumably, at Kiel. This is like a game of cards in which no one dares show what he holds, but in which the man who says he has the largest number of trumps wins without laying them on the table. It would seem as if out of this might be worked some international arrangement by which all loss of life on battleships could be spared, and sea-fights avoided, by simply letting umpires count the battleships on each side, as they lie at their hidden anchorages, and award the victory to the side having the most. The drawback to that would be that it would unduly stimulate battleship production. At all events, the fact is that the battleship has proved of no avail in action thus far, and the newest has made little impression on the coast defences of the Dardanelles.

Soon after the war began there was a howl because our navy was so deficient in battle-cruisers—they were to be the ships of the future. Since the inception of our modern fleet, our Navy Department has, like every other, slavishly followed the British. Great Britain had battle-cruisers, and Germany had imitated her, so we must fall in line. Then came the one battle, between equal modern forces, that off Heligoland, and behold! the newest and finest British battle-cruiser, the Lion, was put out of business by a single German shot, which penetrated her vitals and so disabled her that she had to be towed in as if she were a wooden frigate of 1861. Then it appeared that the chief damage to the German ships was done to their decks, the range being so great (the big ships actually began firing at each other when they were only just visible through telescopes) that the British shots, instead of striking the sides, came plunging from above. As a result, there has actually been some discussion in Washington as to whether the decks of ships must not be roofed over with heavy armor! Of course, each ship is to have a triple bottom hereafter to guard against submarines—all of which enormously increases their cost and unwieldiness, and yet gives no assurance whatever that the ship will stay afloat if submarined.

Indeed, before the war, a French admiral, Degouy, went so far as to say that the only hope for the battleship was its transformation into a submarine! The submersible battleship, he thinks, will be about the size of the surface ships of ten or fifteen years ago. But the British have shown that the aeroplane is a very effective weapon against the submarine, and if you greatly increase the latter's size, it becomes much less immune from attack. Again, if you can have submersible battleships, you can have submersible cargo-boats, as the *Manchester Guardian* points out, and then what is to be-

come of submarine blockades, or any other kind? Then, to the confusion of the experts, submarines have been sinking submarines, and the British appear to have developed a defence against them which is beginning to tell heavily—the English have lost only four or five auxiliary cruisers by torpedoes in the last eight months in all the warfare in the Channel and the North Sea. No regular British warship has been sunk outside of the Adriatic since January 1. None the less, as British writers freely admit, the submarine has done so well that it is likely to be the prevailing type of warship, with its antidotes yet to be fully developed. However, it has been suggested in Washington by an officer that if a submarine appears on the surface, her crew should carry armored umbrellas to protect themselves from aeroplane bombs!

As for dirigible balloons, of which the navy has ordered one, we are still in the dark as to the failure of the Zeppelins to do anything but kill and maim civilians. It is said that they do not use all the terrible explosives they could carry because it would stagger humanity if they did. At any rate, here is another problem the navy men have to dispose of. As for questions of gunfire, if naval battles are to be fought by ships at a range of twelve miles, or when they are almost invisible, every preconceived theory of gunnery must be cast aside. Truly, the lot of the navy officers and officials who must make their recommendations to Mr. Wilson is not an enviable one. At heart many of them must agree with the common-sense of Representative Kitchin's statement that the time to legislate for the navy is when the war is over and its lessons can be really ascertained. As it is, the chances are that, being compelled to ask for something, and not knowing what, they will pass the plate to the taxpayer for a good bit more of everything—in fear and trembling lest the needlessness of the soup and the fish become apparent before they can draw from the Treasury what Congress grants for the roast and the dessert.

WHAT MAY BE HOPED FOR FROM THE "SHORT BALLOT."

In a letter printed in the New York *Evening Post*, the claims of the short-ballot amendments are challenged upon grounds quite different from those which have been most current. The correspondent does not seek to dispose of those claims by labelling the proposal as undemocratic; he envelops the question in an atmosphere far more philosophical. But whether objections of the nature of those advanced in this communication have more substance than those of the ordinary standpatter may well be questioned. If there be any who expect that through the mere agency of the short ballot "sinecures, extravagance, trespasses, and graft, and all the ills that afflict the body politic where a short ballot does not exist, will promptly disappear," we quite agree with this writer that there is nothing in experience or in human nature to support these hopes. But we have no reason to believe that either the advocates of the short ballot or any considerable portion of the public which has been won over to its support indulge in any such idle dreams.

In regard to reforms in the mechanism of government, two opposite errors are made with about equal frequency—the error of ascribing to them a self-contained potency which they do not possess, and the error of supposing that if they do not possess this potency they are valueless or of little account. The Australian ballot will not insure pure elections in a community utterly indifferent to the purity of elections; but throughout the country thousands of communities which, in the days of the old-fashioned ballot, were constantly afflicted with the evil of fraudulent elections, have found it perfectly easy almost completely to eliminate that evil. The merit system in the civil service does not by merely being written into the statute book do away with the spoils system; but in the national Government, and in a number of our States and cities, the merit-system laws have been quite sufficient to reduce to comparatively insignificant dimensions the plague of spoils—and this during a period in which the magnitude of the spoils themselves, or rather of what would have been spoils under the old system, has enormously increased. In this matter there has been accomplished something little short of a revolution; and it was accomplished without any change in human nature. The mere writing of the law alone did not bring it about; what it did do was to give efficacy to sincere and intelligent efforts directed to that end, which without the law would have continued to be ineffective.

It is the same way with the short ballot. Like nearly all the maxims that condense into an epigram great questions of human conduct, those that point to the futility of mere changes in governmental mechanism are but half-truths at best. That "the stream cannot rise higher than its source"; that "the welfare of society is dependent upon the character of its members"; that, as Pope has it—

> For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best—

all these things are very good as warnings against the expectation of miraculous relief through mere readjustments of form. But to accept them as complete guidance would be to ignore both abstract reason and concrete experience. In some sense it may be true enough that a people gets as good government as it deserves; but everything depends upon what you mean by deserts. If we were all sufficiently wise, sufficiently virtuous, and sufficiently energetic, we could doubtless compel good government out of any form of laws and institutions, however absurd. But taking men as they are, nothing is more certain than that the degree in which the excellence of their government may be made to correspond to the desires of the community depends to a quite immeasurable extent upon the ease or the difficulty with which the apparatus can be made to respond to those desires. The people of New York State, for example, some years ago showed quite unmistakably that they wanted the kind of government which was represented by the character and the purposes of Gov. Hughes; they showed it not only in electing him, but in the way in which they responded to his appeals for support against the forces with which he had constantly to contend while in the Executive chair. Will anybody say that it would have made absolutely no difference if he had been free to give himself to the accomplishment of his purposes without being compelled to struggle with those obstacles?

That New Jersey has had the short ballot and yet has suffered under an aggravated form of boss rule only shows that more is necessary for the achievement of pure and efficient government than the mere shortness of the ballot. On the other hand, when one speaks of the failure of the movement towards concentration of responsibility in our cities to cure the ills of municipal government, we can but say that one flies in the face of facts which, so far as we know, very few would dispute. It may almost be said that the adoption of the New York city charter marked the beginning of a new era in American municipal government, an era presenting so great a contrast to what had preceded it that the most sanguine reformer could hardly have supposed the change to be possible in so short a time. There is scarcely a great city in the country that has not advanced to a position in which scandals

which in former days were regarded as matters of course have come to be almost unthinkable; and increased concentration of responsibility has undeniably been a chief agency in making this improvement possible. But, as the history of our own city only too amply attests, the change has been by no means automatic, nor indeed has the progress been one of unbroken continuity. The better form of government has but been a means of making solid achievement possible by a reasonable amount of earnest effort, whereas under the old form the effort required was beyond the capacity of our store of civic virtue. And the same thing may be expected in the State government when the same means have been put within the reach of the citizens, and the same power lodged in the hands of those to whom they entrust the administration of their affairs.

NERVE AND SKILL IN COMPETITION.

What has been said about the higher standardization that seems to have been attained in tennis as compared with golf would be borne out by the showing in the two championship competitions just finished. Of the golf "triumvirate"—the word has shot up into popularity, and triumvirates we shall have for some time to come—all three went down in the early rounds. Of the tennis triumvirate all survived the early rounds. At Forest Hills the older players prevailed. An upset in golf usually means the triumph of young pluck over tried skill. In tennis, on the other hand, it means usually the triumph of veteran strategy and cunning over fiery youth. That golf is the more open game is shown by the number of men who have won first and second place during the last ten years. In golf the twenty places have been held by fifteen men. In tennis the twenty places have been held by only six men.

In theory, the showing ought to be the other way. Games may be divided into two classes, the full competitive and the semi-competitive. In the first you fight against nature and an opponent. Such are tennis, baseball, football, where there is another man to prevent your working your will on the ball. Golf comes with all the field sports under the semi-competitive games, where essentially you play against yourself. Your own condition primarily determines how fast you will cover the mile on the track or the four miles on the water or the eighteen holes on the links. Any interference with an opponent's doing his best constitutes a foul. In golf the only element of the kind is the stymie, and the morality of this play has lately been brought into question. In theory, tennis would be on the same basis as golf if the game consisted entirely in serving and the winner were determined by the least number of double faults in a given number of strokes. Yet theory is put entirely to flight by the facts. Golf, instead of being the more consistent game of the two, is much the more erratic. A correspondent from Detroit protested against the description of one player's game as mechanically effective. There is nothing mechanical in golf; and he quoted one eminent professional of the links: "You can't get far if the Lord isn't with you." This would put golf in the same class with the German armies.

To speak of golf as semi-competitive is to allow for the element of human opposition. Ouimet's fight against Vardon and Ray was very nearly as direct combat as if the English players had been permitted by the rules of the game to intercept Ouimet's ball and send it into a trap or bunker. The factor of playing to win enters into all games. And yet there is golf history, with its numerous instances of practice games made in marvellous figures, proving that the presence of a human opponent is not essential to bring out the best in a player. If, therefore, golf is uncertain, the explanation may be found in two facts: first, that the most formidable human opponent a man can meet is himself, and, secondly, that an inanimate opponent in the shape of bunker, trap, water hazard, or deep grass can arouse as much exasperation and be as fully destructive of nervous tissue as the most alert of living competitors. If anything, the obstacle is the more serious in golf. It is dumb rage that throws a man completely off his game, the presence of an enemy who is visible, but silent, contemptuously indifferent, who will not be "rattled" by your fine shot, and will not grow reckless when it scores against you. The effect of a sliced drive behind a tree, for its destructive psychological reaction, is not to be compared with a deadly placement by McLoughlin.

The psychology of golf is a problem which, we believe, Professor Münsterberg has not yet tackled with his measuring instruments. The results would be interesting. We might obtain a more precise explanation than the one outlined above for the puzzling fact that in golf, which theoretically should be more certain than tennis, we never dare speak of the invincible Travers as we used to speak of the invincible McLoughlin.

Foreign Correspondence

GERMANY IN ANTE-BELLUM FRANCE—PEACEFUL PENETRATION VERSUS WAR.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 21.

Have Americans any idea of the extent to which—before the war—Germans had penetrated France? Those in France who knew best the conditions of her industry and commerce, and agriculture, even, were not awake to it. Now that it is becoming known, it throws a queer light on Germany's attempted justification for entering into war so recklessly—that she was "encircled" and deprived of necessary "expansion."

The French Government has so far "sequestered" over 12,000 properties held by Germans in France. This represents rather more than fewer business enterprises; for many were company properties with branches in various parts of French territory, or one company was often engaged in multiple trade. The number also does not include countless business houses and undertakings carried on by more or less freshly naturalized French citizens hailing from across the Rhine and still retaining interests there. These sequestered properties are neither confiscated nor are their business operations brought to an end; but they are placed in the hands of a French Government receiver, to be administered with strict accountability until the peace settlement shall decide their future status.

Exactly what number of individual Germans thus found their opportunity of money-making in France it would be difficult to calculate; and moreover these openly German houses do not account for all the Germans finding occupation in France. They were everywhere—waiters in hotels, and brokers' clerks at the Bourse, and wherever international commission business or intermediaries were needed. And this leaves still beyond calculation the really German companies organized under the French law, which little by little were taking vast control of all sorts of industry and trade and navigation. And it was the same in Italy, not to speak of England.

A good example of what has been going on is the quite recent sequestering in Paris of the properties of a single man—Herr Jellinek, of the famous Mercedes Company. For the rest of France this had been done some time ago. They were his private properties, and are roughly estimated at a value of $40,000,000. There was among them at least one hotel and villas on the Riviera; but he was also chief stockholder in six Paris hotels, in another at Trouville, and so on.

The most notorious of these was the Hotel Astoria, which now serves as the Japanese ambulance hospital. At the very beginning of war, while the hotel was still open, a wireless telegraph station was discovered on the roof, and a war story was made of the manager having been set up against a wall and incontinently shot. That is perhaps the way things would have been done in his Fatherland. In reality, the French authorities accepted his explanation, good or bad, and he

has been in a concentration camp until, very lately, a charge of embezzlement brought him back to answer before the courts.

The real crime had been, for half a dozen years, the existence of his hotel building. Contrary to all municipal regulation, its height had been run up above the sky-line of the neighboring circle of uniform houses, which give due proportion and symmetry to the great open space around Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe. Art Kolossal in such a neighborhood! Across the circle another hotel, also I think controlled by Germans, had set the example a little earlier, but not with such enormity. Well, until the war, neither legal process nor municipal right had been able to bring about the due cutting down of this monument!

It is not the place here to go into the very complicated subject of the preferential treatment of Germany by France in matters of international trade, and of German trade in France itself. This was a result of the Treaty of Frankfort, which was made after the war of 1870, and has been backed up *manu militari* by Germany ever since. Besides customs tariffs and treatment more favorable than the most favored nation clause ever secured for England, its hard and fast provisions were so interpreted as to give the German resident in France privileges over Frenchmen themselves.

Baron von Schoen, the last German Ambassador, was an adept at such interpretation, and terrorized French Government authorities with his threats. A German business of automobile tires, organized as a French company, ought legally to have manufactured in France the products which it put on the Franch market—or it should have imported them from its German factory, duly marked "made in Germany," and have paid the legal duties. It found it cheaper to make its tires in Germany, to declare them at the frontier as undutiable material, and to mark them—beforehand at the German factory—"made in France." When the French customs tried to apply the law against this puerile evasion, Baron von Schoen became so threatening that the breach of law and treaty was overlooked. So it was ever since the Kaiser's threat at Tangier, and particularly since Agadir.

This was direct sharp practice, but the ultra-scientific "specifications" of a new customs tariff made by Germany also kept for herself all the favors in the reciprocity guaranteed to France by the Treaty of Frankfort. The few who follow in the United States American international relations will not need reminding of the virtual confiscation of Standard Oil property which was only suspended by the war (if it has been suspended), and the laughing of our diplomacy out of court in the negotiations concerning the potash monopoly some years ago. As to France, during forty-four years Germany has been her everlasting Shylock.

A little inland from the Norman seaport of Caen, there was iron ore which the French had not succeeded in working. Little by little, Herr Thyssen, the rival of Krupp, bought up the land roundabout, and obtained a concession for a railway to the port, where he bought wharfland. A hue and cry was raised just in time to allow Government to take over the few miles of rail, but Thyssen kept 40 per cent. of the mining company's stock, with the obligation of using his German coal in the smelting. A line of vessels was to secure communications comfortably through the length of the Channel to a port in northern France, and so on to Germany. The completion of this scheme for Germanizing France war, too, has frustrated; but a similar taking possession of French mines by Germans was elsewhere an accomplished fact.

In the long run, more important than these showy enterprises would have been the slow, steady, sure infiltration of Germans into every line of French business. There is a big dress-making house near the Paris Opéra, the fingers of whose German backer were in many pies, including a fashionable perfume. Looking down the list of sequestered properties in Paris and surroundings, I find machine tools, and antiquities, clocks, cabinet-making, and galvanized tin boxes, commission houses, gloves, furs, knives, jewelry, electric appliances, numerous "banks," and so on, and so on—and "articles de Paris." At Havre, Germans had their hands on coffee, cotton, pepper, oils, dye-woods—with a pork butcher and a ladies' tailor. In central France, in the remote region of Le Puy, Germans were installed for laces, sewing and farm machines, hardware, leather, weaving, and pottery, lead-pencils, and manufactured rubber (tires "made in France"), furs, beer, playthings, and paper and printing.

So it has been going on all over the fair land of France. In the French protectorate of Tunis, ninety-seven German business houses have been sequestered. Wherever France has put her foot in Morocco, it has been the same; and the Mannesmann brothers were backed by German threats when they claimed universally all mining lands in virtue of concessions, inexplicit and unmapped, obtained from one or other fleeting Sultan. Progress was steady, and French law in practice protected Germans when it did not give them advantages over Frenchmen.

Even yet I have spoken only of the penetration of France by Germans personally. They had no reason to be dissatisfied with the spread of their products, material and intellectual. Their manufactured articles—often, as I have noticed, labelled "articles de Paris"—were in every shop. Their methods of painful erudition triumphed in the University at the expense of French common-sense and clearness. The Salon d'Automne was given over to their peculiar art, to a degree that has made suspicious minds imagine a fell design on their part to do away utterly with distinctive French taste. Opera and one state theatre were won over to their mistiness. And only war has opened to French Socialists the abyss in which the country they loved was to be lost in a Germanization of humanity under the label of internationalism.

All this is now of the past. From workmen to professors of philosophy, Frenchmen have had sharp evidence of war to bring their minds and hearts back to themselves. I wonder if Germans in industry and commerce really expected that victory in war, with all its consequences of destruction and hate, would advance their interests faster than the peaceful penetration which was so sure. Perhaps they, too, are victims of Prussian militarism. It is certainly difficult to see how German business will once more gain possession of France. This generation is not likely to see again the peaceful invasions of German companies under protection of a watchful Ambassador, ready at a moment's notice to emit threats that

—vaulted like rebounding hail.

THE NATIONAL REGISTRATION ACT—AN EMERGENCY MEASURE WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE OF LITTLE SERVICE.

By T. L. GILMOUR.

LONDON, August 17.

We have all been busily engaged during the week-end in filling up the forms distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land, in accordance with the terms of the National Registration act—all of us, that is, who are over fifteen and under sixty-five. Parliament, in its wisdom, has decreed that this record of our national human resources shall be made, and the work has been carried out with, for the most part, efficiency and success from the point of view of organization. Twenty-five million forms have been printed; local bodies have been entrusted with the task of their distribution, collection, and the tabulation of the results, and these local bodies have called for and obtained the assistance of an army of volunteers to supplement their regular staffs. In its way, it is an admirable piece of organization, but its utility is a question upon which there is by no means complete unanimity of opinion. If we are to believe those who have been most clamorous for the work to be done, the completion of the national Register is to mark the beginning of a new era of national efficiency for the purposes of the war. "In twenty-four hours," wrote one enthusiast in a Sunday paper, "the National Register will be an actuality, and in a few days its practical use as an implement of state should have begun." This is, perhaps, the high-water mark of expectation, but it is none the less merely an exaggerated statement of the hopes which have been fostered in the minds of a large section of the population; hopes which, in the judgment of another not inconsiderable section, are inevitably doomed to disappointment.

The one thing which is beyond dispute about the National Register is that it was an emergency measure. No student of what is happening to-day in England can escape from the conclusion that the British Government and the British people are engaged in the gigantic task of improvising measures to meet a condition of things which neither Government nor people have foreseen. In a sense this is a reproach to us; but there is another sense in which we may call this very unpreparedness in aid of our plea that the responsibility for this world-catastrophe does not rest upon our shoulders. The underlying assumption upon which we in this country have hitherto organized our lives has been that peace was the normal condition of the existence of humanity, and war the abnormal. In Germany this assumption has been reversed by the class which counts. I do not see any reason to doubt that the commercial classes in Germany—apart from certain striking exceptions—and the great bulk of the industrial and agricultural workers were desirous of the preservation of peace; but none the less the German Government was organized for war.

The fact itself is not denied, and the best that can be said by those members of the governing class in Germany who feel under any obligation to explain, is that war was necessary as a preliminary to the establishment of that German hegemony of Europe which must ultimately bestow on that continent, not merely the blessings of a permanent peace, but the still greater treasures of the *Kultur* which is supposed to be Germany's large gift to humanity.

This pseudo-philosophic justification of Germany's war-preparedness we owe rather to those amazing professors in whose production Germany appears to enjoy a monopoly than to the East Prussian Junkers who are the real rulers of Germany, and to whom whatever credit there may be for this war-preparedness is due.

And for our lack of war-preparedness we must as a nation take whatever blame may be rightly imputed to us. But the point I want to make clear to our friends in America is that we have had to improvise very largely since the outbreak of the war, that we are still engaged in the difficult task of adapting our resources to the end we now have in view, and that this stupendous task, carried out as it must necessarily be by finite human beings, must equally furnish, necessarily, abundant material for criticism, both at home and abroad. The new National Register at its best can only provide the Government with the means of obtaining certain information on which action can be based, and it is certain that many of the perfervid anticipations based upon the making of the Register are foredoomed to disappointment. If the Register does not "in a few days demonstrate its utility" as an implement of state, the Government will once more find itself denounced in the columns of a certain class of newspapers as wholly incompetent to guide the national destinies. But those denunciations do not interpret the sentiments of the bulk of our people. Business men—the men who are accustomed to handle the practical affairs of life—do not fall into the vulgar error of supposing that twenty-five millions of forms can be tabulated and analyzed in a few days, or a few weeks, or that even when the information is available the Government will be able to assign to each citizen the work which he is most capable of doing to assist the nation in attaining the final goal of victory.

Yet it is as pathetic as it is disquieting to note the exaggerated hopes which are based upon the completion of the National Register. Look, for a moment, at the letter which Lord St. Audries has sent to the press, a letter instinct with the passion of patriotism, in which the writer—better remembered as Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, a former Chief Whip of the Tory party—recalls the reply which Captain Hood, of the Zealous, gave to Nelson at the battle of the Nile, when the Admiral asked if there was enough water to enable him to get in between the French fleet and the shore. "I don't know, sir," Hood replied, "but with your permission I will stand in and try." And here is Lord St. Audries's obviously sincere comment: "At this moment the great majority of men and women in this country want to 'stand in and try.'" But they ask for directions from the Government as to how and where they are to try. When the National Register is completed the people expect the Government to direct every man and woman recorded in its lists to the particular duty for which he or she is best fitted.

Was there ever such a demand made upon a Government? What can possibly be Lord St. Audries's conception of a "Government"? He cannot have a mental vision of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Lord Kitchener poring over the Register and deciding into which square, round, oblong, or polygonal hole each of the twenty-five million citizens is to be dropped. But if Cabinet Ministers are not to undertake the task, perhaps it is the permanent Government officials who are to decide our fate. Unfortunately, every Government department is already working under extreme pressure, and has had to be strengthened by the importation of large numbers of competent outsiders. There remains the Registrar-General, who is the official responsible for the compilation of the Register, and under whose supervision the tabulation and analysis of results will be carried out. But Lord St. Audries certainly does not mean that the Registrar-General is to tell him and others in like case what they are to do; still less, I imagine, does he propose to place these autocratic state powers in the hands of the local officials, who are the subordinates for this purpose of the Registrar-General.

The plain fact is that, except for the purpose of obtaining a record of the men of military age who are not actually engaged in military duties, the National Register will probably serve very little useful purpose, and the information as to the men of military age could obviously have been obtained with much less trouble and expenditure, and would have been so obtained but for the fact that, in that case, the opposition from those who do not want conscription would have been much more pronounced than against the more comprehensive scheme. Outside the question of military service, the difficulty which the Government is in is that it cannot utilize a tithe of the men who have already offered their services in any capacity for which they are required.

The pretence that the Register is required because it will bring to the knowledge of "the Government" men whose services could be of use, but who are not offering their services, is offensive and unjust. What is really happening is that the Government offices and individual members of the Government are inundated with offers of assistance from men who feel a sense of humiliation that they cannot render their country some distinct service in her hour of trial. An Eton master writes to the papers to say that he and many of his colleagues offered their services for the school holidays to the War Office, enumerating their various qualifications, but neither at the War Office nor at the Ministry of Munitions could their services be used. It is the same everywhere. There are far more willing workers than the Government can employ, and brutal though it may sound, the plain truth is that many of these crying to the Government for employment would best serve the state by doing better the thing they are already doing, and by practicing that individual personal economy which in the aggregate will contribute so materially to enable the country to meet the colossal financial responsibilities imposed on us by the war.

The Faerie Isle of Mackinac

IMPRESSIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

By W. H. JOHNSON.

I was walking on the ever beautiful summit of Mackinac Island. A shower of rain a few hours before had swept away a trifle of limestone dust, the only soilure that ever stains the foliage along its paths and driveways, where the insistent automobile, with its malodorous fumes, is barred, the heavy wagon has no call to come, and only the light carriage with its smiling group of tourists now and then flashes into sight around some curve and melts away again among the trees.

I had strolled up from the little town through the old fort, and then through the short rifle range. For years no sound of target practice has startled the birds flitting among the cedars and balsams which densely line its sides. Clumps of ground hemlock break the grass which carpets its stony surface, and instead of the soldier's uniform which shone there in years long gone, the daintier blue of a little wild daisy flecks the green of the old range from end to end.

Clambering up the steep, gullied slope at the farther end of the range, I reached the highest level of the island, and after walking a few hundred feet came to "Point Lookout." A few miles to the northeast, a white spot on the rippled water identified itself through my glasses as the little excursion steamer which had left the island an hour before for the winding channels of "Les Cheneaux," whence the poorly mounted forms of a mascallonge or two always decorate the Mackinac docks by way of allurement to the angler. Northward my eye traced the darkly wooded shores of the curving bay of St. Martin, while far off to the east arose the smoke of a freighter emerging from St. Mary's River on its way down the Lakes. In the nearer distance an excursion steamer headed for "the Soo" was passing a long ore barge which was making its way into the straits for Lake Michigan. Below me, covering the mid level of the island to an extent of several hundred acres, stretched a dense carpet of treetops, the soft quivering beauty of which neither brush not tongue could ever hope to reproduce. The coming autumn had already sketched in a foretaste of the color scheme for later on. Here and there the limbs of a beech were tipped with that rich, warm russet brown which, I cannot doubt, was one of the qualities that gave to the tree its hold on the nature-loving soul of Virgil. The birches had a touch of their delicious yellow, a color which, as it appears in nature, so little deserves the discredit heaped upon it in certain connections by the slang of the thoughtless multitude. And the maples! How can one do justice to the unnumbered gradations of red and pink and yellow, now dazzlingly bright and again softly translucent, which had already caught them here and there and would soon transform the whole island into a flame of glory!

And scattered around and among the deciduous trees, now in broad dense groups, now in little clusters, and again in single isolation, was one green of the fir, and another green of the hemlock, and another of the spruce, and another of the pine, and yet others of the tamarack and the cedar, with gray limbs of beeches and white limbs of birches peeping through it all in a bewilderment of variety utterly inexpressible and yet absolutely harmonious.

Walking back to the southwestern side of the upper level, I gazed upon a different scene. Round Island, with its red lighthouse, lay close beneath, but separated by a deep channel, the pathway of all the great freighters that handle the commerce between Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. Beyond Round Island runs another narrow channel, and then the long island of Bois Blanc ("Boblo," in common parlance), broadening to the southward, and on the mainland across from its lower end the lazily rising smoke from the once-busy lumber town of Cheboygan. The steam from a Michigan Central train drew the eye up shore to Mackinaw City, from the docks of which the great car ferry, "Chief Wawatam," was backing out into the straits, presumably laden with a cargo of empty ore cars for the Duluth & South Shore Railway at St. Ignace. Westward, between the dimly rising islands of Waugoshance and Ste. Helene, one of the great passenger steamers from Chicago was looming black over the Lake Michigan horizon. Lumber boats, ore barges, pleasure craft dotted the straits here and there, while great flocks of gulls, frightened occasionally from their resting places, swept the air for a time in noisy evolutions and settled down again upon the limestone breakwater which protects the Mackinac docks.

In unresisting surrender to the witchery of the scene I had all but lost my consciousness of the severer realities of life when suddenly a whiff of wind stirred a bit of newspaper at my feet and brought into sight the brutal headlines that told of old-time hate and present death and future sorrow on the borderlands dividing half a dozen war-stricken countries of the Old World. And then the thought rushed into my mind: "What might have been, under other circumstances, the condition to-day of this great British-American borderland on which I am standing, amid surroundings that speak only of unmarred natural beauty and human peace and safety? I am actually standing upon the time-worn remains of a defensive embankment which figured actively in the War of 1812." Below me, on the brow of the mid-level, lay old "Fort Mackinac," a mere plaything in comparison with fortresses of recent times, where a little detachment of our troops was maintained until about twenty years ago. The needless fort was then abandoned to the State of Michigan, and to-day its neatly kept walls and barracks are but one of the attractions of the State Park Association. As I trained my glasses on it, a golden-haired girl sat jauntily on the diminutive cannon which adorns one of its angles, and a young man at one side was focussing his camera upon her—the whole scene but little more suggestive of present-day fortresses than the boy's sailboat on the pond of Boston Common is suggestive of the Dreadnoughts now guarding the North Sea. Why is it thus?

Why do we give up to health and pleasure an island so near the border of a land once hostile, an island actually used in deadly warfare with that land a century ago, an island suited by its very nature for transformation into an impregnable stronghold, an island which, through its proximity to the mouth of the St. Mary's River and its absolute command of the entrance to Lake Michigan, would be of the most vital importance in case of war with our neighbors to the North? *Why?* The answer is simple. Considerations of human brotherhood have been allowed to have their way. Good sense has combined with good feeling to choke down among us that accursed falsehood of the ages that great nations cannot live and prosper side by side, free from the demoralizing suspicion that each is but waiting and praying for an opportunity to strike the deadly stroke that will enable it to build up its greatness and glory upon the ruins of the other. We look with contempt upon the man that prates of an "inevitable" war between these two nations for the control of North America. We spurn the lie that "peace" with the British is to be secured by turning our northern border into one long potential Hell of fire and steel which our neighbors will not dare to stir into action. We leave our mighty inland seas free from the menace of the Dreadnought, and our toilers keep in their hands the unlimited millions which would be wrung from them under the stimulus of a falsely named "patriotism" if the policy of border fortification were adopted. *War inevitable?* The time will yet come when among civilized nations that word will be more applicable to peace.

The next day, as I sat on the deck of a Detroit steamer and looked at the island settling back in the distance, another thought came to me. In various ways we have been commemorating a century of peace with Great Britain. What fitter memorial of that peace, what better earnest of its continuance, than a stately column rising into the air from the summit of Mackinac Island, its base resting upon the very site of the upper fort? The beacon light from its summit would catch the eye here and there of the traveller and boatman coming down from "the Soo," would gleam far beyond Detour over northern Huron, far south over the sailing routes to the lower lakes, and far out beyond Waugoshance and Ste. Helene into upper Lake Michigan, far over the woods and fields of both peninsulas of Michigan and into the Canadian forests beyond the St. Mary's, and everywhere it would carry its reminder of that peace whose blessings are so much a part of our everyday life that we lose consciousness of their source and of the conditions of their retention. What better use could some one of our wealthy philanthropists whose fortunes have had their genesis so largely in this northern region make of some portion of that gain than to build such a monument, dedicating it in some fitting form of words to that nobility of purpose and clearness of insight which have enabled these two nations to realize that the way to maintain peace with each other is to believe in peace and to prepare for peace? And in such a monument there might be a prophecy of the day when it will be a safe and fitting thing to melt the cannon that frown over the Straits of Gibraltar and raise their metal on the famous rock in the form of a monument to the assured peace of the civilized world.

Book Notes and Byways

THE MODERN PART OF A UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

A few years before the issuing of the first edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that Scottish work, there was published at London, in 1766, the third edition of the Universal History—"the most valuable history that ever was," at least in the opinion of the piraters of the first edition. This has been called "Sale's Universal History." George Sale, translator of the Koran, may have proposed the scheme to the booksellers. But Sale died in 1736, the date given as that of the first edition, folio, of the Universal History, which appeared in parts, so many sheets a month, possibly beginning in 1736. Sale's contribution was for the difficult period from the Creation to the Flood. John Swinton [1703-1777] had a share in the work. He had been for a time chaplain of the English factory at Leghorn. Boswell says of the learned Mr. Swinton that he was absent-minded, so much so that preaching before malefactors to be executed during the week, he ended his discourse by saying he would continue "on next Lord's Day." George Shelvocke [d. 1760], son of the privateer whose voyage furnished Coleridge with the Albatross incident, had a part in the composition of the Universal History; as also George Psalmanazar [d. 1763], the famous literary impostor who, born in the south of France, posed so skilfully as a Japanese convert. Archibald Bower, of Dundee [1686-1766], Jesuit and then no Jesuit; and Dr. John Campbell, of Edinburgh [1708-1775], who never passed a church without taking off his hat, were, according to Dr. Johnson, the other authors of the Universal History. Bower, author of a History of the Popes, wrote for the Universal History the History of Rome to 1453. He is said to have been the general editor of the edition of 1747, receiving £300 and doing very little.

This laborious work was so well regarded from its first publication that it was pirated here and there, certainly in Ireland. The London booksellers who had projected the work determined on a second and revised edition, which began to appear in 1747, with the promise that a Modern Part, then preparing, would shortly be issued. The dedication of 1747 was to the professors in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, obligations to them being acknowledged. It is significant that not one of the authors, so far as they are known, occupied a professor's chair at either University;

only Mr. Swinton had any university connection, being keeper of the archives at Oxford for ten years after 1767.

In 1766 there was issued a third edition with the promised Modern Part included—"after a long delay, occasioned by a variety of accidents which could not be foreseen, the Modern Universal History now makes its appearance." Who wrote the long Preface of 1766 to the Modern Part, it would be of much interest to know. Perhaps it was Dr. Campbell, but this is merely a guess. The Preface contains more than one acute observation, such as Dr. Campbell showed himself capable of in his "Political State of Europe," published in 1750. It is clear, for one thing, that we do not know who were the authors of the Modern Universal History, notwithstanding the title page—"By the Authors of the Ancient Part." The Preface runs (p. xiii): "The reader is not to expect to find the same accuracy, either of language or composition, in every part of this history. A plan so very extensive required a great variety of hands as well as length of time to carry it into execution. Sometimes death interposed, and an original author left his work unfinished in such a manner that the plan upon which he went was often unintelligible to his successor. Sometimes materials proved defective, which left most lamentable chasms in the work, that could be replaced only by painful investigation and elaborate researches. . . . We know not, for instance, an authentic history of the European transactions for forty years past. This laid the editors under inexpressible disadvantage." For example, the history of Prussia is given in twenty-one pages (vol. xxxi).

To an American to-day, material of great interest in this work is supplied by Dr. Campbell's history of the settlements in the East Indies (vols. vi, vii, and viii). Indeed, in the Preface it is hoped "that the reader will be particularly pleased with the labor and attention which have been bestowed upon a complete history of the commerce to, and the settlements in the East-Indies by the several European nations; an history which has been carefully compiled from such materials as occur to very few individuals and is indeed the fruit of the most elaborate and successful researches." As much might be said of the accounts of the Gold, Slave, and Ivory Coasts (vols. xiii, xiv).

And who wrote the history of America, before Robertson? (vols. xxxiv, xxxv, xxxvi)—"The editors think they have a claim to the patronage of the public on account of the history of America contained in the following work. It is the first general history of that extensive country that has ever appeared in the English language." It is not impossible that Dr. Campbell put together this first general history of America. Dr. Johnson was a little jealous of "Cawmell," but is reported to have described him as the "richest author that ever grazed the common of literature."

Dr. Campbell had written a "Concise History of Spanish America" which went through two editions; and in 1762, at the request of the Earl of Bute, he wrote a "Description and History of the New Sugar Islands in the West Indies." It must be said, however, that Dr. Campbell, in work certainly his, is scrupulous in the citation of authority, whereas the author of this America is sparing in that regard, and for parts of the British North American Colonies has been content to follow Oldmixon's "British Empire" of 1741, itself a very unequal record. The distribution of this "History of America" is as follows: Mexico and South America, 632 pages; British North America, 458 pages; the West India Islands, 198 pages; Summary, 92 pages; in all, 1,380 pages, large 12mo, reckoning by the format of the edition of 1779.

That is to say, a fourth edition was brought out, 1779-1784, by the Rivingtons, Longman, Cadell, Murray, and other booksellers, who declare in their advertisement that the enterprise had been "accompanied with almost unprecedented expense." These sixty volumes (including the four on the British Isles added after the general and minute index volume), form still a shelf of good reading, eighteen volumes for the ancient history, and the remainder for the modern history, the modern part beginning with the Empire of the Arabs, treating then of all Asia, proceeding on to Africa, reaching Europe by way of Malta, going thoroughly into the Continent of Europe (eighteen volumes), with fitness entering upon America immediately after the Kingdom of Savoy. Not one of the known authors was living in 1784 when the sixtieth volume appeared, and changes enough had been wrought during the publishing of the Modern Part, to say nothing of the Ancient.

A. J. Morrison.

Notes from the Capital

A GRADUATE IN ASTRONOMY.

As the spokesman of Ambrose Swasey to announce the establishment of an Engineering Foundation with a fortune built on telescope-making, Henry Smith Pritchett renewed his touch with the profession in which he won his first successes.

In the youthful minds of my generation astronomy was associated with a tradition of flowing gray beards, bent figures, enveloping gowns, run-down slippers, and general shabbiness. Our successors have broken bravely away from it; yet I confess to a flash of surprise whenever I meet Dr. Pritchett on his occasional visits to Washington, and reflect that he began life as a professional star-gazer—began life, mark you! not merely drifted into the calling after middle age. There is not about him the first suggestion of the frontispiece of the medical almanac. His star-gazing began when he was eighteen, and at twenty-five he was sent by the Government to New Zealand to observe the transit of Venus. He saw enough of stars before he was forty-five to avoid hitching his wagon to one, and settled down with his feet on the earth as president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He had already developed a remarkable faculty for attracting the notice of men of large authority and influence, among them Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury in the McKinley Cabinet, who called him to Washington to take the superintendency of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, which needed overhauling in various parts of its mechanism. It was there the Technology trustees found him in 1900, when they brought him to Boston; but before he had been long in his new position the all-commanding Iron-Master made a bid for his services as trustee of the Carnegie Institution in Washington and president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

Though within a stone's throw of sixty years of age, and compassing in his career a variety of experiences which would have over-ripened many a person of different constitution and temperament, you might take Pritchett to-day for a well-cared-for man of affairs not more than fifty years old. He has one of those faces that make no pretence of keeping faith with the calendar. It would take a discriminating physiognomist to detect now wherein it had changed materially since its thirtieth birthday, just as it would have required an expert then to estimate its age within twenty years. Its complexion is fresh enough to-day, and the hair and "Van Dycks" that frame it have always run enough to grays to leave the total effect somewhat puzzling. The dapper costume, the energetic gait, the alert manner, and the diplomatic address of this very modern professor are among the first things to impress you with his personality. In conversation, regardless of the direction it may take, you will find him at once well grounded in his own opinions and entirely tolerant towards yours, unless you trench too arrogantly upon some ground which is plainly his preserve and goad him into vigorous resistance. You presently take his measure as a man who, in ordinary circumstances, would far rather go over an obstacle, or around it, than waste time on a tedious and possibly futile effort to force it out of his path.

Whenever he has been placed in control of an office or institution, his first aim has been to humanize it—to bring it into active relations with the life of the present day. At the "Tech." he launched a number of such enterprises, like the study of architectural engineering on lines of insurance against the destruction or deterioration of buildings through the continually extending uses of electricity. The problems of the disposal of sewage and garbage and purification of water were made subjects for special courses of inquiry. Biological investigation was taken up on a fresh plan, by transfer from the laboratory to the open field. With an eye to future possibilities, particular attention was given, in the department of marine architecture, to naval construction, and arrangements were made with the Federal Government for entering yearly a few cadets from Annapolis to perfect themselves in this branch and join the constructors' corps in the navy. Not least in importance among the questions to which President Pritchett addressed himself was that of promoting a closer fellowship between professors and students by means of gatherings in their recreation hours, after the manner in vogue in German universities; but here he found his progress impeded by a protest from part of the community who interpreted his proposal to mean that the use of beer and tobacco was to be encouraged among the student body for sociability's sake. The newspaper paragraphers caught up the idea, and it required a long period of explanation to convince the remonstrants that no particular programme of refreshments or indulgences was included in his general scheme of fraternization.

Just what complete accomplishments are to be credited to Dr. Pritchett in his later associations it may be still too soon to estimate; there can be no doubt, however, in the mind of any one who has read the reports of the Teaching Foundation that he has sounded a new note there. Formal bui-

letins on educational topics are not usually a line of light literature sought by the lay multitude; but Dr. Pritchett's, which bear the mark of his personal authorship, are as entertaining as a volume of light essays. They have the truly human touch; and they lift the cover off shams and dissect the elements of ineffectiveness, or point the way to better methods for worthy schools struggling under handicaps, in a fashion most refreshing. Their philosophic moderation, tinged with a transparent humor, constitutes one of their positive charms; for the temptation to aggressive reformers to mix a little spleen with their candor of speech must be at times too great for any but the best balanced to resist. VIEILLARD.

Literature

THE "EUGENICS" OF WAR.

War's Aftermath: A Preliminary Study of the Eugenics of War. By David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents.

The fundamental inspiration of this work is the proposition that all war is intrinsically bad. The authors also seem sure that war's consequences are invariably evil. These views are set forth with the fervor and occasional inexactness of expression conventionally known as feminine, and, now and then, with a flaw in logic that more distinctly marks the special advocate than distinguishes the judge. As used, "aftermath" is a figure not closely representing the yeoman's definition, and "eugenics" in the sub-title and in the text assumes a sense that outrages etymology and subverts its common and its academic meaning of race-culture. It is constantly made to imply generative degradation and is occasionally replaced by "contra-selection," expressing deterioration or debasement. Carried away by the sight and study of Macedonian horrors, the writer of the introduction, the chief director of the World's Peace Foundation, makes it a rhapsodical invective against war as war, not a direct argument for peace. His violence weakens a justifiable denunciation of warfare in the abstract, and confidence in his judgment is impaired by his lack of logical precision and of literary balance.

Logical discussion of so grave a question as the fundamentals of war requires catholic comprehension. One may acknowledge war to be an evil, but may justly hold that some wars have been lighter evils than the ills thereby removed or avoided. But when acceptance is demanded (p. 95) for Franklin's dictum that "there never was a good war," the author's commentary, that "no bad war ever gave way to a good peace," immediately sets up an inexorable dilemma. From the premises (1) that all wars are bad, and (2) that from no bad war a good peace can follow, the conclusion is necessary that, once war, there can be no beneficent peace—a practical, if not a logical, *reductio ad absurdum*. The sole avoidance is to suppose that the text misrepresents the thought.

Because of its extent and its intimate relation to ourselves, the struggle for Secession is drawn upon through analysis of existing demographic conditions for continuing examples of the consequences of that war and, by inference, of other wars. Opening the study, the authors place (p. 2) the mortality for the whole country at "nearly a million of young men largely of superior social worth." Another estimate (p. 4) is seven hundred thousand, which, without explanation, is held to be too low by three hundred thousand, and thus for the second time the total is assumed to be one million not unequally divided. In a comment upon the war's continuing influence, is this remark (p. 21): "One is most profoundly impressed . . . with the . . . unutterable loss in the slaughter of a million of similar souls of knightly spirits before they could leave their princely stamp on human issue." Not only is the mortality for the third time set at a million, but the context implies, but does not affirm, that it all fell upon the defenders of the Confederacy, which, of course, was not the case, nor is it so meant. The construction is loose as well as florid, and here, at least, conjecture replaces evidence. Carefully compiled tables of the War Department, published in 1885 and easily accessible, set the aggregate deaths on the Union side from all causes as practically three hundred and sixty thousand, and conscientious estimates by the same experts, based upon the partly preserved military statistics of the Confederacy, assess the total Disunion mortality at three hundred thousand. The vital loss accepted by competent statisticians thus was about two-thirds of that herein assumed. This discrepancy of a third of a million in the deaths, even when distributed over four years among thirty-one and a half million whites (four and a half of military age), may fall within permissible statistical variation; but it shakes one's faith in the accuracy of a study a part of whose argument rests upon the total loss of life and the associated decrement of all kinds.

As a survey of the war's consequences over the whole South would require years, there was contemplated an intensive study of typical localities where the original wastage had been great, and there had followed minima of new manufacturing or other industries which might modify present conditions. There was first proposed for investigation what, with curious disregard of official nomenclature, is persistently styled "Spottsylvania" County, in Virginia. This wisely was rejected because social and economic changes there have tended to obscure the direct biological effects of the conflict; and it is noted here merely to suggest that the collegiate authors owe an apology to the *manes* of Sir Alexander Spotswood for this misuse of his historic name. Rockbridge County, in Virginia, and Cobb County, in Georgia, were then chosen as the crucibles whose dross and slag would best show the operation of war's furnace. Rockbridge is in the upper valley. Its activities before the war were those of the small farmer, and have undergone "no serious economic changes." Cobb County is described as "a rural district on the line of Sherman's march, and therefore laid waste during the war." Cobb County was fought over in Gen. Sherman's advance upon Atlanta, which lies in another county to the southward. It is not in that line of progress to the sea commonly known as "Sherman's march." Hence "therefore," as just employed, may indicate bias rather than knowledge, or it may simply be another example of historic inexactness. Nevertheless, the Federal and Confederate armies that marched and fought through June, 1864, from Kenesaw to the Chattahoochee, subjected the region to the inevitable, whether or not intentional, adversities that accompany hostilities. These justify making the territory an example of the effect of war upon a community that was previously at rest and whose later condition has been little modified by economic changes not directly due to the war itself. But whatever was learned through the investigations in these selected localities has not been revealed. Nothing is said of the conditions in Cobb County, except that they will be treated elsewhere. Of Rockbridge, it is only mentioned that complete records of the local military companies are extant. There follows a superficial commentary on desertion, with no reference to the oath of enlistment or to principles, and little or none to company discipline, to *esprit*, or to the efficient causes of that heinous crime.

Apart from the Macedonian chapter, the book is substantially a discussion of the answers to thirty propositions (therein reproduced) that had been "sent broadcast over the South to the surviving Confederate officers and other men of intelligence, for comment and criticism." "To the surviving Confederate officers" is more likely to be a fault of construction than to be the fact. The propositions, "usually in the words of some thinking veteran," are condensations of opinions elicited from hundreds of representative men, interested spectators of the war, of much that immediately preceded it, and of all, as they prefer to express it, that has meanwhile "transpired." Beginning, the authors thank "these Confederate heroes for their painstaking efforts to help us in our attempt honestly to verify the final and most intimate argument against war, namely, that it robs a country of its fundamental asset, its best young citizenship, the potential ancestors of the 'thoroughbreds' of the coming generation." This definitely announces that the subject-matter is an ex-parte presentation of the negative when war offers itself as a solution of a grave public question. It entirely ignores the possibility that the warrior may uphold against violence high ideals, and defend, even with his life, persons and principles upon whose conservation depends, besides the somatic, the intellectual and spiritual life and the vital prosperity of a community.

The speculations thus grouped assume that various evils are the more or less continuous

consequences of the war, and that otherwise these would not have befallen. They range from the direct mortality of the field to such indirect happenings as an unusual death-rate among war-widows. Sherman's alleged epigram is accepted as a finality, and from it war *quâ* war becomes the parent of all ill. Space permits few selections. The first proposition, weak historically and logically, is "The leading young men of the South were a part of select companies of militia, and these were the first to enlist." No lesson is drawn from this in terms; but its tone leads to the inference that, being nominal soldiers, they promptly responded to the call to arms. The unexpressed conclusion seems to be that, as war is an evil, so the organized constituents of an army are evil agents, and young men taking part therein set a bad example in proportion to their social standing. Now, away from the larger towns, the organized militia in the South was insignificant, and the underlying motive was not war, but protection against possible servile insurrection. Thus in the great State of North Carolina—of 60,000 square miles and a population, in 1860, of 680,000—there were only six companies at the beginning of the war. All through the South the rural companies were virtually merely armed posses for possible summons by the sheriff. In the cities, the "crack" companies, as the Blues of Richmond, the Chatham Artillery of Savannah, the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, were essentially social clubs in martial disguise, with the excuse of a negro uprising in the background. When secession became imminent, of course, a multitude of military organizations sprang up. But they did not cause the war; they were its product.

It is unfortunate that praiseworthy desire for peace should be so blended in the minds of certain emotional advocates with hatred of abstract war, that they fail to admit that any desirable results may be attainable by force. Filled with zeal, itself a form of contention, they seem blind and deaf to example and argument. Nevertheless, our own country owes its independent existence and its unimpaired unity to two righteous wars. Because violent and abrupt death is undesirable, that should not prevent its infliction in self-defence upon armed robbers. In the protection against unprovoked destruction of collective homes and the institutions that secure them, war is as laudable as the defence of the family units. Philosophers and patriots endure, for the advantages expected to follow, financial loss, corporeal suffering, and death itself, the essential elements of conflict, against those who repudiate arbitration and assault without cause. Rapine and merciless destruction are no more the necessary concomitants of war than the *auto da fé* is for the propagation of religion. The argument against physical suffering endured in war is equally applicable to the relief of such suffering through beneficent surgery. In each case, when properly applied, relief and progress follow. The infallible Teacher has said: "When the strong man fully armed guardeth his own palace, his goods are in peace." He is prepared for armed resistance, and there is no suggestion that such resistance should not be made. David's psalm of thankfulness gives no intimation that combat in a good cause is censurable. "Blessed be Jehovah my rock, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

CURRENT FICTION.

Sally on the Rocks. By Winifred Boggs. New York: Brentano's.

The publishers' "catchy" description on the cover, and chapter headings such as "I did some hustle for a husband," give a misleading notion of the character of this story. It is, as these things suggest, a trifle vulgar, but it is also exceptionally clever. The heroine, of somewhat dubious antecedents, has made a living as a third-rate artist in Paris. At thirty-one she finds herself penniless and thrown out of employment by the war. She sees before her a choice between marriage and a less respectable use of her personal attractions. The alternative being granted, she chooses the better part, and selects as the object of her pursuit Alfred Bingley, a highly respectable bachelor of forty, with a comfortable income, living in the village of Little Crampton, where she has friends. Bingley is a novel and amusing person. Self-satisfied, old-maidish, and fat, he is convinced that it is time for him to marry; and in this matter he is guided by a manuscript volume of maxims left him by his mother. This, magnificently bound and inscribed with gold letters, "*The Book*," he religiously consults on all appropriate occasions. Since he is pursued not only by Sally, but by an eligible widow, these occasions are pretty numerous; and the sharp warnings of the late Mrs. Bingley—her maxims are mostly "don'ts"—plunge him into deeper and deeper perplexity. His ultimate emancipation from *The Book* furnishes a most amusing scene.

As to Sally, there are two other men in the story; one a former accepted lover, the other a soldier, cashiered for disobedience, whom she saves from suicide. The village gossip, vigorously caricatured, plays the part of villain. Sally herself is an entertaining if not always plausible mixture of sordidness, good sportsmanship, and a kind of aspiration. The book is crisply written, and shows unusual talent for caricature.

The Invisible Might. By Robert Bowman. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

This is a tale of the Russia of Mr. George Kennan, the land of oppression and suppression, the antechamber, for free spirits, of Siberia. The "invisible might" is the power of the police, with its careful surveillance and its summary "administrative orders." The victim in this instance is the young wife of an ambitious Russian diplomat. She has fallen under suspicion through friendship with a woman of advanced ideas, and is virtually imprisoned upon her husband's country estate. There comes an English engineer, who develops an abandoned copper mine on the estate. Work is found thereby for the starving peasants, and the whole neighborhood begins to prosper. But the husband's local agent does not approve of this, since it threatens his personal authority and his means of dishonest gain. With Oriental cunning he puts the young mistress into such a position and mood as to provoke a single rash speech, which, reported duly at Petersburg, is enough to condemn her to exile. The Englishman tries to rescue her, but the pair are caught before they have crossed the border, the woman carried off to Siberia, and the man banished forever from Russia. After eight years word comes to him that she is living in a certain tiny Siberian village, to which, under the disguise of an American journalist, he makes his way. The husband is now dead, and the lover is determined to make sure of whatever happiness may remain for them. The scene in which he finds the woman in her cottage, sodden with drink and almost indifferent to him, is a terrible one. He makes all allowances; she has been driven to vodka as a saviour from madness. He insists that she must fly with him and become his wife. But she sees the hopelessness of the attempt; and it is she who, by a woman's means, conquers in the end. The story is told simply and tensely, by one who is evidently familiar with Russian life and with the Russian novelists.

The Young Absalom. By E. Charles Vivian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The thriving and not too scrupulous manufacturer and his visionary reforming son grow a trifle threadbare as objects of fiction. "The Turmoil" was one of the latest American renderings, and apparently met the enthusiastic hearing which a great number of persons are always willing to give to an old familiar fable with an up-to-date flavor. The young man, Absalom, who is an English young man, and whose unfigurative name is Paul, returns from Cambridge with a head full of that undergraduate socialism which so literally and fatally bases itself upon Christian theory. He finds that the men in his father's employ are ill-housed and ill-paid. The father is devoted to the son, but cannot agree with his views. They part, and the son deliberately becomes leader of a strike in the paternal "works." He has already lost the maiden of aristocratic lineage whom he might otherwise have married; she is unable to share his interest in the populace. It is now for him to lose, through the machinations of the villain, the fight for his people, and (a handy finish for dreamers) his life. The villain is, of course, rich—he is the other member of the manufacturing firm, who cannot permit the father's affection for his son to endanger the business. Incidentally, he uses the good name of his own wife to effect Paul's downfall. When

Paul is slain by a motor, the father, again of course, yields everything he could not yield while his son was alive. It is all (reflects the jaded one, wearily) pretty trite in matter, and in manner not sufficiently fresh to conceal that triteness. On the whole, a book of less merit than most of those importations which its publisher has ventured within the past five years.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Restatement and Reunion. By Burnett Hillman Streeter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

Marching Men. By Leonidas Robinson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

Modern Theology and the Preaching of the Gospel. By William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Jesus and His Parables. By George Murray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

The author of "Restatement and Reunion" was one of the principal contributors to "Foundations," a book which created a considerable stir in orthodox theological circles. The fact that he is Fellow, Dean, and lecturer on theology and classics in Queen's College, Oxford, is sufficient assurance of his scholarly qualifications. The title of his work indicates its general character. In sympathy with many of the conclusions of modern criticism, he writes, nevertheless, as a convinced Christian and churchman, while maintaining that, in the light of new knowledge, some modification in the text of ancient formularies is an absolutely essential preliminary to the establishment of anything resembling Christian unity. He does not hesitate to charge the Church of England—which, he says, ought to stand primarily for charity, sanity, and the love of truth—with upholding some of the chief obstacles to it, especially in the matter of inter-communion. Absolute unity he regards as neither possible nor desirable, as it could only be imposed by a dogmatic authority, which inevitably would provoke worse revolt and confusion. He suggests, as the wisest and most practicable policy, progressive federations first between the various sects within the leading Protestant communions, and then between those communions themselves. This, he thinks, might pave the way to an agreement with the Orthodox Eastern churches. This accomplished, the Roman Church would be deprived of its numerical preponderance, and might be induced to make concessions. In considering Church and State he gives a masterly summary of the correlation between the ecclesiastical and political histories of Rome and Constantinople.

In "Marching Men" Dr. Robinson considers current problems of childhood, pulpit, and pew. He displays rare common-sense in his remarks upon the mischief done to religion by the Puritanical spirit, which has invested it with a Pharisaical solemnity and dissociated it from the innocent joy of life, especially in the case of children. An ardent supporter of the principles of Froebel, Pestalozzi, and Dr. Montessori, he maintains that dogma forced upon children is a fertile source of infidelity in adults. To the clergy, as teachers of young and old, he recommends diligent study of modern psychology. Fervently evangelical in spirit, the main thesis of his book is the inspiration and organic unity of the Bible as a whole, which, he maintains, are not affected by modern literary and scientific criticism, much of which he regards as well founded but immaterial. Particularly interesting is his citation of Judaism as a lesson to Christian dogmatists.

In his "Modern Theology and Preaching of the Gospel" Dr. Brown, professor of systematic theology in the Union Theological Seminary, discusses the present opportunities and duties of the churches. This book exhibits spiritual vision and broad toleration, combined with forceful and attractive logic. Arguing that modern theology—of which his definition, it may be remarked, is somewhat indefinite—has actually been of essential service in clarifying and broadening, and thus strengthening, the true Christian perception, the author, with a studious avoidance of dogmatic assertion, maintains the authority of the Bible as the history of a progressive revelation, which had Christ for its chief illustration and which is still proceeding. For the proof of the divinity of Christ he relies not only upon the fulfilment in his person of the prophecies of the Old Testament and the record of the New, but upon the perfect realization in his character and conduct of the God-like man, intensely human and divinely spiritual, whose production was the object of the whole creative scheme. To further this purpose, he goes on to argue, is the duty and privilege of the whole Christian body, working under the direction of the churches, the repositories of sacred truths. For these the present imperative duty is the abandonment of futile disputes over man-made creeds and formularies and organization for the effective propagation and establishment of essential Gospel principles.

Dr. Murray, in discussing the parables of Jesus, groups them under five heads: Grace in the Individual Life, Pharisaism the Foe, Fellowship with God the Ideal, The Course of the Kingdom, and Discipline and Judgment. It is a somewhat arbitrary, but, on the whole, convenient and satisfactory arrangement. There is nothing particularly new in his exposition, but he writes with a thorough comprehension of the aptness and significance of all the minor details of plan and circumstances, and with clearness and conviction. In tone he is broadly evangelical, and in his interpretation of some of the less obvious meanings ingeniously definite.

The similarity of intent and, broadly speaking, of argument, in these books, representing different schools of religious thought, indicates a growing conviction, even among theologians, that the efficacy of the simple message of the Gospels is not increased by the multiplication of ecclesiastical interpretations and ordinances.

THE DATA OF POLITICS.

Bodies Politic and their Governments. By Basil Edward Hammond. Cambridge University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This volume is not, as its title might imply to the unwary, a study of contemporary States and Governments. It is rather a contribution to the data of political evolution, a sketch-book of movements in the history of statecraft, with a genealogy of political institutions based thereupon. About a dozen years ago the author published his "Outlines of Comparative Politics," in which he began with a new classification of political communities and then proceeded to group his historical surveys around each type or category. The present work is not a mere revision of that useful volume: it is a complete re-writing of it, with much new material and a reversal of the method pursued. The historical surveys now precede, and the classifications follow.

By far the larger portion of Mr. Hammond's discussion is devoted to a description of ancient and mediæval governments: Greek and Roman political institutions take up, in fact, more than half his pages. Here he is on familiar ground, but his very familiarity is to some extent an obstacle, since the prolixity of detail often really obscures the panorama that he is striving to set before the eyes of his readers. Useful summaries are given from time to time, however, and these help greatly to clear the course of the narrative. The author believes it to be demonstrable that, in ancient communities particularly, the parentage or derivation of a political institution often exercised a paramount influence in determining its character. Hence he arranges his bodies politic in genealogical tables which illustrate, as it were, the pedigree of each.

The later chapters endeavor to supply the data for conclusions on the relationship and descent of political institutions in modern states. Europe gets the bulk of the author's attention, but the Government of the United States receives twenty pages of portrayal, on most of which there are, unfortunately, some serious misstatements. Not all of these errors can well be catalogued here; mention of a few will indicate how easily the author has slipped into pitfalls that might readily have been avoided. The words "original jurisdiction" in the Federal Constitution do not necessarily convey "sole jurisdiction" (p. 486); it is puerile to say that the States of the Union may draft their own Constitutions subject to the single condition that they cannot "set up a king" (p. 387); and it is not correct to state broadly that the lower house of Congress "must be elected by all the citizens" (p. 488). In one place we are told that "by the year 1789 the Constitution had been ratified by conventions in all the thirteen States" (p. 485); a little later we learn, more accurately, that "by 1790 all the thirteen com-

munities had ratified" (p. 490). Readers may well open their eyes at the statement that the first ten amendments "only made clear what was doubtful" in the original Constitution, and that the delegates in the Constitutional Convention would probably have incorporated these amendments "if they had occurred to their minds" (p. 490). "Each Federal Court," Mr. Hammond discovers, "has one officer, a marshal, to put its decisions into execution," but lest it be thought that our judicial decisions go unexecuted, the author quickly explains that "if the marshal is impeded in his duty" he can "summon Federal troops from Washington, the seat of the Federal Government" (p. 493).

With reference to the growth and government of American cities, it would be hard to crowd into three pages a more absurd chronicle than this volume gives us. Let a short quotation suffice to show how far the author's study has been careful or his judgment sound:

> The thirteen States that made the Union had the power to rule their cities, and while the cities were small they made use of it effectively; now that the cities have attained to great size and wealth it is of no avail, because the cities partly by numbers of votes and partly by bribery and threats control the legislatures of the States; . . . The cities are independent, or are city States, in almost every particular except that they wage no wars, and thus are like the Greek maritime cities before 480 B. C. . . . It is not then surprising that they have class governments, or perhaps I should say, bastard class governments. . . . New York can afford to keep an adulterine class government because it can never need to defend itself in war (p. 499).

One may well be inclined to fight shy of the "pedigrees of bodies politic" if they are to be compiled from such data as these!

THE JAPANESE IMMIGRANT APPRAISED.

The Japanese Problem in the United States. By H. A. Millis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

There was a call for a discussion, up to date, of the highly important Japanese question, based on indisputable facts, gathered from the whole extent of the field, and interpreted by one who is at home in such discussion. Happily, these conditions are realized in the present treatise. Professor Millis was chosen by the Commission on Relations with Japan, appointed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, as a specialist who had already given time and attention to the subject of immigration. Five years ago he was employed as agent in charge of the investigations made by the Immigration Commission in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States. The book does not supersede that excellent piece of work, "The Japanese American Problem," published last year by Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, to which it may be regarded as supplementary. In literary finish and other valuable qualities it is distinctly inferior to its predecessor. The absence of an alphabetical index, for instance, is a drawback.

The writer's point of view naturally differs from that of Dr. Gulick, who, as professor in a Japanese institution, regards the question from the side of fair play for the Japanese immigrant. Professor Millis, on the other hand, is interested in the Japanese immigrant as one of a group comprising Chinese, Mexican, Russian, Austrian, Filipino, Hindu, and even Spaniard and Porto Rican. The Japanese compares favorably with any of them, being "intelligent, studious, cleanly in his habits, generous, temperate, moral, law-abiding, industrious, and ambitious" (p. 229). It is in the salmon canneries of Alaska that Japanese laborers make the poorest showing, and "are universally regarded as much less desirable than the Chinese, and even inferior to the Filipinos, who have recently engaged in that industry." Perhaps the reason is that the climate is too cold for their liking, and that an inferior type goes north. Japanese civilization suits the warmer temperate zone. It is to be noted that the leaders of Japan in the past half-century have all come from the extreme south of the islands, from Nagato, Satsuma, and Tosa. The race seems to reach its limit of natural expansion northward at the Straits of Tsugaru, separating the main island from Hokkaido, which is a colony in the Roman military sense of the term.

The Japanese problem in this country almost limits itself to California, where the climate is thoroughly congenial to Japanese habits. About two-thirds of the whole Japanese population in the United States are found in the boundaries of this State. Next in order comes the State of Washington, with a total of 14,794, or less than one-sixth of the whole. These figures give a percentage of 2.29 in the total population of California, and of 1.06 in that of Washington. Oregon has never particularly attracted Japanese labor, and no anti-Japanese sentiment has displayed itself in this State, where the Japanese form only .47 per cent. of the whole population.

Unfortunately—a point commented upon by the writer—the Japanese found themselves at the outset, as immigrants, confronted by a latent hostility, being regarded as Chinese of a different stripe. Some of Professor Millis's statements, however, require modification. So far from the two languages being alike, they differ utterly in essentials, although the Japanese have adopted Chinese ideographs for the written language, and from these have evolved a syllabary for their own tongue. Indeed, the burden laid upon Japanese students by the need of memorizing four or five thousand Chinese ideographs before they can be recognized as literary adepts—a task infinitely more alien and heavy than the acquisition of Latin by the European lad—is already proving a bar to the return to Japan of Japanese born in this country. They shrink from entering a life where so much wearisome memorizing would be a necessary preliminary to social and intellectual influence. The process of Americanizing these young people has been going on much more effectively than is generally believed, although it is patent to keen observers from the other side of the Pacific.

From what source, by the way, does Professor Millis draw his ethnological data? He tells us (p. 239) that the Japanese are "a mixture of Malay, Mongolian, Tartar, Caucasian, and negro, or Negrito, elements." This admixture of negro or Negrito blood is not even a matter of discussion in standard treatises like the histories of Murdoch or Brinkley, although their findings are by no means in agreement. Racially so similar to the Chinese, they differ radically in language and polity. The relationship between rulers and people, close and friendly in Japan, in China is remote and "unkindly." Thirty years ago the State of California was able to rid herself of the Chinese menace in a remarkably easy fashion, for the Chinese Government is helpless to intervene when its subjects are abused, and is deaf to such appeals. No government more fully recognizes this claim than the Japanese, and none is better prepared to assert it. Hence the danger in the whole situation from the Californian having formed a wrong estimate of the "Oriental." The Japanese has shown himself "cocky." Moreover, as Professor Millis points out, the Chinese laborer was quite willing to live in a "bunk-house," while the Japanese seeks and welcomes opportunities to live like a "white man." As the author explains in one of those badly constructed sentences which mar the quality of the book: "With ambition to rise, and little capital required to purchase the few implements needed and to pay the initial rent, and with the possibility of chattel loans on crops, it is only natural that the Japanese should in many cases have become independent farmers."

While the solicitude of his home Government in watching over his interests has increased the hostility to this new unsubmissive type of Oriental, he has had no powerful church to look after his interests and aid in "assimilating" him. The Irishman, who was so unpopular sixty years ago, had the Roman Catholic Church ready to stand by him; so was it later with the Italian immigrant. Only a limited number of Japanese are closely associated with the evangelical churches, and they are apt to receive a frigid welcome at the regular Sunday services. The process of assimilation will necessarily be slow, and is not likely to take place, as Professor Millis concedes, with large numbers. But a valuable quantum of the Japanese resident population ought to receive every chance of assimilation, for "the evil of race mixture is pretty much of a bogie."

The whole question, indeed, must sooner or later be taken from State Legislatures and dealt with by the Federal Government. The so-called "gentlemen's agreement" of

1908 works well, but in its very nature it is only temporary. What supersedes it must also come direct from Washington, and be national in its scope and application. Professor Millis recommends a general immigration law such as is outlined in Dr. Gulick's "The American Japanese Problem" (pp. 284-286), with some modifications. "Amend the existing law," thus runs his suggestion, "so that except in the case of Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, and Cuba, the number of immigrants admitted in any one year shall not exceed 5 per cent. of the total of those who had taken their 'second papers' and the native-born of one or both parents born in the given country, as recorded in the Census of 1910. Provided, however, that the maximum number in no case shall be less than 1,000, in order that immigration from new countries shall not be unduly restricted." He supports the contention that no alien should be permitted to enter this country without being eligible to citizenship.

That this exhaustive treatise, written from another standpoint, should be in such substantial agreement with Dr. Gulick's book, and that the final practical recommendation in both should find favor with an unsympathetic critic like President Benjamin I. Wheeler, are facts worth pondering over. If the country gives Japan a substantial cause of grievance, the result will be disastrous, not only in chilling the friends of representative government who are at present waging a hard struggle in her assemblies, but also in stimulating the already too aggressive military party.

A RUSSIAN SOCIALIST ON THE WAR.

La Russie et la guerre. Par Grégoire Alexinsky. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 3.50 fr.

Gregor Alexinsky, already known to English readers by his "Modern Russia," is a leader of the Russian Social-Democrats, that is, of a party by principle opposed not only to wars between nations, but to any emphasis on national boundaries, a party that aims to unite the proletariat of all nations in a war against international capital. He is, of course, a fervent opponent of the Russian autocracy. Yet in this book he defends the justice of the Russian cause and looks forward with exultant hope to the triumph of the Russian armies. Hence his discussion often faces both ways: the Social-Democratic Deputies in the Duma showed fine attachment to their principles when they declined to vote for the war credits, but the Russian workingmen have been nobly guided by patriotism rather than by the foolish advice of "intellectuals" who wished for the defeat of Russia as a means of furthering revolution within its borders. When Alexinsky speaks of the Russian masses as "preserved from revolutionary hysteria by their political conscience and the sureness of their instinct" (p. 217), he copies the accents of the reactionary League of Russian People, whom he detests.

Despite this wobbling attitude—perhaps rather because of it—Alexinsky has done the world a service by this book. Russian political parties are not so well known to us as those of England, France, and Germany, and Alexinsky gives a clear idea of their behavior during the present crisis. Stating frankly his own position, he lets us see the power of tendencies in Russian life for which he has not even tolerance. His plea is simple. After its defeat in the Far East, Russia took renewed interest in Balkan affairs, but did not adopt an aggressive policy. Not to speak of Slavophile sympathies for the small Balkan states, Russia was bound to resist any steps towards Germanic domination of the peninsula. If Constantinople should ultimately fall under Germany or Austria, Russia's market for her grain could be entirely cut off in time of war, since the Baltic is commanded by the German fleet. The war, once begun, should be supported—and, with small exceptions, is supported—by all classes of Russian subjects. A German victory would check Russian economic progress, making the country fatally dependent on Germany, and would thereby hinder the revolutionary movement. It would be a blow not only to the Russian government, but to the whole Russian people. A revolutionary outbreak accelerated by foreign disasters, like that in Russia after the Japanese War, risks being weak and abortive.

Nor would a defeat of Russia be of benefit to the subject peoples now oppressed by the Czar's officials. Despite varied currents of opinion, Little Russians, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Armenians have all in the main been loyal to Russia. One reason is indicated by a quotation from a Lettish writer, whose people have had experience with both sorts of rulers:

> The Germans oppress in a manner that is systematic and thereby always efficacious. Moreover, their haughty contempt for all that is not German, and the logic and sangfroid with which they carr . their persecutions wherever they domin nake them intolerable. The Russians a . less consistent by nature, their spirit is not so well disciplined, they are guided more by the heart, and are therefore less to be feared as oppressors. Sometimes they strike cruel and painful blows, but they also occasionally relent. They are more rude and brutal in their manners, but at bottom they are more humane than the Germans, who often hide under a perfectly courteous exterior designs inspired by a ferocious hatred. (Pp. 196, 197.)

The Russian Government has promised autonomy to the Poles, and one may trust that advanced public opinion, aided by the influence of England and France, will make it keep its word. Meanwhile, despite some wise measures, like the suppression of the liquor traffic, the authorities have not even tried to conciliate public opinion by a political amnesty. When in control of Galicia, it is asserted that they immediately began a persecution of the Ruthenians. For a reversal of all this Alexinsky can only hope. Bad as the present Russian Government is, it deserves support, since its defeat would be a calamity for the people as a whole. Whether or not one agrees with Alexinsky's theories, one must admit that he views the situation in a manly way. His summary of his position suggests rather a romantic poet than a Marxian materialist:

> The young Russian armies are defending the cause of European democracy and of human progress. But they are under the command of a senile autocratic power. It is a misfortune for us Russian democrats and revolutionists that the military forces of our country are in the hands of the Tsarism. But for the democracy of Europe, for the peoples of Serbia, Belgium, France, and England, it is fortunate that millions of Russian soldiers will offer until death a tenacious resistance to the aggression of Germany and its allies. Truly a tragic contradiction!
>
> How can this contradiction be explained away?
>
> I find a simple and complete answer to this difficult question in a letter written by a Russian to his son, fallen on the field of battle:
>
> "We shall not live for ever in this world. What is the existence of a human being? A drop of water in the ocean of life of our glorious Russia. We shall not exist forever, while she must have a long and prosperous life. I know that we shall be forgotten, and that our happy descendants will not remember those who sleep in soldiers' tombs—but what does it matter?" (Pp. 361, 362.)

An English edition of this book, translated by Bernard Miall, is announced (Scribner; $3 net).

Drama

"THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS."

After a run of two years about the country, "The Road to Happiness" has come to New York with William Hodge, who is remembered for his success in "The Man from Home," in the principal part. When the work of Mr. Hodge is disposed of, little remains to be said, for the play, though fortified by several other picturesque types, is obviously built around him. The piece cannot be called a play at all, even if it provides a fairly amusing evening's entertainment, since the plot, except for a few minor workings, can be guessed in advance, and since rather arbitrary control is assumed of the action so as to keep the hero always on top. This Jim Whitman, whom Mr. Hodge impersonates, is a young carpenter, living in a farming community, who is blessed with ambition and sterling commonsense. It is the salt of his wisdom which makes the play what it is, for it has plenty of opportunity to precipitate itself in this community of bigotry and selfishness. As may be suspected, the entire village takes on a different aspect before the final curtain, as a result of the lessons in genuineness and tolerance which Jim has taught. Incidentally, mention should be made of one of the stage appurtenances—a big, fat hen, which perches throughout one act on a rafter in Ben Hardcastle's barn. Whereas, for a time, no play could be given without a shooting scene, and later, without a drug fiend, the present sea-

son in New York is marked by an array of live stock. This play has the hen, a dog, and a horse; another puts much reliance upon a "rooster" and two dogs. F.

"COMMON CLAY."

It is not too much to say of this play that it might have been written by Sir Arthur Pinero, not a very good Pinero, the Pinero of, say, "Letty"—a play which deals in a strong, but rather unfinished, way with the temptations of a working girl. Both pieces present only the common stock of knowledge concerning the fundamental social wrongs inflicted on girls who are left unbuttressed by the courtesies granted to girls more fortunately placed. Both make much use of the same device in order to sharpen the contrast of the high-born and the lowly—the continual reminder given the hero by the heroine that the respect which he shows his sister is not granted to her. Both plays, too, throw a silly moral sop to the audience, though here it must be said that Mr. Cleves Kinkead had more justification than Sir Arthur, for he at least grants his heroine the chance for which she has always longed, namely, to wear finery. Nor does the resemblance end here. The emphasis which is placed, satirically, upon respectability and the privileges of a gentleman is Pinero's special brand—not Shaw's, not Henry Arthur Jones's. Certainly it is not the variety exhibited in the plays of Clyde Fitch.

The question of imitation need not be pressed to the point of making the imitation deliberate. It is enough to say that Mr. Kinkead must have heard the work of Pinero analyzed by Professor Baker, under whom he studied at Harvard, and that the play, though arresting, does not give the impression of being very original. It is not even American in flavor, except for certain business, notably the court-room scene, which it shares with other productions seen in New York during the past year or two.

The main situation may be stated more explicitly. Ellen Neal—a character impersonated with admirable sincerity by Jane Cowl—after an indiscretion committed with a man about town, determines to earn an honest living, and engages herself as housemaid in the fashionable Fullerton ménage. Here, as the curtain rises on a retiring-room during a ball, she is confronted by the intoxicated Coakley, the man who had caused her downfall. By him her past is revealed to Hugh Fullerton, a pampered son just home from college. Though Hugh is not the brute that Coakley is, he, too, is a "gentleman," and is not averse to leading a "man's life"; and though he means to treat Ellen fairly, it is evident at the close of the first act that she will yield to his passion. At the beginning of the second act Ellen is the mother of his child, and he is back from Europe, expecting to be confronted by the courts, for she is determined that her son shall have the advantages which he would have had if she had been legally married to Hugh. Here enter Judge Filson (John Mason), an old friend of the senior Fullerton, to whom the latter has gone for legal advice. Coakley has been brought to the Judge's office to remind Ellen of her first offence, but has the tables turned on him when Ellen's lawyer decides to prosecute him for having seduced the girl prior to the age of consent provided by the law.

The following act, which takes places in the court-room, is the "big" one of the play. It provides Miss Cowl with an opportunity for some excellent emotional acting when, stripped of her self-respect by the searching examination of Judge Filson, she in turn is lashed by her conscience, and is spurred on to upbraid society for its hypocrisies. A powerful climax is contrived by the admissions on the stand of Ellen's supposed mother that her real mother was the woman whom years ago the Judge himself had wronged. This disclosure had been so carefully prepared for by the author, who evidently wished to play fair with the audience, that to some, at least, it came as no surprise. Yet it must be admitted that the surprise is not of so much moment to the audience as is the chance to study its effect upon the Judge. In the hands of a competent actor like John Mason, the situation was rich with dramatic interest. Yet we must regret that Mr. Mason has acquired that easy American accomplishment of talking through his nose. At this juncture the play should have ended, with only the hope held out of a subsequent union with Hugh. But an epilogue there is, and everything is happily arranged for in the presence of the audience. F.

"THE HOUSE OF GLASS."

Mr. Max Marcin, the author of this play (Candler Theatre), has reverted to a dramatic type which was the usual thing in the days, not long ago, when the stage attempted to "show up" political bosses, police sergeants, captains of industry, and others like them. Those were the days of muckraking, and playwrights and audience alike forgot that an essential of sound drama is the portrayal of human beings. It was enough that the young writers were dealing with vital problems and were supposedly battling against the devil in an ingenious way. Mr. Marcin, too, has plenty of tricks in his kit. There are moments in this play when the audience holds its breath at thought of what is coming, but it is enough to say that the final impression given is one of dummies skilfully manipulated, and this in spite of some very good acting.

The theme on which the author hammers is naturally one which is uppermost to-day. We guess that it was suggested by the work of Mr. Osborne at Sing Sing. In any case, the play sets forth the alleged iniquities of placing a lasting stigma upon any one who has ever served a prison sentence. The story is ingeniously contrived, so as to keep the audience entirely clear about a complicated situation; yet to do this it has been necessary to make of the first act what is essentially a prologue. A stenographer has fallen in love with an attractive young fellow, and after an acquaintance of just two weeks is preparing to marry him, when he is arrested in her room on the charge of burglary. Certain jewels which he has left with her implicate her in the crime, and in spite of the fact that she is entirely innocent, she is sent to prison for three years, after half of which term she is released on parole. But shortly she breaks the parole and runs off to Kansas City, where she is seen after a lapse of eight years the happy wife of a prominent railway magnate. The latter naturally gravitates to New York, the scene of his wife's former troubles, and then begins the working out of the real dramatic interest of the piece. The husband, now president of one of the big railways, is relentlessly prosecuting an employee who has stolen from the company. All manner of influence exerted in the boy's behalf leaves him cold, until he learns from his wife's lips the story of her career, and the fact that a detective is bent upon getting her back in jail on account of the broken parole. Here is a situation which, *per se*, is powerful, but the author's characters are only so much invention, and he has also made them frightfully talky—a combination of defects which the excellent acting of Frederick Burt, as the husband, of Harry C. Browne, as attorney, and the uneven, but on the whole good, work of Mary Ryan as the wife, are unable to cope with. F.

Finance

LONDON AND THE NEW YORK MARKET

Having fallen on Wednesday of last week to $4.50 in the pound sterling—no less a depreciation from the normal parity than 7½ per cent.—the rate of exchange on London recovered violently. Before the close of the week, it was back to $4.71½, having retraced the downward steps, not only of last week, but of the week preceding. This advance still left the rate far below normal, but it indicated that influences bearing on the market do not all operate in one direction. For one thing, the British Government's fiscal agents at New York had in their hands, last week, $60,000,000 worth of American securities sent over from London on warships during August. It is practically certain that loans were raised in Wall Street on the collateral of these stocks and bonds, and the proceeds used to pay maturing claims against England in this market, without drawing exchange on London.

Simultaneously, it became known that the financial commissioners, sent from London to arrange for such operations on a larger scale, were already on the way. The market for exchange remained highly irregular and excited; but the course of rates reflected the financial community's feeling that last week's extreme decline took too many things for granted. Nevertheless, discussion as to the outcome of so bewildering a situation in international exchange continued, and with wide diversity of judgment. Would it be possible, after what has already taken place, for England to raise the much-discussed $500,000,000 loan in the United States, from the proceeds of which the manufacturers of munitions could be paid? If such a credit were established, would it be large enough to offset the pressure on exchange?

Opinion, even in conservative quarters, found itself in agreement on neither of these questions. Yet they can at least tentatively be answered. The answer to the question as to a $500,000,000 "New York credit," is that England can unquestionably raise it, but that the terms will be

exacting—chiefly because of the long delay in grappling with the question. Our own Government, just twenty years ago, got itself into a similar scrape, through a similar procrastination. Our supply of gold was being exhausted through export to meet the abnormally adverse exchange rates.

In the end, the Government of 1895 had to apply to international bankers to establish a London credit, and to pay for it we had to sell Government bonds at a net rate of 3¾ per cent., when 3 per cents had been sold at par a few months before. England, too, will probably have to pay a considerably higher rate than her latest war loan bore; she will have to forego the income tax on the bonds thus issued; she will have to guarantee interest payment in dollars, and she may be asked to put up security collateral. On such a basis, certainly $500,000,000 could be raised. Had the negotiations been opened six months ago, the thing could have been done without collateral. But the present attitude of our banks towards the operation is clearly due to misgiving caused by the random talk of "British credit" which has accompanied the spectacular break in sterling exchange.

Whether $500,000,000 would be more than a temporary stop-gap, is a question which cannot be answered, unless one knew how long the war will last. But if exchange rates could be restored to something like normal figures, another borrowing, if necessary, would be far more simple. It was so with our Government after the episode of 1895. For when the immediate crisis in exchange had been averted, through the London operation, and the outflow of gold had been held in check during a series of months, confidence was so far restored that a new and very large loan, offered in New York city, drew heavy subscriptions from European investors.

If England were to encounter difficulties in the operation, would her investors sell the rest of their American securities? On this point, also, widely opposing views exist in the most experienced quarters. Among such holders of our stocks and bonds, there are investors who wish to snatch the abnormal profit on exchange, and there are investors who wish to shift their funds into British war bonds. But there are also investors who believe in keeping a reserve investment in a neutral state, or who regard American securities as attractive, because of the country's present immense financial prestige. Even among English financiers and public men, some would urge or compel such sales, in order to regulate exchange; others regard American securities as an anchor to windward which London ought to hold.

It is largely a question of duration of the European conflict. If peace were to return within the space of a few months, England would probably still retain something like a thousand millions of our stocks and bonds. But if the end of a protracted war were to see them nearly all back in American hands, yet sustained in value here by the new resources of our plethoric money market, the economic outcome would be logical.

All things considered, it would appear to be at least conceivable that the "gold inflation theory" and the "foreign liquidation theory," pointing individually to opposite results on the Stock Exchange, might result, when operating jointly, in a happy equilibrium. And meantime, it remains to be seen whether England, by the pledge of her private or governmental credit in our market, will not manage to solve, for the time at any rate, the problem of exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Balmer, E. A Wild Goose Chase. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Barr, A. E. The Measure of a Man. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Bindloss, H. Harding of Allenwood. Stokes. $1.30 net.
Brady, C. T. A Baby of the Frontier. Revell. $1.25 net.
Cooper, E. Living up to Billy. Stokes. $1 net.
Crane, F. Just Human. Lane. $1 net.
Crockett, S. R. Hal o' The Ironsides. Revell. $1.25 net.
Foote, M. H. The Valley Road. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Foster-Melliar, R. A. Blindstone. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Grant, R. The High Priestess. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Guiterman, A. The Laughing Muse. Harper. $1 net.
Harben, W. N. The Inner Law. Harper. $1.35 net.
Hope, A. A Young Man's Year. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Kelland, C. B. Mark Tidd in Business. Harper. $1 net.
Lane, Mrs. J. Maria Again. Lane. $1 net.
Lewis, S. The Trail of the Hawk. Harper. $1.35 net.
Me: A Book of Remembrance. Anonymous. Century Co.
Oppenheim, E. P. The Way of These Women. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Perry, M. Zerah: A Tale of Old Bethlehem. The Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Nicky-Nan, Reservist. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Rankin, C. W. The Cinder Pond. Holt. $1.25 net.
Sage, W. A Maid of Old Virginia. Revell. $1.25 net.
Stacpoole, H deV. The Pearl Fishers. Lane. $1.30 net.
Strahan, K. C. Peggy-Mary. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Sullivan, F. W. Alloy of Gold. McBride. $1.35 net.
Verrill, A. H. Uncle Abner's Legacy. Holt. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beggs, G. H. The Four in Crete. Abingdon Press. $1.25 net.
Bullard, F. L. Tad and his Father. Little, Brown. 50 cents net.
Douglas, N. Old Calabria. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Gardiner, A. G. The War Lords. The Wayfarer's Library. Dutton. 40 cents net.
Huberich, C. H., and King, R. The Prize Code of the German Empire. Baker, Voorhis & Co. $2.50 net.
Lyons, A. N. Kitchener Chaps. Lane. 50 cents net.
Mason, A. B. Tom Strong, Jr. Holt. $1.25 net.
Tomlinson, P. G. In Camp on Bass Island. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Verrill, A. H. In Morgan's Wake. Holt. $1.35 net.
Young, S. H. Alaska Days with John Muir. Revell. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cushing, M. P. Baron D'Holbach. A Study of Eighteenth Century Radicalism in France. New York: Columbia University.
Flewelling, R. T. Personalism and the Problems of Philosophy. Methodist Book Concern. $1 net.
Great Christian Doctrines. Edited by James Hastings. Scribner. $3 net.
Hobhouse, L. T. Morals in Evolution. Holt. $3.25 net.
Phythian-Adams, W. J. Milthraism. Open Court Pub. Co. 40 cents.
Prince, L. B. Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico. Torch Press. $1.50 net.
Schechter, S. Seminary Addresses and Other Papers. Cincinnati, O.: Ark Pub. Co.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

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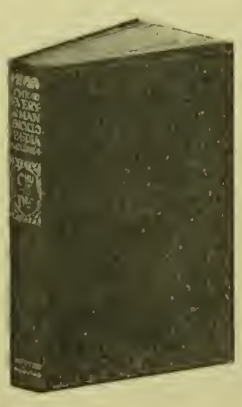

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EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT SECTION

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TEXTBOOKS AND THE STATE.

The importance of textbooks as an element of our educational system may be gauged from the fact that we spend upon them no less than two-thirds as much as we spend upon chewing-gum. Yet the $17,000,000 thus invested is but 2 per cent. of our entire bill for education. For each pupil in the public schools, the cost of books is on the average 78 cents a year. A negligible item! An item, at least, so small in the total budget that the only question likely to arise in connection with it is whether we are getting in our particular school the best books on the market. So one would reason who was guided solely by the figures. The facts are far otherwise. So large does the cost of textbooks appear in the eyes of legislators that they are influenced to take one or both of two lines of action regarding them. One of these is to furnish such books to pupils free. This movement seems to be gradually spreading over the country. Maine, for instance, compels her towns to provide free textbooks, but the local school committee may contract with publishers as to the price for the books sold to parents who wish to pay for them. In Minnesota, the district board may provide free books or sell them at cost. The direction in which this regulation looks is indicated by the further provision that the question of free books must be voted upon, if as few as five persons request such an election.

The other line of action towards which legislators are occasionally influenced by their view of the cost of textbooks is to place the choosing and printing of these books in the hands of the State. This movement has never gained great headway, but now and then it appears in a new capital. Alabama is considering this step, as Georgia, Kansas, and California have considered it before her. Two years ago, Georgia appointed a Joint Legislative Commission of eight to investigate the subject. This Commission reported adversely to the project, and the matter was dropped. The same winter, Kansas created a State School-Book Commission, with power, among other things, "to purchase necessary machinery, type, and other printing and binding material, to print and bind school books, to procure copyrights for same, or to contract for the right to publish said school books, on a royalty basis, and to provide for the preparation, publication, purchase, sale, and distribution of a State series of school textbooks at cost, making appropriations therefor." In accordance with this law, a "History of Kansas" was written by a county superintendent, and its crudities were ironed out by one or two professors in a higher educational institution of the State.

But the point upon which stress is always laid is not the quality, editorial or mechanical, of books published by the State, but their low cost. The "History" was sold for 22 cents, a book of literary selections for 18 cents. Did the State come out ahead, or did it not? The answer is that nobody knows. As is usual in balance-sheets of State-made articles, no account is taken of elements of cost that are included in private estimates as a matter of course. A State is above taking notice of "overhead charges." Why should it trouble itself about interest on the investment, depreciation of plant, even salaries, storage, insurance, postage, and so on? Kansas has invested $230,000 in this venture. The interest on this sum at 6 per cent. would amount to $13,800 annually. It is obvious that the omission of items like this renders any estimate of cost almost valueless. The one thing certain is that whether she paid more to private publishers than she is paying now, at least she knew how much she paid then, and she does not know now. As the difference at most cannot be more than a few cents on each book, she would appear to be paying dearly for the privilege of making her own whistle. Towards this conclusion, she herself seems to have been driven, for the Legislature of 1915 amended the law in several important respects. It now directs that the Commission shall provide by adoption for such books as they may "find it impossible or impracticable to print or publish." It also abrogates a stupid provision in the law of 1913, which prohibited the use of supplementary books!

The only long trial of the plan has been made by California. For twenty-eight years, from 1885 to 1913, that State actually appropriated money to pay for publishing textbooks—and also charged for the books! It occasionally introduced a variation into this system by making special appropriations for its publishing plant. In 1913 it came to the conclusion that if the State taxed itself for the books, it ought not to have to pay for them a second time, and provided that textbooks should be free. Of this experiment, one thing can be said with confidence: it has cost the State money rather than saved it money. The mere fact that parents paid for their books twice is suf-

ficient to establish that. These books were sold at about the prices asked by private publishers for books at retail, and yet the sums thus received by the State were not nearly enough to reimburse it for publishing them. The first set of texts was sold for double the price at which the State Printer had estimated that he could produce it. Now that California has gone the whole length by printing and distributing her textbooks free, she makes her appropriations with a more lavish hand. Up to 1913 the appropriations, direct and indirect, for publishing these books aggregated about $800,000. In February, 1913, the Legislature appropriated "for the purpose of paying expenses of publishing State textbooks and distributing the same free to the school children of the State" all the money then in the State school-book fund, amounting to $156,000. In June it made an additional appropriation of $500,000 for the same purpose. But unless a radical change in methods of accounting is made, California will still be far from a knowledge of what her school books are costing her.

But the item of expense, large as it looks to the legislator, is in reality the smallest element in the question. What are a few cents, or several cents, when the quality of a textbook is at stake? Yet this element of quality apparently never enters into a State's consideration of the matter. It seems to fear that it would be reflecting upon its own educational efficiency if it were to admit that its textbooks ought to be written by outsiders. The instinctive method of procedure is to get hold of a more or less prominent local educator who will not charge too much, and set him to work turning out the volume. No law to this effect need be written on the statute-book; local patriotism will be sufficient. One or two States, nevertheless, that are not doing their own printing, to make assurance doubly sure, have inserted something in their laws to that end. Louisiana definitely instructs her State Textbook Commission to show a preference for Louisiana books in their adoptions. Even if the resort to State printing were not so much a thing of politics, engineered by politicians, administered to too great an extent by politicians, the temptation to exploit local talent in the writing of textbooks would still be strong.

Now, textbooks lie very close to the centre of our system of public education. Teachers lean heavily upon them. They should, therefore, possess two features that only the expert can rightly give them: they should be authoritative, and they should be teachable. The qualities of scholarship and pedagogical ability are not always united. On the contrary, they are rarely found together. Who is going to seek out the proper person to write a book that must be at once learned and simple, sage and plain? Kansas proposed to manage it by having her Commission select, outside of its own membership, a secretary, who should be a textbook expert as well as the executive officer of the Commission. His salary was not to exceed $2,000 a year. This was as if a State should make an agreement with a publishing house to buy all of its textbooks from that one house, and to choose a house that did not pay its best textbook expert more than $2,000 a year. For the sake of saving a few cents on a book, which it might or might not, in the end, save, it surrendered its privilege of selecting from a score of finished volumes, produced by able and experienced concerns, the one best suited to its purposes.

It is not to be denied that private publishers have been somewhat to blame for the itch of State textbook publishing. The competition among them not many years ago was so keen, their methods in some cases were so shady, that not only politicians, but well-meaning folk, were tempted to ask themselves whether there must not be huge profits in a business that could support such extravagant methods of unloading its product. There is no doubt that now and then bribery was tried, sometimes successfully, by a house too eagerly bent upon getting its books into the schools of a city or a State; on the other hand, a politician would occasionally hint that the privilege of supplying textbooks was one that could be bought, like the textbooks. But one hears little of this sort of thing now. Competition is still keen—too keen to give substance to the idea, prevalent in certain localities, of a "school-book Trust"—but ordinarily it is conducted in a way to leave the question of State publication to be decided upon its merits. The general tendency of States to adopt uniform texts may have encouraged in one or two of them the idea of doing their own publishing, since uniform texts mean fewer texts. But this fact points in reality in the opposite direction: a private publisher who receives a contract to supply one or more texts to an entire State for a three or five-year period can name a price which takes away the argument of economy, to say nothing of the more important element of quality.

The State-University Idea

By WARNER FITE.

In Eastern newspapers of a more progressive type one hears occasional echoes of that peculiar reverence which is paid in the West to "the State-university idea." At the same time one may detect a growing willingness, not to say eagerness, on the part of Eastern universities for a closer relation to the State. Remembering the resources of the State as a patron of education and the huge appropriations which are sometimes granted to State universities, this willingness is not wholly surprising. But the grounds urged for "the State-university idea" are of a different sort. The State university is supposed to represent the final and logical type of scholastic institution, by the side of which the private, or corporate, university is an inheritance from an unenlightened past, before education came to be regarded as a social function. And in this country the State university is the special representative of "democracy." The picture is drawn of the private institution as administered by the financial interest, the mouths of the professors closed by the fear of disturbing vested interests, while the State university, owing allegiance to none but "society," enjoys a complete freedom.

No comparison could, I believe, be much further from the facts. It is true that our State universities have been on the whole remarkably free from "politics," in the sense of party politics. But no one who remembers how State institutions in general are administered in this country could expect them to be free from more or less corrupting personal influences. I have known of one State university whose policy was absolutely controlled by one member of the board, supposed to be the wealthiest man in the State; so much so that none of his colleagues ventured to suggest a measure without first learning his wishes. It was only by the grace of God that he was indifferent about the educational policy. Another institution might be named which some time ago was granted a large increase of income. A lively public campaign preceded the grant, and it was followed by mutual felicitations. But every one knew that one step alone had been responsible for success: a representative of the university had called upon the political boss of the State, a man known far and wide as an infamous politician, and had been successful in obtaining his favor. This does not mean that any promises of support were given. But one is obliged to wonder how far a member of the faculty of that institution, in his capacity of citizen of the State, will be at liberty to indulge in public condemnation of the politician in question, and how far his position is superior to that of the professor whose salary comes from "tainted" private wealth.

And if the State university is free from party politics, it is not free from the politics of local interest. From the standpoint of the university town, the university is mainly a

source of trade, the town's share in the favors bestowed by the State; the town is therefore interested in the material prosperity of the university. This brings about a community of interest which is scarcely less corrupting than party politics, and which subjects the university to a preponderating influence in its affairs on the part of a local, and not seldom an ignorant, community—for few of the State universities are situated either in the capital or in the largest city of the State. And as for any other community of interest, if we imagine the university suddenly taken up and carried away, like Aladdin's palace, it would often be difficult to determine, from a study of the habits and modes of thought of the townspeople, whether the gap had been filled by the State university, the insane asylum, or the State prison.

Nor are we to imagine that "the State-university idea" stands for any special immunity from religious prejudice. It has been customary in State universities, no less than in denominational colleges, to question a candidate for appointment concerning his church connections. Any church connection will do. But in the small Western towns a man with no church connection is apt to be looked upon askance, especially if he refuses to apologize for it; and in the town society a family without church connections is considered hardly respectable. This means also that the code of personal morals which the candidate is expected to follow is apt to be somewhat narrowly Puritanical. I recall one State university professor who told me, rather sadly, that while his colleagues in the denominational colleges could drink a glass of beer when so inclined, he himself was obliged to pose as a total-abstainer. To those who are familiar with the history of State universities his story will be not wholly incredible. The State universities have had to face a steady fire from the denominational colleges, which, on grounds purely theoretical, connected with the separation in this country of state and church, have loved to denounce the State university as godless and immoral. The State university is therefore compelled to make a double show of piety and morality.

It would be historically incorrect to say that the State university has been *made* in Germany. It is a fact, however, that State universities have grown to their present dimensions during a period in which our conceptions of higher education have been dominated by German influences. And there can be little doubt that the German conception of the organized State underlies the thoughts of those who are impressed with the beauty of "the State-university idea." The State university is conceived to be the logical head of the educational system of the State. Ideally, it should consist of a body of educational experts—efficiency-men—who would control the educational system of the State from top to bottom. And not only the public system. They would also formulate the standards to which all private, or corporate, institutions would be obliged to conform. Nor is this all—indeed, it is a small part. Following "the Wisconsin idea," the object of envious imitation in State-university circles, the university would provide authoritative experts for all departments of life. No laws should be made without consulting them, and nothing would be too trivial or too secular for their attention. In the full realization of "the State-university idea" we should see a State made happy and prosperous by authoritative academic wisdom.

From the standpoint of "social efficiency," the beauty of the idea is perhaps indisputable. But there may still be some Americans who wonder whether social efficiency, so called, is a complete test of social excellence, and whether America free is not more desirable than America efficient. Just at the moment we have a rare opportunity of studying the fruits of social efficiency in Germany, the land where the State-university idea has achieved its finest realization; and where, on the part of university professors, a miraculous uniformity of sentiment (coupled with a devastating diversity of argument) is illustrating for us the ideal of academic freedom. Some time ago the *Nation* printed an article on the recent difficulties of "the State-university idea" at the University of Wisconsin, in which the writer dwelt somewhat upon the fickleness and stupidity of a character named Demos. I am unfamiliar with the Wisconsin Demos, but from certain expressions of "the Wisconsin idea" in other places, I am led to suspect that Demos found the idea too much for him. Some time before I had had the pleasure of reading a public circular in which another State university, unhappily not provided with a department of dairying, undertook to enumerate the services that could be rendered the State by other departments. Among others, the department of public speaking could assist the State in the discussion of public questions—the department in question consisting of one bachelor of arts of two years' standing. One may hazard the guess that Demos does not wish to be assisted in the discussion of public questions.

Nor is it at all clear that the alliance with Demos is favorable to the higher interests of the university. State universities in this country have not thus far been distinguished either for an atmosphere of culture or for disinterested scientific achievement. And in the appeal to Demos little or nothing is said about the leavening influence of the mere presence in the State of a body of cultivated men. While large sums have been extracted from Demos for the general uses of the university, more or less by a resort to lobbying, the argument has been based chiefly upon corn and cows; and Demos, while paying for corn and cows, has unwittingly contributed to culture. It still remains to be seen how far Demos would approve of the broader aims of the university—for liberal scholarship, for disinterested scientific research, and for the cultivation of the humanities—if these items were specified in the bill.

And if Demos should object, it would be hard to say that he would be altogether wrong. If Demos is to pay the bill, why should he not be the chooser of the goods? Now, Demos is by no means a brute. He may be mainly interested in corn and cows, or in trade, but he is always pleased to see his son become a finer and more capable man than himself. He is not quite satisfied, however, that all the apparatus of the State university is necessary to this result. If he forms his idea of the university from the daily press, he will judge that it is primarily occupied with the promotion of athletics and social events. And if he makes a visit to the university, he may be led to think of it as mainly an institution where men of intellectual tastes may pursue their favorite avocations at public expense; or where a set of youths, by no means conspicuously superior in natural ability and taste to their brothers who are working every day and all day in offices and stores, are enjoying independent leisure. Granting that he gives the university full credit for serious intellectual work, he may still be pardoned for wondering how much of it is useful to Demos. It is all very well to tell him that leisure and independence are necessary to culture; that the independent pursuit of culture and learning is an advantage of the State; that these tend ultimately to raise the standard of living, to refine the habits and the morals of men, and in the end to add to the general prosperity. This may be evident enough from the point of view of the cultivated man, though even for him it will be more or less an article of faith. Demos inevitably—and one may say, rightfully—looks to more immediate and tangible results.

A sense of the incompatibility between the point of view of Demos and that of the more scholarly aims of the university is bound to have, and does have, a certain benumbing influence upon the policy of the State university. Whatever the ambition of the university in the direction of a liberal as opposed to a practical culture, it is the practical rather than the liberal that must be put forward when dealing with Demos. The inevitable result is that men who are pursuing the more practical studies come to feel that they have a more securely vested interest, while the others may be led to doubt whether they have any right to their places. The professor in the State university is obliged to remember that he is the servant of Demos. As a high-school teacher of history or of science, he might easily satisfy himself that he is giving Demos not only what is good for him, but what he would gladly pay for. As a university professor of higher mathematics, or of Romance literature, or of philosophy, he may have ground for doubting whether Demos would pay the bill if left to himself, if he does not also doubt whether Demos has any real use for the goods.

The truth is that the idea of the State university is not so logical as it seems. Its logical completeness is marred by an internal disharmony between the useful and the noble which it shares with all of life. "The

State-university idea" assumes that higher culture may be supported by an appeal to common interests. But common interests are inevitably, if not also justifiably, more or less utilitarian; and no argument based upon common interest will ever quite convincingly justify the finer works of the spirit. In the history of culture spiritual advancement has been founded, not upon common needs, but upon a certain freedom from those needs which is to be described generally as "leisure." It may well be that the fruits of leisure include an increase in general prosperity, but no cultivation of the spirit based upon the need of prosperity will yield the ripe fruit. The flight of the spirit presupposes surplus energy, or at least a freedom from common cares. If the imagination of the scholar or of the man of science is to work freely, he must be absolved from any immediate responsibility for tangible "results." And if an institution of learning is to feel free to adopt a liberal programme of thought and of research, it must be supported by surplus wealth. Higher thought and learning are in all senses of the word speculative. So far, then, from discovering any absurdity in the support of higher education by private wealth, as contended by the advocates of "the State-university idea," we may, on the contrary, discern a special fitness in the idea that *liberal* education should be supported by free contributions and not by a tax upon common needs.

Yet I have no wish to urge that the State university is itself an absurdity. The State university has doubtless come to stay; and in the modern state it is bound to fulfil an increasingly important economic function. Nor is there any reason why it should be bound by economic restrictions as long as Demos is willing to pay the bill. My point is rather that the endowed institution, so far from requiring an apology for its existence, possesses a special advantage. There is no reason why all institutions of learning should be of the same type, have the same curriculum, or conform to the same standards. And it is mere socialistic nonsense to suppose that an institution which lies outside of the political system performs no "social function." The endowed university enjoys an invaluable freedom. Donors may sometimes be exacting, but at length they die, while the Legislature goes on forever. No Legislature can be counted upon to respect academic tradition. The State university is likely at any time to have its income reduced, to be placed under foreign control, or to be subjected to conditions wholly at variance with academic ideals. The endowed university is mistress of her own policy. While not free from public responsibility, she is free to resist popular prejudice. If she will exercise economy and choose her own course, she can in most cases wait for gifts to come to her. As the representative of a truly academic freedom she performs an important social function, and any endowed university seeking the protection of the State is parting with an invaluable birthright.

Hittite Greek

IMPORTANT CORROBORATION OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREEK CHARACTER OF HITTITE.

By GEORGE HEMPL.

There have recently come to my knowledge certain texts that throw clear light upon the problem of the affinities of the Hittites, whose empire extended over Asia Minor, Syria, and northern Mesopotamia, and was at the height of its power during the second millennium before Christ. This new evidence is such as will doubtless be appreciated by scholars generally, as well as by philologists. I therefore venture to avail myself of the columns of the *Nation* in order that I may call attention to the significance of these texts, preliminary to treating them in detail in a professional journal.

Three years ago I succeeded in reading certain Hittite documents. My first report on the subject was made in a paper read before the Philological Society of the Pacific Coast, in November, 1913, and published in the last volume of the "Transactions of the American Philological Association." In this I showed that Hittite was Greek, and that, while the dialect of the early Hittites was Javonian and closely akin to the later Greek of Attica, the Hittite empire was conquered about 1400 B. C. by Dorians, the official documents of the new dynasty being in a form of Doric. This Doric differs from the Doric hitherto known to us, not only in being much older, but also in having had a long independent development. Like the Doric we already knew, it reveals an accent that stands one mora farther on in the word than that of other Greek; it retains long *a*, where Javonian Greek has long *e;* it often shows *s* for *th;* it employs such forms as *enti* for *esti,* and the pronouns *(e)min, (e)tin, sin/hin.* On the other hand, it frequently omits pretonic and initial unaccented vowels, and even syllables, thus betraying stress accent; it simplifies *st(e)r* to *s(e)r;* it usually drops final *-s* after a short vowel if no initial vowel follows; it treats final *-n* similarly, or changes it to the cognate *-r;* and it has infinitives ending in *-wor/-mor* and *-or,* which represent *-mon* and *-on,* the gradation mates of Doric *-men* and *-en.*

When I published my report, the Hittite material which I had at my disposal was limited. Recently I have got access to transcripts of numerous Hittite cuneiform texts and find my earlier conclusions fully confirmed. I have not, however, deceived myself into assuming that the careful interpretation of even a considerable number of Hittite texts would soon convince the philological world of the nature of the language. There are various reasons why this should not be expected. It was, therefore, a matter of special gratification to me when I discovered a few weeks ago that Professor Delitzsch of Berlin has edited (in the *Abhandlungen* of the Prussian Academy, 1914) fragments of a set of cuneiform tablets which contain a glossary with Hittite translations of Sumerian and Assyrian words. This fixes the meaning of the Hittite words quite independently of any one's theory as to the nature of the language. When, then, it appears that these Hittite words have the same form and the same meaning in Greek, the Greek character of Hittite is automatically established. This was not observed by Delitzsch, though it is hard to understand why the obviously Indo-European character of the texts did not impress itself upon him.

I.

In order to facilitate the comparison of the Hittite and the Greek words, I shall transcribe both into Roman letters, ignoring, however, all diacritic marks other than the sign of length. The reader must bear in mind the inexact character of cuneiform writing, especially of the writing found in these provincial texts. Thus, a letter is frequently doubled to no phonological purpose, and, whether single or doubled, may represent any one of a number of similar sounds. For example, *e* or *i* or *ii* or *ie* or *ei* may spell *i, e, ē,* or *ei;* and *k* may stand for *k, g, kh,* or *q,* which last became *k, p,* or *t* in classical Greek. The nasals *m* and *n* are not always distinguished, and so the labials, *m, w,* and *u,* and the dental sonorants *l, r,* and *n.* In some cases it is still to be determined whether we have to do with inexact spelling or with phonological change, for example, of *m* to *w* and of *n* to *r.* Moreover, as there was no o in Assyrian and consequently no cuneiform spelling for it, Greek o's were spelled either *a* or *u.* It must also be borne in mind that this Hittite Greek is many hundreds of years older than classical Greek and is of the Doric, not the Attic, variety. It is hardly necessary to add that it cannot be expected that the endings will always coincide, any more than they coincide in later Greek dialects, or that the words will always have exactly the same shade of meaning.

I shall content myself in this communication with citing a few typical examples of each of the various parts of speech. The English translations that I give of the Hittite words represent the Sumerian and Assyrian words to which the Hittite words are attached. The pronouns and pronominal adverbs are in themselves sufficient to show the Greek character of Hittite. We have already observed the Hittite use of the Doric datives of the personal pronoun, but in Hittite these forms have the function of possessive adjectives, much as *mir, dir, ihm* often have in German—

Hittite *mi(n)* "my," Doric *e-min* "for me."
Hittite *ti(n)* "thy," Doric *e-tin* "for thee."
Hittite *si(n)* "his," Doric *hin* "for him."

But Delitzsch is in error in supposing that *mi,* etc., are dative possessives, and *min,* etc., accusatives, as I have made clear in my report on the Tell el Amarna texts. There are numerous examples of the *q* pronouns

and adverbs. *kuis* (p. 33) = *qis* "who"; Greek *tis* from *qis* "who." *kuid* (p. 27, Z. 22) = *qid* "what?"; Greek *ti* from *qid* "what?" *kuid* (p. 33) "how?", "when?"; Greek *ti* from *qid* "how?" *nu kuid* (p. 33) "(now) why?", "for what time?", "whenever"; Greek *ti nu*, "why (now)?" *kuussaan* (pp. 28, 33)=*qoson*, "when?"; Greek *koson/poson* from *qoson* "how much?" "how long?" Also *nu kussaan*, "for what time?" and "whenever," "as long as," that is, used relatively, like Greek *hoson*, "as long as." With these *nu*-forms compare *kinuun* "now," that is, *ge nūn*, Attic *age nūn* "well now," "now," with Doric accent and loss of unaccented initial *a-*.

As Delitzsch observed, there is also a noun spelled *kuussaan*, dative *kuussani*, which means "pay," "compensation." This is *qusōn*, for *qisōn* (compare our *cud* for *quid*), from *qitiōn*, an extension of the stem seen in Greek *tisis*, from *qitis*, "pay," "compensation," "retribution." Of other nouns I may cite the following: *zaakkar* (pp. 28-9) "storm," compare Greek *zakhrēēs*, "stormy," "violent." *khuumaan* (pp. 21-23, 24)=*komōn* "entirety," compare Greek *komidē* "entirely." *pabarrii* (pp. 15-2)=*pamphori(s)* "produce," compare Greek *pamphoria* "all kinds of fruit." *kuutti biraan* (pp. 20-33)=*kutei perān* "circumference of a dish" (Sayce), literally "around a dish," compare Greek *kutei peri*, "around a dish." *turiiaanza* "be prominent," "jut out," "what is prominent" = *turyandzo(s)*, from *turwanyos*, whence Greek *turannos*, "absolute sovereign," especially one who rose to power by irregular means, compare our *upstart*. There are many Hittite nouns with the suffix *-anza(s)*=*-andzo(s)*, from *-nnyos*. The Hittite translations of nouns are, as we have seen, not always word for word; and for this we have reason to be thankful. Thus Sumerian *agisgarra*, Assyrian *iskaru* "restraint," "that which restrains," is rendered by the interesting clause *UD.KAMas* (ideograph for "daily," see pp. 19-32) *aniiaan kuis eessai*, that is (*hēmerān pr)os aniān tis ēssāi*, "one who overcomes the annoyances incident to everyday life," that is, "one who restrains himself."

Of the adjectives I may mention the following: *aara* "good"=*aro(s)*, of which Greek *aristos* "best" is the superlative. *meikki* and *meikkaaes* "much," "large," = *megi(s)* and *megās*, Greek *megas* "much," "large." *dameeda* (pp. 29-15) "*fat*"=*dāmeto(s)*, an extension of the stem seen in Greek *dāmos*, *dēmos* "fat." *suuwaan* "strong"=*swōn* or *swoon*, Greek *s(w)oon*, "sound," "healthy." *waalkissaraas* "strong" = *walk-is(t)eros*, Greek *(w)alk-imos* "strong," "brave," both originally superlative forms. The Hittite *w*- shows that *alkimos* is cognate with Sanscrit *varcas* "strength."

The many verbs present numerous points of interest. *appatar* "grasp," "take," "get"=*apt-or*, from *apt-on*, which is the mate of Greek *(h)apt-en*, *(h)apt-ein* "fasten to," "grasp," etc. Assyrian *zaarum* "beget" is rendered by Hittite *kuruur appatar*=*kōrōr aptor*, that is, Doric *kōrōn hapten*, Attic *korōn haptein*, literally "get children," with *-r* for *-n* in both words. Prehistoric *punthō* "ask," the original form of *punthanomai*, is reflected in Hittite *bunuussuuwaar* (p. 27, Z. 11), the translation of Assyrian *sa'alu* "ask." This *bunuussuuwaar* is the clumsy cuneiform spelling of Hittite *puns-wor*, from *punth-mon*, with Doric *s* for *th*, as in *sūmos* for *thūmos*, etc. The parallel *bunuus-kiuwaar*, which is used to translate *sita'alu*, the iphteal form of the Assyrian word, is evidently the perfective *k*-aorist, out of which the Greek *k*-perfect developed. This would seem to betray the perfective character of iphteal forms. In other words, *sita'alu* and *bunuus-kiuwaar* meant "succeed in inquiring," "learn," the idea expressed in later Greek by the middle *punthanomai*. The Greek perfective *ke*, which later became the sign of the perfect, is identical with German *ge-*, perfective prefix, later sign of the perfect participle. *sa[a]ki* (pp. 9-7) "knows"=*sāke*, Doric doublet of *thāke* (compare Doric *e-sāmen* for *e-thāmen*), is the active perfective form of *tha(e)omai* "gaze at," with the normal perfective value "succeed in seeing," "realize," "understand," "know." Compare the development of Greek *oida*, English *wot*, German *weiss*. *taata luuskiuwar* is used to translate Assyrian *beduu* "loosen." Of these words, *taata*, the object, is Greek *tata* "things that can be stretched," and *luuskiuwar*=*lus-ke-wor*, is the infinitive of the prefective *k*-aorist of *lu(s)ō*, mate of Greek *luō* "loosen." Observe also the infinitives *arnuwar* "be excited," "be angry"=*ornu-wor*, Greek *ornu-ein* "excite," *orōra* "be excited"; and *kuunnuwar* "fill up," "be full"=*khōnnu-wor*, Greek *khōnnu-ein* "heap up," "fill up." An infinitive, being a verbal noun, often occurs where we might use a noun. Thus *ar-kuuwaar*=*arkh-wor*, "to command," "commanding," "a command," "commands," Greek *arkh-ein*, "to command."

The adverb-preposition *anda* occurs in various paraphrases which make it clear that it means "together," "with," "because of." This *anda* = *anta*, is Greek *anta* "against," "face to face," and shows the same shift in meaning that our *with* underwent, compare *withstand* "hold out against," German *wied(er)* "against." Thus, for example, *anda tarubbuar* "collect together," in which *tarubb-uar*=*tarph-wor*, is Doric *traph-en* "curdle," that is, "collect into groups." Compare also the rendering of Assyrian *zitum* and *asasum* "mourning," "lamentation," by Hittite *anda gan impauwaar* and *para gan paauar* "to be agitated with grief." Here both *anda* and *para*, like Greek *para*, mean "with," "because of"; *gan*=*gōn* or *goon*, is Greek *goon*, accusative of *goos* "grief," "lamentation"; and *paauar*, *im-pauwaar* (compare Greek *tromos*, *en-tromos* "trembling") are cognate with Latin *pavor* "tremble," "be agitated."

The usual negative employed in these Hittite texts is the Assyrian *uul* "not," rather than the Greek *ou*, which would be spelled *uu* in cuneiform. It is probable that the use of the Assyrian word was graphic only, much as the Anglo-Saxons usually used 7 and we sometimes use &, and in arithmetic +, all three corruptions of the Latin word *et* "and." But twice we find *naata* (pp. 9, 36)=*māta* "not," Greek *māte*, *mēte*, "not."

It must be understood that the exact form and meaning of a goodly number of Sumerian and Assyrian words in these texts are unknown, or, at least, were not made out by Professor Delitzsch. For example, in the first line dealt with (and similarly in the second) Delitzsch reads Assyrian *saninam laa isuu*. From this he assumes that an initial *sa* "who" has been omitted by mistake, and translates "[who] has not a rival." But the text is all right as it stands, reading *sa ninam laa isuu* "who has not everything," which corresponds exactly to the Sumerian *gi nu tug* (*ki nu tuku*) "has not everything," *ninam* being obviously the same as *minma* "anything," "everything," "all." The corresponding Hittite text is defective. In the fourth and sixth lines Delitzsch mistook Assyrian *urtam* for the similar *irtam* and "with extreme reserve" suggested the reading *sa teirtam irtam laa isuu* "who has not a held-back breast"; whereas the text really is *sa teirtam urtam laa isuu* "who has not command" (literally, "command issued"), which corresponds to the Sumerian *sukar nu tuku* "who has not authority," and to the Hittite *kuis arkuuwaar naata iiazi* "who does not issue commands." It will readily be seen that the effort to make the Hittite text read "who has not a held-back breast" would be hopeless, no matter what language it was supposed to be. In other words, before we can determine the meaning of the Hittite words from the corresponding Sumerian and Assyrian words, we must be absolutely certain what the Sumerian and Assyrian words mean. In fact, I do not hesitate to predict that in not a few cases the meaning of the Hittite word will be determined first, by the aid of the usual Greek form, and that the meaning of the Sumerian and Assyrian words will be determined by that of the Hittite. For example, in the light of what we have seen above, it is clear that *kuid maan* (p. 27, Z. 17) is *qid mān*, later Doric *ti mān*, Attic *ti mēn* "what then?" which thus gives us the meaning of the corresponding Assyrian *aru*, which may be a variant of *allu* "then." In a recent paper in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Sayce has succeeded in identifying some of the Sumerian and Assyrian words with more success than that which Delitzsch achieved.

II.

The discovery that the Hittites were Greeks will, of course, have far-reaching results. But what seems to me at present hardly less important is the fortunate accident that has put into our hands texts that furnish evidence as to the nature of the language, such as even the most timid conservative must recognize. For we are thus saved in the case of Hittite the delay and the various unpleasantnesses that are prone to mar the transition from the entertainment of erroneous traditional conceptions to the acceptance of unexpected truth.

The Public Schools

PROFESSOR DEWEY'S ADVOCACY OF A BROAD VOCATIONISM—MR. WIRT'S SCHOOLS AT GARY, INDIANA.

The universities having passed through a period of searching criticism, both from without and from within, and having now, with one notable exception, relapsed into some show of equanimity, the same ordeal of popular attention has become the lot of the public schools. Do these schools prepare boys and girls as well as they might be expected to do for the wage-earning life which the large majority, without higher education, are destined to enter? Is not the average curriculum a futile relic of other days? Are we not attempting to drum into children's minds the crystallized knowledge of the adult? These are some of the sweeping questions which are being asked by leading educators. No satisfaction is apparently given by the thought that the situation cannot be hopeless, since numerous products of the abused system have survived it to become men and women of brilliant attainments. The impression is abroad that something is radically wrong with our educational methods, and the sooner we find out what it is, the better for us and our children.

One of the severest critics of the current system, Prof. John Dewey, has presented, in his new book, "Schools of To-morrow,"* a considered plea for a change to some system which shall be better adjusted to the requirements of everyday life. He feels, perhaps rightly, that a serious wrong is done to the large percentage of pupils who quit school at the age of fourteen and enter industrial positions for which many of them are not fitted, and the bearings of which on life in general they cannot understand in the least. In some fashion a cultural education should be formulated, not out of the usual book learning, but from the materials of the nation's practical existence. It is not technical schools which Professor Dewey has in mind, nor the sort of vocational training which in effect merely adds technical instruction to the curriculum now in use. He would revolutionize education from the first grade on, with the aim of making clear to students the relations of subjects taught to the possibilities that will confront them in after life. The "primary and fundamental problem is not to prepare individuals to work at particular callings, but to be vitally and sincerely interested in the calling upon which they must enter if they are not to be social parasites, and to be informed as to the social and scientific bearings of that calling."

With this desire to steer a middle course between the extremes of bookishness and of the "practical" education, few persons will quarrel. The difficulty is to invent a system which, while drawing its subject matter from the student's environment, shall not descend to the dead level of materialism. With all its sins upon its head, the current system of education retains some of the spiritual dignity which has traditionally been associated with learning, and there would be an irreparable loss if this should vanish. Professor Dewey, however, is satisfied that the principles he has at heart can already be seen in successful operation in three or four institutions about the country; and the purpose of his book is not only to describe the workings of such schools, but to convince the public that they have a philosophical justification.

The most interesting of recent experiments along the lines which Professor Dewey approves is the organization which Mr. Wirt has built up in the past ten years at Gary, Indiana. Much has been written of late about the Gary schools, and such a following have they won that Mr. Wirt has been asked to experiment with conditions in certain other cities, notably with two of the most congested schools in the Bronx district of New York. We do not say that Mr. Wirt is not deserving of all the attention which he has attracted, but it is most fortunate that his ideas should just at this time be examined by a person of Professor Dewey's competence and be assigned to their proper place in the large scheme of education.

Briefly, the Gary schools were founded to meet the special needs of an industrial town having a somewhat drifting population. The opportunity, as seen by Mr. Wirt, was twofold: to prepare the children of factory workers for useful citizenship, and, largely through the agency of the pupils, to better the conditions of the factory workers themselves. This, obviously, could not be done unless the schools were seen to have practical value and became the accepted centre of intellectual life. With these objects in view Mr. Wirt decided to throw overboard the bulk of the traditional system and to start afresh. One of his most important features is keeping the school buildings open in the evening and on Sundays and holidays, so that there may be public lectures and night classes for parents. He soon found that adults were relying upon the school to answer all manner of questions and were investing it with a community spirit. Instead of being confined mainly to book learning, the pupils, through the training they receive in shops, laboratories, etc., are educated to keep the entire plant running. In the machine and carpenter shops they make the desks, for instance, required in the classrooms. They are encouraged to put into practice the lessons dealing with the nutritive values of foods by selecting the menus and cooking the dishes for the school luncheon. Pupils attend to the bookkeeping and ordering of the school store. They apply their mathematics, among other things, in laying out and equipping playgrounds. They make plans of their parents' houses, and these are studied by all so as to learn the difference between good and bad arrangement, and perhaps dissuade their parents from renting houses which are undesirable.

Without attempting any full description of the Gary schools, we may note also that, though the pupils are graded, those of all grades—or roughly of ages from four to nineteen—are to be found in one building, Mr. Wirt's idea being that if young pupils are constantly thrown with older pupils and on occasions serve as their helpers, especially in the shops and laboratories, there will gradually be implanted a real perspective of education. It must not be inferred that students are not drilled with textbooks, and in such subjects as history and Latin, only lessons without application count for less than faith without works. By numerous devices knowledge is vitalized for old and young alike. Little children are not kept poring over books, but are set tasks which allow their bodies free play, such as clay modelling and basket-weaving. Boys in the higher grades are allowed to spend much time in working out the intellectual and mechanical problems connected with the vocations which, so far as they are able to decide, are to be theirs after leaving school. That Mr. Wirt succeeds in making knowledge attractive is attested by the number of his pupils who continue their studies after reaching the legal age when they are free to retire, and by the considerable percentage of students who go from Gary to the State universities.

Mr. Wirt's labors at Gary, so far as we can judge, have borne rich fruit. He is giving to children, often of foreign-born parents, an American self-reliance and is helping them to become useful citizens. By a system so flexible that it responds easily to the peculiar needs of the individual, be he dullard or prodigy, he is apparently able to keep all the students actively interested. A system which does this in days when even our colleges are complaining of the blasé spirit of youth should not lightly be dismissed. Yet it is a question whether Mr. Wirt's methods, except for the revolutionary extent to which he has applied them, differ from the practice which has been attempted by the colleges themselves; namely, the introduction of courses, especially in the department of economics, which prepare visibly for positions in business. Or there are courses in sociology which are occupied almost entirely with a classification of the statistics gathered by students in their "field work." As is well known, the colleges have been widely criticised for this very emphasis put upon the practical, because of the further impression given that the so-called cultural courses have no real value. It has been felt by many that the endeavors of the colleges to bring themselves up to date have gone far enough, and that faculties would be wise if they took for granted the usefulness of the humanities and of pure theory.

The problem as applied to the public schools is, however, special. There the grave fact has to be faced that the education of an enormous number of children ends at the age of fourteen, and that they are compelled to

*Schools of To-morrow. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

meet the world with little more than the three R's at their command. For it is not to be supposed that at that tender age the wider significance of the usual book-learning can be firmly grasped. Yet, even so, should we by a sweeping change endanger the cultural training which our high schools are giving to hundreds of thousands of students? Professor Dewey would doubtless answer that this begs the question, since the Gary system, if universally applied, would bestow as much, if not more, culture. We are not so sure that it would. In the hands of so vigorous a personality as Mr. Wirt it may show almost limitless possibilities. It is true that Christ taught spiritual values by reference to such commonplace objects as money changers and fishermen and granaries. But a system which places the emphasis consistently on application to everyday life can scarcely fail, if untouched by an imaginative teacher, to deal almost exclusively in the material.

Now, whatever else the schools of the country may have done, they have shown a wholesome respect for theory, and by requiring pupils to be occupied some of the time with subjects remote from practical interests have given an inkling of that background of life without which existence would be dull and flat. Of the two extremes, it is perhaps best that pupils should understand little of what they are taught than that they should fully understand all. Mr. Wirt circulates printed reasons for studying Latin. Some of the reasons for learning this language can be made intelligible to young folk; others can not. Is it well to create the impression that every subject, in order to justify itself, must have a *raison d'être* visible to the naked eye? All education should be practical in the sense that it should fit into a useful scheme of the universe; but the use of some portions of it need not necessarily be felt by students until long after they have left school.

This seems to us to be the one considerable flaw in Mr. Wirt's system. He has improved enormously on the trade school by equipping students not for one given occupation but for any one of many, and he has no doubt demonstrated the need of making great changes in the curricula of the public schools. But before casting off the whole apparatus of a scheme which has grown as an organism through the ages, we shall do well to make sure that any substitute does not neglect the advantages of pure speculation. Over this aspect of the question Professor Dewey, who carries the principles underlying the Gary system back to the educational theories of Rousseau, seems not to be greatly concerned. And it must be confessed that the picture which he draws of the workings of the Gary schools is most alluring. One might fancy that the attention there given to correlating the various branches of knowledge would in itself furnish a broad outlook. We wonder, however, whether the pupils at Gary catch the vision of it with anything like the clarity with which it strikes Professor Dewey.

Communications on Educational Topics

PERIODICALS IN COLLEGE ENGLISH COURSES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An interesting development of the past four or five years in the college teaching of English has been the increasing use of periodicals as supplementary reading. The *Atlantic Monthly*, I believe, was the first to enter the field. Some enterprising instructor conceived the idea of having a class subscribe for the *Atlantic;* the idea was, of course, encouraged and well advertised by the publishers; and there is now a long list of colleges, normal schools, etc., in which the *Atlantic* is regularly used. A club rate is offered to classes for three or six months' subscriptions. Several other periodicals, including some of the best weeklies, like the *Nation,* now offer similar rates to college and other classes.

My own experience has been confined to the use of the *Atlantic* for one semester in a sophomore course in exposition. The results, though not conclusive, were in some respects disappointing. I hope that other teachers who have tried the plan may feel like discussing it in your columns.

Some of the advantages of the plan are obvious. A surprisingly small percentage of college students read regularly any good journal; and any device which will lead more of them to form the habit of reading a serious weekly or monthly is worthy of consideration. The benefits may vary somewhat according to the periodical chosen; but all the publications now being used in this way have genuine value. A suspicion may be roused in the skeptical mind, however, by the general tone of the letters from teachers quoted in the publishers' circulars. The point which most of them emphasize is the increased interest in class-room work. Many of them run something like this: "Since we substituted the —— for our reading list of classics, the interest of class discussions has more than doubled. The students have come to see that the principles they have been studying are something more than abstruse rules followed by great writers in the past; that they have a vital and practical application to the discussion of present-day problems," etc. It would appear almost as if some of the teachers had discovered for the first time that the principles of composition are something more than fossil remains. If so, here is, of course, another argument for the plan. But it seems needless to remark that a good teacher ought not to require the help of a magazine in making the vitality of his subject realized. One is led to suspect that a principal reason for the wide adoption of the plan is that it makes the immediate task of the teacher vastly easier. But is class-room interest, by itself, an adequate test of teaching? Has the teacher done enough if he has kept his class interested, at the same time trying to cultivate in them a taste for good journalism? Of course, it is easier to interest students momentarily in current journalistic writing than in Burke or Swift or Arnold; the real question is whether the teacher who throws over his "reading list of classics" for even the best of journalism is not sacrificing permanent to temporary values.

Is the interested student really acquiring and carrying away from his periodical reading anything like the equivalent of what he would get from a well selected list of classics? My experience suggests that he is not. I tried the experiment with the periodical which seemed best fitted for the work in hand. Although the class showed a lively interest in the essays while they were being discussed, the ideas and impressions remaining in their minds at the end of the term proved painfully slight and vague. The fact is, of course, that no periodical can present a series of articles comparable in substance or form with a well chosen list of great essays. The accidental interest of timeliness by no means compensates for the lack of more solid qualities. The habit of reading the magazine, however, if it is continued by a considerable number of the class, might turn the scale in favor of the new plan. One point on which I should be glad of information is this: about what per cent. of an average class form the habit of reading the journal used? Teachers who have followed the plan for three or four years may be able to throw some light on this question. If we are to judge between reading a periodical merely for three or six months and reading a corresponding amount of standard literature, the verdict, I think, must be against the periodical. Homer E. Woodbridge.

Colorado Springs, September 5.

A NEGLECTED ASPECT OF GRADUATE INSTRUCTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir:

. . . we have never expected the graduate schools to train for a career in literature; they have a distinctly different aim: to turn out teachers. The man who goes to a graduate school in order to become an author is patronizing the wrong shop.—[The Nation, May 14, 1908.

Such was the reply of the *Nation* to a correspondent's protest against what he considered the throttling by graduate schools of all creative literary work, and while some of those who obtain higher degrees may devote themselves exclusively, or as a side issue of academic life, to literature, research, and expert work of various sorts, the statement above will, I think, be accepted without question. It was not challenged in the discussion to which the letter and editorial gave rise, and surprisingly, no one pointed out that the methods used are neither in theory nor in fact adapted to fulfil the aim of training teachers—an inconsistency that is seldom remarked, and rarely, if ever, stressed.

Graduate instruction in the United States, either implicitly or avowedly, is so conducted that the students receive a certain amount of information and are shown where to find a greater amount, the object being to approximate a complete disclosure of the sources of knowledge in a particular subject. Even the undergraduate system of lectures, in part at least, accomplishes this, but the graduate differs from the undergraduate work in that the students are expected to do more than absorb facts; they are shown the scientific methods of able professors in attacking and expounding particular problems. If the preparation of teachers is the aim of the instruction, the graduate student should be equipped not only to pass

on the information which he has acquired from the lectures and collateral work, but to present it in such a way that his undergraduate students will easily comprehend and become eager to learn more. In this sense, graduate and undergraduate instruction differ in degree as well as in kind, but the advanced lectures, properly appreciated, are calculated to enable the student to acquire the information and, in some measure, the knowledge of methods necessary for collegiate work.

But the other, perhaps the more important and certainly the more distinctive, feature of graduate instruction is the training in research. The "indispensable adjunct to true university work" is the seminar, and its *raison d'être* is "to teach the student how to handle his material and by interpretation or discovery to make a contribution to the store of existing knowledge." Nowhere, however, in the symposium by graduate professors on the true function of the economic seminar, from which the quotations are taken, is there any mention of the fact that the vast majority of those trained in the seminar will be expected to conduct undergraduate classes. The training is wholly in research, in scientific methods, in scholarly habits of thought —all, it is true, highly important for a successful teacher, yet all primarily designed to induce future productivity. A few of those who begin an academic career may be permitted, from the first, to present the results of original investigation; yet the majority, either for life or as a preliminary to something else, must give instruction to college students, and nowhere in the scheme of graduate work that I have roughly outlined is this fact avowedly considered.

It is perhaps permissible to point out that only graduate schools have neglected the aspect of instruction that I have been considering. In medicine, for example, the student acquires knowledge; what is more important, however, is to put this knowledge into practice, and he learns how, not by doing research, but in making people well. His training in dispensary and hospital, under competent guidance, is a most important part of his course. At the law schools of the country, much attention is devoted to moot courts where the future lawyers meet and fight out disputed issues just as in the trial of a real cause. The same is true of theological instruction, and perhaps this analogy is closest, for both the clergyman and the teacher give the public not what it demands, but what is good for it. At the theological schools a man is prepared, among other things, to preach, and before he graduates he is taught the principles of preaching and receives the opportunity of putting them into practice. Even in the schools of journalism —a recent development of professional education—the students write "stories," "build" head-lines, and practice actual newspaper work. But in graduate instruction, although the object is to train teachers, there is no effort made to do this; the student receives his degree as evidence of his fitness to teach, and neither the professor nor the student himself knows whether he can do it.

Such is the problem by which, as a graduate student, I have been puzzled. A remedy I do not propose, and, above all, am not so rash as to imply that there should be any required study of the pedagogics of undergraduate work, as is the case in Europe. My point is simply that some time should be devoted to training the student in oral and extemporaneous discussion of elementary problems, and that, before turning him out into academic life, the professor should discover whether the student is able to teach. In the discussion of the economic seminar to which I have already referred, Professor Taussig stressed the fact that at Harvard the *reading* of papers is frowned upon; the students are desired to *talk*, but about original work that they have done. This is a tendency in the right direction, but certain it is, I think, that the seminars, discussion clubs, reading classes, however conducted, make little, if any, conscious effort towards giving a student instruction and practice similar to that which, in the strictly professional schools, is considered well-nigh indispensable both for rounding out his training, and enabling him to see, ofttimes, that a mistake has been made in his choice of a vocation.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., August 15.

COLLEGE COMPOSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Still the crop of books on composition is ripening: you can almost hear them patter; you can almost see them fall. To-day it is Business English and Correspondence; yesterday it was Prose Narratives and Essays in Exposition; these latter followed Essays in Modern Thought and Essays for College Men; and these, in turn, were preceded by Theory and Practice of Technical Writing, and always the host of rhetorics, each emphasizing a cherished discipline. In the old days it was the intensive study of special authors, with composition on the side, and in the days before that, treatises on rhetoric as a branch of philosophical inquiry. Rhetoric to the Greeks was again quite another matter. And so the thing goes round and round, not, to be sure, in a perfect circle; there are wheelings within wheelings, epicycles, conic sections (to indulge the figure), and hyperbolas. Perhaps this whirl is not so wanton as, at first glance, it appears. It may somehow spin itself into order. Anyway, aggressive differences are supposed to be more excellent than a satisfied hush.

But just where we are now, whither we are tending, what the study of composition will be twenty years hence, only a very bold man will venture to prophesy. One condition, however, is apparently stable, as stable as a multitude of facts and constant iteration can make it so—the average youth of to-day in this country murders his native or adopted tongue. And that is why "English" has been made compulsory in our colleges; why, also, as the condition does not seem to improve, new schemes (never new) and fresh methods (never fresh) are being constantly flipped into the caldron.

Composition in the lower schools is also suffering at this moment from hectic theory and experiment. A rather frail wagon is hitched to its star. The over-emphasis on oral composition threatens to magnify the pupil's readiness at the expense of his exactness, and the plethora of "dramatization" may divert the few at the expense of disciplining the many. The facts proclaim that high-school pupils need more of a call to drill and less of incitements to glory. The special pleaders, however, who appear to occupy the high places, are turning out pupils with a strangely distorted conception of what the nature of composition really is, how stern and humdrum and modestly useful, as useful, in fact, as grammar. When composition again comes to its own in the high school, perhaps the college will find that it can sit a while and ponder. The conclusions of this questioning, to be sure, will be devious; there are intimations, however, that a good many teachers are calling for a separation of composition as taught in the high school from composition as taught in college. They reason somewhat in this wise.

Why have the departments of English in our colleges been carrying the entire burden of composition? Has, indeed, composition a more intimate relation with imaginative literature than it has with any other kind of literature, the sort that historians write, for instance, or scientists or philosophers? To be sure, it has not, and to establish the fact the unnumbered compilations of "models" are replete not only with their descriptions and narratives (belles-lettres), not only with their criticisms, their discussions of the curriculum, their unending disputes between science and literature, but as well with their legal and political documents, and finally with the most profound matter—whether we ought to believe or ought not to believe, and if we believe, how much belief will leave the soul pure. The department of English is straining to become a forum of discussion of all questions that have assailed human intelligence.

Now, the motives underlying this appropriation on the part of the teachers of English are surely unexceptionable. Why should not students be put in touch with the whole range of thought? Yet what a load it puts upon one department! These instructors of English are asked to become actively conversant with science, politics, philosophy. Though still devotees of belles-lettres, they are also striving to speak with authority on every other subject. The wisdom of the age is theirs. Frankly, the assumption is rather startling. May not a cog have slipped somewhere?

Would it not be possible, we wonder, to inveigle other departments—history, economics, philosophy—to take upon themselves a part of this burden? The department of English could furnish them with sterling models; it could point to the choicest titbits of a century. How to handle argument it knows from the enunciation of the question to the final clinching sentence on any side of any subject. An able-bodied instructor in economics, say, could cover the whole field of argumentation in a week of evenings. Perhaps he could even simplify the scheme a trifle.

If departments other than that of English would be willing to shoulder a part of this burden of composition, there might be some wholesome readjustments all along the line. A teacher of the subject in the lower schools might still be attached to the department of English. The pupils there are less apt to be called upon to sweep the horizon. But in college this assumption of a knowledge of the universe is in danger of inducing mental breakdown. Sometimes it would seem as if the new departments of journalism were unique in knowing what they are driving at. And when it is certain that they bid for quality as well as for numbers, and content themselves with a special field, it looks as if they could care for their own. But those students who are not attracted to journalism

are turned into the department of English, whose apparent function is the study of imaginative literature, but whose present vocation on the side of composition is a vague encroachment into fields for which their training is palpably not of collegiate standing. If colleges would only insist that those who come to them shall submit stuff that no longer needs to be proof-read, there is no obvious reason why all departments—economics, history, science, philosophy, belles-lettres—should not attend to their students' expression. Advanced courses in rhetoric for those who desire a special training could well be manned by the department of English.

Such a scheme as I have suggested demands, to be sure, much further discussion. I simply offer the foregoing as a sort of footnote to much that has already been written on this disquieting topic.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

Colorado Springs, July 10.

A SUGGESTION FOR HUMANIZING ELEMENTARY LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No doubt the war has given considerable impetus to the study of Cæsar in the schools. Perhaps it is therefore an inopportune time to call attention to the disadvantages of the "Gallic War" as the first piece of Latin literature studied by most pupils. It may seem an impertinence, too, for one who is not a Latin scholar, but only a lover of Latin, to express an opinion in regard to Latin teaching. Yet I should like to advance for what it is worth a suggestion which I have had in mind for some time, in the hope that it may be discussed by those who are better fitted to judge of its value than I am.

It originated in my brief experience in teaching high-school Latin a number of years ago. In the earlier years the chief difficulty, I believe, is in getting pupils to realize that Latin is a language which people actually talked and thought and lived in. When a student has once grasped this fact, he can scarcely fail to be interested. Now, from this point of view, I think it would be rather hard to select more inappropriate books for the beginner than the "Commentaries," Cicero's Orations, and the "Æneid." It is as if, in French or German schools, the beginner in English should be required to read first Gibbon and then Burke, with "Paradise Lost" as the next course, and as if the primer were to be based on Gibbon! Is not the analogy a fair one? And could any student imagine, or any teacher be expected to convince him, that English was anything more than an elaborate instrument of great writers? Would the foreign student dream that people made love, and swore, and gossiped, and quarrelled in that stately and formal medium with which he was so imperfectly acquainted?

My suggestion is briefly this: that instead of driving the beginner through an elaborate military history, with its intricate grammatical constructions and its artificial word order, utterly different from anything he has known, we should lead him to literary Latin through colloquial Latin, using Latin comedy as a basis. I know that in recent years encouraging experiments in this direction have been made; but so far as I am aware, they have not included my capital point—the substitution of Plautus for Cæsar as a basis for elementary texts. Let some scholars select two or three of the plays of Plautus; perhaps the "Menaechmi" and the "Miles Gloriosus" might be used. Let these be expurgated so far as is expedient, and edited for the beginner, and let a first Latin book based on these be prepared. I must not trespass on your space by arguing at length the advantages of such a plan, but perhaps I may mention some of them:

(1.) The average student would find Latin far more interesting, because he could scarcely fail to recognize early that it is a language in which people lived.

(2.) He could begin earlier really to read Latin, and would find it far easier, because two of the great difficulties, elaborate construction and artificial word order, would be in considerable degree postponed till he was ready to grapple with them. There is difficulty enough for the beginner in acquiring a new vocabulary and a new grammar; the difficulties of formal literary style and artificial word order would be much less formidable if they could be postponed till the student had in some measure mastered the others.

(3.) The general vocabulary which the beginner would acquire in reading Plautus would be on the whole more serviceable to him in his later reading than the specialized military vocabulary of Cæsar.

(4.) A knowledge of Plautus would be more valuable to him in his study of modern literature than a knowledge of Cæsar. I need not point out how essential to the understanding of either French or English comedy is some knowledge of Plautus. On the other hand, Cæsar's influence upon modern literature is almost negligible.

After the student's reading of Plautus, I would have him read parts of the "Metamorphoses" and of Petronius; then something of Cicero—perhaps a couple of orations, the "Somnium Scipionis," and some selected letters; then something of Livy or Sallust, and of Virgil. The details of the programme do not especially matter; it might be varied in numerous ways. But would not such a list of books present Latin literature as a far more human thing than what the schoolboy sees at present? And would it not be practicable?

If this plan really has the advantages which I have mentioned, it should enable the student to make considerably more rapid progress than he now makes. It might enable him to meet the entrance requirements of the more liberal colleges even as they stand. At all events, I should like to see the plan discussed.

J. P.

Chicago, August 26.

RELIGION AND AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a current misconception that our undenominational State universities are irreligious, whereas from personal experience with at least four of the leading institutions in America I am led to believe that State and undenominational institutions are actually more religious than so-called out-and-out denominational institutions. Perhaps the reason is self-evident. The denominational institution must be on its guard against the attack of overdoing religion or rest on the assurance that the denominational name makes it sufficiently religious; while the undenominational institution must ward off the charge of irreligion by emphasizing the religious and moral life. For example, take the University of Illinois, which had a great task, especially about a dozen years ago, in convincing the people of the State that the institution was not irreligious. To-day it would be difficult to find a university in the country that is pervaded, both faculty and students, by a deeper religious atmosphere, where the faculty are so little given to boasting skepticism and making light of orthodoxy and tradition. And yet the University of Illinois holds neither a daily nor weekly chapel service, all such functions being performed by the Y. M. C. A. or denominational student churches. The moral atmosphere is unusually high and the community has been dry for several years, a State statute forbidding a saloon within four miles of the University. Smoking is prohibited on the campus and about the buildings, although the reason is protection against fire, since the State of Illinois does not permit the University to insure its buildings.

But though, as at the University of Illinois, some of our denominations have student churches for the purpose of "holding together" the students of their denominations, anything like a concerted, well-organized, and well-standardized work in religious education is lacking. For some reason, the denominations have not felt this decidedly strong obligation to create a thoroughly standardized coöperative school of religion as an adjunct of the undenominational university, where courses in religion can be put on an equal basis with all of the courses of study of a university curriculum.

Here is the problem, more concretely. At a meeting of the representatives of one of the largest denominations in the United States, it was discovered that the denomination had more of its students at the University of Illinois than in all of its denominational colleges in the State combined. According to a recent report of the Registrar of the University, of a total of 3,253 voluntary answers, there were 907 Methodists, 617 Presbyterians, 264 Congregationalists, 239 Disciples, 228 Baptists, 214 Catholics, 195 Episcopalians—with forty-one shades of belief, including one agnostic, one Confucianist, and several Hindus. While money is being spent, therefore, on a couple of hundred students in a denominational institution, why should the obligation to twice as many thousand at a great university be neglected? Theological schools of a bare hundred students have an endowment of a million dollars, but where is the Christian financier who wishes to invest his thousands of dollars at one of these undenominational centres of learning where every year there are thousands as against the hundreds who in a score of years will be the church-leaders as well as community-leaders wherever they chance to be situated?

It may be argued that we have not yet attained a sufficiently high standard of civilization to coöperate in religious education. Then, where is the Moses of religious education to lead the denominations out of the wilderness by doing for them what Andrew Carnegie has done for libraries and the Rockefeller Foundation for the small college—namely, to create a school of religion at an undenominational university?

VERGIL V. PHELPS.

Urbana, Ill., June 11.

REVIEWS

AN EXAMINATION OF THE TEXTBOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE LAST SPRING AND OF CERTAIN OTHER WORKS BEARING ON EDUCATION.

EDUCATIONAL THEORY.

"Education for Industrial Workers" (World Book Co.; 90 cents), by Dr. Herman Schneider, who organized the coöperative courses in connection with the University of Cincinnati, is by intention Dr. Schneider's share of the Hanus report upon the New York city schools; in fact, it amounts to a brief and rather interesting exposition of the author's ideas about industrial education. Of particular interest is the distinction between the energizing and the enervating trades—such as those which involve the automatic process of feeding a machine. Dr. Schneider points out that industrial education has hitherto favored the energizing trades, in which also the nature of the work renders the mental conditions more favorable. Yet the larger and more pressing problem relates to the enervating trades; and for this the author offers no clear solution.

Probably few of our readers are interested in rural schools. Yet a book of well-considered practical suggestions for the elementary teacher, written in clear and dignified English, with no pretension to educational philosophy and an entire freedom from cant, by a supervisor of training in a State normal school—such a volume is surely worthy of note; and such is the little book entitled "Everyday Pedagogy: With Special Application to the Rural School," by Lillian I. Lincoln (Ginn; $1).

A different and more typical product of the normal school is E. L. Kemp's "Methods for Elementary and Secondary Schools" (Lippincott; $1.25). Gov. Brumbaugh's Introduction assures us that, in contrast to all other works upon method, this is the vital and real thing. Mr. Kemp adds to the obvious a certain warmth of eloquence; otherwise his book does not differ from others of its class.

"Learning by Doing" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Edgar James Swift, of Washington University, is a fine example of pedagogy with a punch. The latest volume upon Youth and Doing is marked, like the others, by that peculiar effervescence of style which is characteristic of the *Saturday Evening Post*, from which some of the material is drawn. We have no doubt that "Learning by Doing" will be a pedagogical best seller.

That "Handwork as an Educational Medium" (Macmillan; $1), by Philip Boswood Ballard, should call for a second edition seems to indicate that English school teachers are not yet as completely saturated with pedagogical literature as those of the United States. The arrangement of the book suggests a somewhat haphazard collection of essays following in the main the ideas of Professor Dewey. Yet most of the chapters are good reading; it is clear that Mr. Ballard writes from independent personal conviction. And the chapter on Ambidexterity, if somewhat parenthetical, is curiously interesting; in this chapter we learn of an Ambidextral Culture Society, whose views Dr. Ballard condemns.

"History of Education," by Patrick J. McCormick (Catholic Education Press, Washington, D. C.), is scholarly in tone, and makes the subject interesting. Though written especially for Catholic teachers, we think that the Protestant reader would find few grounds for complaint. The book differs from other textbooks of the history of education mainly in the emphasis laid upon mediæval education and mediæval universities, which, according to Prof. McCormick, not only preserved the literature of antiquity, but laid the basis of the education of a considerable portion of modern society. "What has survived to-day in university or higher education, and largely in secondary, is the direct bequest of the scholastic teachers."

Under the title of "Readings in Vocational Guidance" (Ginn; $2.25), Meyer Bloomfield, of the Boston Vocation Bureau, has collected some forty-odd addresses, articles, and reports, mostly by writers well known in the field of education, which form as a whole a kind of small encyclopædia of vocational guidance. Some of the articles are theoretical, but the greater number are concerned with special aspects of fact, such as the conditions and opportunities in various occupations and in various places, and the natural vocational choices of children in the schools. The contributions are naturally of unequal merit and importance, but the book is the first extended presentation of the ideas and facts underlying a new movement, and it should be a useful volume to those who wish to study the possibilities of vocational guidance.

The dean of women is a new figure in educational circles. She has arisen in the last quarter-century as a result of the growth of co-educational colleges. Beginning with the anomalous office of preceptress or adviser of women, she has gained in dignity until, in the State universities of the West, she enjoys the title and authority of a dean. This development is recited in a somewhat querulous voice by Lois Kimball Mathews in "The Dean of Women" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50). The problems and duties of that dignitary are yet ill-defined and far from uniformly interpreted. In fact, Dean Mathews is the first to essay a discussion of her position and opportunities. For this important task she is excellently equipped. She not only has the experience necessary, she not only takes a broad view of the educational situation, but her understanding of young women is intimate, and her vision is not dimmed by prepossessions in favor of her sex. She casts no halo of glory about the undergraduate girl. She perceives clearly the difficulties that confront her and her besetting weaknesses. Such practical matters as living conditions and means of employment she discusses with the same clarity and ease that are found in chapters on Self-Government Associations and Problems of Student Discipline. Vocational guidance is not brought out of the nebulous state in which it now floats in most minds, but the social life of the students, with their eagerness for extra-curricular activities, as well as their intellectual life and "docile minds," are described from sage experience. For the office of dean of women the writer has a jealous regard. The incumbent should be a scholar who will win respect from the most austere of her male associates. She should be a teacher of exceptional ability to expound and inspire. She should discharge her administrative duties with ease and dispatch, never making a mistake of judgment and always stoutly abiding by her decisions. She should not only be able to dress with taste and distinction, and to entertain university presidents and awkward freshmen with equal grace and charm, but she should likewise have run in her own life a wide gamut of joy and sorrow, in order that she may help sympathetically all the various types of girls in her charge. In short, all requisites are mentioned except a pair of wings. As a counsel of perfection the volume should aid all who are beset with the perplexities surrounding the administration of the women's part of a university.

A wholly admirable handbook and guide for parents and others interested in private schools is Sargent's "The Best Private Schools" (Boston: Porter E. Sargent). It is an attractive volume of convenient size, announced as the first of a series of annual handbooks relating to education and travel. Various divisions of the book consider boys' schools, girls' schools, co-educational schools, special schools (including those devoted to music, art, kindergarten training, physical education, dramatic training, household arts), the private schools of Canada; directories of associations, periodicals, teachers' agencies, outfitters and dealers in school supplies. All this information is compactly and agreeably given. There is a brief history of each school, and a description of its character and peculiar advantages. In reading these accounts one feels that the writer is fair in his judgments, and that he is quite able to tell a good school from a bad one—even if the latter is brought to his attention by a glowing prospectus. One is reminded often of Baedeker. (Here it might be stated that school authorities are requested to send Mr. Sargent their catalogues and announcements.) We believe that many fathers and mothers will find this handbook most useful.

In "The College Course and the Preparation for Life" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25), President A. P. Fitch, of the Andover Theological Seminary, discusses the serious problem of the instruction of undergraduates in our colleges. The "talks," given at Williams College, are manly and racy. Dr. Fitch speaks as an older comrade who knows the intellectual and spiritual difficulties of the undergraduate, and appeals to his common sense and to his higher ideals. Defining religion, not as dogma or custom, but as a force and a life, he urges on the young student the fact that the object of the college course is to make of him a thoughtful and conscientious man. He insists on a broad scheme of study, one fitted to give a full and well-rounded development, dwelling particularly on the value of scholarship and the cultivation of a taste for the beautiful. Collegiate illiteracy he pictures with friendly ridicule and biting sarcasm. Read widely, he says, going perhaps a trifle too far in liberality when he advises that "Tom Jones" should lie on the student's study desk as it lay upon Lowell's; "Tom Jones" is not food for babes, and Lowell and the undergraduate are two different persons. Dr. Fitch's volume is a vigorous and persuasive presentation of what the undergraduate may and should do, and it deserves to find a place in every student's library.

ENGLISH.

LINGUISTICS.

The revision of Emerson's "Middle English Reader" (Macmillan; $2 net), the most useful book in its field, shows some improvements over the first edition, for a year or more out of print. The glossary, the least satisfactory part of the original volume, has been entirely recomposed and purged of a handful of "howlers" that disfigured it. The list of irregular verbs has been omitted, but in compensation inflectional forms appear more numerously in the glossary. A few corrections have been made in the notes. Bishop Poor now appears correctly, but somewhat paradoxically, as "Rich. Poor" (p. 305). In some cases, as in Trevisa's translation of the "Polychronicon," the text has been reset. Additional matter may be found here and there in the valuable grammatical introduction. A point or two escaped correction; in §94 "O. E. palatal stop c" should read "guttural stop," and "W. S. *hleihan*," in §103, 2, has an odd look.

RHETORIC AND COMPOSITION.

The book of the hour for the college student is the volume of essays, usually pretty solemn, designed to start in the freshman a flow of ideas on such subjects as evolution, democracy, theology, and the like. Two rather refreshing variations of this type are "Modern Essays," selected by Prof. J. M. Berdan, and J. R. Schultz and H. E. Joyce, instructors in Yale College (Macmillan; $1.25 net), and "College and the Future," edited by Prof. Richard Rice, jr. (Scribner). In the first the selections are almost without exception of the twentieth century, or not long before; Whistler, Chesterton, and Stephen Leacock are only some of the essayists who give an airy lightness to the collection. It is pleasant and interesting throughout. There should be no great difficulty in getting college students to read it, at any rate; particularly Yale men, for the home product is amply represented.

Professor Rice's selections are serious, but they deal for the most part with questions as they concern campus life—Oxford, athletics, religion, studies. Indeed, the "college," in the hands of Newman, William James, and many others, including the compiler himself, is rather more adequately treated than the "future," which might, perhaps, in a book of this kind have been left to take care of itself, instead of to H. G. Wells.

Prof. John Louis Haney has arranged alphabetically under the title "Good English" (Philadelphia: Egerton Press) a number of notes on linguistic usage, many of which were contributed to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Some very obvious errors and some extremely recent locutions receive comment, but the book is not a mere list of "don'ts"; it is tolerant in its judgments and sensible in its explanations. No one will grudge the author his occasional little dogmatisms. When he assures us that "*where* should not be used for *in which*, as, 'This is the house *where* I lived for ten years'" (p. 225), we are fain to remember "the house where I was born."

A similar and briefer list forms a useful appendix to Genung and Hanson's "Outlines of Composition and Rhetoric" (Ginn; $1). For the rest it follows traditional lines in the discussion of structure and type, inculcating its doctrine largely by means of horrible example to be corrected.

Picking up a new collection of short stories, one wonders what excuse the compiler can offer for his undertaking. In a field so thickly sown, why should a new head appear? But Mr. Leonard B. Moulton has proved in "Short Stories" (Houghton Mifflin; 40 cents net) that there is room for one more volume. He has no historical bee in his bonnet. The Egyptians and Boccaccio are left centuries behind. The great masters of the form are almost entirely neglected. The classics in this genre are uniformly omitted. Neither is he a worshipper of technique. Atmosphere and character and suspense are no more the goal for the student than they have been the guide for the editor. The result is an unusually fresh set of short fiction, gathered together because the life dealt with therein was thought to be of interest to boys and girls in high school, for whom the selection was made. The introduction, for the pupil, is little over four pages in length. The note following each story, omitting all biographical detail, indicates clearly by questions the content and significance of the specimen. There is comment on the craftsmanship or art of the narrator, but only such comment as should help to increase the pupil's pleasure in short fiction. In sympathetic hands the book ought to accomplish much in arousing an intelligent liking for this popular form of art.

Variety is the dominant note of the attractive volume, "Writing of To-day: Models of Journalistic Prose," made up of articles chosen by Profs. J. W. Cunliffe and Gerhard R. Lomer of the School of Journalism at Columbia University (Century; $1.50 net). This variety is exhibited in range of matter presented, which includes descriptive, narrative, editorial, and humorous articles, as also interviews and criticism, literary, dramatic, musical, and art; it is shown also in the length and character of the selections. Every group of them is prefaced by a concise analysis of the kind of writing represented in it, with practical hints for the novice. There is no denying the interest of the contents of the volume, with its accounts of "The Miracle of the Movie," "How I Found the South Pole," "Henry James's First Interview," "The War in Art," and so on for a hundred titles more, but the question is whether the pupil in English composition will find the ways to satisfactory writing better greased by these examples of "subjects of immediate interest" than by the traditional subjects "outside of his every-day interests." An outsider is tempted to fancy that a pupil would be as disheartened by having James Bryce's "Impressions of Palestine" held up as a model as he is supposed to be by the masterpieces of Addison and Macaulay.

SELECTED TEXTS.

As a supplement to the work in composition and rhetoric, a volume of "Readings from Literature" has been prepared by Reuben Post Halleck and Elizabeth G. Barbour (American Book Company). Prose and verse alternate, moderns jostle "classics," rising in a sort of climax from the ridiculousness of Bunner to the sublimity of Milton. It must be said the selections are interesting, and carry an air of completeness.

The Oxford University Press has just published Abraham Cowley's "Essays and Other Prose Writings" ($1.10), edited, with an introduction and notes, by Alfred B. Gough. It is the best inexpensive annotated edition. The volume contains all of Cowley's prose, except his preface to "Poetical Blossoms" and his letters. Each of the texts is based upon the first edition, including the very rare 1661 edition of "A Vision concerning Cromwell the Wicked." The introduction gives a trustworthy account of Cowley's life, a judicious estimate of his personality, and sufficient bibliographical guidance; but it says too little about Cowley's position in the history of English prose. Dr. Gough's comments on this important topic are, one regrets to find, scattered among the notes, where they are likely to be overlooked. The notes fill two-thirds as much space as the text; and leave no difficulty or allusion—grammatical, literary, biblical, or historical—unexplained. Some of them seem (to paraphrase Butler)

> Fit to take lodgings in a head
> That's to be let unfurnished.

It is doubtful whether any one likely to read Cowley requires a definition of such terms as "syllogism" or "mountebank." Yet the careful explanations of Cowley's allusions to ancient and modern political history unfortunately cannot, in the present state of undergraduate knowledge, be considered superfluous. Dr. Gough's critical interpretations are on the whole sound, but somewhat limited in range. For example, he does not point out the value of the "Preface to the Cutter of Coleman Street" as the first important defence of Restoration comedy against just the kind of attacks which it long endured but to which it finally succumbed. In commenting upon "A Vision Concerning Cromwell," he is so preoccupied with correcting errors arising from Cowley's partisanship that he fails to mention some of its most significant aspects. To open the eyes of modern readers to the full meaning of the "Vision" in its own time, he might well have remarked that Cowley's description of the temper and methods of a tyrant implies a confident hope, then widespread, that the Stuarts would reign in the spirit of constitutional liberty. Though Cowley exaggerated the faults of Cromwell, his philippic is of permanent value as a fervid warning against that forceful and unscrupulous type of personality which is nowadays termed the superman, and by which nations recurrently allow themselves to be fascinated and enslaved.

To the Riverside Literature series (Houghton Mifflin; 25 cents) has been added "Selections from American Poetry," by Dr. Frederick H. Law; shorter poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Lowell, Bryant, Emerson, Holmes, and Whitman, a half-dozen more or less to each, together with the necessary editorial matter.

GRAMMAR, ELOCUTION AND DEBATING.

A revised edition has appeared of Ella M. Boyce's "Enunciation and Articulation" (Ginn; 30 cents). Word lists and illustrated exercises make up the bulk of the volume. One would suppose that teachers might welcome phonetic descriptions somewhat more detailed than those provided. A list of words commonly mispronounced is appended. It is not always perfectly trustworthy. We hope, at least, that no one will accept its recommendation to pronounce "stomacher" with a "k."

"Teaching to Read," by Nellie E. Turner (American Book Company), does not concern itself directly with the work of the primary grades. It offers a methodology for teachers, and by means of elaborate question and answer dissects a great many very ingeniously selected passages, with a view to making clear such elocutionary matters as grouping, contrast, parenthesis, repetition. But teachers of reading anywhere will find it suggestive; it offers an effective club to drive "THE cat and THE dog" from our schools.

Another book composed for the teacher is Prof. Paul Klapper's "The Teaching of English" (Appleton; $1.25 net). In a series of chapters written in the tone of straightforward classroom lecturing, in which occasional split infinitives do not seem particularly shocking, the teacher is taught strategy useful in the long battle of the double negative; she learns how to provide the child with something to write about, how to stir his imagination by furnishing him with models above his level in tone; how to teach him to spell, and many other things. Much of this, no doubt, a good teacher knows already, but even such a one may well find the formulation of it useful.

Much of the matter in William Horton Foster's little book, "Debating for Boys" (Sturgis & Walton; $1 net), first appeared in a magazine for Boy Scouts. In its present form, it should interest new readers. It does not attempt an over-simplification of the serious business that genuine debating is, but the author has a knack of putting things concretely that enables him to discuss "terms" and "issues" and "clash of arguments" in a way to be comprehended of youthful minds. He writes of even the tests of evidence without darkening counsel. He lays stress upon fairness, presents by means of a narrative the proper procedure for organizing a society, gives a summary of parliamentary rules, and furnishes in appendices a long list of questions for debate, hints on how to judge a debate, and a model constitution for a boys' debating club. The chapter on The Ford Hall Town Meeting seems out of place in a book for boys.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

FRENCH.

Allen and Schoell's "French Life" (Holt) is a first-year reader comprising over fifty French sketches averaging a little more than a page in length, a few dialogues, sets of questions on the subject-matter, and answers from which the student is to work back to the questions, and a vocabulary. The sketches, which treat of a variety of practical matters, such as the house, garden, city, schoolroom, modern inventions, newspaper, weather, etc., have in general been skilfully composed, and considerable care has been taken in interrelating them as to subject-matter, vocabulary, and idioms.

"Le Premier Livre," an attractive beginners' book suitable for preparatory-school work, has been prepared by A. A. and B. Méras (American Book Co.; 64 cents). Designed both as reader and grammar for the first half-year, it consists of sixty lessons, the reading portions of which are adapted from Malot's "Sans Famille," while the grammatical parts contain the essential facts of grammar and paragraphs for drill in conversation and composition.

A prominent feature of Professor Olmsted's "Elementary French Grammar" (Holt) is an abundance of material for drill—grammatical questions to be answered in French, reading exercises, conversations, compositions, and oral exercises—appended to the lessons, of which there are forty-three. The grammatical material is grouped with good judgment, and careful choice of type aids the clearness of its presentation.

Racine's "Bérénice," edited with introduction and notes by R. E. Pellissier, is the latest addition to the Oxford French series (35 cents). This series is published by American scholars, under the general editorship of Professor Weeks. The introduction presents a clear account of the problem of the two Bérénices, prudently concluding that until new facts are brought to light it will not be solved.

"Les Boulinard," the amusing play by Orconneau, Valabrègue and Kéroul, edited, with introduction, notes, *questionnaire*, exercises, and vocabulary, by F. G. Harriman, is a recent addition to Heath's Modern Language series (30 cents).

Dumas's "Vingt Ans Après" has been ably edited for Ginn (60 cents net), with notes and vocabulary, by O. B. Super.

The *ballades* of yester-year are studied industriously by Helen L. Cohen in a recent Columbia dissertation ("The Ballade"; Columbia University Press; $1.75). The five chapters discuss the origin of the *ballade*, its fortune in France from 1400 to 1650, its treatment by French theorists of the same period, the Middle English *ballade*, and the recent revival of the form in France and England. Many *ballades* are printed in full, often from manuscripts or old editions; the volume has almost the look of a *ballade* anthology. The best chapter is that on the *ballade* in Middle English. Here the number of poems in question is so small as to permit individual study, and the resulting criticism is valuable. In the rest of the book very little—aside from the texts themselves—is really new. The later chapters, to be sure, offer slight chance for originality; but one might fairly expect, in a doctor's thesis, a fresh attempt to solve the difficult problem of the origin of the *ballade*, rather than a hesitant summary of conflicting opinions. The footnotes and bibliography are disfigured by the applying of the English system of capitalization to all foreign titles.

GERMAN.

M. H. Haertel's "German Reader for Beginners" (Ginn; 60 cents net) contains a singularly felicitous selection of fairy tales, those from Andersen and Grimm wisely modernized as to language, two by Baumbach and one by Mörike reprinted essentially in the original form. Besides these carefully graded pieces, there are a dozen well-known poems, mostly of a legendary character. Questions in German and narrative paragraphs for retranslation into German follow the texts. A further useful feature is a series of words upon which pupils may exercise their memory. The excellent vocabulary makes notes to the text unnecessary.

A manual for the teaching of German according to the direct method inevitably seems complicated, and its innumerable questions and answers, proper and natural in oral use, seem out of place in print. Examination of such a book is seldom cheering. It may be said, however, of W. D. Zinnecker's "Deutsch für Anfänger" (Heath; $1.25 net) that the material basis of the instruction is not uninteresting, that this material is thoroughly elaborated, and that a discreet use of English for explanation and translation encourages the teacher to modify his "directness" so far as may be expedient. An appendix contains a brief but clear chapter on German phonetics, a tabulation of grammatical forms, and sundry vocabularies.

The third issue of Calvin Thomas's edition of "Hermann und Dorothea" (Holt; 60 cents) is virtually a new book and is an excellent example of well-proportioned directness. The editor adopts Kullmer's identification of Pössneck in Thuringia as the little town from which Goethe derived the local color for the scene of his story. The historical antecedents of the plot are briefly set forth, and there are judicious remarks concerning the style and form of the epic. The notes and vocabulary leave nothing to be desired.

Prof. Arthur H. Palmer's edition of "Wilhelm Tell" has been entirely reset and revised, and is now put forth as a suitable text for secondary schools (Holt). Introduction, vocabulary, notes, and a new section of *Fragen*, prepared by Prof. Charles M. Purin, furnish a most serviceable apparatus for teacher and student alike.

Paul V. Bacon's "Vorwärts" (Allyn & Bacon) resembles the author's "Im Vaterland" in method and in general appearance, but is more elementary and, as a German reader for beginners, is more obviously graded. Systematic drill in the principal points of syntax is unobtrusively woven into the text, and equally systematic repetition of words and expressions, though it does not enliven the narrative, serves to fix essentials in mind. Enlivenment is sought rather in the actuality of the substance and the profusion of illustrations, many of which are evidently from original photographs. The book is unmistakably a skilful compilation.

"Herder and Klopstock," by Dr. F. H. Adler (Stechert; $1), is a comparative study which aims to present in a new light the relations of these two notable forerunners of Germany's greatest literary period. The author shows how the new world of ideas created by Klopstock found sympathetic response in Herder, and how the latter, by his precept, vindicated the rights of imagination, of the Germanic spirit, and of that type of religion which is focussed on humanity rather than on theology. The last section of the book contains a more detailed and technical study of the poetic language of the two men. Dr. Adler is to be congratulated on his unflagging enthusiasm for his subject; there is never even the slightest intimation of the turgidity and pedantic heaviness which characterize the poetry of Klopstock and render it so utterly unenjoyable to most modern readers. The larger bearings of the subject—for instance, in connection with the Romanic Movement—are only cursorily indicated.

ITALIAN.

An Italian Dictionary. By Alfred Hoare. Cambridge: University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The many readers who have long been baffled or disappointed by the existing Italian-English dictionaries will welcome Mr. Alfred Hoare's work. It is a strange and by no means a creditable fact, that while excellent dictionaries have been available for English-speaking students of French, Spanish, and German for half a century or more, Italian has been neglected. To say, therefore, that Mr. Hoare's is the best might not mean much if "best" were construed relatively. But judged by any standard, it is an admirable lexicon.

Mr. Hoare's chief aim is to make it as practically useful as possible. With this in view, he resorts to many original devices. For instance, he endeavors to grade words according to the frequency with which they occur in the spoken or written language. He places first the commonest definition, next the rarer or dialect meaning, and finally the obsolete use. And to enable the reader to perceive at a glance these distinctions, he employs different fonts of type, as well as various symbols. It may require a day's practice to get used to these devices of his, but when they are once learned their reasonableness is recognized, and they save much time.

Mr. Hoare does not attempt to give all the words, living or dead, in the Italian language; but he does give those which the reader of either current books and newspapers or of the classical Italian authors is most likely to meet. Of course, there can never be an absolutely exact line drawn with any such classification, and no doubt each reader will look in vain in Mr. Hoare's Dictionary for words which he expected to find there. But on the whole the inclusions are very comprehensive, and the exclusions have generally a valid reason.

Among Mr. Hoare's points of excellence is the attention he has devoted to pronunciation. By the use of easily understood accents he makes clear, not only the syllabic emphasis of each word, but also the open and close sounds of *e* and of *o* and the two sounds of *zz*. His devices for indicating diminutives, augmentatives, etc., are clearly thought out. For a work in which compression is carried as far as possible without resulting in the puzzles which some etymologists put before us, this Dictionary quotes a considerable number of illustrative passages, Dante being naturally the chief authority cited.

Wherever we have tested the Dictionary we have found it satisfactory; and this is true also of the appendix, in which Mr. Hoare furnishes an English-Italian vocabulary, much briefer than the other part, but still sufficient for the needs of the average reader.

We regret that this work should not have been issued in a smaller format and at a price within reach of the purses of all those who would like to own it. The broad quarto page, with its clear type, is handsome, but an octavo would have permitted the production of a volume more convenient and less expensive.

Professor Grandgent's "Italian Grammar" (Heath; $1 net), since its first appearance in 1887 *facile princeps* in its field, has undergone a thorough revision both by its author and by Prof. E. H. Wilkins, of Chicago, who has provided a new set of forty-one exercises, a vocabulary, and a useful note on reading Italian verse, with examples from Pascoli and Carducci. The new exercises are a model of their kind, particular ingenuity being shown in the sentences, which not only aptly illustrate points of grammar, but are agreeably free from the artificiality and feebleness of sense that few compilers of grammars seem able to avoid. In its revised form this excellent book should long prove useful to students of Italian.

SPANISH.

The brothers Serafín and Joaquín Alvarez Quintero are among the best of contemporary Spanish playwrights. In editing their "Doña Clarines" and "Mañana de Sol" (Heath; 50 cents net), Prof. S. Griswold Morley has made available for American students two of the brightest playlets which have been produced recently in Madrid. The first of these, a comedy of character, has for its heroine a spinster who speaks the truth on all occasions regardless of consequence. To render so formidable a personage sympathetic and dignified without losing an opportunity for comic effect demands delicacy of treatment; but the brothers Alvarez have succeeded in making the all too candid Doña Clarines as likable as she is disconcerting. "Mañana de Sol" is a charming little one-act idyl. It represents the meeting in old age of two former lovers. Like many other humorists, the Alvarez excel in pathos. Both these texts provide idiomatic Spanish, sufficiently simple to be used early in the course. The notes and vocabulary leave nothing to be desired.

RUSSIAN.

The study of Russian is still in its infancy both in England and America, so that no series of textbooks has been developed to meet the wants of students. The book that is best adapted to classroom use is the "Russian Conversation-Grammar" of Pietro Motti, a volume written by an Italian who was imperfectly acquainted with English and still more imperfectly with Russian; naturally it is crammed with mistakes. The "Russian Reader," composed for French students by Boyer and Speranski, on the basis of Tolstoy's tales for peasant children, and translated and adapted for English use by Professor Harper, is admirable in plan and, except for a few insignificant slips, in execution; nothing better of its own sort could be desired. But some elementary introduction to Russian grammar must be used with it. To supply such an introduction seems to have been the aim of Dr. Nevill Forbes in his newly published "Russian Grammar" (Oxford University Press; $2), if one may judge from his own words in the preface:

> The accompanying volume is a practical rather than a scientific grammar. It is intended for the use of those students who are working under a teacher able to explain the difficulties of the language to them, and also for the use of those who are working at the language by themselves with the object of being able to read it; but it does not profess to be an adequate means of teaching any one working alone how to speak Russian.

The book itself hardly corresponds to this statement of purpose. It is of the same general type as the familiar Latin grammars, such as that of Allen and Greenough, on which generations of American boys have been brought up. From the point of view of a Slavic philologist it is elementary; from that of a learner it is an advanced work, and, without a graded lesson-book to accompany it, a bewildering treatise. It aims to answer most of the practical questions that would occur to readers of modern Russian authors. Dr. Forbes can hardly be blamed that his book is less clear and logical in its arrangement and in its phrasing of rules than Latin grammars that have been continually revised. He deserves a severe rebuke, however, for not providing any index whatever; to make the volume thoroughly useful both a Russian and an English index would be required. This is no place for detailed criticism of Dr. Forbes's work. The reviewer has found a few statements that are mistaken, and many that seemed to him misleading or clumsy in expression; to be specific, the section on relative and interrogative pronouns is by no means adequate. But as a whole, the grammar is so far superior to any that has hitherto been published in English that cavilling criticism would be ungrateful. One may hope that Dr. Forbes will now proceed to construct a graded lesson-book that will replace that of the egregious Motti. If he should make it specially adapted as an introduction to the Boyer and Speranski reader, the gain would be even greater.

PERSIAN.

A brief introduction to the study of Persian, in German ("Persische Erzählungen, mit Grammatik und Glossar) by Georg Rosen, remodelled by Friedrich Rosen (Leipzig: Veit & Co.), has just appeared. It contains a capital little grammatical sketch, compressed into thirty-five pages. Each word in the original Persian characters is transliterated also into Roman letters. Then follow some fifty pages of short stories in prose for translation, accompanied by an excellent glossary; and appended at the end are a few brief selections from classic Persian poets. The beginning might have had further help through being given an inkling in a word or two as to the short stories that make up the body of the book; but the whole work serves as an admirable introduction to the language and does credit to its later editor, who is not only a Persian scholar but a diplomatist as well, for he is the Ambassador of the Imperial German Government to Spain.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

To those college teachers of political science who wish to put into the hands of their students a book that tells what our Government does as well as what it is the volume on "The New American Government and Its Work," by Prof. James T. Young, of the University of Pennsylvania (Macmillan), will make a special appeal. As a textbook it has several features which distinguish it from others of its kind. For one thing there is an uncommonly full discussion of the powers of Congress and of the ways in which these powers reach the citizen. Judicial decisions are cited profusely, the author's design being, as he states in the preface, "to lend more reality, vividness, and clarity to a subject that is already beset by too many generalities." The prominence given to these decisions is especially marked in the chapters devoted to Federal and State regulation of commerce. Another commendable feature of the book is its comprehensive treatment of State administration, a subject which too many surveys

of American government have passed over without adequate presentation. Social legislation, likewise, and the whole economic side of governmental activity have received the emphasis which their growing interest and importance warrant.

On the other hand, there are some serious omissions. The book contains little or no historical discussion, nothing about the antecedents of American government. Most teachers of political science believe that their students should first learn something about the way in which American government came to be before they plunge into the subject of what it is and does. More unfortunate still is the author's failure to include in the volume any consideration of municipal government in this country. That is an omission which surely should have had a word of explanation. In his endeavor to "picture the new government as it serves and helps the people" Dr. Young might well have drawn fine material from our municipal happenings of the last ten or fifteen years. The style of the book is clear and vigorous; there is no theorizing or chasing of political will-o'-the-wisps. It is hopeful in tone, yet never lapses into that shambling eloquence which too often mars the pages of such books. There are useful aids to teaching, including references for further reading and questions upon the text. The index, however, is ridiculously inadequate.

"An Introduction to the Economic History of England, I, The Middle Ages" (Macmillan; $2.50 net), is the first volume of what promises to be a valuable book for students of English history. The author, E. Lipson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has embodied in some five hundred closely printed pages the most recent investigations of scholars in regard to the rise and fall of the manorial system, the merchant and craft guilds, fairs and markets, the beginnings of England's foreign trade, and the main features of the English revenue and exchequer system. But he does more than merely summarize the researches of others. His pages are full of interesting concrete examples and quotations from mediæval statutes and political poems. Students will be grateful to him for the numerous footnotes in which he indicates the sources from which his examples are drawn. In dealing with controversial points he shows good judgment in the opinions which he adopts and fairness in his statement of the views which he rejects. He rightly recognizes that most mediæval institutions are the result of complex factors and cannot be explained satisfactorily by a few brief formulas. Thus, as to the origin of the manor, he does not adopt exclusively either the Roman theory of Seebohm or the Teutonic view of Stubbs, but shows the probable influence of both Roman and Teuton factors. The chapter on the craft-guilds, over a hundred pages long, and perhaps the best in the book, gives a more rosy view of mediæval guilds than one usually finds. Incidentally the author sees a good deal of evidence of the activity of women in industry and trade. "There seems no adequate ground for the view that workingwomen were mainly 'unpaid domestic workers' following household occupations, rather than wage-earners supplying a market" (p. 317). In the excellent chapter on "The Woollen Industry" he notes the appearance of the word "blanket" in a Pipe Roll of 1182. This is more than a century before the earliest date given in Murray's Dictionary, and long before the time of that Thomas Blanket, bailiff of Bristol in 1340, who is popularly supposed to have given his name to a kind of woollen. Though entitled an "Introduction," this volume rather presupposes some knowledge of English history. It is more like the well-known economic histories of Ashley and of Cunningham than those of Gibbins and Cheyney.

HISTORY.

AMERICAN.

The four-volume "Riverside History of the United States" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net, each) meets, on the whole, better than any other work of equal compass now on the market, the needs of readers who desire a comprehensive and well-written narrative, scholarly enough to command the respect of critics, and detailed enough to furnish particular information on important points, while at the same time sufficiently broad in scope and treatment to afford an intelligent view of the period as a whole. In such a work, novel content would be out of place; nevertheless, by emphasizing economic and social questions, State politics, and the development of the West more than was once customary, the authors have succeeded in giving freshness to the account of a number of episodes. There are differences both in manner and in success, of course, as is to be expected in a work by different hands. Professor Carl L. Becker, who writes on the "Beginning of the American People," is more at home, apparently, on the side of the European influences which affected colonial development than he is on the side of colonial history itself; and his volume, though possessing exceptional literary merit, is not so notable in content. Prof. Allen Johnson's "Union and Democracy," on the other hand, carrying the narrative from the close of the Revolution to the beginning of Jackson's régime, is an admirable sketch of the establishment of Federal Government and administration, the formation of parties and the evolution of their policies, and the peculiar problems, sectional and local, of the early West. Prof. William E. Dodd, the editor of the series, who writes on "Expansion and Conflict," is at his best in treating the economics of slavery, State politics, and sectional issues. The last volume, by Prof. Frederic L. Paxson, entitled "The New Nation," affords a good view of the period since 1865, notwithstanding that it is weak on the constitutional side, and suggests rather than exposes the deeper foundations of contemporary politics. The reading lists appended to the several chapters show praiseworthy discrimination. Most of the maps, unfortunately, are so small and so poorly executed mechanically, as to make their use difficult: a fact the more to be regretted because the maps themselves represent much labor, and in themselves are both fresh and informing.

COLONIAL.

An excellent example of good work along somewhat technical historical lines is to be found in a monograph by Elmer Beecher Russell, entitled "The Review of Colonial Legislation by the King in Council" (Longmans, Green; $1.75). The subject is not likely to be familiar to the average reader of Colonial history, but the prominent place that it occupies among the grievances presented in the Declaration of Independence, where it forms the basis of no less than eight indictments, is sufficient to warrant careful investigation into its character and influence. Though Mr. Russell has not attempted to cover the entire field, he is to be congratulated on the thoroughness of his effort as far as he has gone. He has presented in a detailed and well-organized fashion the results of much scholarly research among records that are only in part available in this country, and has made abundantly clear the general truth that in this respect, as in many others, the Colonists were more or less unconsciously resisting a policy that placed the royal prerogative and the commercial welfare of England ahead of their own political and economic development. How far such development was actually checked by the exercise of the royal right Mr. Russell has not attempted to discover, but he has gone far enough to indicate wherein the grievances of the Colonists lay. That the King deserved to be indicted for "tyranny" because of the exercise of this right is another question.

No small part of the contribution that Mr. Russell has made lies in his presentation of the reasons underlying the royal policy, a policy that appeared to British statesmen as fundamentally necessary for the Empire. That the Colonists should have construed this policy as a severe infringement on liberty seemed incomprehensible to the somewhat opaque British mind. Mr. Russell's essay is rather better written than the average doctor's dissertation, but it is marred here and there by certain usages that are incorrect. The terms "attorney and solicitor" and "attorney and solicitor-generals" are never used for the "attorney and solicitor-general" or the "attorney-general and solicitor-general"; and the title "King's Counsel," here used as if it belonged exclusively to the standing counsel of the Board of Trade, shows that Mr. Russell is unfamiliar with the meaning of the letters K.C. or with the distinguishing British practice of "taking silk." We think, also, that the phrase "legislative review," as an abbreviation of the title of the monograph, is incorrect, in that the Privy Council has never been a legislative body and its acts, whether of review or otherwise, cannot be termed legislative. We call attention to these errors, for they are frequent throughout the work.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

Some years ago the Illinois State Historical Library wisely placed the editing of its Collections in the hands of a scholar who knows well the history of the Old West, and who can write about it with sympathy and clarity. Again Dr. Clarence W. Alvord (this time in collaboration with Professor Carter, of Miami University) has placed students of Western history under deep obligation for his excellent work in editing Volume X of these Collections (Springfield, 1915). The volume is entitled "The Critical Period, 1763-1765," and forms No. 1 of the British Series. It is the forerunner of four or five others, soon to appear, on the same subject. The documents here presented have been selected with care from the archives of the United States, Canada, England, and France. Those written in the French language are given in the original and also in English, the translations occupying the lower half of the page. As in other publications of the Illinois State Histori-

cal Library, the papers are divided into chapters, "for the purpose of breaking up that monotony so characteristic of such collections of documents." There is a general introduction on "British Illinois, 1763-1778," which is followed by a special introduction on "The British Occupation of the Illinois Country, 1763-1765," a useful study of an interesting phase of Illinois history illustrated by the rich documentary material contained in the volume. A similar study, presumably from the same hand, will be included in each number of the series. The annotations are sufficiently ample to elucidate obscure points and to supply necessary bibliographical and biographical data. The volume is well printed and has a charming view of Kaskaskia, portraits of Sir William Johnson and Gen. Gage, and two facsimile reproductions. Best of all, the index can be relied upon.

The seventh volume of the Proceedings of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, printed by the Torch Press, is, on the whole, a very creditable publication. It contains at least two or three papers which will place it distinctly above mediocrity. Prof. James Alton James's consideration of "Some Phases of the History of the Northwest, 1783-1786," is especially worthy of note. It will not be surprising, however, if Dr. Clarence W. Alvord's "Critical Analysis of the Work of Reuben Gold Thwaites" should attract more attention than any other paper printed in the volume. Many years before his lamented death in 1913, Dr. Thwaites had earned a national reputation as an earnest and energetic worker in the field of Western history. He not only built up a great historical society and library, but by his unbounded enthusiasm and genius for organization did more than any other man to popularize and make possible the serious study of history in the Middle West. As a writer and as an editor of source materials, Dr. Thwaites was most prolific. In a period embracing somewhat more than a quarter of a century he wrote fifteen books, and edited and published about one hundred and sixty-eight volumes. The task which Professor Alvord undertakes to accomplish is fairly to appraise this remarkable output; in short, to establish, if possible, Dr. Thwaites's standing as an historian. Dr. Thwaites was not a great historian, and produced no work which will find a place with the best historical writing. Mr. Alvord has performed a rather delicate task in a becoming manner, and with the sure touch of one who knows his subject well. Fortunately, Dr. Thwaites accomplished so much in addition to his literary labors, and was so lovable a character, that he will long be remembered and honored.

The Proceedings of the Wisconsin Historical Society for 1914 (Madison, Wis.) contains Mr. Worthington C. Ford's address, "The Treaty of Ghent—and After," delivered at the regular annual meeting of the Society. As editor of the "Writings" of John Quincy Adams—a task which is still in the course of distinguished accomplishment—Mr. Ford can speak with authority on the subject of the Ghent treaty. His paper is notable for two reasons: it is a careful and illuminating study, and it is written with a lightness of touch that is almost sprightly. As was to be expected, he has made the best possible use of the personal incidents of his theme. Two other contributions to the volume are noteworthy: "Henry Hay's Journal from Detroit to the Miami River" (1789-1790), edited with introduction and notes by Milo M. Quaife, and "A Semi-Historical Account of the War of the Winnebago and the Foxes," by Dr. Paul Radin, of the Geological Survey of Canada. Hay's "Journal," which Dr. Quaife has edited in a skilful manner, is both valuable and interesting. The journalist spent several months with the Indians and their French and British partisans on the site of the present city of Fort Wayne, Ind., and the "Journal" reflects, in varied details, the life of this old settlement as it was in the last decade of the eighteenth century. The legend recounted by Dr. Radin is printed in both English and Winnebago. Of local interest are Eben D. Pierce's account of James Reed, a Wisconsin pioneer, and J. H. A. Lacher's pleasing paper on "The Taverns and Stages of Early Wisconsin." Typographically, the volume is not creditable to the State Printer who produced it.

The most important paper in Volume XVIII of the Buffalo Historical Society Publications is an account of the peace congress at Niagara Falls, in 1914, by Frank H. Severance, the editor of the volume. While necessarily based mainly upon newspaper reports, the paper is as full and authoritative an account of what took place as is likely to be written until the various Governments concerned release their diplomatic correspondence on the subject. The texts of such documents as were made public at the time are included. Mr. Severance also contributes a sketch of Ephraim Douglass's peace mission to the Indians at Niagara, in 1783, together with a narrative of Brig.-Gen. Alexander Smith's spectacular performance on the Niagara frontier during the War of 1812. The latter includes letters hitherto unpublished. An interesting addition to the sources of American economic and social history is made in a translation, by H. F. DePuy, of this city, of "Le Pour et le Contre," a rare compilation by Louis Bridel, pastor of the French church at Basle, published at Paris in 1803. The work is especially valuable for its bearing upon the operations of the Holland Land Company in western New York.

The nineteenth volume of the University of Toronto Studies, being a "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada" covering the year 1914, is, as the title suggests, a collection of book reviews and notes, and these have been written by a wide range of authorities in their respective fields. The book embraces nearly two hundred and fifty compact pages, comprising upwards of two hundred carefully written themes, varying in length from a few lines to several pages. The material is classified under six different headings, dealing respectively with Canada's relations to the Empire; the general history of Canada; local history, including the history of the various provinces; geography, economics, and statistics; anthropology, ethnology, and folklore; and education, ecclesiastical history, law, and bibliography. Somewhat more than half of the volume is devoted to history, provincial and local, geography, economics, and statistics. The publications reviewed are of a great variety, including books, essays, magazine articles, addresses, Government reports, etc. Although much of the material is chiefly of local interest, there are reviews of numerous volumes well known to all who are familiar with Canadian literature, such as Shortt and Doughty's "Canada and Its Provinces: A History of the Canadian People and Their Institutions," Tupper's "Recollections of Sixty Years in Canada," Douglas's "Lands Forlorn: A Story of an Expedition to Hearne's Coppermine River," and Bryce's "A Short History of the Canadian People." On the whole, it is fair to say that the book constitutes a reader's guide to Canadian literature for the year 1914, rather than a volume of literature in itself. The editorial work was performed by Prof. George M. Wrong, of the department of history in the University of Toronto, H. H. Langdon, librarian of the same institution, and W. Stewart Wallace, lecturer in history in McMaster University, Toronto.

PHILOSOPHY.

PSYCHOLOGY.

Prof. Charles H. Judd's "Psychology of High School Subjects" (Ginn; $1.50) is less a formal treatise upon educational psychology than a critical summary and discussion from the point of view of the psychologist, of the views put forward by supposedly unpsychological persons interested in the teaching of special subjects. The book is thus on the whole a comprehensive and informing discussion of the issues involved in high school pedagogy, stimulating to the reader in spite of a monotony of style and a fondness for sentences in which "one" is followed by "he." On the other hand, it is a question whether the illumination afforded by "the psychologist"—as such—is sufficient to justify his magisterial tone. Surely no special powers are needed to tell us, for instance, that the tendency towards specialization is connected with the natural limitations of human attention. Nor are the reforms called for by Mr. Judd's special type of psychology altogether clear. Granting, for example, that words stand, not for passive associations, but for attitudes of behavior, what does this show but the fact, never forgotten by more discriminating teachers of language, that the meaning of words varies with persons and with situations? And when we learn that the difference between reflective and practical men, or, in Mr. Judd's terms, theoretical and practical men, is that the former are given to word-reactions, the latter to hand-reactions—a sad blow, by the way, to the practical pretensions of the commercial classes—we are compelled to wonder whether psychology has not taken wings and flown away. Apparently "the psychologist" is no longer able to distinguish between a word and a sound, between thinking and mere talking.

Like most psychologists, Mr. Judd appears to think that scientific insight is shown by viewing the mind as a machine-shop in which the several machines run independently of one another. Thus he is constant in warning teachers that (1) mere recognition of an object or mere skill in handling an object, (2) theoretical analysis, and (3) practical application are "different mental processes." Now it is true that the so-called mental processes of students often appear to illustrate this sort of independence—when, for example, a student who is supposed to have mastered the Pythagorean theorem is unable to lay out a tennis court. But the question is whether such practical disability is not a mark of superficial theoretical analysis. And, on the other hand, as against the traditional view that analytic consciousness deserts an operation of which the technique has been

thoroughly mastered, which Mr. Judd accepts uncritically, we may suggest that the motorist who fails to retain a clear idea of how he controls his machine is doomed to destruction. It is at least as reasonable to suppose that the leisure to enjoy the landscape which comes to the practiced motorist is due to a larger "presence of mind," which enables him to keep in mind both the landscape *and* the machine, as to a transfer of mind from one object to the other. And so far as his skill is wholly unanalytic, one may ask whether it stands for any mental operation whatever.

The point has a broad application to educational theory. From the emphasis laid by the behavior psychologists upon "economy of thought," one must suppose that the purpose of education is to enable the student to get along with as little thinking as possible. Here he is to be trained in manual skill, there in practical application, and only upon special occasions is he to be trained in "analysis." Our query is whether the cultivation of a thoughtful and analytic doing of things is not the beginning and end of all education; and whether, again, this analytic attitude is not the one thing that makes all of the "different mental operations" mental.

And we may further ask whether this is not at bottom the real virtue of the plan of "generalization" which Mr. Judd offers as a remedy for the present confusion of aims in the high-school curriculum. It has been suggested by others that, as a foundation for courses in the sciences, we should have a general course in "science"; Mr. Judd proposes similar courses in mathematics, in which the boundaries of algebra and geometry are to be more or less disregarded, and in language. The idea seems a promising one. When scientific men contend for the sacredness of the boundaries of the sciences, it is proper to remind them that the sciences have been marked out, not by nature, but by man, for human convenience; and that for educational convenience—if a general course in science will afford at once a broader view and a deeper insight—these boundary lines may, if we like, be reconstructed or annulled. Yet it is permissible to ask whether the idea is quite as new as it is even reactionary. When Mr. Judd outlines his general course in language, on p. 245, one is reminded strongly of the traditional function of Latin.

"Psychology and Parenthood," by H. Addington Bruce (Dodd, Mead; $1.25), is a book of 279 pages, filled with wide margins, interesting facts, good advice, and pleasant stories. It is always easy reading, and if ever interest wanes, appeal is made at the critical moment to the marvellous subconscious, with which the author has learned by long practice to conjure with great skill. Mr. Bruce holds that the environment is of much more importance in determining the child's character than is heredity; that unconscious suggestion has much greater influence upon him than the average parent supposes; that genius is the power to appropriate the remarkable resources of the subliminal, and hence is to a surprising degree capable of cultivation; that "intensive child culture" from the age of two or three upwards can often produce results commonly but mistakenly ascribed to extraordinary ability; and that life-long characteristics of an undesirable nature, such as laziness, and even nervous disorders, such as hysteria and phobias of various sorts, are often due to incidental suggestions, to slight physical disabilities, or even to mere habits originating in childhood—all of which may be easily avoided or overcome by proper care on the part of the parents. Though some of Mr. Bruce's conclusions are open to question, his book will be found valuable by many a parent for its excellent practical suggestions, based as they are upon a wide reading of recent psychological and medical literature.

No alterations occur in the eighth edition of William McDougall's "Introduction to Social Psychology" (John W. Luce & Co.), but there is added a supplementary chapter on sex instinct. Sex experience and conduct afford, the author thinks, the most obvious support of his main theory, viz., that human activities are to be traced back to a number of instinctive tendencies which manifest themselves independently of previous experience. He explains why he has not treated of sex instinct heretofore, largely, he says, by reason of the difficulty of so doing, in a book for the general reader. What the author states dogmatically, and without his usual recourse to the "perhaps" "not improbably," or the "doubtless" or "no doubt" (which mean there is some doubt), is generally acceptable enough, though not particularly startling. But when he goes on to refine and suggest, and to imagine hypothetical cases, in the manner of the philosopher or introspecting psychologist, that must be meant for the "general reader," who is credited, supposedly, with a liking for easy and interesting guesswork of the poetic order. One example will do for illustration: "That sex love should thus combine the most purely altruistic [?] with the most ruthlessly egoistic tendency of human nature . . . is [in the man] perhaps sufficiently accounted for by the fact that woman, especially at the age at which she is most strongly attractive to man, resembles in many respects, both mental and physical, the child, the normal object of the parental or protective impulse." Sex energy can be "long-circuited" and "sublimated" in "the service of intellectual, moral, and æsthetic development"; in the normal child, the sex instinct awakens at about the eighth year; but sex enlightenment in youth is dangerous, for "knowledge may be more dangerous than ignorance"; female coyness is essentially bashfulness on occasion of male approach and pursuit; and bashfulness "seems to be essentially the expression of a conflict between the opposed instincts of self-display and self-abasement"—these are samples of opinion and treatment. The author seems to attach a significance to sexual selection that some modern experiments appear to render unjustifiable. The style flows copiously and monotonously under the benignant imminence of an owlish gravity. Some of the pages are narrower than the rest by a quarter of an inch, giving the volume an unfinished appearance as one pages it over.

SOCIOLOGY.

To write a textbook on sociology is a particularly difficult task, partly because the subject is so new that it has as yet few formative traditions, and chiefly because the subject is so amorphous and so lacking in clear-cut outlines that every Outline of it is necessarily in danger of being either too narrow or too vague. Profs. F. W. Blackmar and J. L. Gillin, whose "Outlines of Sociology" has just been published by the Macmillan Company ($2 net), have tried to steer a safe course between these two dangers, and with some success. They have written a book which will give the student a fair idea of the entire field of sociology as it exists to-day, and they have not yielded to the temptation of wandering too far into the other social sciences. Whether they have even crossed the boundary line of these adjacent territories it would be impossible to say, inasmuch as boundary line there is none. The chief criticism to which the book lies open is less a criticism upon Messrs. Blackmar and Gillin than upon the nature of their chosen "science." Their book gives the reader a very excellent idea of sociology; and what is this idea? A rough analysis of this—as of any other good textbook on the subject—will show that sociology consists of two elements: the one, a valuable group of facts borrowed entire from various other studies, such as history, geography, economics, government, psychology, ethics, "comparative religion," etc.; the other, a group of generalizations and laws which sociologists have drawn from these facts. The two groups are of very different degrees of value. The first, although invariably intermingled, in sociological works, with a great mass of commonplace, does at least bring to the reader a good deal of important and fresh information—provided always that he has himself done no work in the various other sciences from which the information has been borrowed. The principal new knowledge to be derived from the second element, on the other hand—the generalizations and laws contributed by the science of sociology—consists very largely in the definition of various technical terms invented by the sociologists themselves. There are, for instance, in the book under review nearly ten chapters in which the average intelligent man or woman, hitherto innocent of sociology, will find practically nothing new, besides the definition and manipulation of a number of terms ending in *ation*. To the reviewer, at least, it seems plain that both sociology in general and Blackmar and Gillin's textbook in particular would be considerably improved if almost a third of their present contents were quietly deleted. For both the book and the "science" have value, that value consisting in the bringing together of wide groups of facts from varied fields, which, though they have instructive bearings on each other, are never actually placed side by side except in the works of the sociologists. From this point of view Professors Blackmar and Gillin have produced an excellent textbook, and one which deserves a wide use in college classes and by private students—provided, indeed, that sociology has to be studied at all.

RELIGION.

In "The Doctrine of God in the Jewish Apocryphal and Apocalyptic Literature" (London: Hunter & Longhurst; 10 shillings net) Dr. Henry J. Wicks offers a valuable handbook for the study of the literature in question. He has gone critically through all the Jewish non-canonical books from the second century B. C. into the first century A. D. and tabulated their ideas, in chronological order as far as possible, concerning God's transcendence, justice, and grace. His volume throws a welcome light on a little-known but very important

period of Jewish religious development. The general reader will doubtless be surprised to find so much similiarity between the conceptions of the works here described and those of the New Testament. Wicks's volume, indeed, furnishes material for bridging over the gulf which has been largely held to separate the two Testaments.

Nothing helps better to clear up our conception of the significance of current religious ideas than such a sketch of their development as is given by Prof. A. C. McGiffert in "The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas" (Macmillan; $1.50). After pointing out briefly the conditions that led to the religious disintegration of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Dr. McGiffert discusses at greater length the process of the reconstruction of faith as it is exhibited in the great philosophical works and the great scientific theories. He finds the general result of this movement to be the emancipation of religion from the crudities of the church creeds and its exaltation into the region of free and vital convictions. The volume may be recommended as giving an admirable picture of the higher religious thought of the last two or three centuries.

Alongside of the description of philosophical and scientific movements it is desirable to consider how far the religious beliefs of the Christian masses have been affected by the modern progress of knowledge. This question is treated by President-Emeritus George Harris, of Amherst College, in "A Century's Change in Religion" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25). Dr. Harris finds that, while interest in religion has not been diminished, there is a perceptible movement away from dogma towards spiritual conceptions. In the same line is Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong's "New World Religion" (Doubleday, Page; $1.50), which finds the universal religion in Social Christianity, service to humanity under the guidance of the teaching of Christ. Both these volumes are characterized by reasonableness, reverence, and spirituality.

Among the significant developments of recent religious thought is the disposition in certain quarters to suggest modifications in the conception of the function of the church. In various ways stress is laid on the great work it may perform in the service of humanity by appealing to and fostering moral ideals in daily life. Thus, under the title "In the Service of the King" (Putnam; $1.25), J. B. Dunn gives a "parson's story" of his not unsuccessful efforts to awaken the spirit of Jesus in the minds of persons not particularly gifted or in any way remarkable. Rev. E. S. Ames, in "The Higher Individualism" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.10), points out the social nature of the individual, and the value of religious experience. W. H. Carnegie, Canon of Westminster, in "Democracy and Christian Doctrine" (Macmillan; $1.25), shows how the church may encourage in all grades of life those social virtues that are essential to the permanence of a democratic society; in passing he says a good word for Russian religion. More distinctly P. M. Strayer, in "The Reconstruction of the Church" (Macmillan; $1.50), affirms that the true function of the church is not to preach doctrine, but to teach and train men to love righteousness and to go about doing good. A hint of sympathy with this view may be discovered in J. S. Auerbach's "The Bible and Modern Life" (Harper; 75 cents), which, however, is primarily an exposition of the beauty of Old Testament poetry. It is a useful book notwithstanding some exaggerations.

For younger students of the Bible we have "The Songs, Hymns, and Prayers of the Old Testament" (Scribner; $2.75), by Prof. C. F. Kent; "Geographic Influences in Old Testament Masterpieces" (Boston: Ginn; $1), by Laura H. Wild; and "History of the Hebrews" (Scribner; $1), by President F. K. Sanders. These are carefully written and trustworthy books. In contrast with these we may cite, as an example of extremely regrettable writing, "The Making of Christianity, an Exhibit of Hebrew and Christian Messianic Apocalyptical Philosophy and Literature" (Alton, Ill.: G. P. Clark; $1.25), by Dr. John C. C. Clarke. By treating numbers as symbolical (a fruitful source of vain fancies) and by other discredited methods of interpretation the author constructs a "Hebrew Apocalyptic System" which he represents as the source of Christian ideas, and he has the extraordinary assertion (p. 14) that "no book in the Bible or in the world's literature has exercised or now exercises so immense an influence on human thought, study, and faith as St. John's Apocalypse." It is a misfortune for this interesting, but not mysterious, book to be made into an arsenal of predictions and other cryptic utterances.

SCIENCE.

MATHEMATICS.

The "Elementary Algebra" (Allyn & Bacon; $1 net), by Professors Slaught and Lennes, is an attempt by ripe mathematical scholars to cover the work of the first year in algebra, with due regard to simplicity, the need of plenty of carefully graded exercises, the requirements of college entrance, the traditional order of topics, and the desirability of frequent reviews. The value of the book is enhanced by the device of marking parts to be omitted, without loss of continuity, by any who may desire a shorter course. Another commendable feature is the presence of good portraits of well-known mathematicians, along with some account of them. The pupil will not have to unlearn what he is taught by this book, but it seems a pity that the teaching should take so many pages.

In Reeve and Schorling's "A Review of High-School Mathematics" (University of Chicago Press; 40 cents) we have 64 carefully prepared pages designed for use by pupil and teacher in reviewing the algebra and geometry presented in a three-year high-school course. There are appended some useful suggestions respecting what is called "A Tentative Minimum Course in First-Year Mathematics" and kindred matters.

A glance over the pages of Breslich's "First-Year Mathematics for Secondary Schools" (University of Chicago Press) is sufficient to confirm the encomium passed upon it by the editors of the series of which it forms a part. After indicating both the purposes held in view and the great pains devoted to the carrying out of those purposes in the most effective way, they close their preface with the expression of the conviction that "this new book will contribute to the solution of the problems which confront the mathematical sciences in their efforts to be a vital part of the new course of study in American high schools." When it is added that the editors who sign the preface are Profs. Eliakim H. Moore, George W. Myers, and Charles H. Judd, it might be natural to remark that their praise needs no confirmation; but what we have in mind is the attractiveness of the arrangement, the variety and judiciousness of the illustrative examples, the pleasing typographical appearance, and other features which are easily perceived in turning the pages. One unessential but yet valuable feature is the portraits of illustrious mathematicians, with biographical sketches, interspersed through the volume. A general purpose running through the whole is that of using experimental or inductive geometry as a stepping-stone to the deductive science. In the circumstance that an American mathematician of the preëminent rank of Professor Moore has taken so keen an interest in the pedagogical aspect of his profession—it is to his presidential address before the American Mathematical Society in 1903 that the impulse towards this change in mathematical teaching in the schools is largely due—there is to be found a parallel to the similar activities of Professor Klein, one of the foremost of German mathematicians.

Robbins's "New Plane Geometry" (American Book Co.) is physically and typographically good. Scientifically, didactically, and stylistically it is rather commonplace. It begins by telling the reader that measurement is the concern of the science. A host of old definitions are given that play no rôle in subsequent argument. Vertex is defined in terms of vertex. The obsolete conception of axiom is present, as is also the old false statement as to the relation of whole and part. We are told that a magnitude may be "displaced" by its equal in any process, and that a postulate is "something required to be done." On page 8 we learn that a theorem requires proof, but on page 20 we are told that the most converse theorems are false. Two definitions of limit are given (pp. 96 and 97). Neither of them is in good use. Like any other textbook of geometry, this one contains many statements that are at once correct and clear, and it is rich in exercises.

Palmer and Taylor's "Plane Geometry" (Scott, Foresman; 80 cents), edited by Dr. Myers, is commendable for its subordination of nice logical considerations to teachableness, for its mingling of nicely graded useful applications with an abundance of abstract exercises, and for its perspective, more important and less important matters being presented as such. It is a pleasure to note a similar avoidance of too much logical refinement in the "Plane Geometry" (Holt), by Messrs. Young and Schwartz. Other notable features of this book are the use of two colors in most of the figures, the presence of trigonometric ideas, and the employment of the notion of symmetry in demonstrations. The "School Algebra" (Holt), by Messrs. Rietz, Crathorne, and Taylor, is another illustration of the fact that the rising generation is being well supplied with elementary textbooks by competent scholars. This excellent book, designed to cover the first-year course in the subject, will be followed by a more advanced work by the same authors.

CHEMISTRY.

A revised edition of "First Principles of Chemistry" (Allyn & Bacon), by Brownlee

and others, has just been issued, eight years after the appearance of the first printing. The revision has resulted in the rewording of some paragraphs, more extended treatment of a few topics—those of nomenclature and calculations especially—and the addition of two chapters on chemical equilibrium and on radioactivity. A new feature of this edition is the inclusion of the portraits of twenty distinguished chemists and well-known discoverers, accompanied by brief biographical notices. The bulk of the book has been increased, altogether, by 107 pages, bringing it up to a total of 526 pages, and making it a rather formidable text for the high-school pupil. The general excellence of the first edition was marred by a number of minor errors, most, if not all, of which persist in the revision. For instance: matter is still defined, three times over, simply as anything that occupies space, with no mention of the far more important general property of weight—though this is, of course, the basis of the discussions of the fundamental laws and of the calculations. Proust's law of definite proportions is still attributed to Dalton; the gram-molecular volume of gases is still given as 22.2, instead of 22.4; and the reaction of steam on copper with production of hydrogen is retained in two separate discussions of reversible reactions. That such mistakes as these have escaped the attention of the authors and, presumably, of most of the many teachers who have used this book, seems to indicate a discouraging lack of scientific acumen on the part of a large number of teachers of chemistry in the high school.

"Chemical Calculations" (D. Van Nostrand & Co.; $2 net), by R. Harman Ashley, is a well-made book of 276 pages containing a fairly complete discussion of the chief applications of arithmetic and algebra in chemistry. Its distinguishing feature, and that which accounts for its unusual bulk, is the very large number of problems which are offered for exercise. Of these there are 516, besides many others which are worked out in illustration of the various types of calculation. There are no tables of logarithms, molecular weights, etc., and for most of the necessary data the reader is referred to Van Nostrand's Chemical Annual; the one notable exception being the tabulated information about sulphuric acid which occupies most of the brief Appendix.

"A Practical Elementary Chemistry" (Scribner), by B. W. McFarland, is written in the interests of a system of teaching which the author has practiced in the New Haven High School for about ten years and which "has certainly produced remarkable results." This method "is built entirely upon an exhaustive study of the laboratory work, not as illustrating the statements made in the descriptive text, but as the foundation of the whole subject." The book is divided into four parts: Laboratory Work, containing forty-seven Exercises in which a large number of well-chosen experiments are given; Fundamental Ideas, a brief summary of definitions, laws, and theories considered necessary for pupils who are not going to college; More Advanced Theory, supplying the additional material for college preparation, and Descriptive, about 200 pages of the usual descriptive text found in elementary chemistries. The work begins in the laboratory; with the accompanying recitations "Part II of the book is taken up, and very intense drill is given on the meanings and uses of symbols, formulas, and equations." No lessons are assigned in the descriptive part, this being used only for reference in the preparation of written reports and exercises. In the recitations "the pupil is required to express himself very exactly, and with a speed that assures the teacher at once of the pupil's absolute mastery of the subject." One of the topics on which especial stress is laid is writing equations showing the seven different ways of forming the salts of oxygen acids, and "this drill should be so thorough that the pupil is enabled to complete the seven equations in one and one-half minute." "Modern ideas of efficiency are involved in every point of the course: *i. e.*, how to get the desired results in the shortest time, with the least effort." The frequent recurrence of the word "drill" in the author's Suggestions to Teachers appears to indicate the keynote of his "system." "Remarkable results" in the form of letter-perfect recitations can undoubtedly be obtained by a competent drill-master by this or almost any other method; but whether the pupil gains the scientific point of view, which, after all, is the important thing, will depend in this method more than in others on the attitude of the teacher; the text will give little help in this direction. We cannot agree with the author that "This course puts into the hands of the pupil a book which is almost as good as a private teacher at his side." The book and the method seem reactionary, and recall Professor Barker's textbook published in 1870, in which the theoretical and the descriptive matter were in two separate, water-tight compartments, and the large type of the Theory was to be committed to memory. Some students of chemistry in the seventies will remember the book and the "remarkable results" which were obtained by it.

"Chemistry of Familiar Things" (Lippincott; $1.75 net), by Samuel S. Sadtler, "has been written because of a demand for an insight into chemistry by those whose reading has been directed in other channels." The author feels that chemistry has hitherto appealed to few general readers, but he detects now "signs of an awakening as to the interesting possibility of science considered broadly, and there is no doubt in the mind of the writer that chemistry can furnish interesting subject-matter for general consideration." As a matter of fact, there has always been a wide popular interest in science, and books dealing with scientific subjects in a sufficiently simple manner and an attractive style have never failed to find a large audience. Such a book was Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," written in 1800, and many readers remember the fascinating volumes of Tyndall "On Sound," "Heat," and "Light," as well as a number of other books which put the layman in touch with interesting facts and speculations in biology, geology, etc. In chemistry we have Liebig's extraordinarily popular "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," which appeared in 1844; Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," dating from 1854; "Religion and Chemistry," by Prof. J. P. Cooke (1864), and, to mention only one or two of the more recent publications in this field, Lassar-Cohn's "Chemistry in Daily Life" and Kennedy Duncan's books and magazine articles. This latest contribution to literature of science for the general reader, which begins with an enumeration of substances formed by insects, ranges from the chemistry of the earth's evolution to radium. Air, Water, Metals, Rocks, Soil, Foods, Textiles, and Physiological Chemistry are treated at some length, while Lighting, Heating, Fermentation, Soaps, Leather, Rubber, and Glass are also discussed. A brief outline of elementary chemistry is given in the first chapter "to enable the reader to understand and appreciate the sequel." The book, as is seen from this list of titles, presents a large amount of information, most of which falls well enough under the head of chemistry. The author is a chemist of wide experience, and from this he draws a number of interesting and pertinent observations. Unfortunately, the manner of presentation is not particularly attractive, and many sentences are so badly worded that they are vague or positively misleading. For example: The "elaboration of chemicals *from* the fungi and bacteria, such as alcohol and carbon dioxide *from* yeasts," etc. (The italics are ours.) "On a clear day the hot flue gases are *very much lighter* and the weight of the atmosphere pushing at the grate bars is notably greater than at the top of the chimney." "Expenditure of mechanical forces always results in a definite amount of heat." "For heat to move best in water or air, it must rise and circulate." One is in doubt in a number of instances whether the author really meant to say what he has printed: "It [the atom] is thought by some to be made up of electrical vibrations." "The more enlightened people are, the more heat they need for comfort in countries that have winter." "Because a thing happens it can generally be explained." "It [dew] condenses on grass, leaves, and other objects, because of the greater prevalence of moisture close to the ground." "In winter the heated air of the houses is too dry, *especially in the Northwest*." He certainly did not intend to define celluloid as "a vulcanized fibre made by the action of zinc chloride on paper" (p. 27).

PHYSICS.

Prof. N. C. Riggs has revised and rewritten the well-known textbook "Hancock's Applied Mechanics for Engineers" (Macmillan; $2.40). In this revised edition, the general treatment and arrangement have been retained. The most important changes to be noted are the transfer of the chapter on the dynamics of a rigid body to a later position, the increased use of graphical methods, and the addition of many new problems. The text was a popular one as it left the hands of Professor Hancock, and it has been improved in this edition.

Most of the books by Prof. Harry C. Jones are irritating to the reviewer for the reason that their good qualities are marred by carelessness of thought and style. This carelessness is particularly inexcusable in "Electrical Nature of Matter and Radioactivity," third edition (Van Nostrand; $2 net). A book on such a topic which runs into three editions has, presumably, good qualities, and this popularity should have induced the author to correct misprints, mistakes in grammar, and false statements, and to revise with enough care to bring facts up to date. For example, on page 3 we find *positively* for positively; on pages 188 and 189, *Allan* for Allen; on page 23, "What we know *is changes* in energy"; page 29, "The elements have their own . . . characteristic *spectrum*," and the statement following is not a sentence at all. As errors we may note the following: On page 30: "J. J. Thomson, to whom we owe the entire electron conception"; as a curious piece of rea-

soning, Professor Jones states that Ostwald proved "Matter, then, is a pure hypothesis, and energy is the only reality," and yet the thesis of this book is that electricity is an entity, and, one would suppose, a reality. It is quite evident that Professor Jones does not consider recent work important, since there are only meagre notices of results since 1909, the date of the second edition. Now it is well known that parts of the subject have been almost entirely changed since then. For example, recent work on the positive rays is not mentioned, the discoveries on the Brownian movements are omitted, as is also Professor Millikan's work. The index is still quite inadequate, as a cursory glance shows many omissions. It is a pity that Professor Jones, who has many of the qualities of a good writer, should treat his readers with such lazy disrespect.

BIOLOGY.

A well-grounded complaint is frequently made that in all our schools too many subjects are taught, and that this congestion crowds out from the course very important old-fashioned matters, such as correct spelling, accurate mental arithmetic, sound geography, and the like. The head of the biological department in the DeWitt Clinton High School of New York city, Mr. George W. Hunter, has felt this want, and has endeavored to meet it by preparing a handbook which is made up of practical problems in simple applied science. ("A Civic Biology," by George William Hunter; American Book Co.). Mr. Hunter has availed himself of the coöperation of many of his associates, and has constructed a synthetic manual of very wide range. Naturally, in a treatise made up, as this one is, of a myriad fragments taken from various sources, specialists can find errors. But in judging such a work, one must ask whether, on the whole, it serves its purpose without leading the pupil much astray. The author begins by showing the relations of plants and animals to their surroundings and then takes up in proper sequence their relations to one another, their appropriation of food, their reproduction, their diseases, the preservation of health, and the bearing of all this upon the best means of obtaining civic welfare. A careful perusal of the book shows comparatively few slips, and none of serious importance. The book is made for high-school pupils, but it can be read or seriously studied by all who wish to inform themselves as to the numberless points where modern biology touches civic betterment. It is a far cry from the simple plant-cell and its simple life to the ancestry of Jonathan Edwards and the doctrine of Mendelism, but the long path between them lies in this little book. A few of the illustrations need more explanatory text to make them plain.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

The work done last year by expeditions of the Smithsonian Institution was almost all of the regular collecting type, with, however, a gratifying increase of valuable observation in the field. This is a phase which must soon become of prime importance. Instead of forever adding to the great collections in museums, we need more than anything else careful, thorough observations on the life histories of organisms, on the embryology, the soft colors, and parts which change character in dried or spirit specimens. The most interesting title in the publication is the illustrated account of the exhibits, at the Panama-California Exposition, of the natural history of man. Among many separate exhibits is a series of life-sized direct casts showing human development from the ovum onward of the white American, the Indian, and the negro. These have required two years and a half of constant labor. The later series show fifteen stages, from a day or two after birth to the oldest persons who could be found. Long trips were made when trustworthy news of a centenarian was received. In the case of the earliest, it was necessary in some cases to locate a likely source and then to wait until the infant was born. Restorations of all the remains of primitive man and casts of types of all races of mankind complete this excellent contribution to a subject of the keenest interest to us all.

ZOOLOGY.

For more than fifteen years Prof. Charles M. Child has been engaged in original work connected with some of the most perplexing problems in the life of organisms. He has endeavored to study in the laboratory some matters which hitherto have been largely treated by speculation without experiment. In "Senescence and Rejuvenescence" (University of Chicago Press) he has fairly stated the more important speculations, and he shows the bearing of these upon the question of life in its wide sense. He touches lightly upon the vexed question of vitalism, a discussion which goes back to Aristotle, but which is always coming up in a fresh and unexpected guise, and he discusses the various substitutes for a vital principle which have been suggested. These theories are taken up without prejudice; each receives its proper value and is assigned to its proper place. This prepares the way for a lucid presentation of the Life-Cycle in general, and thus the reader is brought to the major topics of Senescence, growing old, and Rejuvenescence, growing young. Not all readers will feel wholly satisfied with the author's definition of growth or of individuation, but he has done about as well, perhaps, as any one could. Having laid these matters aside, he approaches his laboratory study of susceptibility in one of the lower animals, Planaria, which affords convenient material for experimentation. Here we are brought face to face with the marvel of reconstitution, and the associated matters of certain forms of reproduction. The part which nutrition, or the lack of it, plays in the life of the organism is dealt with experimentally and, on the whole, very satisfactorily. From his experiments, Professor Child concludes that senescence is associated with the productive and progressive phases, and rejuvenescence with the reductive and regressive phases of the life cycle. At first this appears paradoxical, but a careful examination of the reasoning which has led up to the conclusion shows that every step has been taken upon the solid footing of careful experimenting. Although this work is by a zoologist, it is plain that it is investigation by one who also knows plants well. The author is exceedingly modest in referring to his invasion of contiguous fields, but a candid student can see that he is sure of his ground. The volume is enriched by discriminating references to the literature of the subject placed at the end of the sections, and by a very copious index.

In "The Investigation of Mind in Animals" (Putnam; 90 cents), by E. M. Smith, the author makes but little pretence at discussion or abstract theorizing. He limits himself to the presentation of the modes of procedure employed by researchers in animal psychology. Still, there is sufficient comment to reveal the compiler's attitude and to enable the lay reader to compare the general methods and results of the chief workers in this field. In a recent article on evolution Professor Osborn's opening words are as follows: "In the last thirty years two biologies have been developing. The first is the biology of the garden, the seed pan, the incubator, and the breeding-pen. The second is the biology of the field zoölogist, of the field botanist, of the paleontologist." If "experimental cage" had been added to the first of these categories, the work of the present volume would there find its place. The seven chapters deal respectively with Protozoan Behavior, Retentiveness: Habit-Formation, Associative Memory and Sensory Discrimination, Instinct, Homing, Imitation, and The Evidence for Intelligence and for Ideas. A rapid review of the entire book leaves one with a decided feeling of disappointment. There is so little of certainty, after so enormous an amount of experimental research in a field which is of the greatest importance as leading up to an adequate understanding of our own psychology. These short quotations from the first chapter will illustrate the general vagueness to which I have reference: "There is, therefore, no clear proof of the occurrence of any phenomenon requiring for its explanation the presence of consciousness in the Protozoa. Nor is there any evidence to show that these simple creatures are able to profit by experience in any but the most transient manner. . . . Nevertheless, though the available evidence does not support a tropistic interpretation of the behavior of the Protozoa, it is by no means necessary to refuse it a subordinate place as presenting a more or less true account of certain phenomena when regarded in isolation. . . . To sum up, though the activities of unicellular organisms reveal no irrefragable proof of the presence of mind, a study of their conduct suffices to exhibit at least a fundamental resemblance to so-called 'intelligent' behavior." Upon so insecure a foundation one proceeds to the consideration of the psychology of higher animals with no great amount of credulity. The chapter on imitation is the best, and that on homing the least satisfactory. The fact that migration is not touched upon eliminates whatever of value might be found in the latter. This hopeless groping for some definite foothold is finally illustrated by this illuminating paragraph: "Reviewing our evidence, we may say that it is by no means disproved that animals are intelligent and have 'ideas,' but . . . no test as yet applied completely excludes the possibility that animal learning is anything more than a process of association on the preceptuo-motor level. The one point that clearly emerges is the need for new methods of inquiry." After this summary of controlled experiments, our minds turn with relief to Henri Fabre, and with renewed interest to Bergson.

To students of zoölogy, and especially of evolution, one of the most welcome contributions of the year will be "The Alligator and Its Allies" (Putnam; $2.50 net), by Dr. Albert M. Reese. The publishers even express the hope that it has an "assumed appeal for

the layman interested in natural history." But this can hardly be said to be the case, even in the first chapter, which treats of the biology of the alligator. The account is too categorical, too lacking in color and force of presentation, to be far removed from text-book diction. In its intended field it is admirable. Within a volume of convenient size we find the more important known facts concerning the biology, anatomy, and development of the American alligator. The author has made three trips to the Everglades and swamps of Florida in search of these reptiles and their nests. He has brought to bear the skill of an embryologist, and has carefully reviewed the literature of his thesis, and has not hesitated to draw upon this whenever it seemed worthy. The biology rests almost wholly on the author's own observations, and gives an excellent idea of the wild life of these creatures, their breeding habits, and economic value. Thirteen feet is apparently the maximum size, but, instead of being a creature of extremely slow growth, an alligator can attain a length of ten feet in as many years. The maternal care of the female for her offspring is somewhat discounted, although it is thought that she remains near, and when warned by the squeaking of the yet unhatched 'gatorlings, returns and uncovers the eggs, to enable the little fellows to escape from under the heavy weight of the nest débris. So great has been the slaughter of alligators in our Gulf States that thirteen years ago it was estimated that 80 per cent. had been exterminated. At present, although the demand for skins is greater than ever, no legislative action seems to have been taken. The destructive increase of cane rats and muskrats is, perhaps, due to the disappearance of these great reptiles. The detailed descriptions of the skeleton, and of the digestive, urogenital, respiratory, and vascular systems, and of the embryology are all the work of the author. The entire chapter on the musculature and part of that on the nervous system are translated from Bronn's "Thierreich." It was found very difficult to obtain the early stages of embryos, as these were well advanced, even at the moment of deposition of the eggs. Only by shooting laying alligators could these stages be obtained. The most regretted lack is the absence of all comparative comment, the phase of application which would have added so much to this research. An abundance of excellent drawings and photographs and a good bibliography and index give additional value and completeness to the book.

GEOLOGY.

Would that some of the early fathers of the glacial theory—Playfair, Charpentier, Agassiz—could return to us for an inspection of Monograph LIII of the United States Geological Survey, on "The Pleiocene of Indiana and Michigan and the History of the Great Lakes," by Leverett and Taylor, expert specialists both. The volume is a marvel of interpretation, summarizing the work of many years, and showing in great detail the features due to the glacial lobes that occupied the troughs of Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, in so far as they overlapped on the intermediate States above named. The most significant features of the region are of two kinds: terminal moraines, formed during the ice retreat; and shore lines and outlet channels of proglacial lakes. The moraines are arranged in festoons around the retreating ice-lobe margins, in accordance with the principle announced by Chamberlin nearly forty years ago. The proglacial lakes resulted from the gentle northeastward slope of a considerable part of the district, which caused the retreating ice-lobes to obstruct the drainage of the surface that they evacuated. The ingenuity with which the history of the lakes and their changing outlets is deciphered is truly admirable.

"Mountains, their Origin, Growth, and Decay" (Van Nostrand; $4) is the last work of the late Prof. James Geikie of the University of Edinburgh, whose death occurred last year. The volume deals, as the author says, "almost exclusively with the borderland of Geology and Geography"; it might be expected to lean more to the latter than to the former science, as it is dedicated to the Council of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, but as a matter of fact it is much more taken up with geological problems of structure, deformation, and denudation, than with geographical problems of form and appearance; it thus illustrates once more how difficult it is for a geologist to cross the border which separates his well-matured science from its much less matured neighbor. The book has twelve chapters: for some reason that is not apparent eleven of them are entitled Original or Tectonic Mountains, while only the final chapter has a new heading, Subsequent or Relict Mountains. The first two chapters are concerned with young volcanic cones and dissected volcanic cones; the third with pseudo-mountains such as moraines and sand dunes; the fourth and tenth chapters deal rather lightly with theories of deformation; chapters five to eight are occupied with the Alps; chapter nine with ancient, worn-down mountains of Europe; chapter eleven treats of ocean "deeps" as the converse of mountains; and chapter twelve of relict mountains, or those which are left in relief by the excavation of valleys beneath an even surface of any structure. The distinction here made between original and relict mountains is artificial; insufficient attention is given to the large and growing class of mountains that, partly worn down after their deformation, are then uplifted again and thus enter a new cycle of erosion. Curiously enough, glacial erosion, a highly important process in the sculpture of many lofty ranges, is hardly mentioned. The book contains nearly 80 fine photographic plates, many of which are insufficiently related to the text; 57 figures, a glossary of 15 pages, and a 9-page index.

GEOGRAPHY.

The third Annual Report of the Argentine Geographico-Military Institute, for 1914, indicates progress in several lines of work, from measurement of baselines and geodetic triangulation to the publication of completed map sheets. The far southern republic thus promises to contribute to the international map of the world on the scale of 1:1,000,000, on the plan of Penck of Berlin, as well as to furnish its own people with detailed maps of their country on scales of 1:100,000 and 1:25,000. A significant feature of the present report is a translation of a monograph by Haardt von Hartenthurn, of Vienna, on the organization of the topographical bureaus of the European countries.

An interesting and instructive work in Sir Charles Lucas's well-known series covering the historical geography of the British Dominions is the second part of Volume IV, entitled "Historical Geography of South Africa" (Oxford University Press), which embraces the period from 1895 to the outbreak of the present European war. An account of the political and social conditions of the South African Republic in 1895 is contained in the first chapter, in which the author shows that, at the end of that year, the situation was such that "revolution was in the course of nature." Then follows a discussion of the Jameson Raid and of events leading up to the outbreak of the South African War. The latter receives a detailed and illuminating discussion in three chapters, occupying three hundred pages of the slightly less than five hundred pages of text proper. The last two chapters are devoted respectively to reconstruction and union, and a general summary. The text is interspersed with a considerable number of maps and drawings which lend an added interest for the reader, and there is, at the end of the volume, a bibliography, including the books and other publications relating to South Africa. The appendix contains the texts of the Pretoria and London Conventions of 1881 and 1884, the Middelburg Terms offered by Lord Kitchener to Gen. Botha of March, 1902, and the Terms of the Vereeniging Treaty of May 31, 1902. A table of the dates of the principal events in the later history of South Africa serves as a convenient guide to the student or general reader, both of whose interests seem to have been kept well in mind by the author.

A small book of 180 pages on "Studies in Carto-Bibliography," by Sir H. G. Fordham (Oxford University Press), contains a number of essays, reprinted from the transactions of various societies, and revised, as originally written, with enthusiasm in the fulness of knowledge, concerning early road-books, county maps, and atlases of Great Britain and France. It can appeal but little to the great body of readers, but it is a choice morsel for the antiquarian whose tastes lead him along highways and byways. Among its chapters are Index List of the Maps of Hertfordshire, 1579-1900, John Cary, Engraver, Mapseller, and Globe-maker, The Cartography of the Provinces of France, 1570-1757, Descriptive List of the Maps of the Great Level of the Fens, 1604-1900, and Specimens of Full and Abridged Descriptions of Maps of Various Dates. High praise is given to the printed catalogue of atlases issued by our Library of Congress. The book closes with a five-page bibliography and a six-page index.

BOTANY.

One of the laboratory handbooks which were introduced in 1901 has now, in its third revision, brought its subjects again quite up to date. "Methods in Plant Histology" (University of Chicago Press; $2.25 net), by Charles J. Chamberlain, may be fairly said to have kept abreast of the times from the first. It is clear in its directions, and is sufficiently full to enable even the student who works by himself to become acquainted with the finer points in modern histological technique. Part one is devoted to a description of apparatus and other appliances, and to the approved methods of cutting and staining; part two gives, with sufficient details, directions for attacking special problems in the structure of the lower and the higher plants.

In 1838, J. C. London published an illustrated work on the trees and shrubs of the British

Isles, which contained, in addition to its accurate descriptions, a large number of classical citations and much interesting folk-lore. Loudon's "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum" had four volumes of text and four of admirable plates. Many of the plates gave the winter-state of the plants, thus enabling the landscape architect and the amateur planter to know how the elements at their command would look when they were stripped of their foliage. In short, the volumes were a treasure in city as well as in country houses, and they have maintained their popularity even down to the present day. But it is plain that such a treatise must require frequent revision to keep it abreast of the times. In place of such revisions there have been many attempts to construct treatises covering a part or a whole of the same ground. One of the latest is "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," by W. J. Bean, assistant curator Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, two volumes (Dutton; $15). The descriptions are arranged conveniently, the genera in alphabetical order, and likewise the species, placed under each genus. One hundred pages are devoted to plain directions concerning the care of woody plants and their selection for special localities. All of the advice is safe and sound, and may be unhesitatingly followed for our Eastern and Northern States. The volumes make a capital supplement to the older work of Loudon, bringing the specific descriptions down to the latest possible moment; they also contain a good account of the recent acquisitions from China. The plants newly introduced by Mr. Ernest Henry Wilson are described as far as has been possible, which fact gives to the work a high value for arboriculturists. It should be noted that the treatise is very conservative, but it is none the worse for that.

HORTICULTURE AND FARMING.

In "Continuous Bloom in America" (Scribner; $2 net) Louise Shelton tells us where to sow annuals and perennials, how to lay out artistic beds with harmonious and symmetrical patterns, and furnishes cultural directions for a garden of continuous blooms from early spring to late autumn. Not the least important part of the book is the planting charts, by which one may visualize the effects sought after. These charts are facsimiles of successful plantings, but in attempting to follow the plans, says the author, "successful results will be at last obtained only when the gardener has learned the knack of crowding without detriment to the plants." The author also has advice for those who would specialize in spring and autumn displays. Her suggestions are practical, and she avoids technical language. There are numerous illustrations of famous American gardens.

Those of us whose school days date too far back to include the joys of "school gardens" and agricultural studies can recall our favorite "motion song" in the primary grade. It ran like this:

> Shall I show you how the farmer
> Shall I show you how the farmer
> Shall I show you how the farmer
> Sows his barley and wheat?

With the response:

> O 'tis so, so, that the farmer
> O 'tis so, so, that the farmer
> O 'tis so, so, that the farmer
> Sows his barley and wheat.

As the books "for students who desire a practical working knowledge of the essentials of agriculture" pile up on the reviewer's desk, it seems to him as if all the agricultural college faculties were in line with "Shall I show you how the farmer?" The "so, so" of the farmer's activities is simply and completely set forth in Prof. Henry Jackson Waters's "Essentials of Agriculture" (Ginn; $1.25 net). Beginning with a general chapter on The New Agriculture, the book proceeds to tell in detail how soil should be managed, its properties utilized, its fertility maintained, and how upon soils thus understood and handled profitable crops may be grown and improved stock raised. Particular information as to the various sorts of crops—small grains, fibre crops, grasses, legumes, forage crops, roots and tubers, sugar and tobacco, fruit—is given briefly but so definitely as to be of real value. Of course, the numerous pests of garden and orchard and the sprays that control them receive their share of attention. There are also two closing chapters of value on Business Aspects of Farming and Mechanical Power for the Farm. The appendix includes, besides several score cards, a practical spray schedule and table of common farm needs. Altogether, this is a plain, practical handbook, containing a remarkable amount of interesting and valuable farm lore.

NEUROLOGY.

In "Old Nerves for New" (Little, Brown), Mr. Arthur A. Carey deals with a subject of vital importance to most Americans, namely, the effect of the mental attitude upon the nervous system, and the relation of the mind to the body. He shows a method by which, with proper application, self-control can be achieved, beginning with simple physical movements for the relaxation of contracted nerves and muscles. With the power to relax, he asserts, comes the power to direct the physical and mental forces into channels leading to broader, more efficient, and happier living. He treats particularly of the effect of the emotions upon the health, gives suggestions for self-criticism, self-understanding, and self-correction, and advises how to help others to attain self-control. His discussions are at times lengthy; they deal with such vital topics as love, hate, fear, selfishness, pride, and other emotions which strike to the roots of human nature. It is to be regretted that throughout the volume his sound reasoning and sometimes his scientific work are weakened by innumerable Scriptural allusions and quotations, for surely right thinking, right living, and freedom from what Christian Scientists call "error," and psychologists term self-hypnosis, should not be limited to Christians and Caucasians, but should belong to all humanity. But one must have all respect for the author's ardent desire to aid nervous sufferers and for the profound religious spirit of the work. The influence upon the author of the teachings of Annie Payson Call, to whom the book is dedicated, is manifest throughout. Could each of us but follow the suggestions Mr. Carey sets forth, and exchange the worn and dulled old nerves for bright new ones, the physical millennium would be near at hand.

LIP-READING.

Though lip-reading has been taught to deaf children for many years past, there have been comparatively few adults who have attempted to learn it, perhaps because of the scarcity of teachers and the scant literature in the subject. It is with much satisfaction therefore that we call attention to a thorough and comprehensive volume by Martha E. Bruhn—"The Müller-Walle Method of Lip-Reading" (Lynn, Mass.: Thomas P. Nichols & Son; $2). Miss Bruhn studied in Hamburg, under the man whose methods she has adapted to English. In the first chapter on the origin of instruction in lip-reading, she says that for those who lose their hearing after learning to speak, the external characteristics of speech are the essential points. In natural conversation, when lip movements are not exaggerated, the adult deaf person is able to grasp the meaning of a sentence as a whole without a slow pronunciation of each word. With the idea of making the acquisition of the ability to read lips as easy and quick as possible, thirty lessons are arranged, in each of which Miss Bruhn introduces some new sound or combination of sounds, makes suggestions for self-help by practice with a mirror, and furnishes a short story to be read to the deaf pupil. These phrases give the story in a series of questions and answers, and introduce a variety of synonymous terms and colloquialisms in common use. The spirit of the book is admirable, and in its analysis of the points to be noted by deaf persons who desire to read the lips it is invaluable. It shows that lip-reading is an art to be acquired only by most patient perseverance, but that it may be achieved by all who practice diligently, according to the method described.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT.

Prof. Hugo Münsterberg's "Business Psychology" (La Salle Extension University) opens with a lengthy sermon to the business man on the importance of consulting the expert psychologist, and closes with a reproduction of the not very striking discoveries recorded in his "Psychology and Business Efficiency." The rest of the book is filled with psychological commonplace, illustrated by reference to "the customer" and "the workman," where any other human being would serve as well, and with the commonplace of business experience. Surely no special training in psychology is needed to discover that (*e. g.*) a blue gown is set off by a yellow background, that the merchant must make himself as well as his goods pleasing to his customer, or that it is unwise to distract the attention of a customer who is about to decide in favor of certain goods. Altogether, the shrewd reader is likely to find the special illumination afforded by "business psychology" in strange contrast to its sacerdotal pretensions, and to conclude that, in practical matters, psychology has little to say that might not be discovered by unspecialized intelligence. Professor Münsterberg points to the difference between the farmer's forecast of the weather and the scientific predictions of the weather reports. But the fact remains that the psychologist is (at least) as little able to forecast the commercial weather as any business man; and when it comes to deciding how a given individual will respond to a given offer, the psychologist can say as little as any one else. Professor Münsterberg's observations of the conditions of efficiency are often interesting, but they imply no special apparatus of thought.

Among the recent additions to a growing literature is "Advertising—Its Principles and Practice" (New York: The Ronald Press; $4). The book is the work of four collaborators, Harry Tipper, Harry L. Hollingworth, George Burton Hotchkiss, and Frank Alvah Parsons. It is an indication of the completeness with which the subject is treated that of these four authors two are professional advertising men, one is a professor of psychology, and one the president of an art school. There can scarcely be an aspect of this vigorous business—or profession—which is not presented and analyzed in a manner not only satisfying to the expert, but most engaging to the ordinary reader. One encounters old friends among the many illustrations, which show the advertisements exactly as they are—with no names omitted as in some books in this field. And it is interesting to see the displays of the mightiest advertisers severely criticised, their errors plainly set before our eyes. Some of the pictures are excellent reproductions in color. One might look for a lack of unity where so many minds have joined in the task, but no such fault is to be found.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Although Axel Moth's "Technical Terms Used in Bibliographies and by the Book and Printing Trades" (Boston Book Company; $2.25 net) possesses a value all its own, the purchaser should understand that the volume, one of the Useful Reference series, forms a supplement to F. K. Walter's "Abbreviations and Technical Terms Used in Book Catalogues and Bibliographies" (Boston, 1912). The compiler states in a brief prefatory note that the present publication is part of a more extensive work, as yet unpublished. With few exceptions, we are informed, terms which have already found a place in Mr. Walter's work have not been included. Mr. Moth has given us an excellent list of technical terms; those in English have the Danish, Dutch, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish equivalents. The foreign terms are accompanied by English definitions. Those in Latin have been gathered by Mr. Walter, and they supplement the list appearing in his "Abbreviations and Technical Terms." Judged as a continuation of Mr. Walter's book—and it pretends to be nothing more—Mr. Moth's compilation is admirable. Not only will it be of service to the expert bibliographer and to those engaged in the printing trades, but it will likewise be a distinct aid to the collector of books in assisting him to solve the mysteries of catalogues and other publications printed in languages with which he is wholly or in a large measure unfamiliar.

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THE ENGLISH JOURNAL
EDITED BY
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1915.

Summary of the News

The delicate relations of the United States and Germany have been somewhat overshadowed during the past week by the adventures of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Dr. Constantin Dumba, whose recall was asked by the American Government on September 9. On that day the Government at Vienna was informed through Ambassador Penfield of the President's decision in a note, which in part reads as follows: "By reason of the admitted purpose and intent of Mr. Dumba to conspire to cripple legitimate industries of the people of the United States and to interrupt their legitimate trade, and by reason of the flagrant violation of diplomatic propriety in employing an American citizen protected by an American passport as a secret bearer of official dispatches through the lines of the enemy of Austria-Hungary, the President directs me to inform your Excellency that Mr. Dumba is no longer acceptable to the Government of the United States as the Ambassador of his Imperial Majesty at Washington."

This issue was precipitated by the detection by English authorities of a letter to his Government written by Dr. Dumba and entrusted to the care of James F. Archibald, who was travelling under the protection of an American passport. In this letter Dr. Dumba stated: "I am under the impression that we could, if not entirely prevent the production of war material in Bethlehem and in the Middle West, at any rate strongly disorganize it and hold it up for months, which, according to the statement of the German Military Attaché, is of great importance, and which amply outweighs the relatively small sacrifice of money." Mr. Archibald, meanwhile, has been forced to return to this country, and will, it is understood, be arrested by Federal authorities when he reaches New York. To what extent the Military Attaché to the German Embassy, Capt. von Papen, is involved in this plot to interrupt the American production of munitions of war is not generally known, but his sudden departure for the Yellowstone is taken to mean that his usefulness at Washington is at an end.

Germany's explanation of the sinking of the White Star liner Arabic on August 19 was received at the State Department on September 9, having been delivered to Ambassador Gerard on the evening of the 7th. This memorandum, contrary to affidavits of the ship's passengers, asserts that the Arabic altered her course in such a way as to lead the commander of the submarine to believe that his craft was about to be rammed, and that in self-defence he was forced to fire a torpedo. A significant statement follows the expression of regret that American citizens should have lost their lives, viz.: "The German Government is unable, however, to acknowledge any obligation to grant indemnity in the matter, even if the commander should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the Arabic." In case a harmonious opinion cannot be reached by the two Governments, it is suggested that the differences be submitted to the Hague Tribunal for arbitration, with the provision, however, that "the arbitral decision shall not be admitted to have the importance of a general decision on the permissibility or the converse under international law of German submarine warfare."

The terms of this memorandum leave the possibility of a settlement of German-American differences further from realization than one would have suspected from the positive assurances given by Count von Bernstorff a fortnight ago. Then it was predicted that Germany would accede to the general principle concerning submarine warfare for which President Wilson has all along been contending. As we write, the discouraging outlook has been somewhat brightened by a conversation between the German Ambassador and Secretary Lansing on Monday.

On September 9 sentence was passed on Gustave Stahl, who pleaded guilty to perjury in having made an affidavit that he saw four guns mounted on the Lusitania. Stahl was sentenced to serve a term of eighteen months in the penitentiary at Atlanta.

After repeated unsuccessful attempts, German Zeppelins reached London the middle of last week, killing in that city and in the English east coast counties 33 persons and injuring 129 in raids of two successive nights.

The German submarines, since our last record, have sunk four British, one Russian, and three French steamships, besides a British trawler.

In view of his skilful retreat before the German invasion, the news of the Grand Duke Nicholas's transfer to the command of the Russian campaign in the Caucasus has come as a great surprise to the Allies, as well as to Berlin and Vienna. Coincident with this extraordinary change, the Russians took the occasion for making a stubborn stand that was partly a vigorous offensive at Tarnopol September 8, in which it was asserted that 200 officers, 8,000 men, and 30 field guns were captured. This victory was later denied from Berlin. Again at Trembowla a Petrograd dispatch claims a victory over Austro-Hungarian forces, which, in conjunction with the previous victory at Tarnopol, is said to have netted more than 15,000 prisoners.

The full details for the reasons underlying the transfer of that able commander, the Grand Duke, are still to learn. While paying a chary tribute to his acknowledged prowess, Berlin papers have assumed that the change was necessary and inevitable in the light of the steady retreat before the victorious Teutonic armies. London, on the other hand, pays an unstinted eulogy, and emphasizes the new significance that the hitherto desultory fighting in the Caucasus has assumed since the Allies have begun to make their offensive felt at Constantinople.

The only news of definite importance from the western front has concerned the renewal of desperate fighting in the Argonne and the apparently costly attempt of the Crown Prince's army in its endeavor to force the Verdun barrier. Two divisions of Germans attacked the French lines near Fontaine-aux-Charmes on the night of September 8. By the aid of asphyxiating gas, they gained a section of the French lines from 300 to 500 yards in extent. The magnitude of this gain has been denied by the French War Office. Paris maintains that the greater part of the lost ground has been recovered. French official figures assert heavy losses for the Germans on this occasion, and estimate that the Crown Prince's army in the several attempts has lost upwards of 100,000, one corps alone losing 40,000 men from the ranks. Since the failure of the first drive the French profess to have rendered Verdun, the Crown Prince's objective, well nigh impregnable.

The situation in the Balkans remains much what it was when we last wrote. Bulgaria is apparently still negotiating with both parties to the war, and has meantime reached an agreement with Turkey by which it receives the rights of the Dedeaghatch Railway and a strip of territory two kilometres broad along the left bank of the Maritza. The bid of Servia for Bulgarian support has not been accepted, and Greece is likewise unable to meet Bulgaria's demands in Macedonia.

On September 10 the State Department received the long-awaited reply of Gen. Venustiano Carranza to the invitation, proffered on August 15 by the United States and diplomatic representatives of the Latin-American States, to confer with the leaders of various factions in Mexico in an effort to bring about peace. While declining the tender of mediation on the part of any foreign Government, Gen. Carranza takes it upon himself, as the leader of the Constitutionalist army, to invite the American representatives to a conference with him, to be held in one of the frontier towns on the Rio Grande, and suggests that, if these representatives consider that he is maintaining a *de facto* government in the republic, they recommend its recognition by their respective countries. It seems not unlikely that Gen. Carranza's invitation to meet with him in conference will be accepted.

Secretary Daniels announced on September 12 the personnel of the Naval Advisory Board of Inventions, the committee of experts who will recommend improvements for the navy. Besides the chairman, Thomas A. Edison, the Board includes the following: W. R. Whitney, L. H. Baekeland, Frank Julian Sprague, Benjamin G. Lamme, R. S. Woodward, Arthur Gordon Webster, A. M. Hunt, Alfred Craven, Spencer Miller, William Le Roy Emmett, Matthew B. Sellers, Hudson Maxim, Peter Cooper Hewitt, Thomas Robbins, Howard E. Coffin, Andrew J. Riker, Henry A. Wise Wood, Elmer A. Sperry, William L. Saunders, Benjamin B. Thayer, J. W. Richards, and Lawrence Addicks.

The proposed new Constitution for New York State was adopted by the Constitutional Convention, in session at Albany, on September 10, by a vote of 118 to 33, Tammany voting solidly against it.

The Week

The text of the German note on the sinking of the Arabic is, in the main, substantially what had been indicated in the newspaper dispatches. The bearing of its explanation and defence of the act upon the situation opened by the sinking of the Lusitania, and apparently closed by Count Bernstorff's note to Secretary Lansing on September 1, are discussed in other columns. There is, however, one passage in the note handed to Ambassador Gerard by the German Foreign Office which is of the gravest importance, and which had not been forecast in the unofficial dispatches. We refer to this remarkable and unambiguous announcement:

> The German Government is unable, however, to acknowledge any obligation to grant indemnity in the matter, even if the commander should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the Arabic.

This evidently offers matter for the most careful and anxious consideration by Secretary Lansing and President Wilson. Does it mean that the German Government regards the assertion of any of its naval officers on every question of this kind as the last word in the matter? Does it mean that neither the judgment nor the veracity nor the *bona fides* of any such officer is ever to be open to question? If this is what it means, what is the value in practice of an assurance of safety by the German Government, however complete it might be in theory? If this is not what it means, what precisely does it mean? These are questions which cannot be ignored, if we are to know where we stand in the whole matter.

The most interesting sequel to the Dumba affair is the denunciation of his activities by the "white slaves" for whom he felt so much sympathy—after they engaged in the manufacture of munitions. It must be a shock to the Ambassador to find the Slavonic Club of South Boston resolving that "as long as the pay and conditions are in keeping with the work performed, no appeal will be listened to by Czechs and Slovaks on the ground of loyalty to the Hapsburgs"; to find the Slavonic Political Federation of New York emphatically proclaiming that they will always oppose "the anti-American and anti-Allies propaganda in this country," inasmuch as 1,000,000 of their people were driven from Austria-Hungary by political and economic abuses. As for the Middle West, the Bohemian National Alliance, the Croatian League, and the Slovak Guards have in mass meeting in Chicago contradicted his insulting references to their ignorance, and declared their intention to stand their ground. Such declarations put it beyond a doubt that any permanent or temporary stoppage of the output of munitions by a mere open appeal to these races was impossible, and that no one acquainted with them could think it anything else. Dr. Dumba pretends that he was actuated by a humanitarian motive; the Austro-Hungarians remind him that they come by shiploads to improve their condition, that they are able to take care of themselves, and that his interest is suspiciously sudden. When Dr. Dumba appeals to their patriotism, they reply with declarations of indifference or of sympathy for the Allies.

"One fact is lacking," says the New York *World* editorially, "in the amazing story the *World* told Monday of an attempt, at a cost of more than $1,000,000, to tie up shipments of freight from the United States. In all else the account of the strike that failed is complete. The missing fact is the name of the paymaster." We are by no means desirous of belittling the importance of the *World's* exposure; but it is evident that the assessment of its importance must turn on that "missing fact." That a nefarious plot in the interest of Germany and Austria was being hatched; that the plot was one which, if executed, would have meant most serious trouble and injury to this country; that to several persons connected with labor organizations, including the president of the International 'Longshoremen's Union, belongs the credit of faithful and effective work in frustration and exposure of the scheme—all this seems fully proved by the *World's* documentary evidence. But whether any person in the service of the German or the Austro-Hungarian Government was at the bottom of the attempted conspiracy is wholly open to doubt. So long as no evidence on this point is adduced, it is entirely possible that the scheme was hatched in the mind of some unauthorized pro-German plotter, without any official aid or connivance. What our own Government's Secret Service may have discovered in regard to it, we are unable to say or to conjecture. In view, however, of the recent revelations concerning Dr. Dumba, it would be fully as rash to assume the absence of Teutonic official connivance with the plot as to assert that it must have had official backing.

If President Wilson is harassed by diplomatic difficulties, created by the war, his burdens must be increased rather than diminished by the appeals, public and private, that are poured upon him to do something to stop the conflict. The most popular way of making these appeals just now is apparently through the Pope, who is reported as being deluged with requests from both neutral and belligerent countries to intercede with Wilson to hasten action leading to the opening of negotiations for peace. It is easy to understand the impulse behind these appeals, even if one dismisses the hypothesis that at present they are secretly encouraged by persons of influence who would like to see Germany realize upon her Russian successes. But, harsh as it may sound, they do credit to the appealers' hearts rather than to their heads. Everybody who has been favored with an expression upon the subject from Wilson is keenly aware that the individual who most desires to exert the full weight of his force, personal and official, in the direction of a cessation of hostilities is the President of the United States. He is known to regard such action as the greatest opportunity that could possibly come to him. But he is conscious, as too many of his petitioners are not, that nothing is to be gained, but much to be lost, by a precipitate move, and especially by repeated moves that come to naught. Such measures would only cheapen the whole idea of mediation and render it more difficult of application when the right moment arrived.

Lloyd George's preface to the forthcoming volume of his speeches on the war lacks nothing in that grim frankness that is now characteristic of the utterances of English leaders on the crisis they are facing. Nor, so far as one can judge from this distance, is there any of that disposition to cry "pessimist" that was evident when Kitchener, so early in the contest, made his famous remark about a three years' war. The new element in Lloyd George's pronouncement is his open recognition that Great Britain must play the leading part on the side of the Allies, not merely because she is richer and more efficient than her associates, but because, as things stand after twelve months of struggle, she is the only one possessed of large reserves of men and material that are capable of being rapidly drawn upon. Russia, says Lloyd George plainly, has suffered a shock that "for the time being" has ended "her contribution to the struggle for European freedom," while France is already bearing about all that can be expected of

her. In this writing of Russia off the books for a while, there may be a little of that rhetorical exaggeration which depicted indifference in English breasts at the very moment that recruiting was becoming satisfactory. Yet the net effect of Lloyd George's estimate of the situation is only to express as a *fait accompli* what everybody foresaw from the very beginning—that the ultimate phase of a prolonged contest would be a duel between Germany and Great Britain. Russia sufficiently demonstrated the weakness of Austria months ago. Now as clear-headed and resolute a man as England has confesses that on her side, too, there is one antagonist that must be prepared in mind and body to bear the brunt of an unprecedented burden.

We are glad to call attention to a communication in our correspondence columns, entitled "A Word to the Moderately Rich," both because of the spirit which prompted it and because of the situation which it accurately depicts. That the author of this letter, though a professional man and hence presumably not in a position to amass a large fortune, has been stirred to a deep sense of responsibility by the desperate plight of the sufferers from the European war, is an example which should open the eyes of many to the fact that Americans of means, in spite of the help they have given, have not as a rule imposed any real sacrifice upon themselves. We have before reminded our readers that the present emergency is one which calls for an expression of the utmost humanity on the part of us all, and that many could add enormously to their customary charities without embarrassment. By means of the various organized funds giving is made easy for those who, though charitably inclined, might otherwise excuse themselves on the ground of the trouble to which they would be put. It is a shocking thought that, with the continuance of the war, not only are Americans not giving aid to the downtrodden in anything like the measure of which they are capable, but are settling back into a humdrum existence, their emotions surfeited by all the calamities of which they have read. It is because of this unfortunate state that we welcome most heartily such a symptom of the contrary as the letter which we print to-day, and trust that it may meet with a generous response from our readers.

Carranza's reply to the invitation that he join in a conference with representatives of the United States and certain of the Latin-American countries to consider the question of restoring peace in Mexico is an invitation that they join in a conference with him to consider the question of recognizing him as the *de facto* head of the Mexican Government. This rejection of the proposal worked out at Washington is in perfect tone; there is nothing of the arrogant military victor about it. On the contrary, Carranza—through his "Secretary in charge of Foreign Relations"—is careful to express his conviction of the "sincerity and the noble desires of the Governments" behind the "courteous invitation." His rejection of that invitation he puts upon two grounds: the undesirability of foreign intervention in a country's internal affairs, and his command of the situation by means of an army controlling "the greater part of the national domain." The first of these points, however strong in theory, must, in the present instance, depend for its force upon the validity of the second. Here Carranza is undoubtedly in a much more tenable position than he was when the invitation to him was framed. He stands at last, if appearances are to be trusted, the only powerful chieftain in his distracted country. This must be a leading consideration at the next meeting of the Ambassadors who offered the invitation and who have now to decide upon what action they will take in view of the acceptance of their advances by the minor leaders and the rejection of them by the most important one.

Attorney-General Gregory's opinion that a large proportion of foreign ships and all foreign-built vessels admitted to American registry are exempt from the life-saving regulations laid down by the Seamen's act will be a sad blow to La Follette and Furuseth. Indeed, Solicitor Thurston holds that the opinion will exempt from the regulations the vessels of virtually all the great maritime nations. The ruling applies to the ships of those lands whose navigation laws "approximate" our own, and there are few important countries in which they do not. To the complaint of our shipping interests upon the burdensomeness of the life-saving provisions the authors of the act have always replied that they would apply equally to all foreign vessels touching our ports, and that competitive conditions would thus be untouched. Now there will be significant inequalities in equipment requirements, and the tendency of our vessels to use foreign flags will be increased. It is true that the decision in no way affects the act's sections regarding wages, hours, quarters, and the punishment of sailors in foreign countries, and from La Follette's point of view it is well that they are left intact. But they are the very sections which are certain, in their application to all ships, to involve us in treaty difficulties with other nations.

The passage in Porto Rico of a new homestead law, opening 150,000 acres of old Spanish crown lands to the people, is a step made imperative by the rapid growth of the island in population. The first American census, that of 1900, showed 950,000; a counting just completed shows 1,250,000, which is an increase of 130,000 since 1910 alone. The little possession now has 350 people to the square mile, or slightly more than New Jersey; and the emigration is negligible. Generous homestead laws are the more needed in that there have never been many small freeholders, most of the tracts having been held and cultivated in units of great acreage. The Government has steadily attempted to wipe out peonage, or any analogous condition, and it is to be wished that it could supplement rural credit measures with the offer of larger areas of homestead land than are available. The growing density of population in Porto Rico suggests that only the development of manufacturing can avert or soften many acute social problems. A full supply of labor is itself an incentive to the placing of capital in industrial enterprises, but insular witnesses at one of the sessions of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations proposed that the Government try more actively to encourage investments.

Pass the Jones bill, hinted ex-President Taft at San Francisco last week, and the Philippines will in no time be reduced to the state of Mexico; Governor-General Harrison has already carried them far towards ruin. In the face of such dark predictions, it is sufficient to ask for specific examples of ruination, and to recall how mild the provisions of the Jones measure actually are. Mr. Taft spoke of a "present pernicious lack of self-restraint and sacrifice of public weal to political pelf." Does this refer to such acts as the recent mass meeting of Cebu people to protest against the return of Dean C. Worcester as the head of the Visayan Refining Company? The Filipinos' dislike of opponents of their desire for greater self-government is too natural to convict them of political incapacity. This much abused Jones bill is but a logical sequel to the Administration's action of

1913 in giving the Filipinos a majority in both houses of the insular Assembly. It confers upon the Assembly full powers of legislation except as regards tariff, currency, and public lands, but still vests in the American Congress an absolute veto. The suffrage is also cautiously enlarged. Mr. Taft states that it will be two generations before the Filipinos are fully able to govern themselves. Opinions differ on this; but the Jones bill, as passed by the House last session, set no definite date for surrendering the islands.

The new Constitution of New York State goes before the people by a vote that commends it to their favorable consideration. Not only was it adopted in its final form on Friday by a vote of more than three-fourths of the delegates; the bulk of the opposition vote was due to Tammany's objection to a single provision, that relating to apportionment. The alignment of forces is thus the opposite from that which the agitators for a Convention confidently expected when they invited the people of the State to vote upon the question of holding one. Then the Democratic organization counted upon plumping enough votes to insure the returning of an affirmative answer, and hoped to elect a majority of the delegates to the Convention so ordered. In the first part of this plan, it was completely successful. Had it not been for the military-like response of the Tammany cohorts, the Convention proposal would have been defeated. As it was, the proposal was carried by the small majority of 3,000 in a total vote of 300,000. But in the second half of its programme, the Democratic organization failed. The Republicans elected a large majority of the delegates. Yet the division in the Convention has not been a division between Republicans and Democrats. Once more the Empire State has been treated to the spectacle of the notorious bi-partisan alliance, this time shamelessly out in the open. Its last appearance was somewhat ludicrous, Barnes joining on Friday with the twenty-eight Democrats who could not accept the apportionment article, and then finally changing his vote to the affirmative side.

Mistress in her own house, Canada is giving a lesson in housekeeping to her mother. Since the beginning of the war, according to announcement made by the Labor Department, there has been a complete cessation of strikes in the Dominion. The prolonged strike of the Vancouver coal miners was formally called off ten days after hostilities began, and even chronic centres of discontent have been calm. In large measure this has been due to the appeal of the Government to employers and workers to make extraordinary efforts to adjust peaceably any difficulties. In part, it is to be ascribed to the prosperity the country has found in war-orders and in the relief recruiting brought to an overcrowded labor market. With steady and profitable production in many lines following a long period of depression, the country has been in no mood to sacrifice its gains wantonly. But it is a significant part of the manifestation of a new spirit in Canada, roused by the war to a long-needed stock-taking and heart-searching in both economic and political matters. The quarrels of party have been hushed in their incipiency; the early scandals in the production of munitions caused an extraordinary outburst of indignation; such grafting as that which led last week to the indictment of the late Roblin Ministry in Manitoba faces a sterner public opinion; and it is natural that sentiment should be hostile to those responsible for labor troubles.

That extraordinary success in the largest affairs of practical enterprise is not incompatible with the keenest interest in a wide range of subjects having nothing to do with these was strikingly attested in the case of Sir William Van Horne, whose death removes the most striking figure in the business world of Canada. His personality was as interesting as his work, and there was a certain mark of genius in the amateur activities of various kinds in which he employed his leisure. It is a rather notable coincidence that, while the United States furnished Van Horne to Canada, Canada gave to the United States the man whose career and personality most suggest that of the chief maker of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is a difference in that J. J. Hill came to Minnesota while a mere youth, and "grew up with the country," while Van Horne was forty, and had been president of a railway company, before he transferred his energies to the Canadian field. In another respect, however, the analogy is complete. Van Horne became as thoroughly devoted to Canada as Hill to the United States; and both men have been conspicuous in the general life of the respective countries.

The intemperate expression of international animosities by some European scholars has excited so much comment that it is pleasant to note as a foil the continuance of various friendly studies in international fields. The only two periodicals devoted exclusively to research work in the English language and literature—the *Anglia* and the *Englische Studien*—are to be maintained by their German sponsors, and are to continue publishing articles by Englishmen, Germans, and Americans. The Hungarian *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* appeared last February without reference to the war, and the German *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* is also to be published. News comes from Berlin that the Berlin Academy is now engaged in bringing out an authorized dictionary of Old French, while Prof. Karl Vollmöller's periodical devoted to Romance philology will suffer no interruption. As for England, the Presidential address delivered by Prof. W. P. Ker before the London Philological Society last May dealt with Jacob Grimm, the founder of German philology, in the most generous manner. Professor Ker emphasized the fact that Grimm was, first and foremost, a human figure deserving affection and veneration; and he did full justice to his fundamental contributions to the scientific studies which he treated so broadly. In the field of the humanities, and among men schooled to the highest culture, there is no excuse for any other spirit than this.

The Germans, in reaching the railway from Vilna to Petrograd through Dvinsk, have broken a Russian line of communications which was of infinitely more importance six weeks ago than it is to-day. For this Petrograd-Vilna railway, prolonged to the southwest, becomes the Petrograd-Warsaw road which figured so prominently in the pre-Warsaw dispatches. Had this line been broken before the fall of the Polish capital on August 5, the German total of prisoners would have unquestionably been much greater than it has been. Since Warsaw the Germans have been cracking off piece after piece of the railway line, moving towards Petrograd—at first up to Bielostok, and then up to Grodno. Now it seems probable that the section up to Dvinsk (Dünaburg) will go, and with it the great city of Vilna, the ancient capital of Lithuania. Against Vilna there will now be an encircling movement from south and north, and the evacuation spoken of for more than a month should soon be a fact. Dvinsk, on the other hand, should hold out for some time, since it can still draw reinforcements from the north.

THE LUSITANIA AND THE ARABIC

The difficulty between this country and Germany on the subject of the latter's submarine policy suddenly became an international issue of the utmost gravity on May 7 through the sinking of the Lusitania. With almost equal suddenness the issue appeared to be removed as a possible source of serious trouble on September 1, through Count Bernstorff's note, brought out by the sinking of the Arabic. The burst of satisfaction, of hearty approval and congratulation for President Wilson, and of recognition for what Count Bernstorff and the Imperial Government appeared to have done, gave ample evidence of the good will of the American people and their readiness to accept at its best interpretation the brief assurance contained in the German Ambassador's note to Secretary Lansing. That is still unquestionably the disposition of the nation; but in the fortnight that has since passed there have been developments whose effect inevitably has been to emphasize the incompleteness of the assurance rather than the gratifying purpose of friendliness towards this country, and of a desire to satisfy its plain demands, to which alone the communication could be ascribed.

In the news of last week there were two items that are well calculated to fix attention on vital points that remain to be cleared up. One of them is a reminder of what happened at the beginning of the Lusitania trouble, the other is a fresh and highly troublesome contribution to the question of the Arabic. The commander of the submarine which sank the Arabic, so far from being, as had been thought, at the bottom of the sea himself, is very much alive, and has reported to the Admiralty that he torpedoed the Arabic in the belief that she was about to attack the submarine. Moreover, the German Government, in a note on the subject, has expressly signified its own satisfaction with this explanation. Without entering into the question of what degree of justification the commander may have had for his suspicion, it is obvious that if peaceful passengers and crews on merchant ships are to hold their lives at the mercy of what the commander of a German submarine may happen to think the ship is about to do, their safety hangs on a very slender thread. Exemption from the requirement of warning and visitation, if it can be obtained on these terms, is evidently so elastic that there is no telling, in any given instance, upon what new ground it may be claimed. In our first Lusitania note there occurred this sentence: "Manifestly, submarines cannot be used against merchantmen, as the last few weeks have shown, without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity." Later experience caused President Wilson to modify his view of this matter; but this latest phase of the Arabic affair must inevitably compel him once more to reconsider the question. He cannot content himself with a general assurance which in any particular instance may be reduced to nothing better than an empty form.

These considerations come to the mind with special force in connection with the other item of news to which we have referred. The man who shortly after the sinking of the Lusitania asserted under oath that he had seen guns mounted aboard her, has pleaded guilty to the charge of perjury. This disposes for good and all of the legend of the "armed Lusitania." That she was armed there has never been adduced a particle of evidence worthy of a moment's consideration; that she was not armed was attested in the most absolute manner by the regularly constituted authorities of the Port of New York. Yet the German Government in its reply to our first Lusitania note declared that "the Lusitania, according to information received here, had cannon aboard which were mounted and concealed below decks." Concerning the source of this "information," nothing whatever has been revealed by the German Government; nor is there the slightest reason to suppose that the appalling crime of May the seventh was in reality brought about by the existence of any real information of that kind. It should be remembered in this connection, moreover, that the warning advertisement inserted in American newspapers on behalf of Germany just before the sailing of the Lusitania made no sort of reference to any such ground for the contemplated act of murder. In view of all these things, it is impossible to rest complacently in the assurance that the German Government, still less the individual commanders of German submarines, will carry out in good faith all that was promised—and more than was at all clearly promised—in the few lines in which Count Bernstorff announced his country's new policy.

The delighted welcome that was given to that communication was due less to its exact words than to the spirit which seemed—and which we still believe was—behind the act. It is hardly conceivable that Germany could wish to place herself in the position of trifling with the solemn demands of this country. That she might reject them was conceivable enough; that she should make a feint at granting them, only to show in a little while that she meant nothing of any value, we cannot believe. What is wanted now is that clear-cut and comprehensive understanding of which Count Bernstorff's note can be regarded only as a forerunner. What is wanted is neither more nor less than that which President Wilson set forth in the very first sentence of the first Lusitania note:

> In view of recent acts of the German authorities in violation of American rights on the high seas, which culminated in the torpedoing and sinking of the British steamship Lusitania on May 7, 1915, by which over 100 American citizens lost their lives, it is clearly wise and desirable that the Government of the United States and the Imperial German Government should come to a *clear and full understanding* as to the grave situation which has resulted.

It is all very well patiently to thresh out the particulars of the Arabic case, patiently to investigate the facts regarding the Hesperian. But to fix attention upon these alone is not to see the forest for the trees. The immediate need of the moment is that "clear and full understanding as to the grave situation" which President Wilson set out to obtain on May 13, and which recent events, whatever be their explanation, show to be as essential for the safety and honor of the nation as it was four months ago.

DR. DUMBA'S DISMISSAL

The country has acclaimed the President's action in asking for the withdrawal of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Dr. Dumba. From the moment when the New York *World* published the contents of the letter which that official entrusted to Mr. Archibald, no other outcome has been possible—provided that no legitimate explanation was forthcoming. There was none. On the contrary, Dr. Dumba sought to brazen it out on the theory that he was thereby saving from prison three hundred thousand of his "nationals" who would naturally desire to return to Austria-Hungary, and that it was his duty to protect those citizens of his country, even to the extent of getting them out by means of strikes, the real purpose of which the Austro-Hungarian beneficiaries might never even know. But the fatal sentence in his letter as to the German military attaché's belief that these strikes would disorganize the munitions industry at Bethlehem and in the Middle West, so clearly showed that self-interest was mixed up with the benevolent purpose as to leave him in a hopeless predicament. And so, despite the

friendliness of the American Government for Austria-Hungary, as clearly evidenced by the admirably worded note forwarded by the State Department, Dr. Dumba is properly compelled to go. In all probability his career is at an end.

His downfall is plainly due to a total misconception of what are a diplomat's proper functions when stationed in a neutral country in time of war. The circumstances have, we admit, been particularly trying. It is a good deal, we suppose, to expect diplomats to sit quietly by while they see everything going against them, first the current of popular opinion, and next, because of the British control of the sea, a steady flow of supplies and ammunition to their enemies. But that was the fortune of war; it was precisely that which Germany and Austria risked when they took up the sword, and it was not the duty or the right of any diplomat to try to offset it by underhand means. For that was to make a battleground of the United States and to assume functions no longer diplomatic, but distinctly belligerent. Only on the assumption that diplomacy is a word which covers every kind of chicanery, every kind of interference with the legitimate domestic affairs of a nation, can Dr. Dumba's course be justified. One has merely to imagine, if one can, what would happen to an American diplomat who should seek to start a strike in the Krupp works for the benefit of his country, to see how scandalous Dr. Dumba's plan was.

Nor is the situation affected by the fact that the 300,000 Austro-Hungarians for whom he sought to act are still subjects of his Kaiser. If they were in danger of forever cutting themselves off from returning to Europe because of ignorantly taking service in munitions establishments; if they, as Dr. Dumba alleges, are miserable "white slaves" working "twelve hours a day," then the proper remedy was not to buy up venal labor-leaders, but to present the case openly and above board. This Government would unquestionably have advised him how best to warn his fellow-citizens, and if it is true that men are being driven to work twelve hours a day for seven days a week, the proper appeal lay to our Department of Labor and to the American conscience. The whole difficulty would have been avoided if this course had been followed. That it was not shows both how naturally some diplomats resort to subterranean methods and how ignorant Dr. Dumba, for all his astuteness, was of the spirit of the American people.

Surely he should have learned from the daily press how deeply stirred our public is by the constant publication of stories that foreign diplomats have been interfering in our domestic concerns. His duty—the purpose for which he as a diplomat was accredited to this country—was to keep the peace between the two nations, and not to recommend to his Government a policy which was bound to alienate them if the slightest proof of it were to come to light. Certainly, Dr. Dumba cannot have been aware that a British Ambassador was sent home merely for advising an American citizen how to vote. He cannot have realized the high spirit of the American people, how sure is their sense of justice, how quick they would be to resent what they considered an unpardonable wrong; and he cannot have understood the positive wickedness of the proposal made to him which he so promptly made his own. The man who foments labor troubles for ulterior purposes, be he capitalist, or foreigner, or venal labor-leader, is a public enemy.

We trust that Dr. Dumba's fate will prove a warning to others. Nine-tenths of the stories published about the activities of the German Embassy we assume to be untrue, partly because they are themselves so unsupported, and partly because if they were true our State Department must long ago have acted as vigorously as now. But the sole function of military and naval attachés is to report to their Government military and naval conditions in this country, and we fear that Capt. von Papen and Capt. Boy-Ed have construed their duties here in entirely to liberal a spirit.

CHANGE IN RUSSIA?

The assumption by the Czar of the chief command of the Russian armies is much more significant as a symbol than as a fact. It is plain recognition of the serious situation which confronts the Empire, and of the need of rallying the nation's energies to a supreme effort. For his part, the Czar, by placing himself at the head of the armies, is trying to bring into play whatever magic still attaches to the person of the autocrat among the vast peasant population of Russia. But brute mass alone will not suffice. The will and the energies of the intelligent classes must be brought into action; and that is why, simultaneously with the replacement of the Grand Duke Nicholas as commander-in-chief, comes the replacement of the Conservative majority in the Duma by a Liberal-Progressive coalition. For some time there has been talk of the organization of a Ministry of all parties, similar to that which arose in France during the first weeks of the war and subsequently in Great Britain. Some such "sacred union" is the natural outcome of defeat in the field. But in Russia, as we have it to-day, there is not to be union of parties, but a replacement of parties. The Conservative element which has been in control has not merely been found wanting, it has been found inimical to success. Once more Russia has learned that reactionary ideals are unfit to survive in the modern competition of great nations.

It is three weeks more than ten years since the disasters in Manchuria, by stirring up a nation-wide demand for change, elicited the Imperial rescript of August 19, 1905, in which the convocation of a national Duma or Parliament was promised. It is three weeks less than ten years since the representatives to the congress of Zemstvos declared at Moscow that the nation would not be satisfied with the shadowy Parliament promised in the Czar's proclamation. So now the news comes from Petrograd that the Liberal elements in the Duma will not be content with a perfunctory recognition of their numerical strength, but that a thorough reversal of policy must come if the nation is to rally with all its will to the hard necessities of the moment. That the expected change is to take the form, not of a reconciliation of all parties, but of the installation of the Liberal parties in power is the demand virtually formulated by Miliukoff, the veteran leader of the Constitutional Democratic party. The Conservatives are accused of working for a dissolution of the Duma. Miliukoff answers with the threat of revolution. "I believe you understand clearly that in these circumstances a dismissal would be political madness. Let those who are agitating it know, therefore, that if the Duma is prorogued now, we shall meet again in a few weeks, perhaps in a different frame of mind. Let the Duma go on calmly and quietly with its work."

In the programme put forth by the new coalition in the Duma it is made plain that we are not dealing with the overthrow of a parliamentary majority on the ground that it has proved inefficient in a specific task. It is not a question of putting in a Ministry which shall conduct the war more ably than its predecessors. It is a question of putting a new spirit and a new outlook into the Government. What could be done in the way of replacing war ministers, army

commanders, and even commanders-in-chief, in organizing munitions boards and defence councils, has been done. Much bigger changes are put forward by the new Liberal majority: autonomy for Poland, conciliation for Finland, justice for the Jews, amnesty for political prisoners, liberty for the trade unions. It is a reassertion of hopes and demands that flourished during the first flush of victory over the autocracy in 1905, and have since been frustrated. Though these demands are political in nature, they tie themselves up closely with the fortunes of war. It is characteristic of a Bourbonism which never learns, that while Russia was engaged in a war calling for her united energies, the repression in Finland should have been continued with increasing rigor; that the laws of exception against the Jews should have been brutally enforced at the very moment that hundreds of thousands of Jewish soldiers were facing the enemy on the frontier; and that now, in a moment of high crisis, the reactionaries should be plotting for a dissolution of the Duma, when every sign points to revolution as the result.

Defeat, followed by the menace of revolution, is the only way in which the powers of reaction in Russia can ever be taught; and even then the lesson is soon forgotten. For the moment, however, it appears that the ruling powers at Petrograd have recognized, what has been evident to the enlightened elements in Russia, that the reactionaries and the bureaucrats have not only brought defeat upon the nation in battle, but undermined Russia's moral position before the world. More than once we have referred to the handicap under which the western Allies labor in their association with a Government that stands for political, racial, religious, and social repression. In this country pro-German sentiment is to a very great extent anti-Russian sentiment. We have the alien populations who have felt directly the sting of Russian oppression, and there is a goodly section of native American opinion which finds it hard to sympathize with the ideals of Russian government. Berlin has recognized its advantage in this respect. It has promised a free national life to the Poles, it has espoused the cause of the Jews, it has lost no opportunity to emphasize its contention of the early days of the war, that it was primarily a war of defence against Slav barbarism. Petrograd could afford to disregard moral issues while its armies were pressing victoriously through the Carpathians. With the enemy driving into the heart of the Empire, the bitter post-bellum lessons of 1854, of 1878, and of 1905 stare her in the face.

THE QUESTION OF A LOAN TO EUROPE.

With the arrival of the commission of eminent London and Paris financiers, representing their respective Governments and banks in conferences on the foreign exchange situation, the question of a large loan, to be made by our markets to those of Europe, has come definitely to the front. The machinery of international exchange is so technical and intricate that the man in the street is hardly to blame for being perplexed as to just what the controversy means. Yet the questions at issue, in the conference between the European commission and our own bankers, are at bottom simple enough.

The first source of perplexity to many readers of the news is the question, why abnormal rates of exchange on London and Paris could be corrected by a $500,000,000 loan, raised by those markets in America. The answer is that the raising of such a loan would enable the English and French Governments to draw on the proceeds, when making payment for their purchases of American materials and supplies. By this expedient, the abnormally large amount of drafts on London for such payments would be to that extent reduced. The problem is not of England's inability to obtain the necessary money from loans raised in Europe; that idea involves a total misconception of the position of affairs. But an American manufacturer, drawing on London against merchandise shipments of any sort, sells his draft to a banker for collection, and the sum total of such drafts has become so enormous, under present conditions in the "war-order" market, that the rate of exchange allowed for them in American money by the New York banker has lately depreciated 7½ per cent. from the normal parity of exchange.

Such a condition is bound to hurt both the European and the American markets. English importers of American goods who have contracted to settle the bill in dollars at New York (which is the case with most of the "war orders") have to pay 5 or 6 per cent. extra, in order to command the requisite American money through a draft on a London bank. But American exporters to whom payment is made in pounds sterling (as is the case with our great staple markets) must equally submit to a 5 or 6 per cent. deduction from the proceeds of the sale, in order to turn them into American money.

Neither market wishes that state of things to continue. Conceivably, enough more gold might be sent from Europe to restore equilibrium. But London and Paris need what gold they have to protect the soundness of their paper currencies; whereas our own banks and Government already possess more gold than ever before in their history. There would always remain the much-talked-of expedient of the English and French investors selling outright, to our own markets, the one or two thousand millions of American securities still held by them. But, waiving the question whether the individual owners of these stocks and bonds are desirous of selling, the prospect of such enormous pressure on our investment markets, with its presumable effect on prices at the Stock Exchange, is much disliked in American financial circles. The compromise plan, for a loan of $500,000,000 or more, appears to contemplate, in addition to the European Governments' guarantee, the pledge of these very securities as collateral. This, if effected, would obviously avert the predicted overwhelming liquidation; American securities thus "tied up" could not be sold until the loan had expired.

We shall not at present attempt to discuss the arrangements as to term of the loan, rate of interest, and so on—practical considerations which must engage the minds of the conferring bankers. It would presumably have to be made payable, interest and principal, in American dollars, and it would certainly have to be free of the income tax, which the British Government—wrongfully and unwisely, we have always believed—has heretofore been accustomed to deduct from interest payments on its bonds, even when made to foreign holders. Probably, any such loan would be made to run for something like five years, and it would presumably be issued in a form admitting of its distribution among private investors. Even the sum total of the loan is still in question; the amount proposed may conceivably exceed the commonly named figure of $500,000,000.

Two other questions remain, however, which have more or less puzzled the public mind. First, will our people be able to buy so enormous a single issue of new securities? Secondly, does not the making of such a loan to belligerent Powers depart from the rule of strict neutrality originally set forth by President Wilson? As to the first question, the abnormal plethora of money in the banking institutions of this country renders un-

derwriting even of so great a loan an easy possibility, and, as for private investors, one notable result of the war to date, with the attendant conditions in home trade, has been the immense decrease in supply of new investment securities offered on our markets.

The objection of neutrality hardly fits the case. The loan, in the first place, would be raised solely to pay for purchase of merchandise in America, and the propriety of that sort of operation has already been recognized, as in the smaller government loan placed here by France. But apart from this consideration, a very noteworthy precedent, all things considered, was the offering and public advertising, last spring, of something like $10,000,000 German Government notes through American banking houses, and their sale to investors in this country.

EASY THINKERS ON HARD QUESTIONS.

Within the past few weeks the chairman of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations has given expression in several public utterances to his views on some of the largest aspects of the economic organization of modern society. These views are bold, radical, and far-reaching, yet remarkably little attention seems to have been paid to them, and no attention at all of that sort which might naturally be supposed to go with his official position. In some degree this indifference to the lucubrations of Mr. Walsh may be accounted for by the intense absorption of the public not only in the great war, but more especially in the developments affecting the possible implication of our own country in the gigantic conflict. But this explanation is by no means adequate. We are not so absorbed in the issues of the war, tremendous as they are, as to preclude our taking a genuine interest in any genuine contribution to the discussion of vital questions of public welfare. The difficulty with Mr. Walsh is that his conduct during the period in which the Commission was conducting its operations made it plain that he was not the kind of man from whom any valuable contribution to the understanding of the subject could be expected. By this we do not mean that his opinions were sure to be wrong; we mean both more and less than this. His opinions were not sure to be wrong, but they were sure, even if they were right, to be merely his opinions and not the result either of competent thinking or of sober and careful marshalling of facts.

When, for example, Mr. Walsh tells us that it would be a good thing for the nation to take possession of the whole, or the greater part, of all large fortunes upon the deaths of their possessors and use the proceeds for purposes of social betterment, what occasion is there for analyzing the merits of this proposal, or for putting forward the objections to it, any more than there was on the day before? There is nothing novel in the idea itself, nor is there anything remarkable in what he says about it. All that has been added to the world's knowledge on the subject is the fact that a certain Frank P. Walsh, who happened to have been named by the President as chairman of what ought to have been an important investigating commission, and who had thoroughly shown his unfitness for the post, thinks thus and so on the subject of the taxation or confiscation of great fortunes. Nor is the case very different when he assures us that the causes of labor unrest are to be found in low wages, unfair practices on the part of employers, etc. What he says about these things may be entirely true. It is even very possible that with all his blundering and hectoring he succeeded, in the sessions of the Commission, in bringing out some facts of serious importance that were previously unknown or insufficiently known. But his discussion of them, and the presentation of his own conclusions on the great questions which they affect, are of infinitesimal value. Men incomparably better fitted than he to discuss all these subjects, whether from the radical or the conservative standpoint, have been writing abundantly about them for many years; and such authority as his utterances might have been supposed to derive from his connection with the work of the Commission is wholly absent.

In quite a different category, and yet offering occasion for somewhat similar reflections, are the outgivings of many excellent persons, especially clergymen, who undertake in an offhand way to tell us what is the matter with the world and how it is to be mended. In a different category, because from them there is no reason to expect anything but broad general views, prompted by humane aspirations and ordinary intelligence and insight. When a minister of religion discusses questions of economic evil, he is not expected to base his remarks on special knowledge or on expert inquiry; and no fault can be found with him on the score of his confining himself to broad indications of the direction in which improvement should be striven for. It is not enlightenment as to facts, or guidance in the unravelling of complexities, that he is supposed to supply; if he stimulates in his hearers right-mindedness and humanity, he does a worthy work. But if, coming down to particulars, and pronouncing judgment on specific economic and social questions, he treats with a shallow and easy-going sentimentalism the tough problems which men quite as conscientious as he, and infinitely better equipped, find it necessary to grapple with the utmost care and caution, the fact that his intentions are good is but little mitigation of his offence.

The Labor Day sermon is very apt to present examples of this kind of darkening of counsel. A typical case is this, from the report of a sermon delivered in New York:

> The laboring man deserves more of this world's goods. It is not right for a producer to have to walk and watch the rich man, who does not work, ride by in an automobile. It grates on him. As long as we have the present system of relations of capital and labor, we will have the rabid Socialists and the I. W. W. I plead with you to do everything possible to bring about a better understanding between capital and labor.

The most ignorant man in the good preacher's audience could hardly entertain cruder or more futile notions of the problems of society than are indicated in this brief passage. The question that confronts the world is not whether it "grates on" the poor man that walks to see the rich man ride, but whether there is any way of altering the fundamental constitution of society so as to bring about a state of things on the whole better than that which we now possess. To declare that the capitalist is little better than a robber because he has an automobile while his employees have none, is hardly a hopeful way of bringing about "a better understanding between capital and labor." What the worthy gentleman thinks the "rabid Socialists" are after that goes beyond what he seems to be after, we are somewhat puzzled to conjecture. But the truth is, no doubt, that he doesn't know what he is after himself; all that he knows is that things are not as his humanitarian instincts tell him they ought to be. But, so far from tending to bring about such approximation to his ideals as may be practically attainable, the thoughtless stirring up of mere unintelligent discontent is calculated only to increase ill-feeling, and thus to aggravate evils without pointing the way towards any remedy.

Foreign Correspondence

WHAT THEY SAY IN PARIS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 23.

It is a pity that American representatives of peace and casual Americans curiously spying out the land for publication should, on arriving in Paris, be able to learn only what they are allowed to see and hear while being personally conducted by chance American residents who are themselves veriest "outsiders" to native French ideas and feelings and sympathies; and, whenever they are handed over to Frenchmen, to find only prehistoric pacifists or those denaturalized by cosmopolitanism or Socialist politicians who have not forgotten the dreams of the Internationale that falled with the outbreak of war. They must expect criticism like the following:

"The women who went to the recent Congress of The Hague have not shown very remarkable wisdom or equity. They acknowledged that 'War is of itself the negation of right,' and so 'they abstained from discussing eventual regulation of it.' In other words, under color of a lofty and unbending adherence to principle, they have excused German atrocities as normal consequences of war. Moreover, these *Congressistes* have undertaken a campaign for immediate peace, that is—always under pretext of their doctrine—for the peace desired by Germany and Austria-Hungary! Frankly, such a demonstration of international feminism will not increase its credit greatly with clear-seeing, right-minded persons. And French women who refused invitations to such a congress were quite right" (leader page of Paris *Temps*, August 25).

Those who have been talking so much of late years about "collective souls" might well apply their theories to the one mind of the French people at present. They, too, are tired of war; and, unlike neutral advocates of immediate peace, they have suffered all that one country can suffer from another in war. But they have no intention to suffer what the enemy calls "honorable peace." Then, indeed, all the bloodshed and misery were in vain and the Terror of the German name would still hang over their children.

In the Stuttgart review *Jung Deutschland* Marshal von der Goltz has just published a letter which intempestive Americans might well puzzle over:

"It is a psychological enigma that Germany should have heaped up such hatred against herself." The Marshal commanded in Belgium in the first bitter days of conquest. And Henry James said that Miss Miranda, of Bangor, Maine, doing Europe alone before proceeding to Boston for "culture," all unconscious skirted abysses!

Parisians, during the first half of August, were more concerned with American buyers of Paris fashions than with American colporteurs of peace. That, at least, might help French men and women to earn a living. On the part of Parisiennes, there is little effort at fashion. There is brightness in the streets, there is elegance even when worn and faded. But there is the recurring reminder—a one-legged soldier on crutches, a woman and girl black-veiled, the eager-faced crowd at a bulletin board—that war is on and must be fought to the end.

"Switzerland has ordered 180,000 new uniforms—they must be for next winter." "My concierge says a soldier told him that General G. assures his men there will be no winter campaign." "What sign is there of the war ending?" "The English are coming with men—and with guns." "It is high time."

Parisian pessimism does not go much further than this wandering talk. There are plenty among the men who criticise this general and ask why that military move was not made, as Uncle Toby and Tristram Shandy did. There are women who have heard their men talk or have gleaned in the papers and ask timidly: "Will Rumania come in soon?" And every one has confidence in what some call Providence and others the unexpected which happens in time.

It is no longer a secret that the hope of final victory is based on guns and ammunition. Every one has heard that the Russians were forced to retreat because they were wanting in guns and ammunition; and the Allied armies along the French line will not attack for good until they have a million shells a day to rain on the enemy. Popular formulas are simple, but that is no reason why they should not be true.

Every one is interested in this manufacture of arms and shells, which is going on wherever a factory can be set up. In my house two refugee boys from the invaded region were in great misery with their sister, a soldier's widow with two babes; and they are now earning almost the support of all of them in some one of these war mills. The whole neighborhood takes interest and passes the word about whenever one or other is "advanced."

There is something, after all, in the scientific flub-dub about the French being gregarious. They talk, and they talk with each other from top to bottom of the social tree—and, as in the kinetic theory of gases, there comes to be an equilibrium of idea-molecules, an average state of feeling, the collective soul. This explains—partly—the great Revolution and the Commune. Happily, this time it has been an equilibrium of patience and order in national defence.

It is another delusion of foreigners that this even resolution depends on the French people being kept uninformed. Now the entire speech in self-defence of the German Chancellor was printed literally and completely in all the Paris newspapers, even those for workmen, the day after it was uttered in the Reichstag. So were the main parts of the German Finance Minister's speech to prove his own country solvent and all her enemies bankrupt. As I have often noted, Swiss papers with German political *communiqués* and the wonderful Wolff dispatches are sold by the hundreds in every quarter. From comparison with American newspapers, in which every one must blaze a way for himself among contradictory cablegrams, I do not think the common people of Paris are less well informed about the real state of things than intelligent people in the United States.

Even the plan for a secret session of Parliament, in which Government and politicians can have it out together, has impressed the people little. They believe that the substance of the secrets to be given out for judgment by Parliament is, after all, only what they call a Punch-and-Judy secret already told. For members of Parliament, of course, there is the desire to keep up to their traditions of Parliamentary predominance. Doubtless, too, there is some underhand politics—such as is not unknown in our own Congress. The people only ask: "When are the English going to begin?" and "When is Gen. Joffre going to make a move?" and "What of the Dardanelles?" The dogs bark, the caravan passes.

I have been very much struck by the hesitation of Parisians in bearing judgment on the American attitude. This is perhaps due in great part to their newspapers; but it is a curious fact. They ask: "Are you going to declare war?" "Is President Wilson a strong man?" (this is very frequent). "Would it not be better for us that you should go on as you are and sell us arms and ammunition and provisions?"

Ever since the neutral nations kept silence when the neutrality of Belgium was violated, the French people have been unsure as to principles and actions of neutrals in general. For America the accepted explanation is: "You have so many German-Americans!" I think, however, it is generally recognized that a country may base its neutrality on the observance of strict legality towards itself alone.

AN INTENSE WEEK—APPRECIATION OF THE PROBLEMS TO BE MET BY "THE LONELY MAN" IN THE WHITE HOUSE —CONSCRIPTION.

By T. L. GILMOUR.

LONDON, August 24.

The publication yesterday of the cables announcing the serious naval reverse suffered by the German fleet in the Gulf of Riga came as a welcome break in the monotonous record of bad news of the past week. There is no virtue in disguising obvious facts. Since I wrote last, the Allies have had a black week. Curiously enough, it is not the things that have happened nearest to us geographically that have made the greatest impression. The revived activity of Germany's Zeppelin fleet has had singularly little effect on the public mind. While the German papers are declaring that it is not so much the material damage done which justified the raids as the effect they produce on the morale of the British people, the simple fact is that the German psychologist is once more wrong in his *a priori* reasoning, and that as instruments for German "frightfulness" the vaunted Zeppelins are a failure. There is not, indeed, very much food for the popular imagination to work on. The information which the Government permits to be made public is of the scantiest. Primarily designed to deprive the enemy of the means of correcting and supplementing the information collected by his observers, this policy of restricting the information published to the barest indication of the locality of the raid, and to a statement of the number of persons killed and wounded, has the effect of depriving the newspapers of any opportunity of working up a press sensation. In London not only is the number of people who have actually seen a Zeppelin incredibly small—which is easily understood in view of the fact that these unwelcome visitors naturally select the night time for their calls upon us—but there are millions of Londoners who have never heard the firing of an anti-aircraft gun.

In short, the Zeppelin, so far, has been as

great a failure as a nerve destroyer as it has been as a military weapon. There is, however, a general conviction that we have not yet by any means experienced the maximum effort of Germany in the air. That is the only medium through which the Germans can "get at" us at all at present. Calais and the long-range guns which are to show the Kentish yeomen what Krupp can do are a long way off, and the occasional sniping of a fishing village by a submarine indicates nothing but a display of temper and how all-embracing is the German disregard for international law. A combined attack of airships and aeroplanes in force is, however, within the bounds of possibility, and while the prospect does not disconcert the public mind, our aviators ask nothing better than that the attempt may be made.

But the events which have undoubtedly very strikingly impressed the public imagination have been the dramatic successes of the German armies against our Russian allies, and the sinking of the Arabic. Of this last tragic happening, I prefer to say very little, partly because from the angle of vision from which we here regard this sinking of a passenger steamer without warning there is nothing that can be said which will add anything to what is already sufficiently known as to our attitude, but mainly because it is so obvious that the issues raised by the torpedoing of the Arabic are of infinitely greater urgency to the American Government and people than to us. Comment which tarries so long on the way, as must necessarily be the case with anything I might say, runs the serious risk of being overtaken by events, so I will merely record the fact that the extracts cabled to us from the American press have been read here with sympathy and appreciation, adding, however, that it is to that lonely figure in the White House that our thoughts have naturally most often turned during these recent days. It would be futile to pretend that no opinions have been formed or expressed as to what America should or should not do in the grave situation which has arisen, or to pretend that there is any stereotyped opinion upon this subject which can be labelled "British." There is no such opinion. But what may, I think, be said with truth is that there is to-day a clearer understanding on this side of the Atlantic than at any time since the beginning of the war of the immense complexity of the problem for which President Wilson has to find a solution. Mr. Tumulty's grave words at Springlake are everywhere accepted as indicating that the situation has reached the extreme of seriousness.

If I were asked to find a single word which would describe the popular feeling during the past week, I should be inclined to select "intense." The Zeppelin raids, the torpedoing of the Arabic, the sudden outburst of naval activity in the Baltic and the North Sea, and the firing by German torpedo boats on the British submarine which was helplessly stranded on the neutral coast of Denmark, the curious reticence of the official reports of the landing of a second British army at Suvla Bay, as compared with the unofficial story of what appears to have been one of the most brilliant exploits of the war, the indications that the smouldering controversy over the merits of the voluntary system as compared with compulsory service is being deliberately fanned into flame by a powerful group of newspapers, the declaration by Italy of a state of war with Turkey—these and other scarcely less important events have so crowded the canvas upon a lurid background of the eastern battle front that men's minds have grown tense under the cumulative strain of what they read. The rapidity with which the German armies in the east have captured the great Russian fortresses and have forced the Grand Duke to contemplate, at least, an immediate withdrawal from the new line of defence which he had prepared, has unquestionably impressed the popular imagination, without, however, in any way weakening the determination to "see the thing through" or the confidence in the ultimate success of the Allies.

A great City banker confessed to me the other day that we had underestimated the economic resources of Germany in time of war; but he added that so long as the Allies were firm in their determination not to be beaten, they could not be beaten. That determination was never stronger in this country than it is to-day; it is equally strong in France. What then of Russia? It is quite evident that Germany is raining blows on her gigantic eastern neighbor in the hope, if not in the belief, that Russia, despite the engagement that she has entered into with her allies, may be forced to cry "Hold! enough." Once more German psychology is, I believe, entirely at fault. Russia's attitude is that of Henley:

My head is bloody, but unbowed.

A friend who has just returned from Petrograd tells me that he did not meet a single Russian who was prepared to admit that Poland would remain permanently in the possession of the Germans, or who did not believe that Galicia would be reoccupied before the conclusion of peace. Events may quite well prove any particular forecast of this kind to be erroneous, but the value of such statements does not lie so much in the intrinsic importance to be attached to them as in the light they throw on the spirit of the people. In no country is the detestation—it is impossible to use a milder expression—of the German spirit more intense than in Russia, and even if there should be in the ranks of the court party or the higher bureaucracy certain individuals who foresee in the defeat of Germany a menace to the continuance of their own power, it is certain that they are helpless to force upon the nation a disgraceful peace involving the recognition of German overlordship in the Russian Empire.

Meanwhile, in this country the successes which Germany has obtained on the eastern front have been vigorously exploited for all they are worth by that very voluble section of the community which sees in the adoption of universal compulsory service the only salvation, not merely for England, but for Europe. It is impossible to do more this week than to state the position in the most general terms and to utter a single word of warning. We are asked to believe that this country is doing less than our fair share in the general effort to defeat the Central Powers and their Turkish ally, that both France and Russia are keenly alive to our shortcomings, whatever Italy may think, and that the only way in which we can hearten our allies and strike terror into the hearts of our enemies is by compelling every man to serve the country as and when and where he may be directed to serve by "the Government." Obviously there is much to be said on each of these statements before any of them can be accepted as fairly representing the facts. But any examination of this kind must be reserved for a future occasion. To-day it must be sufficient to say by way of warning to those observers at a distance who may find it difficult to appraise the values in a controversy of this kind, that they will do well not to lend too ready an ear either to those extremists who have argued themselves into the conviction not only that we cannot, but that we ought not to win the war without compulsion, or to those other extremists who are prepared to risk the loss of victory rather than to yield one iota of that personal liberty which is admittedly among the most cherished of our possessions. The great bulk of the people is in neither camp. The country does not want conscription, but will accept it if the responsible Government tells us that its acceptance is necessary to the winning of the war. But it must be the responsible Government that tells us.

Notes from the Capital

AN INDIANA PRODIGY.

The latest prominent American to investigate the European war on the spot and come back to tell us all about it, is Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, of Indiana. This is not the first time he has given such rein to his journalistic instinct. Before the ink was fairly dry on the treaty of peace with Spain, and before half the people of the United States could find the Philippines on the map, Beveridge saw his opportunity. He had just been elected to the Senate, and felt sure of a large audience when he should exploit his discoveries in a speech to that body, for it would be printed in the next day's *Record* and be spread broadcast over the country under franked wrappers. So he hastened to the archipelago, looked it over with the eye of a connoisseur in Oriental islands, and prepared an oration covering the whole annexation movement.

A stated address to the Senate from a newly enrolled member was substantially without precedent, but Beveridge had always revelled in doing unprecedented things. It was one of these—his bold demand, as a boy orator destitute of lawmaking experience, that the Legislature of Indiana send him to Washington—which had startled the time-tried Hoosier politicians into putting him where he now was; and he could see no reason why his present defiance of Senatorial etiquette and tradition should not operate as a good advertisement. It did. The leading newspapers reported his speech at great length, from printed slips he had already distributed. Nearly all noticed it editorially, either to criticise or to commend, and for fame-making purposes he didn't care which attitude they took. Only one of his fellow-Senators undertook to answer it seriously, though two or three others poked fun at it. Praise, blame, or satire—everything was grist for his mill; and within a week this small, lithe, beardless youngster could fairly claim to be the most widely talked-about man in America.

Next he went abroad and took a look at Russia when she was getting ready for her war with Japan, and on his return published "The Russian Advance," which convinced thousands of Americans that the Japanese had not the ghost of a chance in the impend-

ing struggle. Now he is once more preparing the public mind for mighty events in the Old World, lest otherwise they might come upon our generation unheralded.

Like Bryan, Beveridge has been an orator from boyhood. While he was following the plough on an Illinois farm his fondness for coining resonant periods found an outlet through his commands to the draft-animals who were his only audience. When he passed from the farm to the logging-camp, his "bunkies" lent respectful ear to his eloquence; and graduating thence into a country college, he lost no time in announcing himself a candidate for a part in all the oratorical contests which came that way. In one of these he happened to have Bryan for an antagonist, and defeated him; and in 1896, when the news went forth from Chicago that Bryan had with a single speech hoisted himself from an inconspicuous delegate's place to the head of the Democratic national ticket, Beveridge's significant comment was: "I beat Bryan before, but he has been nominated for President first." Learning that Senator James K. Jones had been the person chiefly responsible for Bryan's opportunity to address the Convention, he put himself as often as possible in the way of seeing and talking with the Arkansan, in quest of valuable points. After his Philippine speech he walked over to the Democratic side of the Senate, engaged Jones in a friendly chat about commonplaces, and then plump—the question that filled his mind:

"Now, Senator, won't you tell me frankly, in the light of your long experience, how you liked my speech?"

"Well," answered the veteran, smiling thoughtfully as he stroked his beard, "since you are bound to have my candid opinion, I should think that if your ideas should some day catch up with your vocabulary, you might cut a pretty good figure as an orator!"

In his law practice, Beveridge's strongest hold is with a jury. His resourcefulness in extemporized dramatic effects is among his most notable qualities. One day a young and pretty schoolma'am retained him to defend her against a charge of having cruelly flogged a refractory pupil. At the trial, Beveridge manifested much concern when the opposing lawyer put the boy upon the stand, made him tell his story of the dreadful way in which the teacher had rained blows upon him with a tree-branch, and by way of proof bare his back so that the jury could see the marks of the punishment. As soon as Beveridge looked at these, his face brightened, and an expression of disdain took the place of his expression of apprehension. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "is that all? Here"—handing an attendant his pocket-knife—"go out and cut me a thin switch from the nearest tree."

Taking the switch lightly between the thumb and first two fingers of his right hand, he gave his legs a contemptous half-dozen flecks, and then rolled up his trousers. His calves showed six welts, as thick and as discolored as those on the boy's back, though it was obvious that he could not have been hurt badly. His bland smile as he stepped back met an instant response on the faces of the jury, and the teacher went her way rejoicing. Every one who had witnessed the demonstration was so overcome by it that even the opposing lawyer did not recover his wits enough till after dinner to ejaculate: "By Jove! I wonder whether Bev could have put those welts on his legs before he came into court!"

VIEILLARD.

Automatic Government

OUR EXHILARATING QUEST FOR A POLITICAL MECHANISM THAT WILL TURN OUT A GOOD LAW AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON.

By ROYAL J. DAVIS.

It is now three years since the brief but somewhat sensational announcement: "Arizona now leads all American States in forms of self-government." This triumph had been attained within the space of forty-eight momentous hours. On the 16th of May, 1912, the Legislature—the first in the history of the new Commonwealth—passed laws providing for the "advisory recall" of United States Senators, and the "advisory nomination" and "advisory recall" of Federal District Judges. On the 17th, the bills were signed by the Governor. It was in reality a double triumph. President Taft had vetoed the first draft of a Constitution submitted to him by Congress, because it contained a provision for the recall of judges. In consequence, it had been necessary for Congress to pass a second draft, with the offending article omitted. Gov. Hunt, in his first message to the first Legislature of the new State, urged the passing of a Constitutional amendment restoring the article. The legislators, being, as a friendly critic noted at the time, "singularly independent and free in their activities," acceded to the request, and the amendment was ratified by the people in November. The triumph over an unprogressive President was complete, but of itself would not have given Arizona the dizzy distinction of leading all American States in forms of self-government. This exalted position was due to the fact that the "advisory nomination" and "advisory recall" provisions were but the completion of a structure that had been well begun by the "Constitutional initiative," the "direct statutory initiative," and the "referendum."

I.

If Arizona had thus expressed formally her distrust of her Legislature, the only difference in this respect between her and some of her sister States was that she was forehanded enough to put herself on guard against it previous to its initial appearance upon the scene. Prevention in order to avoid the necessity for cure was evidently her motto.

This distrust of Legislatures is a recent development, at least in the proportions it has assumed. Our fathers, and especially our grandfathers, were more inclined to distrust the Executive, looking to the Legislative to save them from the encroachments of the more arbitrary authority. In our day the Executive makes no bones of denouncing the Legislative for its unresponsiveness to the popular will. We expect a new Governor to make himself solid with us by telling us that the men whom we elected at the same time that we elected him, and for the purpose of working with him, are a poor lot, whose powers or numbers should be reduced, while his own influence over government should be augmented. A Governor of Kansas suggests a small Legislature of one house, chosen for four or six years—double, that is, the period for which legislators are ordinarily elected—and with the Governor as a member. A Governor of Washington also recommends a small unicameral Legislature of twenty-five members. Oregon voted last November to retain her Senate, but a full third of those voting upon the question favored abolition. Even the Governor of Arizona, whose Legislature apparently started out so well, advises a one-house body of from five to fifteen members. But Oklahoma has come nearest the goal. Had it not been for the requirement in her Constitution that an amendment must receive a majority, not simply of the votes cast upon it, but of the total vote cast at that election, she would be trying the experiment of a one-house Legislature of eighty members, empowered to choose, in their turn, a commission of fifteen. The vote for this amendment was 95,000, to 72,000 against it.

The indictment of our law-making assemblies has two counts: it charges them with betrayal of the public, and with stupidity. Either, if proved, is enough to condemn, if we can supply the place of the condemned. The first charge used to be more loudly made than the second, but this order has been reversed. One hears less of the venality of our law-makers just now than of their stupidity. Stupid they must often be admitted to be, with a stupidity ranging from mere obtuseness—a negative defect—to absurdity and fanaticism. There is nobody like a Governor for holding them up to scorn for this weakness, and, among Governors, Hodges, of Kansas, has furnished the most picturesque bill of particulars. He and his Attorney-General did their best to scrutinize the flood of bills that poured through the legislative mill-race, but in spite of their care they discovered, at the end of one session, that two chapters of the laws were duplicates of another two chapters. The thoroughness of that Legislature was proved up to the hilt by its repeal of one law three separate times: by section 3 of chapter 75, by section 2 of chapter 123, and by section 7 of chapter 124. The sober second thought followed fast upon the heels of the first impulse when chapter 318 was amended by chapter 319. More confusing was the procedure in reference to another law, which was repealed, and afterward amended and repealed again. A law governing the inspection of hotels and lodging houses contains what Gov. Hodges calls "three distinct, different, and diametrically opposite sections." Even a lawyer, he fears, could not possibly say when the law becomes operative, "and yet this bill was drawn in the origin by its friends and handled by them all through its process of enactment."

"If any stallion or jack," read one bit of legislation, "escape from his owner by accident, he shall be liable for all damages, but shall not be liable to be fined as above

provided." The Governor hopes that the courts will construe this regulation without too close attention to its grammar. It is less reprehensible, however, than a bill that had for its purpose an increase of from 3 to 13 cents a day in the amount of wages paid to the wives and children of convicts of the State. So clumsily was it drawn that the Attorney-General had to bring his imagination to the rescue in order to continue paying the three cents, let alone the additional ten that the bill was intended to provide. It is not the most uncommon thing in law-making for a measure to pass both houses twice; a more unfortunate phenomenon is the appearance of a negative which reverses a bill's desired effect. A favorite device of the opponents of a measure is to move to strike out the enacting clause, but in Kansas—and doubtless in many other States—bills reach the Governor quite innocent of this decoration. If one found in the early statutes of Oklahoma a full set of regulations for the government of harbors, wharfage, and lighthouses, one might conclude that a Swiss navy was not such an absurdity as it is usually regarded. The explanation is, however, that these regulations were taken bodily from the laws of Texas, with what we must admire as extraordinary long-sightedness.

Many hours were spent by the Kansas Legislature that committed these various misdeeds in discussing and passing a bill relating to "chiropractic." The Governor was wary and allowed the bill to become law without his signature. Upon examining it closely, he found that it required him to appoint as members of a board three "chiropractors" who had practiced their art in Kansas for two years in the immediate past. But in order to comply with this provision, he would have been compelled to appoint men or women who had been openly violating the medical registration laws of the State for the same length of time. He did not care to undertake that responsibility. The worst thing about this precious bill was that it, and others no better, like the "pure shoe" bill, had consumed so much time that the closing days of the session were choked with legislation of the utmost importance, for which there could not be even a pretence of deliberation and which accordingly failed. In law-making, it is a fatal error to keep the good wine until the last.

Whatever "chiropractic" was or may be, it occupied the attention of more Legislatures last year than one. While Kansas was arguing its merits, California also was impressed with the duty of providing a State board to examine and certify "chiropractors." Some of the legislators of the Golden State had a larger vision, and proposed to have a similar board for barbers—for which, indeed, some argument might be found. But these measures were of small import beside others of the four thousand of that session. "To eat," began one, "to work, and to be recompensed for enforced idleness is hereby declared to be the inalienable right of every man, woman, and child in this State." It ended by conferring upon the Governor authority to appoint a "citizen of this State to be designated as the Commissioner for the Abolishment of Poverty." One bill gave school boards power to regulate the dress of school children. (An Ohio legislator recently proposed to protect the modest feelings of himself and his fellow-Buckeyes by a drastic law relating to women's apparel, but his colleagues felt unequal to the job.) Another bill created the office of Bee Commissioner. A third made it a misdemeanor to keep any bird in a cage less than three feet square; the height seems to have been immaterial. Still another graciously provided that soldiers who did not like the fare at the Veterans' Home might commute their privileges there into a pension and live where they pleased. One member of this Legislature remarked that it was attempting to regulate everything but the birth-rate—surely a most incautious suggestion.

II.

It must be evident that even our best Legislatures are only human. Gov. Hodges admits as much when, after pointing out the inexcusable mistakes of omission and commission made by the law-makers of his own State, he says: "With all that, the Kansas Legislature of 1913 was as efficient, as capable, as upright and honest, as any Legislature that ever sat; it passed many wholesome laws. There was not a single suspicion of corruption." Taking from this praise the proper discount for local patriotism, we nevertheless are forced to the conclusion that the Legislature won't do. Like the steam engine, it is a terrible waster of energy. We have no choice but to follow the example of the farmer in the fable and rely upon ourselves. Yet this ideal, being an ideal, is impossible of realization. Most of our time—and, if the truth be confessed, our interest—is taken up with private affairs. We shall have to retain the Legislature for the routine. But we can have some push-buttons, neatly labelled I., R., and R., which we will push when we can't get what we want otherwise.

The Recall button we do not use much. Cities adopt it in a pleasant glow of anticipation over the new bit of machinery, but when they realize that, despite the sweet abruptness that its name suggests, it means in plain English holding an election over again, their customary reluctance to enjoy the voter's prerogative oftener than is necessary asserts itself with paralyzing effect. Perhaps they have a glimmer, also, of the uncomplimentary fact that, while the Initiative and the Referendum are indications of our distrust of the Legislature, the Recall shows distrust in ourselves. Inertia is thus enforced by the ethical principle—or the sporting instinct—that we deserve to suffer the results of our acts.

But the I. and R., that two-headed hammer of Thor, is subject to no such qualifications. We invented it to do the work that our Legislatures would not do. It is a bit puzzling, therefore, to find that it is not always swung with effectiveness—but this is the verdict of the highest authorities, that is, the warmest advocates of it. "We are very sorry," sighed *Equity* some months ago, "that South Dakota, the first State to have the I. and R. in its Constitution, voted against a Constitutional Convention. We hoped that this State would also take the lead in drawing and adopting a thoroughly modern State Constitution. But, like Indiana"—like Indiana, one of the States that are still wandering in the wilderness without the I. and R. pillar of cloud and fire—"it missed its opportunity. Now instead of being a leader, it will become a follower." An I. and R. State a follower! Is such a thing conceivable? Then there is Colorado. "Efforts to alter or improve the Initiative and Referendum amendment in the Colorado Constitution . . . proved unavailing." Proposition No. 4, in which Judge Lindsey's Social Service League was particularly interested, was defeated by a vote of two to one. The failure of these amendments is attributed to "the general reaction experienced in other States" also. Of all the proposals submitted to the people last November that can fairly be called progressive, no less than 60 per cent. were voted down. A Legislature could hardly have done worse.

Indeed, if it had been a Legislature that had done so badly, there would have been the solace of saying that the people had been misrepresented. But when the voters betray themselves, who is there to mourn? Even Arizona, despite her leadership in forms of self-government, wavered. By an oversight that is simply unaccountable in so enlightened a community, she had failed to guard measures adopted through the instrumentality of the I. and R. from repeal by the Legislature. From the Governor she had taken the power of veto over such laws, but the legislative wolf was free to gobble them up. Surely there could be no doubt of an overwhelming majority for an amendment that merely prohibited the Legislature from undoing the work of the people. Yet the vote was 16,567 for and 16,484 against—a majority of 83 votes in a total of 33,000. To add to the mystery, it appears that only two-thirds of those voting on candidates voted either way on this "important improvement," although three-fourths of the whole number voting voted upon such comparatively trivial matters as a $5,000,000 highways bond issue, old age and mothers' pension laws, and the creation of a new county.

III.

Legislatures are human. Can it be that voters are human, too? Yet how else explain their attitude upon measures in which those who would liberate them from the representative yoke are so deeply interested? It is not only that they vote wrongly. That is their right. As *Equity* graciously concedes, "they should vote for or against, as best suits their sovereign pleasures." But

what if they fail to vote at all? In Minnesota, an I. and R. amendment received 168,004 votes in November, with only 41,577 against it. Yet it was defeated, because the cruel Constitution provides that an amendment can be carried only by a majority of the total vote cast, not for it, but for candidates who are running at the same time. As the candidates polled 356,000 votes, the amendment fell short of adoption by 10,000 votes. A pitifully narrow margin! But look at the figures again, and see whether the case of the defeated amendment is so pitiful. The candidates polled 356,000 votes. The vote on the amendment, including both favorable and adverse ballots, was 209,000. Two voters in every five were indifferent to the amendment, and yet it almost went into the Constitution. The one amendment that was carried received only 223,000 votes.

This indifference is so common that the apostles of direct government have made it an article of their faith that a majority of those voting on a measure shall be sufficient to carry it. Those who do not vote upon it shall not be counted. "People who don't know enough to vote on a question or are not enough interested to do so, are not entitled to be counted as against those who are for it." Voters shall be divided into three classes: supporters, opponents, and indifferent. The indifferent may outnumber the other two, but the fight shall be decided without them.

The objection to this position goes to the centre of the cry that government must be restored to the people. If a majority of the voters regularly fail to vote for laws that are submitted to them, so that it becomes necessary to provide that those who do not vote upon them shall not be counted either for or against them, does it not look as if the people were not quite so eager to "rule" as those who assume to speak for them had thought? And is it consistent with professed regard for the popular will to provide that the indifferent, instead of counting as indifferent, shall not count at all? Is there not a right of indifference? Must the voter drop everything else and line up on one side or the other whenever eight per cent. of his fellow-voters so demand? The fact is that the advocates of direct government have shifted from their original position of restoring government to the people and are now pleading for putting it into the hands of any group that is more interested in a particular question than is the mass of citizens.

The suspicion that voters are made out of the same clay as Legislatures is strengthened by the occasional circumstance of the adoption of two conflicting measures at the same election. It is a little difficult to blame Legislatures for doing in the busy grind what the voter does with ample time for preparation. The danger has been rather cleverly met in some States by a provision that if two conflicting measures are carried, the one receiving the larger number of votes shall stand. It is somewhat of a shock to find that the sovereign people must be provided with protection, not only against Legislatures, but even against itself.

One valuable contribution to political philosophy that has been made by advocates of the I. and R. must not be overlooked. The objection that "the fundamental distinction between Constitution and ordinary statutes will be destroyed is not nearly so formidable as many American writers and statesmen would have us believe, because the distinction between them is really very hard to determine." This profound observation, which occurs in a pamphlet published by the State Historical Society of Iowa, if it does not throw much light upon the problem of government, at all events enables us to measure our progress since the days of the novices who drew up the Federal Constitution.

Correspondence.

A WORD TO THE MODERATELY RICH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As one of the moderately rich, with an income, say, of $10,000 to $25,000 a year, I want to express my conviction that the great majority of us, including myself, are acting like hogs. With millions suffering for food and care in Belgium, Servia, and Poland, I doubt if there is a single one of us in the whole United States who has taken the situation sufficiently to heart to make any appreciable sacrifice to help relieve it. By an appreciable sacrifice, I mean any real curtailment of our pleasure at all comparable to that involved in the giving of half a dollar by a laboring man or woman. Many of us have given a few hundreds or perhaps a thousand or two; but I don't believe a single one has gone without a new car or a summer trip or anything in that class, on account of what he has given to relief funds. If there is such a one, I should very much like to get his address. Let me ask these people if it would not be little enough for them to give some of the relief funds as much as a half or quarter of their annual surplus, which they would otherwise salt down for the benefit of children already, in most cases, suffering from the effects of too much luxury. To descend to personalities, I had given up to June about $600 to the different funds, and my friends seemed to think that that was doing quite well; but when I found that the exigencies of my family demanded a $1,000 trip and a new $2,000 car, I felt so cheap that I sopped my conscience by sending $2,000 to the Servians. Not that this removes the mark of the hog. I ought to give another $5,000 without batting an eye, but I am not man enough. What I will do, though, is to give another $2,000 to the Belgian Red Cross Fund, if nine or more other readers of the *Nation* will give an equal amount to any of the relief funds; and I will send a check to your care whenever you say that I should do so. O.

HOLDING BACK WHEAT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As I write this I am on a railway train going through the richest part of the Nebraska winter wheat belt. One week ago to-day I came through the spring wheat belt of North Dakota and Minnesota. In spite of a very wet season in the former territory, what appears to be a bumper crop has been cut, and all accounts agree that in the latter the yield promises to be 10 per cent. above expectations. In both sections I notice a peculiar condition, viz., the farmers are stacking their wheat. In the last one hundred miles I have noticed but one threshing machine at work. In the West farmers have no way of holding wheat after it is threshed except to sack it, and the cost of sacks makes this method too costly. Where they intend holding it they stack it, otherwise they haul it directly from shock to the thresher, and the grain, in box body wagons, directly from the thresher to the elevator, where they receive cash for it. It is very evident, then, that there is a widespread determination among the farmers to hold their wheat.

At breakfast this morning I met a man and our conversation centred on this subject. He said he was interested in a number of threshing machines, and that this was the poorest season his business had ever known, although the grain was there and would have to be threshed sooner or later. To my question as to why the farmers were making such elaborate preparations for holding the crop he replied:

"It's the war. I've got it figured out this way. A very fair proportion of the farmers in this section are Germans and are anti-Ally in their sentiments. As a rule, these German farmers are prosperous and are influential in their counties. These men feel that if the American wheat crop is marketed, it will be an aid to the Allies—the English especially—and they are going around among their neighbors and telling them that the Dardanelles cannot be forced, and that wheat is bound to go to $2 a bushel before long, advising them to hold it."

Whether this theory is correct or not, I cannot say. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. That the wheat is being held beyond any precedent is a certainty. I am connected with a large granger railway, and I know that our loading of grain is running about twenty-five cars a day, when with average crop conditions it should be four hundred at this season. James B. Latimer.

Chicago, August 31.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A pamphlet bearing the names of Frederic Bancroft, John H. Latané, and Dunbar Rowland, and the title, "Why the American Historical Association Needs Thorough Reorganization," has just been distributed to the Association's members. Its purpose is to carry further the campaign which was waged largely in the columns of the *Nation* last year. Its contents comprise an introduction, a description by Dr. Bancroft of certain existing irregularities, and a schedule of reforms proposed by Professor Latané. Dr. Bancroft, a recent convert to the movement, writes with more acerbity than may be generally approved; and the stress which he lays upon the frequency of payments from the treasury of the *American Historical Review* for the travelling expenses of its editors may be considered undue. These items are of some significance, however, as indications that the group of men who have long been and are still in control

of the Association and its organ of publication have had their sense of trusteeship in some degree dulled. The temper in which certain spokesmen of that group have replied to criticisms tends to strengthen this impression.

But whatever may be the reader's reaction to Dr. Bancroft's indictment, the constructive proposals of Professor Latané are bound to commend themselves to a multitude of the members. They are:

"(1.) The present editors of the *Review* must renounce the claim of editorial ownership and recognize their position as agents of the Association, or give place to a board that will.

"(2.) The mysterious relation that exists between the *Review* and the Carnegie Institution of Washington should be made known to the Association. This information will be called for at the next annual meeting. The arrangement should be continued only in case it suits the best interests of the Association.

"(3.) There is no good reason for allowing the ex-presidents undemocratic life-membership on the Council. Whether objectionable formerly or not, it is now thoroughly objectionable for several well-known reasons; one of them is that some ex-presidents are actively engaged in academic work, have axes to grind, and their presence on the Council virtually deprives the Association of self-government.

"(4.) The practice of promoting the vice-presidents to the presidency has produced unsatisfactory results and should be discontinued. It has given to the ring the backing of three aspirants to the presidency by determining the order of their succession, thus making it all but impossible to break the slate annually prepared by the inner circle.

"(5.) All attempts to end boss-and-ring rule will be futile while the managing editor and members of the board are allowed to be on the Council. The Council should elect and dominate the editorial board and the board should aid and direct the managing editor. It is tolerating just the reverse of all this that has been the direct or indirect cause of most of the unfortunate conditions in the Association.

"(6.) No personal expenses should be paid except after formal approval by a finance committee, and the treasurer's annual report to the Council and to the Association should contain individual and itemized statements of all such expenses."

As a newly elected member of the Council, I have felt it a duty to increase my knowledge of the workings of the Association and to study the possible means of betterment. I have learned that the minutes of the earlier meetings, at which the status of the *Review* was legislated upon, are in part missing and in part, as the present secretary has written me, palpably erroneous. Under these conditions, every person is in a measure free to form his own theory of the official relation between the Association and the *Review*, and no man may convince another of his error. Such a state of things clearly calls for new legislation; and this should be of such a sort as to make the editors of the *Review* definitely the servants, and not the masters, of the Association.

At the present time I find myself in favor of all of Professor Latané's proposals, excepting possibly the fourth in his list. I shall keep an open mind, however, until the time for definite action is at hand. I earnestly hope—and here without doubt I voice the thought of nearly three thousand fellow-members—that the discussion will progress in the utmost mutual good will. Recrimination is wholly out of place. Those who are in controlling office have rendered excellent service, and at the worst have committed errors of judgment in minor concerns and errors of interpretation where the legislation has been ambiguous. On the other hand, the reformers are men of equally high character and public spirit. Exaggeration and harsh words can only hurt the party which uses them. The problem is not as to who shall fill the offices, but as to what offices there shall be and what the functions of their incumbents.

ULRICH B. PHILLIPS.

Bellport, L. I., August 6.

FREDERIC BANCROFT'S REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Phillips's *pro tanto* declaration for reform will surprise no one less than the joint authors of the pamphlet he refers to. If he had been able to attend any of our conferences, perhaps he would have advanced with us. On a mere hint he was ready to join in demanding information when officials were trying to keep it back. And what he says about "the group of men who have long been and still are in control of the Association and its organ of publication" having "their sense of trusteeship in some degree dulled," and about "certain spokesmen of that group"—these are ample evidences of independence and courage.

It is important now to guard against any inference that our six propositions were intended to be adequate to the "thorough reorganization" demanded. Those propositions are entitled "Some Proposed Reforms," and the present writer speaks for the joint authors in saying that those propositions are little more than fundamentals. They are followed by a request for suggestions, so that the Association can "develop and push through at the next annual meeting a plan that will end the evils long complained of in vain." Consequently, since the pamphlet was sent out, July 1, there has been an almost continuous stream of most gratifying letters.

In due time the joint authors and an increasing number of active colleagues will give all interested in the reform movement a careful account of what has been done and will make some suggestions about candidates and further reforms. Any time in October will be early enough to fill out the blank ballots recently received from the nominating committee. While asking for suggestions, this committee manifests its eagerness to continue ring-rule by appealing to "a long-standing precedent" to advance one of the ring, although this very precedent is one of our fundamental grievances. The ring itself is, alas, "a long-standing precedent," which could hardly have been possible except by the trades, dickers, and combinations involved in this advancement of its own members through the presidential offices. The sophistry is too feeble and transparent to mislead any one that really desires reform.

For the present, a sentence or two from each of a few letters, characteristic of many, may speak for themselves:

A widely known professor in a large Eastern university writes: "I am grateful for the pamphlet on ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, as exemplified by the shining lights of the American Historical Association. I have been a member of that organization for a dozen years or more, during all of which time I have never had the slightest doubt that strong-arm work was being done to keep out all interlopers from the sacred circle. . . . No whitewashing tactics will go down with a great many members."

A member of the council: "I do not believe that any one will contend after reading that document that there is no ring in the American Historical Association, or that you have [not] successfully disclosed the nature of that ring. The demonstration is so clear that I am surprised that no one was ever before able to locate that powerful organization."

An editor of an historical magazine: "I was amazed at the disclosures. The actual 'ring' and its methods were not unknown to me, and my voice has been raised against them for a great many years; but it seems to me that you, in your pamphlet, have put your fingers upon the sore places and pointed out the remedy."

A New York city professor and man-of-letters: "I do not think that 'shocked' is too strong a word to express my feelings in reading your revelations, at least some of them, for I had known for some time that 'things were not right.'"

A military historian: "Well, you surely make out a strong case on two charges: financial mismanagement, to use no harsher term, and unconstitutional administration. On these two lines there ought, and doubtless will, be drastic reforms instituted at the next meeting."

A distinguished New England historian: "I read the circular with great interest. You certainly fired hot shot into the 'ring.' I've watched the papers to see whether its members haven't quietly died, as their only simple means of escape!"

Another in the same region: "I think, also, you have shown that the editors have established a system of control of the Association which should not be allowed to continue. The exposure you have made of it should be sufficient to cause it to be abandoned."

A Maryland historian: "This pamphlet ought to arouse the interest of every member, and . . . I am willing to do all that I can to help you in this most worthy cause."

A New York lawyer: "I am glad that you had the nerve to fire shrapnel at those literary bosses."

The reformers intend to see to it that there shall be neither forgetting nor twisting nor false explaining of the facts set forth in the pamphlet. They will hew to that line. Those facts cannot be successfully controverted. It is now more than eight months since the editorial board was challenged to explain by what right it had claimed the ownership of the *Review*. Where probably not one other member of the Association, out of the whole 3,000, could have been convinced, the board has wisely not attempted to answer. It is more than four months since this same board was also challenged to explain why a December meeting had for many years been secretly called at great expense to the treasury, and thirty days after a November meeting, when all the business of the *Review* was, or should have been, transacted at one of those meetings. This secret December meeting enabled

the members of the board to get their expenses paid to the annual meeting. Many other serious charges were made in the pamphlet. No one has even attempted to deny any of them, except privately and by representations that will easily be refuted if published. Moreover, the facts for every material statement in the pamphlet were learned from the Association's records; and the officials criticised were, in most cases, first privately given an opportunity to offer explanations.

The slight beginnings of reform that have already been started have been obtained only by virtual compulsion. Considering the offences and the conduct since those offences have become known, we are unable to classify them as mere errors of judgment. And the men that are responsible for them are surely not proper custodians of the reform movement. Let us take an example.

After the increasing demand for some reform could no longer be resisted, the council, ruled by the ring, brought forward a plan to refer the question of a reorganization of the Association to a committee of nine. This, it was assumed, would give the Association a fair opportunity to decide as to what it wished. Just at this time the Association was startled by the claim that the *Review* belonged to the editorial board, most of whom are members of the well-known ring. This claim of ownership was stoutly challenged at the council meeting last December, until a compromise was struck by which it was agreed that the question of the relationship of the *Review* to the Association should be referred to this, of course impartial, committee of nine. But straightway the ring, still holding the entire machinery of procedure, easily managed to have such a committee chosen that it promptly selected as its chairman a member of the ring; for there were not more than one or two reformers among the nine, and they had never been either conspicuous or outspoken. And this chairman was formerly director of the Carnegie Department of Historical Research and the managing editor of the *Review*, and he has maintained the most intimate relations with his successor, who is the one most to blame for "boss-and-ring rule." This being the case, what more natural than that this chairman should be zealous in protecting these non-Association interests? Accordingly, after the compromise had been made, and shortly before the business meeting of the Association was to convene, he begged the present writer, at the request of the aforesaid boss, not to say anything at that meeting about the relationship between the Carnegie Department and the *Review*. As the writer then knew next to nothing about that relationship, and as the question did not come up, the request was necessarily complied with. Moreover, there are other members of that committee and of others who have been beneficiaries of that Department and its director. Bosses in distress are sometimes urgent, and grateful human nature is sometimes weak. Therefore, it's well not to forget the proverb as to whom God helps.

Unmindful of these facts, some persons have thought it strange that the reformers would not trust their plans to that committee and coöperate with it. The facts should sufficiently explain our attitude as to the past and the present. As to the future, I am authorized to be equally explicit. If harmony and coöperation in the interest of the whole Association are desired by those who have been the cause of the lack of them, they can easily be obtained, so far as the reformers are concerned, if only the unfairly made up committee of nine will properly reorganize. The reformers do not ask for a majority; one-third would suffice. If even two members of that committee, including the chairman, will withdraw, and the committee will admit two representative reformers, then the work of genuine reform could begin at once and be ready to be reported to the annual meeting in Washington next December.

But, of course, a proposition so fair and sure to bring peace and harmony to all but a few will not be accepted. The kind of reform desired by those interested in boss-and-ring rule was provided for when the committee was appointed. And since then the good but unwise boss has generously been peddling assurances that reforms satisfactory to the Association would be granted. Unfortunately this began several months before the work of the committee even commenced. Not unnaturally, this has afforded the reformers much amusement. Moreover, experience has taught them to look for infallible aids in the absurd claims and the ridiculous attitudes of the ring, and especially of its boss. The comparatively few reformers that have been deceived by these assurances—that reforms were to be vouchsafed by inveterate anti-reformers—will in due season throw off their illusions. And that will be in time to vote for the needed "thorough reorganization" that has been both promised and provided for.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

Washington, D. C., September 5.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a circular letter received to-day from the nominating committee of the American Historical Association, I find the following paragraph:

"The committee assumes that, at least until further action by the Association, the long-standing precedent of advancing the existing vice-presidents to or towards the presidency will be followed, but the blanks below afford opportunity of expressing dissent from this practice."

The first vice-president is Prof. George L. Burr, one of the editors of the *American Historical Review*. I regret exceedingly that the members of the editorial ring, which has for years controlled the affairs of the Association, should persist in their efforts to advance to the presidency another member of the board of editors of the *Review*, while the transactions of that board which have been the subject of serious criticism are still under investigation by members of the Council. Furthermore, the members of that board have advanced what appears to be a wholly untenable and preposterous claim of proprietorship in the *Review*.

In thus attempting to elect another one of their number to the presidency, the editorial ring are pursuing their accustomed tactics of trying to becloud the issue. They hope that their candidate can win for them something like a vote of confidence. If they really want a vote of confidence, why do they not resign in a body and put the issue squarely before the Association? Professor Burr should refuse to permit his name to be used in connection with the presidency until the Association has had a chance to pass upon the questions already at issue. While my personal relations with him have always been of the pleasantest character, I shall oppose at all hazards his election to the presidency until the questions involving the ownership and status of the *Review* have been satisfactorily settled. If the editorial ring persists in its plan, and he permits the use of his name, the reformers will gladly accept the challenge and spare no effort to defeat his election at Washington next December.

When charges of ring-rule were first made, we were asked for a bill of particulars. We have given it. If further evidence is demanded, we stand ready to supply it, for since the publication of the pamphlet, "Why the American Historical Association Needs Thorough Reorganization," many additional facts have been brought to our attention.

JOHN H. LATANE.

Baltimore, September 3.

THE WAR'S GEOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: War may be a good teacher of geography, but there are those who are slow to learn. Perhaps a few examples in proof of this assertion will be appreciated by those of your readers who echo Flaubert's joy over the absurdities of his fellows.

Last September a friend of mine was greatly comforted because, hearing that the Russians were approaching West Prussia, he thought they must be crossing the Rhine. That was early in the war, but only last month another friend thought the Germans, in marching upon Warsaw after the capture of Lemberg, were being lured by the crafty Russians farther and farther away from Berlin. An eminent Harvard professor stated in an article the other day that Germany is only half the size of Texas. Perhaps he meant that she would be if reduced to the proportions he would choose for her. A glaring head-line in one of our leading dailies announced that Bavarian troops were being rushed through Rumania to the defence of Cracow. Why Rumania's neutrality should be violated for the sake of taking Bavarians 800 miles out of their way was not explained. A favorite error concerns the proportion of France occupied by the Germans. The special war correspondent of a widely circulating and complacent magazine declared last November that this section was a fourth of the country; a distinguished pro-German divine declared in March that it was a fifth; the other day I heard it described as a third. As a matter of fact, since their retreat from the Marne, the Germans have held one-twenty-third of France.

But the most delicious blunder I have found occurred in a letter from Germany, published in a New York paper. The writer was loyally predicting the division of the spoils by the victorious Kaiser. After Germany and Austria had been satisfied, Rumania was to receive "a part of Arabia." What part? The desert or that which belongs to Turkey? Was the poor, faithful ally to be robbed for the sake of neutral Rumania? And what was that country to do with her new possession, separated from her by the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, and the Suez Canal? At last the truth came to me. "A part of Arabia" is the typographical for Bessarabia, which any one can find on the map if he looks for it.

H. CARRINGTON LANCASTER.

Amherst College, August 28.

Book Notes and Byways

A LYRIC MIRACLE.

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

TO A LADY WHO ASK'D WHAT HE CHIEFLY ADMIR'D IN HER.

All over I'm in Love with Thee,
As Thou all over lovely art!
There's not a Part but pleases me
Except thy proud, ungentle Heart.

Your Beauty's Light is evident
Though where or how, we cannot say:
Thus unseen Stars i' th' Element
United, make the Milky Way.

Whoever loves your Eyes alone,
A Kind Look only should be his;
And he whose Lips but dwell upon
The Praise of Yours, should lose his Kiss.

I love each Charm, each Grace, alike,
And to them All give all my Heart!
Love did my breast too deeply strike
For Me to know, or name, the Dart.

No student whose ear is sensitive to the undertones of English letters, or to their chronological cadence, would hesitate to give a date to the little poem quoted above. That date, surely, would fall between 1630 and 1650, the perturbed years which managed to bequeath to us the neat melody of "Bid me to live and I will live," and "When first I saw your face," and "Ask me no more." The lines have the romantic point and the dash of languid elegance which belong to "the Warres"; they have also the slightly sophisticated pose, the easily avoidable errors of form—in fact, "the whole bag of tricks." Though not fit to rank with the divine things of the Caroline day, these stanzas are yet recognizably, essentially, and lovably Caroline.

They tell a pleasant tale in Oxford of a distinguished architect who had come to prescribe for some ailing mediæval shrine. He was taken about and shown the half-dozen astonishing specimens of local "after-Gothic"; and first of these, the staircase of Christ Church Hall; and he admired heartily the beautiful spaces above him, the single supporting pillar, and the tenderly wrought fan-vaulting. His host, dean or canon, wickedly feigning, asked: "Just what style and period?" Said the distinguished architect: "Perpendicular; very nice, too. Not later than the end of the fourteenth century." The other went on ever so gently: "What if I could prove to you by our documents that this staircase was built by one 'Smith of London' in 1640?" The visitor's answer is historical. "Sir, no number of documents could prove to me anything which is on the face of it impossible!"

So with the equally astonishing "after-Gothic" of our relic. It is not what it ought to be, but what it has no business to be. We have here no lost manuscript of some contemporary of Suckling's, nor even a modern strain akin to that, such as the nineteenth century could, and sometimes did, play to the charmèd ear. We are accustomed to think of Rochester as the very last English poet of the unbroken line in whose throat the Elizabethan nightingale

—Winter'd, and kept warm her note.

But is the strange beauty of emotion never absent from Rochester's best present in "All over I'm in Love with Thee"? No. That song comes (O unguessable origin!) from the bulky obsolete Posthumous Works in Prose and Verse of Mr. William Wycherley! Such is the "proof of what is on the face of it impossible." The date of publication is 1728, Wycherley being then for some thirteen years dead.

Of all the unblest Georgian argosies, launched under the full sail of a once great reputation, of all the barren unknown scrolls charged with nothing but dull sense and duller ribaldry, commend us to Wycherley's books of verse, posthumous or otherwise, though the posthumous one is the least forbidding of them. Yet there is this gay winning lilt, like a jewel in a nettle-bed. Wycherley, despite Pope's splendid adjective for him (well enough borne out, it must be admitted, in Spence's Anecdotes) is surely, even as a dramatist, a nearly perished name. And who has ever been tempted to think of him as a precious minor poet, and put him in anthologies for the fair? Yet again, for once in his life, there is he, the serene producer, and here are we, the boggled consumers of real poetry! Despite its confusion of personal pronouns and its iteration of rhyme, his conceit of compliment is well-nigh perfect in its kind. It does not withhold its own playful hint of immortality. A lady, a young archly smiling lady of many patches and furbelows, would have a stout middle-aged celebrity confess to her under the boughs of Spring Gardens, or by the courtly candle-light of Vauxhall, what He chiefly Admir'd in Her. Well, she has this exquisite little answer to hover like a butterfly over her forgotten grave. It is almost as if Dianeme had asked the selfsame question of Herrick.

Literature

THE RELIGIOUS QUEST OF INDIA.

Indian Theism from the Vedic to the Muhammadan Period. By Nicol Macnicol. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

The Heart of Jainism. By Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson. Oxford University Press. 7s. net.

Messrs. J. N. Farquhar and H. G. Griswold, both of them secretaries of organized missions in India and men of liberal views and solid scholarship, are editing a series of books entitled "The Religious Quest of India," the first two volumes of which are now ready. The aim of the series is twofold: to present the facts of the various Indian religions in scientific fashion, supplementing historical investigation with the intimate acquaintance with present-day conditions which the missionary possesses as few others do, and secondly "to set each form of Indian religion by the side of Christianity in such a way that the relationship may stand out clear." The writers of the series do not forget that they are missionaries as well as scholars, and their first aim is the vindication and the victory of the Cross. One may indeed question whether such aims and authorship promise well for the impartiality of the series. It might even be argued that a religion could hardly be presented sympathetically or even justly by one whose chief aim in life is to destroy it. Yet, as the editors remark, "no man approaches the study of a religion without religious convictions either positive or negative: for both reader and writer, therefore, it is better that these should be explicitly stated at the outset." Knowing the authors' point of view in advance, it is not difficult to abstract from it. Moreover, the writers of these series are not missionaries of the old school, but have real sympathy for the religious views of the people among whom they are working; and, besides, one may always skip the last chapter.

It cannot be said that Dr. Macnicol's "Indian Theism" has contributed anything of importance to our knowledge of his subject. The period which he treats has been carefully studied by many able scholars, and as it came to an end three hundred years ago, the "close and direct contact with Indian religious life" from which the series is supposed to draw so much of its value, is able to contribute very little. Hence the book is hardly more than a summary of the work done by many preceding writers, covering in 189 pages a period of about 3,000 years. To be sure, the book does not end with this, but has two additional chapters, one a kind of summary of the summary (entitled The Theology), while the other (Criticism and Appreciation) is a comparison of "the theology" with "the standard Theism of Christianity." Dr. Macnicol's book is sound, scholarly, just, at times even sympathetic, and makes a good introduction to the study of Hindu theistic speculation; but it cannot be called an important work.

A very different book is Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson's "The Heart of Jainism"; for here we have a religion which is still in need of minute scholarly investigation, and in the presentation of which the missionary's "close and direct contact" with the life of the people will be of the greatest value. Jainism was one of the last of the ancient Oriental religions to become an object of study for Western scholars. Until the '80's, in fact, it was generally considered (in spite of the emphatic protests of the Jainas themselves) an offshoot of Buddhism, and a very uninteresting one at that. Thanks to the researches of Bühler and Jacobi, however, it was shown conclusively that Jainism was older than Buddhism, and hence one of the oldest religions in the world. In spite of this, it roused very little interest in the West, and until recently was hardly more than a name to Europeans, outside of a small circle of Sanscritists. The works in England upon it were mostly hidden away in learned journals or in the rather forbidding "Sacred Books of the East"; and the chapter on Jainism in Hopkins's "Religions of India"—a book that has had so large an influence with the reading public—did little more than spread the conviction that this was a particularly unimportant and uninteresting faith, and caricatured it as "a religion in which the chief points insisted on are that one should deny God, worship man, and nourish vermin." In 1903, however, Bühler's little book, "The Indian Sect of the Jainas," was translated into English, and in 1909, 1910, and 1912, respectively, three other short works, written in popular form, were published. The first of

these was Barodia's "History and Literature of Jainaism," the second Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson's "Notes on Modern Jainism"—by far the best piece of work that had been done on the present religious condition of the Jainas; while the third (entitled "Jainism") was by Mr. Herbert Warren, an English convert to the religion which he expounds in over-sympathetic fashion.

The surprising dearth of literature in English upon a religion that is older than Buddha makes Mrs. Stevenson's new book upon the subject doubly welcome. There is no other work in which one can find the history, the doctrines, and the present customs and conditions of the Jainas expounded with thoroughness and in detail. And certainly few other scholars would have been able to do what Mrs. Stevenson has done. For she combines with a knowledge of the ancient sources an intimate acquaintance with present-day Jainas and their Gujarati writings. For eight years, as a missionary in Kathiawad (the centre of Jainism) she has had almost unequalled opportunities to know the men and women of whom she writes, observe their customs, and understand their feelings.

The first five chapters of her book are devoted to the origin of Jainism, the life of its founder or great reformer, and the subsequent history of the Jaina community. Then follow three chapters on Jaina philosophy—a section which (owing to the Jaina insistence upon dividing and subdividing everything in heaven and on earth), necessarily makes hard reading. Perhaps the most important as well as the most interesting section of the book is that which immediately follows the philosophical part, and deals with the life of the Jaina layman and monk, and the religious ceremonies and customs which only one who has lived for years in a Jaina community could describe. In this section of her work Mrs. Stevenson has done for Jainism what the Abbé Dubois did a hundred years ago for Hinduism.

Mrs. Stevenson is a missionary, and she believes that Jainism is bound some day to yield absolutely to Christianity. This, however, does not prevent her from bringing to her study of the religion which she seeks to destroy a very considerable sympathy, and though the reader is constantly reminded that the author is a missionary, he also feels convinced that there is little prejudice and a great deal of real appreciation involved in her account. The fact that the Jaina views everything from the ethical rather than the merely metaphysical or superstitious point of view, is clearly brought out, and the ready idealism and real kindness of most Jaina men and women is abundantly recognized. The author's sense of humor gleams through the scholarly exposition at many points, but she has wisely kept it under considerable restraint, lest in presenting ideas so different from ours she should make the reader laugh when he should seek to understand and sympathize.

In one respect only is the book disappointing—namely, in its failure to make any mention of the very interesting campaign of reform and revival which forms the centre of discussion in the Jaina community to-day. Groups of young Jaina idealists have been formed in various parts of India, organizations have been founded, periodicals published, and schools established with the aim of abolishing various ancient evils and bringing Jainism "up to date." Of all this one gleans no hint in Mrs. Stevenson's book. But of course, it may well be that this reform movement is only a passing phenomenon, and it is possibly for this reason that Mrs. Stevenson thought best to omit it altogether in her presentation of a religion which is 2,500 years old. At all events, it must be said that she has succeeded as none of her predecessors in laying bare to us the Heart of Jainism.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Young Man's Year. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues" has successfully outlived those youthful triumphs. He will now hardly equal them in point of popularity, but indeed he appears to have nothing of the kind in view. A romancer who deliberately addicts himself to the fiction of "real life," of every-day scenes and people, must expect to find his reward largely in a sense of virtue. But Mr. Hawkins here attempts nothing beyond his powers. His story compares favorably with the fiction of those somewhat younger contemporaries who have abjured romance from the outset. His materials are such as might have been employed by Messrs. Cannan, Mackenzie, Walpole, and company. A young man in London, his adventures material, social, and amatory, rather particularly the last: here is the familiar stuff of current British story-telling. Mr. Hawkins handles it in his own way, and we dare say the younger generation may discern in that way traces of an abhorred Victorianism.

For one thing, his young man is not the queerly named offspring of vulgar parents, but a gentleman. For another thing, he does not marry a barmaid, or achieve an intrigue with a beautiful woman of fashion, or possess himself of a music-hall favorite; though there are moments when we are afraid that (in general terms) he may do any of these things. A maiden of low degree, a pretty actress, and a reigning beauty are all involved in the year of adventure here recorded. But having created Arthur Lisle a gentleman, Mr. Hawkins is so old-fashioned as to hold him to his estate. He has faults and temptations enough, but contends with them, on the whole, pretty creditably. Even the wiles of beautiful Bernedette (who is not without kinship to the Dolly of the Dialogues), though they are too much for his heart, fail to corrupt him. He comes through his year's apprenticeship cleanly, and is properly rewarded, as, after all, people sometimes are in real life. He becomes, by apparently trivial chance, a barrister no longer briefless or lukewarm; and his eyes are opened to the existence of a mate in every way suitable and desirable for him.

The book differs most markedly from the work of the younger men we have named in having a quiet and not uncheerful philosophy, an elderly philosophy, if you like, more specifically embodied in the old justice, Sir Christopher Lance, but pervading the whole story. In short, its author might never have read a French or Russian novel; we never feel that his hero is an Ivan or Jean in disguise. He is English, his scene is English, his author is English. How comfortable, for a change!

Me. A Book of Remembrance. New York: The Century Co.

Personal narratives of this type are embarrassing to the reviewer, with his pigeonholes. Shall he accept them at their face value as bits of autobiography or construe them as pieces of realism in a familiar disguise? Since its beginnings, with Defoe, the English novel has always been setting its critics that poser. The present story is circumstantial in its assurances. It is furnished with an introduction by Miss Jean Webster (author of "Daddy Long-Legs"), vouching for its character as a "human document." It is also an "astounding literary feat," having been written, according to its sponsor, in a hospital, in a space of two weeks—a hundred thousand words! It could be so written, says Miss Webster, because it was "pure reporting." Nevertheless, she admits that the writer is a novelist and a successful one; and we doubt if the novelist ever existed who could make a piece of pure reporting out of the events of his own life. However closely he may stick to his material, there will come moments when, willy-nilly, the figure of his former self becomes "our hero," an object of art. If this be a true story, it is a story told not by a plain citizen, but by a professional story-teller; and therefore of but moderate value as a human document.

It is the story of a year or so out of the life of a girl of seventeen. She is the daughter of an English younger son and ne'er-do-well, who has literally gone to seed in Canada. Her adventure begins as reporter and general factotum of a Jamaica newspaper. She is driven from the island by the advances of a negro magnate, and from a momentary secretaryship to a Richmond physician by similar advances on the part of her employer. She flies to the protection of another Richmond gentleman whom she has met on a train and at once fallen in love with. He sends her to Chicago with a hundred dollars. She becomes a stockyards stenographer, and presently repays the loan. Thereafter he besieges her in cynical fashion, accepting the love she childishly offers him, but not technically taking advantage of it up to the moment when she discovers him to be a pretty thoroughly bad lot, hopelessly involved in sex-intrigues during the very

period of her devotion to him. She herself, while in love with him, has become engaged to three men at a time—but this, she assures us, out of pure good nature and disinclination to give pain. Well, that is not impossible, to seventeen. There is something fine and sound about her, which has protected her even in her love for a skilled libertine; and we leave her at the moment of her escape, confident that she can take care of herself, even though her chosen asylum happens to be New York city.

PROBLEMS IN TRANSPORTATION.

The History and Economics of Transport. By Adam W. Kirkaldy and Alfred Dudley Evans. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.

This book was written primarily to assist in the systematic study of transportation problems in the new commercial schools of Great Britain. It includes not only the history and problems of railway transportation, but those of canals and ocean transport as well, including a suggestive chapter on the economics of marine fuel. Frequent references are made to the situation in other countries, with the result that there are interesting comparisons, but in the main attention is concentrated on Great Britain. The authors avoid as a rule any emphatic expression of opinion on controverted questions, contenting themselves rather with a full statement of the conflicting points of view. They have produced a well-balanced and satisfactory treatment of the subject, which will find many interested readers outside the class for which it was prepared, because it makes available the latest developments in England in the problems of management and regulation. The book was written before the outbreak of the war and contains therefore no reference to England's newest experiment with state control beyond a note in the appendix. In this brief reference the authors reach the conclusion that as an example of state ownership the experience of the last few months has been of no value. "A Government system that could not do better than this would never be tolerated in this country."

Of most interest to American readers are the comments of the authors on questions of policy that touch our own problems. The business community of England appears not to be wholly content with its Railway and Canal Commission, not because of its lack of ability or fairness, but because of the cost of proceedings before it. Traders are compelled to employ high-priced counsel to contend against the eminence of the railway legal staff. As a result only large corporations bring their cases before the Commission. It is not surprising that there is some agitation for the abolition of this exclusive court.

Pools and working agreements are common in England and are frequently referred to by advocates of a similar policy in this country. While the authors, following their settled policy, express no decided opinion, it becomes clear that pools are not working there with the smoothness that we commonly assume. From the point of view of the shipper, they possess few advantages and many disadvantages, and it is suggested that Parliament may have to step in if further development takes place along undesirable lines. There is a familiar ring in the contention that the railways of England have reached the point of "diminishing returns" in their earnings; that the companies have been investing more capital without obtaining a proportionately increased return, and that increases in rates to meet increased costs of operation, particularly in the matter of wages, have become necessary.

A chapter is devoted to the railways of the United States, which is in general accurate in its facts and sound in its conclusions. Yet a few inaccuracies occur. The word grange, improperly spelled "grainge," did not, as the authors assert, come into use because the meetings were held in "grainges or barns"; but simply because "grange" means farm, and the membership was confined to farmers. It is not true that the Interstate Commerce Commission has power to arbitrate labor disputes. Confusion was doubtless caused by the fact that the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission was at one time a Government mediator in labor controversies. Any one who attempts to compare rates in different countries must step warily to avoid the pitfalls in his attempt to thread the mazes of the problem. The authors have not been altogether successful. Lacking ton-mile figures, they have compared receipts per ton carried in the United Kingdom and the United States and have shown that the cost per ton in this country is approximately twice as great as that in Great Britain. They recognize that this is not due to a lower efficiency of American roads, but to the greater distance that goods are hauled in this country. But then comes this conclusion: "It follows, therefore, that notwithstanding the complaints of excessive rates, cost of transport is not here the burden that it is in America, because the goods transported do not have to travel so far." In other words, we buy a shoddier coat in England than you do in America; hence our clothing bill is less of a burden to us than it is to you. To have this argument possess validity, it would be essential that the *same traffic* should be hauled long distances in the United States and short distances in England. As a matter of fact, much of the more important English traffic has undergone a preliminary foreign rail journey and an ocean trip of many thousand miles.

But it will be a satisfaction to our railway executives to find this final summing up of the American railway situation: "Any one who has little more than a bowing acquaintance with its history, extent, and achievements will agree that from some points of view it is one of the most efficient, best organized, and cheapest systems in the world."

England's inland waterways, it is asserted, are a comparatively neglected and insignificant means of transport. To follow the European procedure and subsidize them would mean a complete reversal of national policy; and even if subsidized, they could do no business unless the railways were forbidden to compete, and such an injunction would be impracticable without government ownership.

TRIBAL CUSTOMS OF AGRICULTURE.

Customary Acres and their Historical Importance. By Frederic Seebohm. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4 net.

When he published "The English Village Community" in 1883 Seebohm opened a new and illuminating page in agrarian history. Violently opposed at first, his main contention, that the agricultural system of mediæval England is to be traced back beyond the Anglo-Saxon invasion to the Roman occupation, has steadily gained adherents. Though he turned aside to write on the tribal system in Wales, tribal custom in Anglo-Saxon law, and other subjects, he continued his studies in agricultural origins, and in his latest volume goes back to tribal customs of agriculture in Europe which must have antedated even the Roman conquest of Gaul. Though death overtook him two years ago at the age of seventy-eight before he had completed his inquiry, he was able, fortunately, to arrange such results as he had reached in a series of unfinished but valuable essays which are published by his son.

Customary acres in England vary in size all the way from the tiny Leicestershire acre of 2,308 square yards to the great Welsh acre of 12,960 square yards. These customary acres reach back into a dim past, ages before the establishment of the statute acre of 4,840 square yards. In France the arpent shows similar variations in size. What is the origin and significance of these variations which have persisted through the centuries? Starting with the famous linear table in the Welsh Venedotian code that there are

> 3 barleycorn lengths in the thumb,
> 3 thumbs in the palm,
> 3 palms in the foot,
> 3 feet in the pace,
> 3 paces in the leap, and
> 3 leaps in the land,

Seebohm reckoned that the "land" is the short end of the acre-strip in the open-field system of ploughing, the acre-strip being the amount of land which an eight-ox plough-team would plough in a day. By a series of ingenious calculations, based primarily on the length of the furrow and the shape of the acre-strip, he found remarkable underlying relations between the ancient land and linear measurements not only of the British Isles, but also of France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Rumania, and even ancient Egypt. The old British mile, for instance, is identical with the Gallic leuga of 1,500 paces; both are related to the furrow of a custom-

ary acre, and both were so firmly fixed in local custom that they were not displaced by the Roman mile of 1,000 paces.

Lack of space forbids any attempt to explain Seebohm's metrological discoveries, and it is too soon to say whether further researches will verify his seductive suggestions. Quite apart from the value which they may have in determining the meaning, according to the metric system, of a large number of words of measurement in the sources, Seebohm's suggestions are pregnant with meaning for the student of early tribal migrations and borrowings and of the gradual economic development of primitive communities. The customary acre was not primarily a unit of land measure; it was a unit of land cultivation; its size, therefore, was determined by the nature of the crop, the soil, the communal plough, and the prevailing tribal customs of co-aration. It contains within itself an epitome of the steps in agrarian development. When it is more fully understood, it may be that we can throw overboard the old reckoning of archæologists, who talk of ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron, and adopt instead a more valuable institutional classification by modes of agriculture; when, for instance, we can reckon tribal development according to the use of barley, of spring wheat, and of winter wheat, or according to one-field, two-field, or three-field systems of planting.

Notes

Harpers issue to-day Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Money Master."

Scribners announce for immediate publication a new novel entitled "Felix O'Day," by F. Hopkinson Smith.

Among the new editions which the Revell Company announces for publication this autumn are: "The Birthday of Hope," by J. D. Jones; "The Law of the Tithe," by Arthur V. Babbs; "St. Cuthbert's," by Robert E. Knowles. The same house also announces "Studies in the New Testament," by Dr. A. T. Robertson.

The first edition in English of the Russian epic "The Armament of Igor" is about to be published by the Oxford University Press. The editor is Mr. L. A. Magnus, who has written a general introduction and gives a revised text, with translation, notes, and genealogical tables. The poem describes a disastrous foray by Igor Svyatoslavic in 1185.

Paul Elder & Co. announce for publication this month "The Architecture and Landscape Gardening of the Exposition," with an introduction by Louis Christian Mullgardt. The second volume of this work, entitled "The Sculpture and Mural Paintings of the Exposition," with an introduction by A. Stirling Calder, is also in preparation.

Books announced by Houghton Mifflin for publication September 18 are: "Letters on an Elk Hunt," by Elinore Pruitt Stewart; "Little Miss Grouch," a novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "The Children's Books of Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Nannette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother," by Josephine Scribner Gates; five volumes of The Riverside Uplift Series, including "The Cultivated Man," by Charles W. Eliot; "The Amateur Spirit," by Bliss Perry, and three books by George Herbert Palmer, "Self-Cultivation in English," "The Glory of the Imperfect," and "Trades and Professions." Three Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize essays in economics, which will also be ready, are "The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry," by W. J. A. Donald; "The Tin-Plate Industry," by Donald Earl Dunbar, and "Means and Methods of Agricultural Education," by Albert Leake. "The Song of the Lark," by Willa Sibert Cather, will be published in October.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation announces for publication two new volumes of the Scandinavian Classics for 1915, as follows: "Poems and Songs," by Björnstjerne Björnson, translated from the Norwegian, in the original metres, with an introduction and notes, by Arthur Hubbell Palmer, and "Master Olof," by August Strindberg, translated from the Swedish, with an introduction, by Edwin Björkman.

"The Life, Diary, and Letters of Oscar Lovell Shafter," Associate Justice, Supreme Court of California, January 1, 1864, to December 31, 1868, has just been issued in a privately printed edition as a daughter's tribute to her father's memory, by Emma Shafter Howard.

To the publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University will be added in October a second series on acting, viz.: "The Illusion of the First Time in Acting," by William Gillette, with an introduction by George Arliss; "Art and the Actor," by Constant Coquelin, translated by Abby Langdon Alger, with an introduction by Henry James; "Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth and Queen Katherine," by H. C. Fleeming Jenkin, with an introduction by Brander Matthews; and "Reflexions on Acting," by Talma, with an introduction by Sir Henry Irving and a review by H. C. Fleeming Jenkin. A third series is in preparation to be issued in the autumn of 1916. It will contain the following four papers on play-making: "A Stage Play," by Sir William Schenck Gilbert, with an introduction by William Archer; "Discussions of the Drama," by Carlo Goldoni, selected, translated, and introduced by Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor; "Theatrical Table-Talk," by J. W. von Goethe, selected, translated, and introduced by William W. Lawrence; "How Plays are Written," by Abraham Dreyfus, translated by H. H. Hughes, with an introduction by Brander Matthews.

Mr. Dunbar Rowland, director of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, is editing for publication the official letter-books of William C. C. Claiborne, as Governor of Mississippi Territory, as Commissioner of the United States to receive the Province of Louisiana from the French Government, as Governor-General of the Province of Louisiana, as Governor of the Territory of Orleans, and as Governor of the State of Louisiana, embracing the years 1801-1816.

Amid the roar of shells and bombs it is cheering to learn that certain studies "gang their auld gait," namely, the Publications of the [London] Philological Society. Quite as if there were no war, the Society has issued two volumes of decided value for students of English: "A Fifteenth Century Courtesy Book," edited by R. W. Chambers, together with "Two Fifteenth Century Franciscan Rules," edited by W. W. Seton; and "Lowland Scotch as Spoken in the Lower Strathearn District of Perthshire," by Sir James Wilson, with Foreword by W. A. Craigie. The contents of these two volumes are too technical for appreciation in the *Nation*. But the accompanying Presidential Address, delivered by Prof. W. P. Ker on May 7, is abundantly suited to our columns. In ten brief pages Professor Ker, with light but sure touch, brings out anew the singular personality of Jacob Grimm. The founder of German philology was, first and foremost, a *man* whom we can all afford to love and venerate. Professor Ker is absolutely just in his remark: "Philology with Jacob Grimm was part of a study to which I think he gives no particular name. It was history, it was Germany, it was the Middle Ages, the Humanities, Nature, the Human Race." Again: "Modern scholars, who dibble in small patches of Grimm's garden, may often be horrified at the courage of their founder; where he cannot find information, he goes on without it." Was it not Grimm who said that in wrestling with some problems one must even have the courage to fail? Still again: "Grimm's large additions to positive science seem at times like the result of chance. They come as a precipitate from the most extraordinary vague vapor of ideas—a strange enthusiastic religion, the worship of an imaginary golden age." Yes, Grimm was a genius, no lover of "schools"; whereas too many of his followers, especially in these days, are mere schoolmen, prone *jurare in verba magistri*. The few passages of Grimm's German quoted in the Address move the present writer to a fervent ejaculation. Will no one lay bare to American students the wonderful vigor and charm of Grimm's style? It speaks, not from brain to brain, but rather from heart to heart. Professor Ker mentions Grimm's good fortune as librarian to King Jerome at Wilhelmshöhe (Cassel): "He had the lightest of duties and plenty of time for his own reading." Fifty years later another eminent scholar, Grein, who did so much for the editing of Anglo-Saxon texts, was also librarian in Cassel, for the restored Electorate, and enjoyed "the lightest of duties and plenty of time for his own" editing. To the present writer Grein lamented deeply, in 1872, his transfer by the Prussian Government to Marburg. Even Prussian "efficiency," we note, may not be truly efficient. Professor Ker's Address may be had separately for one shilling.

Mr. Frank Harris has patronized a number of the great men of the earth, and now, from the memory of these condescending moments, writes a volume of "Contemporary Portraits" (Mitchell Kennerley; $3.50). Renan sits at his feet and craves his critical commendation; praise is doled out ironically to the silly Frenchman, and the report ends with these words: "But it was not worth while to try to correct his illimitable conceit." Whistler reserved his best witticisms for the ear of Mr. Harris; Oscar Wilde depended on him; Sir Richard Burton poured out to him the secrets of his heart; Matthew Arnold sought advice from him, and so on. But the most astonishing admission in the book is the fact that Browning snubbed

him—not that Mr. Harris uses such a word of himself; he attributes his failure with Browning to "the poor, clouded mirror" of his, the interviewer's, soul, and to other such elegant modesties, but to the reader it looks a little as if Browning had accomplished the impossible and snubbed him. Mr. Harris confesses in his Introduction that he writes from memory, and cares more for "spiritual divination" than for "verbal accuracy," and the reader rather regrets that his divinatory art failed him when he came to write of Browning, for one must do Mr. Harris the justice to say that his divination is at least more entertaining than his veracity. Perhaps we do Mr. Harris a wrong in this delicate matter, but there are times when the lack of accuracy in his report seems to be more serious than verbal. Is it really true, for instance, that Carlyle whined quite so mawkishly to this Mr. Harris over the woes of his married life? Is it really decent—we waive the question of veracity—to publish to the world a confession of Carlyle's about himself, which sounds, at least, like a clumsy revival of the Jewsbury-Froude scandal? That story ought to have been silenced once for all by Andrew Lang's statement of the facts told him by Mrs. Carlyle's physician. Mr. Harris threatens further disclosures on this unsavory topic at another time. Some friend from among the humble ranks of gentlemen ought to hint to him that he has said enough.

Mr. Harris attempts criticism in statecraft and literature, as well as portraiture. He scolds England for neglecting her geniuses, particularly for not placing Sir Richard Burton at the head of Egypt. He does not seem to understand that a good colonial governor is scarcely to be looked for in a genius who, according to this friend's account, was a scholar of "pornographic" taste and "infernal pedantry," and a man of "untamed appetites," who died of gluttony. He liked Burton for these things, but poor Matthew Arnold's decency apparently stung him to impotent fury. "Snobbish and vicious nonsense" is one of the pretty phrases he hurls at the dead critic. But something too much of Mr. Harris. It is a pity he could not eliminate himself from his portraits.

Little, Brown are putting out a number of booklets known as the Mind and Health series ($1 each), which, according to the advertisement, are "written by eminent specialists and edited by H. Addington Bruce, and designed to present the results of recent research and clinical experience in a form intelligible to the lay public and medical profession." "Sleep and Sleeplessness," by the editor of the series, is now ready, as are also Dr. I. H. Coriat's "The Meaning of Dreams" and Dr. J. J. Putnam's "Human Motives." Mr. Bruce has given a clear, simple, and brief account of the nature of sleep, the causes of dreams, nightmare, and somnambulism, and the proper treatment of insomnia. It is in his treatment of the latter subject that his book will be most useful, through its appeal to the sufferer to discard drugs and set himself to work at a systematic effort to get control of his own consciousness. In the earlier part of the work perhaps too much appeal is made to the latest results of modern science, and one gains the impression that the importance of monotony in inducing sleep and the fact that physical stimuli often produce dreams are "important discoveries that have been made during recent years through psychological investigation." Readers of Mr. Bruce's previous writings will not be surprised to learn that, in explaining the various phenomena of sleep and dreams, the subconscious is worked for all it is worth. If the subconscious plays a prominent part in "Sleep and Sleeplessness," it is the leading and almost the only actor in "The Meaning of Dreams." For Dr. Coriat has swallowed Freud entire, and his book might be described as a popular and expurgated summary of the "Traumdeutung." That it is expurgated is certainly a blessing, and it may safely be used as a textbook in a young ladies' seminary. But most of the Freudian machinery has been preserved, and the "lay public and medical profession" can here learn all they need to know about those mysterious powers and mechanisms which, as Freud has discovered, determine our dreams—"the foreconscious," "latent content," "displacement," "secondary elaboration," "the censor," and the rest. All these wonderful things are propounded as the solid results of an established science, with no hint that they are in any way subject to question—for has not Freud spoken? As say the Schoolmen, *Philosophus dixit*. The unsophisticated reader will wonder at many of the dream interpretations, and still more at the conclusions deduced, and he may be astonished even at the Freudian commonplace that all dreams, including the most distressing, are to be explained solely as the fulfilment of a wish. But he will learn that all difficulties vanish before the technique of psycho-analysis, with its various "mechanisms" and its agile use of symbols—as is admirably illustrated in many of Dr. Coriat's examples, in one of which, for instance, the dream of a brother's death by hanging is interpreted as the expression of the dreamer's wish not to die of cancer, while in another a beard is taken to symbolize "a better knowledge of internal medicine." With such free and skilful use of symbolism as this it is not difficult for a master of the psycho-analytic technique to force any and every dream under the Freudian formula.

Dr. Putnam's book on "Human Motives" is a rather perplexing combination of the "Psycho-analytic Movement" with an attempt to prove the existence of God. The first chapter opens promisingly, pointing out the fact that most of our acts are from motives which we only half understand, and whose roots extend backward and outward quite beyond our ken. These motives "are mainly traceable to the conjoined action of two different and apparently antagonistic sets of tendencies," namely, our rational aspirations and ideals, on the one hand, and, on the other, our inherited instincts and emotional repressions. It is in the discussion of the first of these that the author is led into the long philosophical disquisition which fills the second chapter, and which reminds the reader strongly of the Cartesian argument for the existence of God. From the sublime it is but a step to Freud, whose views are accepted with admiration after being somewhat softened down. Farther on there is an analysis of motives, which, though sound, adds nothing of importance to our knowledge, and certainly owes very little to the psycho-analytic method. The lessons of this recently discovered method are applied, in a separate chapter, to the practical matters of the rearing and education of children—a chapter which, though fairly long and carefully written, contains little that has not been the common property of wise parents and teachers since the days of Noah. Doubtless it is true that the parent should encourage his child to talk confidentially, but not to talk too much; that the teacher should make his influence count with his pupil, but not as too strong a factor; that the child "should neither be flattered nor too much persuaded, nor too much indulged, nor too much dominated." But fortunately the world did not have to wait for Freud and the psycho-analytic method before learning some of these things. In spite of which fact, this chapter on Educational Bearings is, in the reviewer's opinion, the most important chapter in the book. For it makes plain the fact that "the results of recent research and clinical experience," while certainly important for the medical profession in dealing with abnormal cases, do not throw such a flood of light on the affairs of every-day life as the advertisements of this and similar series of books on popular psychology would lead the eager reader to expect.

A certain melancholy attaches to the publication of the second series of three essays on "Germany in the Nineteenth Century" (Longmans, Green; $1.25 net). Undertaken by the University of Manchester as a friendly eirenicon to dispel the cloud of English suspicion by the spread of sound knowledge regarding Germany, the first series met with considerable success. Then the war intervened to frustrate the hopes with which the enterprise had been put forth. The editors, however, have wisely deemed that a refusal to continue the work might give rise to misconception. The studies in the second series are printed as they were originally written, without any attempt to recast judgment in the light of the war. Dr. A. S. Peake writes on the "History of Theology," beginning with Schleiermacher and ending with Ritschl, the two most important influences on German theology in the nineteenth century. Strauss, Baur, and the other rationalists who intervene also receive adequate attention. The system of Ritschl, according to Dr. Peake, was designed to meet the widespread lapse from faith by interpreting Christianity in a way acceptable to the modern mind. Ritschl emphasized the uniqueness of Christianity and the impossibility of understanding it except from the inside. It is surprising that the writer has not made more of Ritschl's indebtedness to Lotze in the matter of "judgments of value" *(Werturteile)* and of his kinship with certain modern modes of thought, whether known as pragmatism, Bergsonism, or what not.

The section on "The History of Philosophy," by Dr. Bosanquet, is almost too condensed for a sufficiently full understanding. The writer wishes merely to convey some impression of the main direction of philosophic growth. His own inclination is to the triple rhythm—creation, disintegration, recovery; that is to say, he believes that philosophic study is working towards a future metaphysic; but as this point is disputed in Germany, he is content to divide the century roughly into three periods: post-Kantian (i. e., Hegelian), neo-Kantian, and the contemporary period, which is eclectic, but in which

there is at least renewed talk of preparation for a metaphysic. "The History of Music," by F. Bonavia, deals only with the symphony and the opera, the two main achievements of the first and second halves of the century, respectively. There is no discussion of chamber-music or of the song. The symphony, according to this writer, is a form peculiarly suited to the German temperament, as it demands, besides inventive genius and imagination, a sense of order and a power of organization—qualities in which Germans have ever excelled. The nine symphonies of Beethoven placed Germany highest among all the musical nations, and the operas of Wagner have maintained her there. The possibility that the sceptre may be passing to other peoples (for example, the Russians) is not discussed. The commendable purpose and excellent tone of these articles make the slovenly spelling of the German words all the more regrettable.

In "India and the War" (Doran; $1 net), Lord Sydenham, late Governor of Bombay, contributes a sketch of Indian history for a book chiefly valuable for the excellent illustrations it contains of the various units comprising the British Indian Army. Where ethnic and religious differences play so important a part in the welter of races of the Indian Empire, a classification of this kind is useful if aided by careful and discriminating artists. In the case of this little book the artists are observant of even the subtle differences that distinguish the uniform of one regiment from another. Scattered throughout these pictures of the troops are photographs of the leading native princes, many of whom are now at the front in personal command of the units they loyally offered. Including a résumé of opinion among native leaders regarding the war, the book offers appendices containing Lord Crewe's speech as Secretary of State for India, accepting the unanimous offer of India through the Viceroy to take part in the struggle, a message from King George, excerpts from the Indian press, and the Army Order of Gen. Willcocks welcoming the Indian troops on their arrival at the front. Curiously enough there is no mention in the book of the numbers sent by India, which we know to amount to 70,000 picked troops with their accessories: India has pledged herself to maintain this number despite the losses entailed by the war. A more pertinent criticism, however, is necessary. It is a pity that the opportunity offered in a book of this nature was not taken to elucidate the manner of fighting for which each race and regiment in the Indian army is, by custom and habit, noted. Since the entrance of these troops into the European theatre we have already become conversant with the *kukri* of the Gurkhas; much could have been made of the peculiar qualifications that divide the various races into their natural aptitudes as cavalry, infantry, and scouts, as well as of their methods of offence and their predilections for their native weapons.

To the literature of the land problem Sir Thomas P. Whittaker has contributed a most serviceable volume, "The Ownership, Tenure, and Taxation of Land" (Macmillan; $3.75). Without pretending to original research, the author has brought together from many sources—historical, legal, and economic—a large collection of facts and principles, and has then presented "the proper conclusions to be drawn from them." His purpose has been to provide for the general reader, long since lost in the mass of accumulated controversial literature, a convenient handbook and guide. This he has successfully accomplished. Against the historical, legal, and economic absurdities of the land reformers, whether land nationalizationists or single-taxers, he arrays an impressive mass of evidence which cannot fail to carry great weight with every fair-minded reader. Particularly useful are his quotations from the reformers themselves on the real purpose of their proposals, which in ordinary discussion is seldom stated obtrusively. Useful, too, in enforcing understanding of these matters is the reproduction (p. 209) of passages like that in which Henry George argues for repudiation of public debts. If the book does nothing else, it should clear up the grotesque misconception of historical facts contained in Cobden's celebrated speech of 1845, in which he sought to show that the land of England had been gradually relieved from almost all taxation. The author's own opinions are eminently sane and sensible. He sees both sides of the shield, he treats opposing views fairly, and he makes a distinct contribution to the better understanding of a difficult question.

"The Political Science of John Adams," by Correa Moylan Walsh (Putnam; $2.25 net), is the first detailed and critical study that has been made of the political philosophy of a statesman who has been acclaimed, on the one hand, as the foremost constitutional lawyer of the American Revolution, and held up, on the other, as the most extreme embodiment of all that was narrow and provincial in the early Federalism. Adams's career as a political thinker falls into three fairly well marked periods. The first, from 1765 to 1786, embraces his practical activities in the achievement of independence and the organization of State governments, upon the latter of which, however, his influence was only indirect. Here he acquiesced in, though he did not accept, the Jeffersonian theory of political equality. The second period saw the publication of his most considerable work, the "Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States," called out by Turgot's criticism of the first State Constitutions and advocacy of a unicameral system; his "Three Letters to Roger Sherman" and "Discourses on Davila," and his "Correspondence with Samuel Adams on the Subject of Government," written in 1790, but not published until 1802. In the third period, with public life behind him, the extreme views which had helped to make him unpopular were modified, and the political system of the States and the nation was accepted as it stood. The burden of Adams's criticism of American government was directed against the notion that all men are created equal, and the embodiment of that idea in a popular government of a pure democratic type. The best legislature, as he conceived it, was one so constituted as to recognize the natural division of society into an aristocracy and a democracy; while the executive should spring from the legislature and be non-partisan. The model, of course, was the British Constitution, and Adams did not hesitate to urge the advantages of an hereditary governing class, and of political distinctions based upon family and wealth. He feared the influence of election upon the character of the Senate and the Executive, at the same time that he apprehended the growth of extreme aristocracy in the Senate. Hence his interest in "checks and balances" as a means of restraining the ambitions of either department of the Government. The wonder is that a man with such essentially monarchical sympathies could ever have attained the Presidency. In a final chapter, the author urges that the Senate, the real object of which is to check democracy, should be made over into a council, which, shorn of much of its independent legislative power, would exert a mediating influence upon executive, legislature, and judiciary alike.

Science

GASTRONOMY IN AMERICA.

Bohemian San Francisco. By Clarence E. Edwords. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1.25 net.

The School Kitchen Textbook. By Mary J. Lincoln. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 60 cents net.

The Nutrition of a Household. By Edwin Tenney Brewster and Lilian Brewster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

The Small-Family Cook Book. By Mary Denson Pretlow. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. 75 cents net.

Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco are the three American cities most widely famed among epicures. Baltimore owes its preëminence largely to the fact that Chesapeake Bay provides terrapin, canvas-back ducks, and other delicacies in their perfection. In New Orleans the local flavor is due to Creole influences, while San Francisco owes its distinction as a gastronomic centre to a variety of causes, which are entertainingly described in Dr. Clarence E. Edwords's volume, the full title of which is "Bohemian San Francisco: Its Restaurants and Their Most Famous Recipes." There are hundreds of these restaurants, and, as in Paris, each of them specializes in some particular dish. The author's reminiscences go back far beyond the great fire (being a San Franciscan, he never says earthquake), and while he sadly admits that some things are not what they were before the destruction and rebuilding of the city, there are still abundant reasons why San Franciscans, away from home, "always want to get back to where they can get something to eat." They miss both the delicacy and the variety of flavors which the Italian, French, German, Mexican, and Oriental cooks in California impart to their dishes.

Dr. Edwords takes his readers in turn to the representative restaurants of each nationality, not merely the expensive ones, but the humbler kinds, in which often one gets tastier food for much less money. He also serves as guide to the fascinating fish and vegetable markets, in some of which the best and freshest food materials are sold at prices which explain why some of the

restaurants can give such good meals for so little money (for instance, a table d'hôte dinner of six or seven courses for 25 cents). The Italians lead along this line, and the author's remarks on their eating-places, sources of supply, and methods of cooking constitute the most entertaining of his pages, and the most valuable of them, too; for, surely, in these days of high cost of living, it is important to know why and how these foreigners in California "live twice as well as the average American family, at half the cost." These people "have studied gastronomy as a science, and they have imparted their knowledge to San Francisco." Nor do they depend much on importations of foodstuffs. Even their macaroni is made in California, and the much relished "Italian" ham comes from Virginia. In the last analysis, however, supremacy lies in this: that "there are two things that an Italian demands in eating, and they are fresh fish and fresh vegetables." For fish-eaters, San Francisco is a paradise; the variety of seafood is astonishing. The crawfish is brought from Portland, and from the South comes the abalone, which, whatever may be said about its toughness, makes an even better soup than the bird's-nests served in the Chinese restaurants, concerning which the author also has a good deal to say. With so much to choose from, and so much that is tempting, is it a wonder that all San Franciscans have adopted the Bohemian fashion of dining out a great deal, especially on Saturdays and Sundays?

Other American cities are beginning to wake up to the fact that "the preparation of food is something more than a necessary evil." Eloquent evidence as to this general gastronomic awakening is to be found in "The School Kitchen Textbook" of Mary J. Lincoln. When the first version of this admirable book was written, some thirty years ago, instruction in cooking in the public schools of America was in the experimental stage, the only work which had been done being in a Boston schoolroom under philanthropic management. There were practically no schools for the training of teachers of cookery, and the literature of the subject was almost non-existent. To-day, public instruction in cooking is given in thousands of schools; there are special colleges for the training of teachers of domestic science, and books on the subject are appearing in ever-increasing numbers. Mrs. Lincoln's volume is not a revision of her "Boston School Kitchen Textbook"; it is a new treatise, embodying the results of the latest investigations and research; and while it has for its subtitle "Lessons in Cooking and Domestic Science for the Use of Elementary Schools," it would be difficult to name another volume equally useful to the thousands who have to learn the art of cooking without the aid of a teacher. Some things there are which only personal experience can teach, such as the amount of heat required for baking and other ways of cooking; yet the two pages concerned with the subject (258-9) in this book contain invaluable hints. The art of making a fire is discussed; there are pages on fireless cookers, ventilation of the kitchen, sweeping, dusting, dishwashing, laying the table, table manners, kitchen equipment, care of food, canning and preserving, as well as the best methods of cooking different viands, with plenty of recipes—in short, girls who learn all these things, in school or out, are in a fair way of becoming model housewives. Lucky husbands of the future!

More might have been said about the mineral matter in various foods and the importance of flavor as a guide to correct cooking. The subject of electric cooking is most inadequately disposed of in nine lines. These things will receive more attention in the next edition, no doubt, as will the list of books to be consulted by students, which is surprisingly incomplete. The subject of calories is also slighted, but that is no fault, too much attention having been given to it by recent writers, among them the authors of the third book on our list, "The Nutrition of a Household." Not only do they harp perpetually on calories in the body of the book, but there is an appendix of forty pages filled with tables of percentages of various nutrients. The writers, nevertheless, are frank enough to admit that "appetite and judgment are usually better guides than chemistry and arithmetic." They admit, further, that no eater of foodstuffs can possibly keep track of a dozen amino-acids and another dozen inorganic salts needed for a well-balanced dietary; and they add, sensibly: "The most that Science can advise, practically, is the shotgun method—a sufficient variety to make sure that, one thing with another, it covers all the ground. We limit the range of our foods at our peril." In view of the fact that lions devouring flesh, boars grubbing for roots, moose consuming leaves, and gorillas living on fruit are all equally strong, it is argued that all foodstuffs are equally good, in their place. The assertion that "there is no such thing as a fattening food" is not proved in these pages, nor are a number of other paradoxical statements which in some cases are contradictory. This book, on the whole, seems undigested, but there are a number of sensible and clever sayings in it, such as "cooking is part of the digestion"—an elemental truth overlooked by most Americans.

"The Small-Family Cook Book" does not differ materially from a hundred other useful kitchen manuals which methodically give recipes for the preparing of soups, meats, vegetables, salads, breads, and desserts. The measures given are for families of two or three persons. A few recipes are added of dishes most relished by Germans, and there are twenty pages of "Old Virginia Recipes," in which the assertion is made that, in Tide-Water Virginia, hams are always boiled, never baked. The author is so convinced—and with good reason—of the inferiority of our Western cornmeal to the Southern white water-ground meal, that she hesitated to include recipes made of cornmeal, because you can't make them unless you have the right meal.

Drama

MARIE TEMPEST AT THE LYCEUM.

Miss Tempest, like Miss Maude Adams, is a person of mannerisms. If you like them, they enrich and blend with her art, of which she has her due portion. But those who do not find these mannerisms attractive are apt to remember them too insistently and to begrudge her art the credit which it deserves. Piquancy, the basis of most of the rôles in which she has recently appeared, need not of necessity be jerky and precipitate. To gauge its possibilities one has only to think of various successful representations of Shakespearean heroines, from whom this quality is seldom absent. But if Miss Tempest's acting lacks reserve and quietness, it has personality always.

In the double bill in which she is to be seen at the Lyceum Theatre, she has plays evidently much to her liking. Robert Marshall's "Duke of Killicrankie," a drama not unknown to New York in the past, is one of those artificial creations which depend for their success upon substantial acting of the old-fashioned sort; it is a comedy of manners worked into situations the outcome of which is never for a moment in doubt. The Duke of Killicrankie, a young man of large estates, having met with obdurate refusal in the repeated advances he has made to Lady Henrietta, has decided to exhibit in heroic measure the determination which he has been accused of lacking, and so, by a vigorous pulling of wires, virtually incarcerates Lady Henrietta with himself, a friend of his, and the lady beloved of this friend in his castle in Scotland. Is it any wonder that Lady Henrietta and Mrs. Mulholland, when freed, decide to imprison themselves for life by marrying the two bold suitors?

Miss Tempest, taking the part of Mrs. Mulholland, the widow of a rich glue-manufacturer, has a chance to match wit against the usual outgivings of a lady of assured position. The part might have been played in several ways, but Miss Tempest's vigorous procedure held the audience and gave enjoyment. The parts of the two male performers were admirably filled by W. Graham Browne and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

Barrie's "Rosalind," a trifle comparable to his "Little Mary," is, for the most part, a dialogue between an actress (Miss Tempest) and a young Oxford graduate, who comes upon her during a summer vacation and fancies he is in love with this woman's daughter—for so much does "make-up" account! This is the playwright's central idea, yet he has left openings for tears as well as laughter. The lad's disillusionment, and the actress's, too, when she realizes how much she has aged by a mere change of costume, furnish moments for sober thought. On the whole, the comedy was played with the desired flourish and sprightliness, both by Miss Tempest and Mr. Denny. F.

"OUR CHILDREN."

Theatregoers who are particularly anxious for a play devoid of sex or shrapnel and are in a rocking-chair mood will find considerable gentle pleasure at this comedy in three acts by Louis K. Anspacher. The plot discloses the results of spoiling a son and bullying a daughter. Willybad Engel, a rich German shoe-manu-

facturer, gives Theodore everything he asks for, and drives from the house the devoted Hertha when she insists on marrying the foreman, Richard Hellman. The boy, a weakling, is ruined by speculation. He flies from the house to avoid the police, taking with him money belonging to his fiancée, a banker's daughter for whom he has thrown over a humbler sweetheart. Willybad's business is injured by strikes and his rivals are aided by Hellman's inventions. In the last act he is back at his workbench, a cobbler again. He now appreciates his daughter, yet refuses to see Hellman, who has secretly paid off Theodore's debts. But Christmas is come and all hearts are open for the reconciliation that includes Theodore's return to his first love.

The author has centred the interest in the characters rather than in the action. As this treatment of a theme is all too rare on Broadway these days, it is greatly to be regretted that he has not divided his attention in better proportion, and that he has given up so much of his priceless two hours to lines that have no value whatever. Several persons of importance are but faintly drawn; the qualities of others are needlessly reiterated. But it was the transparency of the scenes and speeches that made the audience inattentive; and that despite some very good acting. Emmett Corrigan supplied plenty of intelligence and force for the long rôle of "Uncle Willy." The most artistic performance was that of Albert Bruning as the old friend, "Stasi." The important part of the son—a type that has had several brilliant representations in the past—fell to Ralph Morgan. His hard work was unfortunately marred by sharp, jerky movements and diction, but the scene when he prepared for flight was very well played. In Spencer Hutton a new character was introduced to our stage—the bank president with a halo. In most of his speeches, however, Arthur Lewis threw a sop to tradition by assuming a sneaky look. Alphonz Ethier, as Hellman, was so good in his brief denunciation of Willybad that we wanted to see him tackle the old man again. B.

Music

LETTERS OF A FAMOUS VIOLINIST.

Letters from and to Joseph Joachim. Selected and translated by Nora Bickley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

Two years ago the letters written by and to the famous violinist, Joseph Joachim, were collected by his son and his biographer, Andreas Moser, and published in three large volumes, containing considerably over a thousand, although they did not include the correspondence with Brahms, which had been previously issued as the fifth and sixth volumes of Brahms's "Briefwechsel." As this includes 500 letters, Norah Bickley had, therefore, more than 1,500 to choose from when she decided to select and translate sufficient specimens of the correspondence of Joachim to make one volume in English. She has executed her task judiciously, making excellent translations of notes and epistles, most of which were evidently written without any idea that they would ever appear in print.

Joachim was for several decades at the head of the Joachim Quartet, probably the most famous organization of its kind the world has seen, and reputed unequalled, at least in the performance of the chamber music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. As a solo violinist he was, moreover, held to be an unrivalled interpreter of the sonatas and concertos of the same masters; nor was this all. As director of the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin he had opportunity to wield an influence second to that of no contemporary teacher. Like all modern players, he travelled a great deal, and in all these ways he came into contact with most of the distinguished musicians of his time. In turning over the pages of his correspondence one constantly comes across such names as Brahms, Liszt, Wagner, Schumann, Berlioz, Franz, Bargiel, Stephen Heller, Stanford, Max Bruch, etc., as writers or recipients.

It is a little surprising to find so few letters in this volume from or to English friends, for, like Handel and Mendelssohn, Joachim was esteemed in England perhaps even more than in Germany. The Brahms cult in England, which is now abating, was due more to his preaching and practice than to that of any other musician, and by his many appearances at the "Popular Concerts" he helped to inure the public at large to the strain of listening to serious music. In a preface to this volume, Mr. Fuller-Maitland expresses the opinion that Joachim's influence on the music of his time was great beyond all possibility of assessment; but this is a gross exaggeration. Apart from Brahms and Schumann, there was no neglected master for whom this violinist did missionary work. Even the romantic and prophetically modern Schubert was for a long time beyond the range of his limited sympathies, and the modern schools of composers, headed by Wagner and Liszt, he fought savagely to the end of his career.

Liszt was the object of his fiercest hatred, notwithstanding the fact that this master had lavished on him in his early career the same generous aid he gave to all who came to him. Readers of the letter dated August 27, 1857, in which Joachim tells Liszt how "entirely antagonistic" that master's music was to his ideals, will pronounce it frank or brutal, according to their sympathies. How far Joachim subsequently went in his aversion to Liszt is instanced in another letter, dated 1870, in which he tells Brahms (another of the conspirators against the "modern clique") that he has refused to take part in a projected Beethoven festival because Liszt had been chosen to conduct the "Missa Solemnis"! Well-informed musicians know that Liszt inaugurated almost as great and salutary a revolution in orchestral and choral conducting as in piano-playing; but to Joachim this invitation was a "flippant comedy"! Wagner, to be sure, considered Liszt the greatest of all interpreters of Beethoven, but in the opinion of Joachim Wagner was not much better than Liszt. He found something touching in the way Hans von Bülow "sacrifices himself to Liszt and Wagner; it is a pity his good qualities cannot find a better channel for his enthusiasm." Joachim had absolutely no capacity for enjoying Wagner's operas, finding even "Die Meistersinger" a bore. For this he cannot be blamed; it was a matter of taste; but it was something different which, in 1870, made him write to Clara Schumann that, in his honest opinion, she "should on no account take part in a concert at which Wagner is conducting." That such a man should have been, until a few years ago, director of the leading German high school of music seems odd. It must have cost him a pang to write, in 1893, concerning his own daughter: "She went from here to Bayreuth to study some parts with Frau Cosima; for, of course, like all operatic singers, she is under the spell of Wagner's creations. It is no good opposing this nowadays."

Joachim's dearest friends were Robert and Clara Schumann and Brahms. Mme. Schumann's letters are the most interesting of all in this volume. She was a bundle of violent prejudices, and there is reason to believe that she had a good deal to do with turning Joachim against his former friend and benefactor, Liszt; but when she writes about her great husband, or her own pianistic tours and tribulations, she always holds the attention. The same cannot be said of the letters contributed by Brahms. Twenty-five of them are included, and most of them are dull. "I am no letter-writer," he says in one of them, and he was right. In his letters, as well as in those of Joachim and Clara Schumann, there are echoes of a temporary estrangement between Brahms and the other two. "Brahms is egoism incarnate," Joachim writes, and Mme. Schumann bears witness that sometimes he "made life with him almost unbearable." They seem to have had a good deal of trouble, too, in persuading Brahms to keep up his piano practice, so that he would do himself justice when playing in public. Of this playing Joachim had a high opinion, but what he says about it bears out what Wagner and others maintained: that it was dryly intellectual, without a trace of feeling. It is amusingly characteristic of Joachim himself that he admires Brahms's playing because it is "so light and clear, so cold and indifferent to passion"! It has always been held that those composers and authors are the greatest who give the deepest expression to the joys and woes of mankind; but Joachim evidently thinks he is paying Brahms another compliment when he adds: "His compositions, too, are an easy treatment of the most difficult forms—so pregnant, rejecting all earthly sorrows with such indifference."

Concerning Joachim's own efforts at composition some interesting details may be found in this correspondence. He sent his overture to "Hamlet" to Liszt, dedicating it to him and expecting him to perform it. Liszt was kind enough to praise it, and to encourage the young man along this line; but the audiences were less tolerant. To Bargiel, who urged him to have his compo-

sitions performed in Berlin, he wrote: "The manner in which they have been received in Düsseldorf, Weimar, Leipzig, and Cologne gives me no reason to suspect that my compositions would be sympathetically received in Berlin." However, he consoled himself after the fashion of his friend Brahms, who, when his first piano concerto was, to cite his own words, "a brilliant and decisive failure" in Leipzig, being even hissed, although he himself was at the piano, wrote to Joachim: "I believe this is the best thing that could happen to one; it forces one to concentrate one's thoughts and increases one's courage. After all, I am only experimenting and feeling my way as yet."

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

OUR MARKETS, AND BELLIGERENT EUROPE.

Throughout the recent period of reaction from the high hopes of reaching a permanent understanding with Germany, whereby the outrages of her submarine campaign should be abandoned, the Stock Exchange has refused to express alarm. International houses expressed, in the private conversation of their members, grave doubts as to the outcome of the Dumba episode and the latest German communication on the Arabic; but the investment markets continued unruffled. This attitude undoubtedly embodied the conviction that, while Germany is the foremost military Power of the day, and England the foremost naval Power, the United States is the foremost Power in international finance, and that Germany is well aware of it. Germany, it is further assumed, is no less aware that, while her own military prestige still remains to be finally tested, the naval predominance of England in the war is unchallenged, and the financial predominance of the United States is acknowledged by all the world.

This happens, moreover, at the very moment when all the belligerent states are considering very seriously how they can go on raising money to conduct the war on its present scale, and where they will get the money to reconstruct their own affairs when war is over. Berlin has shown signs of understanding that the way to prepare for these coming problems is not through forcing a breach of all friendly relations with the Power which holds the key to the financial situation.

There appears to be little doubt in the American financial mind that the responsible heads of government at Berlin recognized this phase of our own situation in their recent efforts at coming to terms with our State Department on the submarine controversy. It was undoubtedly a matter of perplexing conjecture, to Wall Street as to every one else, what had happened at Berlin to cause the virtual *volte-face* in last week's communication on the Arabic. There are those who will suggest that a family resemblance exists between the German Government's defence of the submarine commander, because he "became convinced that the steamer had the intention of attacking him," and the same Government's labored explanations, thirteen months ago, that German armies were invading Belgium because they were "convinced" that the French armies "had the intention" of doing so.

Both excuses smack of a General Staff, rather than of a serious Foreign Office; they might mean that von Tirpitz is shaping German policy to-day where Bethmann-Hollweg was shaping it two weeks ago. All this was necessarily conjecture. But it did not alter the underlying fact, made perfectly plain in the letter sent to our Government through Count Bernstorff, that the German Government, if the army and navy cabal is once eliminated as a controlling influence, does not wish and will not provoke a breach with the United States.

This increasing strength of the American economic position continues to be enhanced, even in the face of the negotiations for a $500,000,000 loan to the French and English markets, by the extraordinary movement of gold to the United States—a movement whose significance will not have escaped the attention of the German financiers and Government. In the case of each of the three large blocks of gold, received by New York from London during the past five weeks and amounting to $19,500,000 apiece, no notice of their shipment from England was given, and the Bank of England's weekly reports showed no sign that any of the gold thus sent had been obtained from its vaults. Last Monday, however, the cables reported $11,900,000 gold withdrawn from the Bank for export to New York. This would seem to mean that the share in the movement allotted to the Bank of France and the London joint-stock banks had been for the time performed, and that the Bank of England was called upon to do its part.

The New York bank statement of Saturday, with its report of cash holdings $100,000,000 above what they were at the end of May—only fifteen weeks ago—gave one reflection of this extraordinary westward flow of gold. The statement of the Federal Reserve banks provides another. The gold reserve of these institutions now stands $18,000,000 above that of July 1 and $53,000,000 above January 1. Yet the increase in their rediscounts, for the year to date, has been only $32,000,000, and the increase in note circulation $13,000,000. Facilities of the new banking system for sustaining local credits or providing for movement of the crops have as yet been virtually untouched. The movement of European gold into our markets continues on a scale which seems still further to postpone the need of any large application of its machinery—which nevertheless remains as a further potential element of strength, when the financial resources of the country are called on to help repair the economic waste of Europe.

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Tolstoy, L. The Death of Ivan Ilyitch. Lane. $1.35 net.
Wells, H. G. The Research Magnificent. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Björnson, B. Poems and Songs. Scandinavian Classics. American Scandinavian Foundation. $1.50 net.
Curry, S. S. How to Add Ten Years to Your Life. The Smile. Boston: Expression Company. $1 each.
Hawkes, C. Hitting the Dark Trail. Holt. $1 net.
Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society. New series. Vol. XV. London: Williams & Norgate.
Robinson, F. B. Effective Public Speaking. La Salle Extension University.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bailey, L. H. The Holy Earth. Scribner. $1 net.
Hunting, H. B. The Story of Our Bible. Scribner. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Hamilton, W. H. Current Economic Problems. University of Chicago Press. $2.75 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Andler, C. Le Pangermanisme. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Fanshawe, R. By Yser Banks. England: B. H. Blackwell. 1s. net.
Hamerton, J. A. The Real Argentine. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Howe, F. C. Socialized Germany. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Kocbel, W. H. The South Americans. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Kusel, Baron de. An Englishman's Recollections of Egypt, 1863-1887. Lane. $3 net.
O'Regan, J. R. K. The German War of 1914. Oxford University Press.
Reports on the Violation of the Rights of Nations and of the Laws and Customs of War in Belgium. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
The Glory of Belgium. Edited by Russell Markland. London: Erskine MacDonald. 2s. 6d. net.
Wagner, Richard. My Life. Authorized translation from the German. Vols. I and II. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Verhaeren, E. Belgium's Agony. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

POETRY.

Fleming, W. K. Dreams and Realities. London: Erskine MacDonald.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Clark, B. H. Contemporary French Dramatists. Stewart & Kidd Co.
Lindsey, W. Red Wine of Roussillon. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Mackay, C. D. The Beau of Bath and Other One-Act Plays. Holt. $1.20 net.

Strindberg, A. Master Olof. Scandinavian Classics. American Scandinavian Foundation. $1.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Deering, R. W. Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. New edition. Heath. 75 cents.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1915.

Summary of the News

An official memorandum of the German Government on the sinking of the Hesperian was received by Secretary Lansing from Ambassador Gerard on September 16. The text of the memorandum has not been made public, but it is understood that the German Government denies explicitly that the Hesperian was attacked by a torpedo, basing this statement on the explanation that all the German submarines that were out on the day the Hesperian was damaged have been heard from and that none of them was in the vicinity of the disaster on that day. The memorandum suggests the probability that the explosion was caused by a mine. The British official Press Bureau, on Monday, issued a statement reaffirming the affidavit of the Hesperian's officers that the ship was torpedoed. A German submarine, it is asserted, was in the neighborhood in which the Hesperian was attacked on the day in question, since ships were sunk to the north and south of this spot on September 4 and 5, and it is further stated that a fair-sized fragment of a torpedo, which was picked up on board the ship before she sank, is now in possession of the British Admiralty.

No further progress towards a settlement of the submarine issue has been recorded during the past week, nor is any definite news expected for some days. It is generally believed that the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, has received from his Government more ample powers to arrange the matter through informal conversations, and that there will be no further exchange of notes on the subject between Washington and Berlin. Dispatches of the Associated Press from Berlin on September 18 stated that a long report on the situation had been received from Count Bernstorff on Thursday of last week, and that instructions had been sent to him empowering him to negotiate terms of settlement subject only to final revision by his home Government.

Less fortunate than his German colleague, Dr. Dumba has become reluctantly convinced that his usefulness either to his Government or to those "white slaves," his "poor, oppressed fellow-countrymen," is definitely at an end. The Austrian Ambassador has admitted that tentative reservations have been made for him to sail on the Holland-America liner Rotterdam on September 28. The general opinion of the press appears to be that Dr. Dumba has not augmented his reputation for diplomatic sagacity by a curiously disingenuous note of explanation and defence addressed to Secretary Lansing under date of September 17, the text of which was published in Sunday's papers.

The long-delayed decision of the British Prize Court in regard to various American cargoes, principally of meat, shipped, for the most part, by the great American packing companies, was delivered on September 16, the British court condemning the greater part of the American products. Leave to appeal was given. Comment on this decision will be found in our editorial columns. The action of the British Prize Court will not, it is understood, materially affect or modify the tenor of the forthcoming note to Great Britain, dealing with interference with American trade and the operation of the Order in Council. Secretary Lansing announced on September 17 that this note was finally completed and was ready for dispatch to Ambassador Page in London.

Discussions between American bankers and the Anglo-French financial commission on the subject of a credit for the Allies proceeded all last week. Early in the present week it was announced that an agreement had been reached as to the general principles of the credit, and, as we write, there appears to be every prospect that minor problems will be successfully solved. The main points agreed upon are understood to be: that the loan shall be from $500,000,000 to $800,000,000, bearing interest at 5 per cent.; that its duration shall be from five to ten years; that it shall be underwritten by a syndicate of American bankers; that the notes shall be sold to the public at par and the underwriting syndicate shall receive one-half of one per cent. for its services.

Announcement was made on September 17 of the recognition by the United States of the Government of President Dartiguenave of Hayti. An earlier announcement stated that the projected treaty between Hayti and the United States had been signed on the previous day. The terms of the treaty, which is for ten years, give to the United States a financial protectorate over the republic.

An important decision in regard to the Mexican situation was reached by the Pan-American Conference on Saturday of last week, when it was determined that a *de facto* government in Mexico should receive the recognition of the United States and of the A B C Powers within a period of three weeks. The government to be recognized will be the one which, in the opinion of the Powers represented at the Conference, is the strongest both physically and morally. The decision of the Conference is generally taken as foreshadowing a recognition of Carranza.

The past week has seen a considerable lull in the activity of German submarines. Only two vessels, one Norwegian and one British, have been reported sunk since we wrote last week.

Events in the Balkans appear to be approaching a crisis, although the situation is, as we write, if anything more obscure than ever. The Allied Powers last week addressed a further note to Bulgaria requesting a reply as to that country's future intentions in view of the concession of territory in Macedonia which Servia has announced her readiness to make. The note was not in the nature of an ultimatum, but it is understood that Premier Radoslavoff was verbally informed that an early reply was expected. So far, Bulgaria's only answer has been to order the mobilization of troops in the Macedonian territory offered but not yet ceded to her. Dispatches on Tuesday announced that the Government had ordered the mobilization of all the military forces of Bulgaria, for the purpose of "armed neutrality."

Attention continues to be concentrated upon the German campaign in Poland. Vilna was abandoned by the Russian army defending it at the end of last week, and fears were entertained lest the army should be encircled. As we write, however, German efforts to pierce the Russian line at Slonim have so far been unsuccessful, the railway south of Lida is still in Russian hands, and there appears to be a good prospect of the army that defended Vilna escaping the envelopment that von Hindenburg had planned. In the west the fighting has been principally confined to violent artillery duels. In Flanders the land forces of the Allies have been assisted by the British fleet. At the apex of the German wedge at St. Mihiel, shells from the French artillery have cut the "great bridge" across the Meuse River which formed one line of the German communications. The long projected attack on Servia has apparently commenced: dispatches on Monday and Tuesday spoke of German artillery coöperating with Austrian in bombarding the Servian positions on the Danube.

Reginald McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his budget speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday, estimated that the Government's revenue for the current year would be £272,000,000, that the expenditure would reach £1,590,000,000, and that the dead weight of debt at the close of the financial year would be £2,200,000,000. Among other means of raising revenue, the Chancellor proposed an addition of 40 per cent. to the existing income tax, and the reduction of the minimum of taxable income from £160 to £130.

In England the question of conscription continues to be debated with ever increasing heat and to the accompaniment of rumors of irreconcilable dissensions in the Cabinet and of governmental crises. That Lord Northcliffe has done his country most lamentable disservice by his persistence in putting the question on a controversial plane is obvious, and it seems equally apparent that, as a result of charges, almost certainly exaggerated, by the *Daily News*, of conscriptionist plots and intrigues to disrupt the Cabinet, many of Northcliffe's supporters are "running for cover." A frank statement on the matter, which should go far towards removing the question from the fog of controversy in which it has become obscured, was made in an open letter by Mr. Lloyd George, issued by the official Press Bureau on September 19. In the House of Commons on Thursday of last week James Henry Thomas, a labor member, warned his hearers that the introduction of conscription would be followed by a strike of the Railway Union.

The New York *Times* last Saturday published an account by Vilhjalmur Stefansson of the discovery he has made of new land in the Arctic. Dispatches announcing these discoveries contained the first news of the explorer since April 7, 1914.

The Week

Not in anger, but in pained astonishment at the ways of republican diplomacy, does Austria-Hungary's Ambassador Extraordinary take leave of our shores. "If," he writes in his remarkable letter to Secretary Lansing—

> If the conveying of letters to Europe by Americans travelling abroad during the war is an offence, it is one of which most Americans are apparently ignorant, as the courtesy has frequently been volunteered by my friends, and is habitually practiced. It did not for a moment occur to me that it was improper, nor am I yet able to see it in that light, having regard to the entirely legitimate purposes I had in mind in the line of the performance of my duty.

How does that casual reference to "my friends" fit Dr. Dumba's description of the particular American who carried the fatal letter for him? "To-day at twelve o'clock," he wrote in that letter, "Mr. Archibald, who is well known to your Excellency, leaves on the Rotterdam for Berlin and Vienna. I would like to use this rare, safe opportunity——" But the messenger was no rarer than the message, with its allusion to "the preparation of disturbances" in American factories. Yet this is characterized in Ambassador Dumba's letter as "the entirely legitimate purposes I had in mind." The most striking feature of the whole affair, however, is that the only diplomatic move that has caused President Wilson to take drastic action has been made by the representative of the most punctilious court in Europe. The one unmistakable error thus far committed in this country by an Ambassador of the warring nations must be charged against precedent-loving Vienna.

The subject for discussion being Germany, Count Bernstorff, and the Arabic note, the *National Zeitung* rises to remark:

> The promise [Count Bernstorff's] and the note [Germany's note on the Arabic] are two entirely different things. Count Bernstorff could not possibly have known that the Arabic intended to ram the submarine which sank her.

When we have reassured ourselves that the *National Zeitung* is not a comic weekly, but a supposed organ of opinion, and that it probably intends what it says to be taken seriously, we can only stand aghast before this resurgence of an extraordinary phase of German mentality. Count Bernstorff's promise and Germany's violation of his promise have nothing to do with each other! The German Ambasador's assurance of complete satisfaction and the German Government's refusal of satisfaction in the Arabic note, with its curt, goose-step phraseology, have nothing to do with each other! No wonder Berlin is hopeful regarding the situation. Berlin, as interpreted by its newspapers, has no objection to an arrangement by which von Bernstorff shall concede general principles and von Tirpitz shall file 100 per cent. of exceptions. Read not only the *National Zeitung*, but the other *Zeitungs* and *Anzeigers*, and you get the impression that the United States is engaged in a desperate attempt to placate Germany, which is inclined to be generous. Is the Berlin press really ignorant of the fact that the present situation is virtually one in which a German Ambassador is desperately engaged in persuading his Government not to go back on his solemn pledge delivered under authority at a moment of crisis?

We do not know whether the intimation from Washington, that the German Government would protest against a loan by our markets to the English and French Governments, is meant to be taken seriously. But of one thing we are sure—that the "protest" itself, based on allegations that such a loan would be "unneutral," would be taken seriously by nobody. By consulting the files of the New York newspapers at the opening of April, any one may discover the public advertisement, to the American investing community, of $10,000,000 Imperial German Government 5 per cent. Treasury notes, which were to be paid, interest and capital, in American gold coin at New York. These notes are publicly quoted to-day in Wall Street; nobody interfered with the marketing of them. Perhaps the German Government might answer that the announcement of its note issue in April declared that proceeds "are to be used only for the establishment of commercial credits in the United States," whereas the proposed Anglo-French loan would pay for munitions of war. That contention would invite three answers: First, our Government has already declared exports of munitions to be legitimate commercial business. Secondly, the credits raised by France and England would be applied to purchases of grain and cotton as well as to manufactured goods. Thirdly, public advertisements in the second week in March, by New York bankers, offered to take subscriptions in the United States for the second Imperial German war loan, floated at Berlin, and there were subscriptions to it.

It is possibly because of knowledge of these facts that some individuals appear to have started a propaganda, designed to incite pro-German depositors in American banks to threaten those institutions in case of their participation in the Anglo-French loan. We do not expect any tangible results from such an undertaking; partly because a bank president who could be deterred by such threats from a perfectly legitimate investment would thereby make public confession of his unfitness for his responsibilities, but partly also because an organized conspiracy such as is hinted at, to induce depositors to "run" on the banks in retaliation, would be a perilous business for its organizers. Mr. Herman Ridder, whose knowledge of international finance seems to be as profound as his knowledge of international law, adopts yet another policy. He tells us in his daily monologues that "the money of America is in the hands of one man, and he is at the moment in the hands of the Anglo-French commission"; that the "British and French Governments have sent to us experts to dictate our financial policy" (a somewhat original diagnosis of the situation), and that the British Government is planning to "take the money out of the pocket of the cotton farmer," and use it for the war. Somehow these oracular sayings remind us of similar utterances on another platform, which at the time caused a weary smile, especially among German-Americans. Can it be that Mr. Ridder never discovered the Money Trust until he had also discovered Perfidious Albion in the market?

Senator La Follette joins the distinguished group that already includes two such economic and legal authorities as William J. Bryan and J. Hamilton Lewis and that has taken unto itself the special protection of our neutrality. When the Wisconsin Senator sees something doing in Wall Street, he lifts up his voice if he is in the Senate Chamber or on the Chautauqua platform; in vacation time he reaches for his pen. This is vacation time, and so you must buy the current number of *La Follette's Weekly* if you want to learn the whole truth. But even a part of it is bad enough. We are not surprised to find that Morgan and "our money interests" generally are engaging once more in the unholy business of lending money at the highest rate of interest they can squeeze out of the poor borrowers, but it is sad to have to include persons outside of Wall Street in the terrible condemnation of violating our neutrality. Allied with Morgan and our money interests in this con-

spiracy are Schwab and our manufacturing interests. As the Senator pointedly remarks, not only by every principle of good morals, but even under the criminal code, he who supplies the weapon, knowing that it will be used to kill, is equally guilty with the slayer. And the proper time to reverse the practice of supplying weapons is in the midst of a fight. In what other way than by thus suddenly throwing whichever party may happen to be profiting more from that practice upon his own resources could you give him so clear a demonstration of real neutrality?

Viscount Bryce's appeal on behalf of the Armenians accuses the Turkish Government of forming deliberately and carrying out systematically a plan for extirpating all Christians of Armenian race. It was not local frenzy, aided by the irresponsibility or indifference of the central Government, but direct orders from Constantinople that resulted in massacres like that at Trebizond. One cannot help feeling that so terrible a charge is probably exaggerated. The Turkish Government has been quite capable of embarking upon a policy of wide terrorization, and it is all too likely that in certain districts this was carried to an extreme of cruelty; but even the Sublime Porte could hardly descend to the depths of inhumanity necessary in decreeing the stamping out of Christianity by the killing of all Christians. Yet even if its initiative in the dreadful scenes reported in Armenia was not so great as Viscount Bryce believes, he is quite right in believing that the moral opinion of the American nation, exerted directly or through Turkey's Teutonic allies, is the one outside force that has a chance of stopping the destruction. Indeed, action taken by Ambassador Morgenthau might be more effective than the appeal of neutral sentiment to Berlin. He was reported last week as having suggested to Turkey a plan for the rescue of the Armenians through an American fund. A full statement from him or from semi-official sources as to the exact situation in Asia Minor would instantly mould public opinion, and if the case is as dark as it is painted, he could command the fullest support in sentiment and in funds.

One of the reasons for the failure of Austro-Italian negotiations last spring was Austria's stipulation that the territory which she was willing to cede should pass only after the conclusion of hostilities. Italy had its doubts about the value of a bare promise. Teutonic diplomacy seems to have taken the Italian point of view when the promise is a Turkish promise. Bulgaria must not wait for her price. Without lifting a finger, she has won a sizable strip of territory and a free way for her railway line to Dedeaghatch and the Ægean. The transfer is now being conducted amicably at Adrianople. And yet it was not long ago that Premier Radaslavoff declared that if the Allies said the word, a Bulgarian army of 250,000 would start for Constantinople. There is, of course, no illusion in any quarter regarding the nature of the bargain just completed. On neither side is there any love lost. Let Servia and Greece pay the price, and the present benevolent neutrality of Bulgaria to the central Powers would disappear. The Bulgars make no pretence about it. The present is their opportunity. Moreover, what would otherwise be international blackmail is very considerably mitigated in their case by the fact that three years ago they were themselves the victim of a "hold-up" by Rumania. The territory which Bulgaria now receives from the Turk is only a fraction of what she asserts should have been her legitimate reward after the first Balkan War.

"Not far short of three millions," is Mr. Asquith's estimate of the enlistments in the English army and navy since the beginning of hostilities. Deduct the navy enlistments, and two and three-quarter million recruits are the apparent minimum for the new armies. The Army Establishment before the outbreak of the war was placed in the Parliamentary estimates at 727,000 men, but allowance should be made for the Territorials, where the ranks were not filled up. If we say half a million we are safe. Canada has at the front or in training about 150,000 men. Australasia has sent about 50,000 men. Indian native troops probably have been brought to the same number. This would make three and a half million men as the total of the Empire's forces, old and new. The casualties, as we learned the other day, have been 382,000, of whom 100,000 have probably returned for duty. Subtracting roughly 300,000 for casualties, we get 3,200,000 men in the field or drilling. At the front in the west, if we add to Lord Lansdowne's estimate of last July Lord Kitchener's twelve new divisions, we get about 700,000 men. In Gallipoli there can hardly be more than 150,000 British troops. Altogether at the front there are thus much less than a million. Waiting for active service are about two and a quarter millions. Of these at least a million have had nine months' training. The inference, therefore, is that Great Britain is still prevented by lack of equipment from making full use of her numerical strength.

The prorogation of the Duma for a period of two months is the Czar's reply to the demands formulated by the Liberal majority in Russia's "parliament" for political and social reforms as the necessary condition for a full rallying of the nation's forces against the enemy. Berlin would be justified if it included the dismissal of the Duma in the list of German successes reported on the eastern front. By breaking with the representatives of the people the Czar has struck a blow at the cause of the Allies. The Russia that must now confront the Kaiser's advancing armies is no longer united. The forces of revolution have been manifesting themselves under the sting of military disaster. The forces of revolution will now be strengthened by Liberal disaffection. In the Duma, a few days ago, Miliukoff, leader of the strongest Liberal faction, protesting against the rumors of prorogation, uttered words that sound ominously like Mirabeau's in the States-General. If we are sent away, said Miliukoff, we shall be back in a few weeks and in a different temper. Simultaneously with the dismissal of the Duma comes the news of measures taken for the repression of popular demonstrations in the large cities. It is like an echo of 1905. Even while Kitchener and Asquith were speaking of Russia's magnificent stand against the common enemy, the Czar decided to challenge his own subjects. The effect on public opinion in the west will be deplorable. It is certainly no benefit to the Allies to have the possibility arise that munitions for Russia may yet mean munitions against the Russian people.

Hayti has followed the example of her sister republic, and we are now to show what we can do in the way of straightening out the finances of another turbulent state. The announcement that the treaty was signed at Washington last Thursday is followed by the expectation of its ratification by the Haytian Congress shortly, the session having been prolonged for the purpose of considering such agreement as might be arrived at by the representatives of the two Governments. We anticipated this event by recognition of the new Haytian Government. The treaty establishes a Hay-

tian receivership of customs under our control and a native constabulary force also under our control, and gives us the management of Haytian finances generally to the extent that may be necessary to safeguard the interests of the Haytian people—all this for a period of ten years. Those immediately concerned with the arrangement are hopeful that this "financial protectorate" will pull Hayti out of the slough of both domestic and foreign difficulties, at least in so far as those difficulties are due to financial mismanagement.

For political candor, commend us to Victor Murdock, of Kansas and the National Progressive party. If the Colonel thinks he sees a chance to win in 1916, he will accept another nomination from the party. If there must be another sacrifice, his strong inclination will be to stand aside and allow some one else to take the beating. If, then, the Colonel displays no unusual coyness during the Presidential primaries, we may infer that in his opinion the party has been revived. On the other hand, if he waves the nomination aside and murmurs "Johnson," the country will know that it is all over and that the wicked are once more about to occupy the seats of the mighty. But along with his candor, the Progressive Chairman has other qualities more typical of men in his position. He gives no indication of suspecting that the Colonel might come out for the Republican nominee, leaving the Progressives to shift for themselves. He is also able to speak of "the chance that the Republican party will nominate William Howard Taft," and to do this with a perfectly straight face. Nor has he any information that would lead him to suppose that there is the slightest likelihood that the Republicans and the Progressives will be found voting together next year. "The 1912 campaign proved that there are 4,000,000 people who do not believe in the fetich of a party label. Once broken away from the old party, they will always be independent." What the campaign of 1914 proved he does not deign to notice.

But Mr. Murdock's real vision is of a split in the Democratic party. An "internal explosion" he calls it, and he foresees it happening in Congress before the fourth of next March. "The young men of the party have tired of the game and the way it is played by the older men," he discovers, "and these young men are bound to cause a blow-up that will lay the Democratic party flat within the next six months." Here the Kansas prophet stands upon firm ground. Everybody remembers the dissatisfaction among the young men of the party in 1912 over the outcome of the Baltimore Convention, with its backward-looking candidate and its failure to displace the aged McCombs by a more youthful National Chairman. All history, moreover, confirms Murdock's forecast of a party dividing as it sees an election approaching. Differences assume exaggerated importance, factions push conflicting programmes, Congress discusses and passes a mass of momentous measures, after which it breaks up in a row. Especially does the majority party air all its internal troubles at such a time. Murdock has been in Congress, and he knows what happens during the period immediately preceding the National Convention season. The only thing which he omitted to mention was the bitter rivalry for the Democratic nomination, which promises a split, no matter who wins the prize. What gives special force to this fine dream is the dreamer's detached attitude, as shown in his admonition to his fellow-Progressives: "Give the people the idea that we can win, and we will have to enlarge our bandwagon."

Already murmurs of apprehensions are heard as to the workings of the confused sets of new Presidential preference primary laws; and we find one New England journal predicting that a candidate with Mr. Roosevelt's energy may be able to "muss up" the forthcoming Conventions with contests over delegates, as at Chicago in 1912. Certainly, next year we shall begin watching operation of the laws in seventeen States in about seventeen different ways. The tendency of all is to bind the delegates either too much or too little; to insist in some States that even if the preferred candidate becomes hopeless, they shall continue voting for him, and in others to let them, under such a contingency, cast their instructions to the winds and vote for whom they please. A more rational plan would be to instruct delegates in first, second, and third choices. But the diversity of preference laws in minor points is startling. Note the caution of Indiana, in insisting that all candidates for Vice-Presidential or Presidential nomination shall pay a fee of $100 to the State. Note the suspicion of Illinois, in providing that if a Presidential candidate whiffs deals and treachery, he may disavow a delegate who has declared for him and appoint some one else. There is plenty of room for contests and confusion. But the cost of squabbles is so great, both as regards the dignity of the Convention and the harmony of the party, that all sides will surely try to avoid duplication of the scenes that attended the Republican gathering of the last campaign.

The statement in the news dispatches that John D. Rockefeller, jr., is to spend a considerable time in the Colorado mine fields, is interesting; it may be extremely important. Without belittling on the one hand the degree to which the labor unions, and especially unscrupulous persons among their leadership, were responsible for wantonly murderous acts and incitements, or on the other hand aggressions and negligence on the part of the operating corporations, we feel that one of the most serious factors in the civil strife which disgraced the State of Colorado lay in the fact that Mr. Rockefeller, most conspicuous if not most influential in the ownership, was dependent for his information upon distant representatives whose statements, however honest, must perforce have been *ex parte*. The opportunity before him now is one of great potentialities. If he contents himself with a merely superficial hearing at first hand, on the ground, of what he already has been told by mail and telegraph, his visit will be of little value or significance. If with a deep sense of the responsibility with which fortune has clothed him he devotes himself to a real study of the large problem that besets that sadly troubled country, he may do an enormously important thing for his fellowmen.

Aside from the gratification which will be universal, in the confidence that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, whose death in the Arctic wilderness has seemed a foregone conclusion, is safe after all, one cannot resist the thought of what will be his state of mind when he first hears news of the world. For more than a year and a half he has been out of reach of tidings of any human happening beyond his own horizon of ice and ocean. Since he passed, in April, 1914, beyond the ken of his fellow-men, the whole world has plunged deep into the chaos of bloodshed and destruction unprecedented. When he left there was no visible portent of the turmoil which has covered the earth with woe. It may be doubted whether in all the world there is one other individual for whom is in store so staggering a shock as awaits this man in his first instalment of news from "civilization."

NEUTRAL RIGHTS AT SEA.

The action of the British Prize Court condemning some millions of dollars' worth of American cargoes seized on their way to neutral ports has naturally produced an unpleasant impression in this country. That the right to detain or confiscate cargoes of this nature has been stretched by the British beyond established precedent has seemed plain all along; and it has seemed fairly clear that it has been stretched beyond the limits which a change in conditions might properly be held to justify. The reasons for the Prize Court's decision, so far as they are to be gathered from the cable dispatches, do not remove this impression. That the case has been so long in reaching a conclusion in the Prize Court is also a substantial grievance; though any very hot indignation on that score would come a little oddly from a nation so notoriously slow as ours has generally been in the settlement of judicial questions. The case will now be appealed to the Privy Council by American shippers, and if that appeal should fail, there is no doubt that the interposition of our State Department by diplomatic means will be invoked. In the meanwhile, our Government will certainly have set forth its views on the whole question of the treatment of American trade under the British war policy, upon which the President and Secretary of State have so long been contemplating the making of a strong representation to the British Government.

So far as can be judged from the information in hand, both as regards the grounds of the decision of the British Prize Court and as regards the view taken of the subject at Washington, the London decision is not likely in any serious degree to complicate or aggravate the situation, at least in the immediate future. The matter is not so simple as some comments on the subject appear to assume. Whatever highhandedness there may be in the Orders in Council, or in the British claim as to the scope of the blockade, it is not upon either of these that the confiscation of the American cargoes is based. The question appears essentially to turn on the treatment of conditional contraband. And even here a distinction has to be made—the distinction between the question of how such contraband is to be dealt with when the facts are as charged by the British Government in this case and the question of the way in which the charge is to be established. In the judgment delivered by Sir Samuel T. Evans, president of the British Prize Court, the element of misrepresentation or deception on the part of the shippers is particularly stressed, and it would be rash to say to what extent the conjuncture of this element with their refusal to accept the burden of proof that the goods were not specifically destined for the enemy forces should be regarded as justifying the action of the Court.

In saying these things we are by no means desirous of belittling the importance of the question at issue between this country and Great Britain on the subject of American trade to neutral ports. To prevent encroachment upon the rights of commerce which have in the past been enjoyed by neutral nations in time of war, is the clear duty of our Government. It is important on account of its bearings upon the immediate economic interests of our people, upon the future of international commerce in general, and upon the maintenance of a just attitude towards the rights of the nations opposed to Great Britain in the present war. That this duty, however, will be performed with vigor and ability by the President and Secretary of State, we have no doubt. We are not unmindful that time is of the essence of the matter, and that much time has gone by without effective action following up our initial announcements of policy in this regard. But nothing can be plainer than that this delay on the part of our Government must be ascribed to the situation in which we have been placed by the unspeakable lawlessness and barbarism of the policy with which Germany identified herself when she sank the Lusitania, and from the burden of which she has not yet emancipated herself. It must be remembered that the mere announcement of this policy of lawlessness, last February, did not interfere with our making a protest against the British Orders in Council just as clear and emphatic as the protest we made against the German programme. It was only when that programme was translated into action which shocked the conscience of the civilized world that the efforts of this country in relation to Britain were halted.

Between the issue precipitated by the Lusitania massacre and the issue that turns upon British violations of neutral rights at sea, the difference is usually said to be that the issue with Germany involves the protection of American lives, while that with England relates only to property rights. That difference undoubtedly looms largest in the general mind, and also affects most plainly the state of feeling that prevails in official circles. But this difference by no means covers the case. American lives could, for the future at least, be safeguarded by Americans abandoning the right to sail the seas in time of war; the bottom fact in the case is that, unlike matters relating to contraband, or blockade, this right is so simple and elementary, and has been so wholly free from challenge for generations, that to violate it strikes at the very root of international faith, and to defend it without reserve or qualification is a prime duty of national self-respect. In the matter of blockade, in the matter of seizure of contraband, we ourselves stretched the pre-existing understandings of international law during our Civil War; if England has now stretched them more, and stretched them with less justification, that is a ground for very determined objection on our part, but it is not a new thing under the sun. If von Tirpitz's policy of frightfulness, besides failing of its object as to British commerce, has had the effect of paralyzing for a time such interposition of this country in favor of neutral commerce as would have inured to Germany's advantage, nothing could be a better example of poetic justice.

TOWARDS PEACE IN MEXICO.

Until October 9, Pancho Villa is to have an opportunity to show cause why the Government of Venustiano Carranza should not be recognized as the legal Government of Mexico. That is the plain purport of the policy formulated at the meeting of the Pan-American conferrees in New York city on Saturday, and given to the public by Secretary Lansing. Anticipating the criticism that this action is an abandonment of the policy formulated in the "get-together" note of August 15, addressed to the factional leaders in Mexico, Mr. Lansing's statement is at pains to show that we have here not an abandonment of policy, but a fulfilment. We are told now that the signatories of the note of August 15 foresaw the possible failure of the appeal for harmony, and had therefore agreed upon the recognition, as an alternative, of that faction which showed itself best able to fulfil the elementary functions of government—the protection of life and property and the ultimate establishment of social order. Could any other alternative have been contemplated by the conferrees? It must be confessed that the August note did arouse in the public mind the possibility of intervention. Not enough attention was paid to the statement issued at that

time by the Ambassador of Argentina that his Government could not associate itself with a plan for the restoration of Mexican order by force. To-day we have the assurance that this principle was accepted by the members of the conference, that at no time was intervention in Mexico contemplated.

The note of August 15, now explained as the necessary preliminary step towards the recognition of a Mexican Government, was something more than that. It was a move on the part of the Pan-American associates to gain time. Military events in Mexico were moving so rapidly that a delay of five weeks was pretty sure to clarify the situation. In five weeks Pancho Villa might show whether he could turn the tide of battle that was swiftly running against him. By a dramatic victory he might yet put Carranza in a position where the tenacious old gentleman would be willing to discuss compromise. No such victory has been forthcoming. Since the August note was issued, Durango and Saltillo have fallen to Carranza, and the sweep of Obregon's armies northward has continued. The Sunday newspapers, along with the action of the conference at the Hotel Biltmore, printed authentic news of the abandonment of Torreón by the Villistas. The collapse of organized resistance to Carranza is seemingly a matter of weeks. It has been foreshadowed in the action of this Government in recalling its citizens from Villa's territory. In another three weeks Chihuahua, the last of Villa's strongholds, may be in Carranza's hands, or its fate, at any rate, be pretty definitely determined. The associated American Governments are then to exercise their individual judgment in extending recognition. This is theory. In practice we have no doubt that the Pan-American conferrees will act as one.

From the point of view of mere fitness to rule, Venustiano Carranza has stood out for many months as the best man in Mexico. We say that with full recognition of those defects of temper which have so sorely tried the patience and good will of the Administration. The very qualities of doggedness, of insistence on what he considered his rights and the rights of Mexico, have shown Carranza possessed of the elements of the "strong man" for whom the situation seemingly calls. As between Carranza and Villa there have all along been in favor of the former the facts that he was the original leader of the revolution against the assassins of Madero, and that he represented enough of the old Mexico in prestige, education, and general capacities to make the transition much easier than it would be to a ruler of the type of Villa or Zapata. These abstract qualifications have been reinforced by the very important concrete fact of victory in the field. The stories of Obregon's turning against Carranza soon proved to be fabrications. Carranza has held the loyalty of his commanders, both in crisis and in victory. He has shown fortitude and patience. He has been a very good patient waiter on his own account. He waited for months in obscurity during the war against Huerta until the legend spread that there was no such person as Carranza. He has waited doggedly at Vera Cruz. He has demonstrated that with him in the palace at Mexico City there could be no unseen government, no play of sinister forces, such as would attend installation of the illiterate and tempestuous Villa. If any man in Mexico carries in his own person the promise of a permanent settlement, it is Carranza.

When, therefore, the time comes for the extension of recognition to Carranza—and that, it is hoped, will not be long postponed—Washington will be doing something much more than taking a leap in the dark, as disgruntled critics are saying to-day. Only in a specious sense will it amount to letting Mexico continue to fight out the issue for herself. It is no longer a question of fighting to see who is the best man, but of final clearing-up operations before the best man has accomplished his task. This end cannot but be hastened by recognition from Washington. If Carranza's cause has moved forward so prosperously all these months when Washington was supposed to look askance at his cause—and with fair justification—his ultimate triumph must be accelerated by the formal expression of our goodwill. With Washington on record, the interests on this side of the border which have been speculating on Villa will refuse to continue in what must become a desperate gamble.

Nor would such favorable action by Washington be anything but a logical development and fulfilment of our policy of patient waiting. There will be enough critics of Mr. Wilson to say that even if the solution does come we shall have merely stumbled into it. But to the historian who looks back on the Mexican revolution since the death of Madero, our policy will show consistency and strength. We shall not have muddled through, but in a very real sense shall have waited through, and that not passively. The historian will recognize that at critical moments we have intervened for the good of democracy and order in Mexico. Every revolution has two phases, the tearing down and the building up. We helped in the removal of Huerta, as the survivor of the old régime, though at terrible risk to ourselves. We will now help towards the establishment of a new and better state of things by giving our moral support to the one man who embodies the necessary ideals and capacity to bring a new order into being across the Rio Grande.

ENGLAND AND CONSCRIPTION.

When Asquith or Kitchener discusses "compulsory national service," the partisans on either side are still at liberty to read into the speeches what they like. The only people who have apparently made up their minds about conscription are Lord Northcliffe on one side and the labor unions on the other. Lord Northcliffe is to be reckoned with, but he is by no means so important as the labor unions. Last Thursday, the most powerful of the unions, the railway workers, served notice in the House of Commons that conscription would be followed by a general strike. "If the conscriptionists want an industrial revolution," said their Parliamentary representative, "let them proceed with their agitation." This cannot be regarded as an empty threat. The British workers have shown throughout the war that they do not regard the national necessity as pressing enough to justify their surrender of privileges for which they have long struggled, or for the introduction of radical changes which they regard as a menace to the future welfare of their class. The Welsh miners have shown that words would be followed by action. England's allies will not read this latest expression of a very important section of British sentiment with satisfaction. France is preparing to call her boys of eighteen and her men over forty-five to the colors. Russia is calling up her last line of reserves. Paris and Petrograd will be asking more than ever whether England is doing her share.

To what extent is this attitude of the British workers due to indifference? To what extent is it justified by the facts? Unquestionably, one of the factors in the problem is the growing sense of security in England as to the possibility of an invasion of the islands; and, after all, the consciousness that his own country is safe from attack must enter into the average Englishman's estimate of the seriousness of the general

situation, just as it would count with the average Frenchman or Russian or German. Reports agree that the panic fears of the early days of the war have disappeared. The British fleet does hold the seas and bar the way to a hostile force. The military routes into France are adequately protected. Germany's submarine warfare has demonstrated the maximum of its capacity to inflict damage on British trade and the nation's food supply. There are the Zeppelins, to be sure, but these are an irritation rather than a menace. Finally, there is the British army on the Continent. With nearly three-quarters of a million men barring the way to Calais, with surely as many men behind the line available for emergency, the feeling is pretty general in England that the British line is safe, that the road to the Channel coast is closed to the Kaiser, and that the menace of an attack across the narrow waters has been removed.

It would be unjust to the British workers to suppose that they are content with this selfish view of the situation. England's liability must go beyond protecting her own coasts. She must help to win the war for the Allies. It is not a sufficient answer to say that England has done her share, that at the beginning of the war she was pledged to a small expeditionary force, and that she has called up an army of three and a half million men. It is only what England's own interests, as well as her duty to her allies, would dictate. England's liability, the *Manchester Guardian* declared the other day, is not a limited liability. She is engaged in a tremendous issue, and she must put forth every effort necessary to win. The question is not, therefore, whether England has done her share, but whether she has done as much as she could. The answer of the British workers is that she has done so. When men were wanted, the workers, with the rest of the nation, responded. When the problem became one of organization, the workers—so they would contend—equally responded. The labor leaders' pledge of a volunteer army for the munition factories was redeemed in the course of a couple of weeks. Where the unions have made trouble it was because of the suspicion that they were being taken advantage of without cause, that they were called upon for sacrifices which no emergency justified and which would not be effective in any case.

Conscription is one of these unnecessary sacrifices, as the unions see it. And especially conscription in the rather narrow sense which it has taken on in recent discussion. In reply to the argument that the volunteer system has brought virtually as many men to the colors as compulsory service would have done, the conscriptionists have been saying that compulsory service is not so essential for the mere raising of fighting men as for the organization of the war industries. Compulsion is necessary to deal with the shirkers in the ranks of labor, and with the short-sighted policy of some unions in insisting on their rights as against unskilled labor, women workers, the infraction of union hours, and so on. But to say that compulsion would be primarily directed against the workers was naturally to rouse their suspicions to the utmost. It meant the surrender of their liberty of action in order to atone for the errors, the lack of foresight, of the men at the head of affairs. Were the emergency a pressing one, there would be no excuse for hesitation. But there is no grinding emergency. The war is stretching out indefinitely. A decision will be won by endurance. That gives time for the full development of England's strength in accordance with British traditions, not by curtailing democracy, but by negotiating with and educating the democracy to the need of the moment. As the labor unions see the problem, England has raised men for the field without compulsion, and she can obtain munitions for her armies without destroying what many regard as the fundamentals of British liberty.

GERMAN INTENTIONS IN POLAND

Speculation regarding the terms of peace which Germany might look upon with favor, though vague and hazardous at best, has shown a tendency to gravitate towards one general principle which does carry the elements of probability. This is that the Kaiser is now looking to the east for the fruits of victory. As was suggested in these columns some time ago, the military and the moral situation both point in that direction. Of the Allies, it is Russia that has been most decisively beaten and is apparently in the weakest position for a war to the end. In the second place, the opinion of the neutral world would regard with less reluctance any attempt by Germany to recompense herself at the expense of Russia than at the expense of Belgium and France. Assuming that the German line in the west cannot be broken, it is still possible to suppose that the Kaiser would consent to surrender his conquests in the west for various considerations, of which the most important would be the annexation of Russian territory, which must mean primarily Poland. The press in Berlin and Vienna is firm in the assertion that Poland will never again come under the rule of the Czar.

If Poland is lost to the Czar, what is to be its precise fate? The possibilities are three. The conquered territory may be directly annexed, partly by Germany, partly by Austria-Hungary, and ruled as Alsace-Lorraine was ruled until recently. Or a Polish kingdom or kingdoms may be re-created to constitute a member either of the German Empire or of the Hapsburg monarchy, or of both. Or a completely autonomous kingdom may be reëstablished under the protection of the Teutonic Allies and serving its main purpose as an effective barrier to Russian aggression for all the future. The last is the ideal towards which Polish aspirations are undoubtedly directed, but also the one that is plainly impossible of realization. To imagine such a resurrection of Poland, to suggest even, as has been done, that Germany might surrender her present Polish territories, and Austria give up Galicia, to reconstitute the integrity of the old Polish nation, presupposes a degree of altruism not to be looked for in any European capital. The choice apparently is either the entrance of Poland as a constituent member of the Federal German Empire or of the Hapsburg monarchy or of both, or complete annexation.

The probability of an autonomous Poland under some form of Teutonic rule seemed to be greatly strengthened by Bethmann-Hollweg's great speech in the Reichstag on August 19. As quoted in a long dispatch to Sayville on the following day, this is what the German Chancellor said:

> I hope that the present occupation of the eastern Polish frontier means the beginning of a new evolution which will abolish the old-time antagonism between Germans and Poles, and lead Poland, freed from the Russian yoke, towards a brighter future, in which she will cultivate her individual national character.

These words seemed rich in possibilities. They might mean independence; they surely forecast a large measure of Polish autonomy. That Bethmann-Hollweg did not mean independence appears from a sentence omitted in the Associated Press dispatch but reported by the New York *Sun's* correspondent. In the dispatch to the *Sun*, Bethmann-Hollweg prefaced his statement, as just quoted, with the sentence: "I do not imitate the glittering promises of our enemies." No independence, therefore, and no complete autonomy such as Petrograd is supposed to have promised.

How far, then, did Bethmann-Hollweg's individual national life for Poland go?

We find a possible answer in the complete version of Bethmann-Hollweg's speech as printed in the London *Times*. Here again Sayville has omitted a sentence. Bethmann-Hollweg did not stop with the statement about Poland's individual national character. He went on:

> The country occupied by us will be administered by us with the assistance of its own population.

If "administered with the assistance of its own population" refers to the permanent condition of Poland after the war, Polish autonomy, as Berlin sees it, is only a dream.

THE GERMAN DELUSION.

The article contributed by Professor Münsterberg to the magazine section of the New York *Times* of Sunday covers ground so extensive that any attempt to discuss the questions which it raises would require a treatise. But in the main the contentions to which it is devoted fall into two classes. He dwells with emphasis upon the value of certain great qualities of the German people, and implores us almost with tears not to lose sight of their importance; and if this were all, there would be nothing to object to, and a great deal to prize, in his article. Unfortunately, however, this is the very part of the article which has the least relation to any question that now troubles the public mind. Nobody denies to-day, any more than they denied two years ago, that in government, in industry, in education, in science, the Germans are distinguished by an exemplary thoroughness and efficiency from which we in America have much to learn. If the American people have been thinking about the deliberate precipitation of this unspeakably calamitous war, about the violation of Belgium in defiance of sacred obligations, about the systematic atrocities committed by the German forces in that unhappy country, about the unparalleled crime of the Lusitania massacre, rather than about the high attributes which they have always recognized in the German people, this is a manifestation of human nature which a professor of psychology should of all men find it least difficult to understand. We are neither denying nor forgetting what is great and good about Germany; but to ask us to be continually talking and thinking about these things, just as though Germany had been giving us nothing else to think about, is to demand a psychological impossibility.

And this impossibility is intensified by a characteristic of the German propaganda of which Professor Münsterberg himself unconsciously gives a striking illustration in that other part of his article to which we have referred above. The just claims of Germany as a beneficent influence in the world's civilization are fatally obscured by the monstrous exaggeration with which they are constantly being presented by her spokesmen, both at home and in this country. And we do not remember ever to have seen so instructive an example of this as is given us by Professor Münsterberg. A single passage may serve to indicate his state of mind:

> May it not be said that the enmity against Germany which has taken hold of wide circles in America and the resulting war excitement have had no more treacherous effect than the sudden interruption which they brought in the struggle against the spirit of recklessness and lawlessness in the land? The fight against it had begun in many lines. The big crackers on the Fourth were forbidden, steel cars were built and many a grade-crossing abolished, the country-wide movements for the conservation of the national resources began, the work against infant mortality and race suicide, against vice and intemperance, had started, more and more old-age pensions and accident insurance were introduced, the schools were improved, child labor was reduced, some city governments were cleaned. The spirit of carelessness and recklessness was at last threatened by a new spirit of thoroughness and conscientiousness.

Out of the depths of his inner consciousness the professor learns not only that all these good tendencies that he speaks of were derived from Germany, but that they met with a sudden and disastrous check just as soon as our affection for his Fatherland received a chill. Nobody else has heard that we have gone back to the old-fashioned Fourth, that we have stopped building steel cars or abolishing grade-crossings, that our Health Departments no longer care how many babies die, that our city governments are going back to the Tweed pattern, or that the movement against the saloon has been specially languishing since August 1, 1914. The mere possibility of constructing out of nothing such an hallucination as this is sufficient indication of that utter disparity between the facts of the world and the assumptions of German megalomania which has been so conspicuous throughout the German "literature" of the war.

Possibly this ludicrous error may be ascribed to a disturbance of mind natural at a time of war excitement, or perhaps it is even an evidence of a certain American carelessness or want of thoroughness with which the Professor has become infected in spite of himself. But there is a deeper vice in the whole matter, and this is neither American nor specially Münsterbergian, but simply German. With their eyes fixed on their own virtues and superiorities, the Germans have fallen into a way of laying claim to everything good that is to be found in Germany as peculiarly their own, and everything good that is to be found in other countries as a mere reflection of German excellences. That "work against intemperance had started" here as a result of German influences is a novel contribution to history. Even in regard to "vice," it will occur to many as a little startling to have the standards of Berlin held up for the admiration of Americans. No doubt in a few years Dr. Münsterberg will be pointing to the opening of educational opportunities for women as one of the great triumphs of German Kultur; it being, of course, easy enough to prove that the foundation of Vassar College and the institution of co-educational universities throughout the Middle West half a century ago were but the product of some ferment or other that was going on in the Teutonic mind, although it did not show itself in any overt shape until near the beginning of the twentieth century. If the leading commercial city of the United States had had in 1892 such an outbreak of cholera as visited Hamburg and threatened the health of maritime cities throughout the world, that, of course, would have been clear proof of American inferiority and German perfection; but no such inference can be made when it is a German city that is at fault.

A hundred examples could be given of the fallacy of all this self-adoration. Let one suffice. Long before any German city had reached such standards in regard to paving and sanitation as are now looked upon as a matter of course on both sides of the Atlantic, Paris was a miracle of cleanliness and perfection in her streets. We all knew it here, as all the world knew it. But it never occurred to anybody on either side of the water to recommend to the American people a worshipful study of the character or the intellect of the pinchbeck Napoleon to whom the creation of this new Paris was due, or to warn us to remember that an empire built up on false pretence, corruption, and a flashy militarism has its good side, which we might underrate at our peril.

Foreign Correspondence

FINANCIAL AND ECONOMIC MEASURES DEVISED TO MEET THE HUGE COST OF WAR.

By T. L. GILMOUR.

LONDON, August 31.

It is part of the tribute which must be paid to Germany for the thoroughness with which she was organized for war that her preparations were almost as complete on the economic side as on the military. By a curious paradox, the fact that Germany was a debtor nation trading largely on borrowed capital gave her, when war broke out, an immense and immediate advantage over Great Britain and France, and, indeed, almost involved those countries in irremediable disaster. Germany simply did not pay her debts, and so found herself in possession of the goods without having to discharge the obligations which she had incurred. The London discounting houses, on the other hand, found themselves with valueless German paper in their portfolios, and heavy liabilities towards the rest of the world, that must be met if British credit was to be saved from a collapse which, apart from the effect such a collapse would have had on other countries, would have mado it impossible for Great Britain to finance the war.

This is, of course, ancient history, as are the measures which the British Government took on the advice of the leading London bankers, sitting in almost continuous session in those fateful August days a year ago; but it is not inopportune to recall the situation which existed at the outbreak of war, now that it is more clearly recognized than it has ever been that this world-struggle has resolved itself into a contest of endurance in which man-power, brain-power, organizing-power, money-power must all contribute to the ultimate momentous decision. There is evidence that, just as Germany counted on a rapid military success to bring France and Russia to their knees, so she hoped by a crushing initial blow so completely to disorganize the delicate mechanism of British credit that the whole structure of our economic life would be brought down in ruin about our ears.

In her economic, as in her military, forecast, Germany deceived herself. The measures taken by the British Government to grapple with the financial crisis proved, indeed, so efficacious that they obscured the more permanent dangers which the future had in store for us and for our allies. The slogan of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Business as usual," may have had its appropriateness at the moment; but it has long since outlived its usefulness, and to-day everybody whose view is not limited by what is happening beneath his nose recognizes that not only does the war necessitate immediate economic adjustments which are far-reaching and difficult to make, but that greater and even more difficult adjustments in our social, political, and economic organization must follow on the restoration of peace. Superficially, the war has had singularly little effect on London, apart from the darkened streets, the prevalence of khaki, and the blue of the wounded soldiers taking the air in motor-cars and char-à-bancs. Neutral observers tell us that the same superficial absence of change is noticeable in Berlin and in Vienna, but that in Paris it is different. Paris was well within the war zone, and is still so near to it that the Parisians *see* the war. But below the surface London, Berlin, Vienna are as profoundly affected as Paris, though here again, as usual, London is, I think, the last to realize anything either of the character or of the extent of the forces which will ultimately give birth to a new Europe.

So far, I have not met any one in authority who will commit himself to a forecast of what is going to happen to any of us after the war. The general view is: "We've got enough to do to win the war. Let us see to that being done properly. It isn't much use speculating how the incalculable forces that are being called into being will work themselves out. We can't manipulate them. What we've got to do now is to organize ourselves for war." That is a statement which, I think, fairly reflects the public mind; but there are wide differences of opinion as to how our economic forces can be most effectively organized, just as there are widely divergent views as to whether legislative compulsion in some form or another is necessary to the effective utilization of our military resources. So far the actual financing of the war has been effected mainly by voluntary loans raised at home, and to a very small extent by increased taxation. But a very brief consideration of the national finances—not the Government finances—will make it clear that the British public cannot go on lending money to the Government unless it makes very drastic changes in its personal and collective habits. Statisticians are agreed that the national income may be estimated at £2,400,000,000, of which in normal times we spent £2,000,000,000 and had the balance of £400,000,000 for fresh investments, roughly half that amount being invested in home industries and half abroad. Some time ago it was estimated that our annual expenditure during the war is about thirteen hundred million sterling. The estimate to-day would probably be higher. As our estimated revenue is £275,000,000, we have to find, somewhere, in order to balance our budget, about a thousand million sterling.

If a private individual with an income of £2,400 a year, of which he spends £2,000 and invests £400, suddenly finds himself one year engaged in a lawsuit which necessitates his procuring, say, £1,400 in cash, it is obvious that not only will he have no money to invest, but that to raise the £1,000 cash required over his surplus for investment, he must either save the money he wants by curtailing his expenditure, borrow it, or sell some of his securities. It is precisely this predicament in which we as a people find ourselves, and the situation is further complicated by the fact that we have to pay so much of the money we are spending on the war to other countries—principally to the United States—so that the exchange with those countries whose debtors we are has now for some time been going steadily against us. It is astonishing how learned we are all becoming in "foreign exchanges." Not a day too soon the Chancellor of the Exchequer is sending a commission of experts, headed by Sir Edward Holden, the chairman of one of our greatest joint-stock banks, to New York to discuss with the financial experts on your side of the water how the normal relationship between the dollar and the pound may be re-established. That is one aspect only of this many-sided problem, but it is one of primary importance.

Meanwhile the "saving" campaign which the Government started simultaneously with the issue of the last war loan is making some progress, though it cannot, I am afraid, be said to have achieved any great measure of success at present. The whole subject bristles with difficulties. You cannot, Burke said, indict a whole people. Nor can you change the habits of a whole people, even under the pressure of such a world-wide catastrophe as this war. Large classes of the population are reducing their expenditure, because they must do so. Their incomes have either disappeared altogether, have been greatly reduced, or have remained stationary, and prices have risen. On the other hand, many sections of the population have larger incomes than they have ever had before. There has never been so little unemployment. The trades unions have seen to it that the increase in the cost of living has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the scale of wages. Skilled workmen are receiving wages which many a professional man can only envy. Speaking broadly, there is in progress a very remarkable turnover in the wealth of the country. The rich man is becoming poorer, the poor man is becoming richer. Thousands of workmen are earning six, eight, and even ten pounds a week. The wages bill of one of the largest armament firms is about £280,000 a week. They employ 70,000 men and women, giving an average weekly wage of £4 for each employee. What are these wage-earners doing with their money? The answer is, of course, that, while some are wisely providing against the inevitable rainy day that must come when industry is once more dislocated by the advent of peace, others are spending their unaccustomed wealth recklessly and foolishly, buying, as one of the employers cynically said to me, "sealskin jackets for their wives, and motor-cycles for themselves." To counteract folly of this kind, to stimulate economy, to preach thrift, the Government has established a "War Saving Committee," and various unofficial organizations have been founded with the same object. There is a "War Economy League," with duchesses, marchionesses, and other titled ladies at its head. Its members are to wear a badge and to sign a pledge, or rather a series of pledges, and these may be quoted as typical of what is being done in this direction. The members pledge themselves: "(1.) Imports: To reduce in every way possible expenditure on imported goods, and strictly to limit the purchase of everything that comes under the category of luxuries. (2.) Dress: To buy as few luxurious articles of clothing as possible. To resist all efforts to introduce new fashions. (3.) Motors: To avoid as far as possible the use of motors, except for necessary or charitable purposes. (4.) Food: To give up all unnecessary entertaining, both at home and at restaurants, and to restrict home consumption to the lowest possible limits. (5.) Household expenditure: In no case to employ men servants, unless ineligible for public service. (6.) Influencing friends and dependents: Members must use their influence to inculcate economy among their friends and dependents."

Will these efforts suffice? Already there are suggestions for compulsory saving, either by means of increased taxation or by compulsory loans. And if there is to be increased taxation, will the wage-earners, so many of

whom are in receipt of incomes well over the legal minimum of £160, be brought within the operation of the income tax? That is one of the many knotty problems which the coalition Government has to face.

PARLIAMENTARY DAYS IN FRANCE—*UNION SACREE.*

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 4.

Parliament is taking, until the 16th of the month, a three weeks' vacation, well earned and much needed—by the country at large quite as much as by the members. German newspapers were beginning to print in too big headlines—"French Interior Crisis!" Now there has been no crisis in France, not even the tail of one. And the two latest sessions of Parliament—Friday, the 20th, and Thursday, the 26th of August—were truly Parliamentary days.

Such days presuppose members talking among themselves and to others about what they are going to do and what they are not; also, that they have spoken up to Government beforehand. All this the telegraphic agencies have reported in words which led innocent Germans to believe their heart's desire was soon to be realized. Of course, the proposition to have Parliament resolve itself into a committee of the whole and cross-examine Government in secret session must strike the imagination of foreigners accustomed to non-Parliamentary monarchy as in Germany or to a republic equally un-Parliamentary as in America. The secret session has not been held—by common agreement. The very proposition helped to bring these Parliamentary days for saying the secrets in public.

Another condition of such a day is that the newspapers have been exciting public curiosity about it. Accordingly, every place open to the public was occupied during the debate. And this means that fine Parliamentary oratory was expected, and expectation has not been disappointed.

The first day belonged to War Minister Millerand, who has been the storm-centre all along. He is not an orator in the sense of young American debating societies nor of our Congress in spread-eagle times. He is a thick-set, broad-shouldered figure of a man, wearing spectacles and gray moustaches, with a shock of short-cut upstanding gray hair above a square face. His voice, his glance, and his steady manner are those of lawyers; and a very successful lawyer he has been outside of politics. He hammers his argument very effectively into the hearer's head, however hard. And he faces criticism or attack unflinching and with great directness. It was his very frank and clear discussion of the situation which made the first Parliamentary day.

It does not belong to an outsider to sift the underlying political issues, which are suspected of being little more than politicians' quarrels. The suspicion of a mere political crisis, while the country is engaged in a life-and-death struggle, was violently repudiated on all sides. Deputy Varenne, who with the Jaurès Socialists has been urging most the secret session, answered plainly the ultimate question—Are you going, in the face of the enemy, to cast up the account of our cannon and rifles and ammunition?

"There is no middle way, it is the secret session or silence. If you choose silence, it means—and I shall not complain of it—that war in Parliament corridors is over, and that we think only of the other war." Another Socialist member, Albert Poulain, who is fighting at the front and came back expressly for this debate, had already insisted on the soldiers' opinion in one of these corridor conversations, with an untranslatable play of words: "No gallery war (*de travées*) so long as the trench war (*de tranchées*) is going on! For us, the only adversary is the Boche!"

War Minister Millerand, who was called in reality to defend his whole administration from the beginning, uttered the same sentiment: "To preserve due serenity, I have only to keep before my eyes, as we were invited to do the other day by Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber, the thought which does not quit me of those who, at this very moment, are struggling and suffering and dying for us."

This has been, from the first, a part of the *Union sacrée* which sinks political differences while the nation, whole and entire, is struggling for its existence. It has been a tacit rule of all Parliamentary procedure. The surface agitation which seemed to threaten this in the eyes of outsiders has been made the subject of one of those caricatures of Forain which have become historic. Before the Parliament House, three members are engaged in secret confab. One says warningly to the others: "Speak lower—they hear us at the front!"

What alone alarmed patriots was the apprehension of a confusion of powers such as General Grant is said to have avoided by cutting the telegraph lines between himself and Washington. M. Millerand, with his usual courage, spoke out his mind, which a very little reflection showed was the mind of all Frenchmen.

"To leave its full and entire freedom of action to the military power in no way implies the suppression of Parliamentary control [note always that the word "control" is used in the French sense of effective supervision, not of command or direction]. I venture to say, gentlemen, that it is ridiculous to pretend to suspect on such a point the sentiments of a republican who, in a career already long, has never separated the Republic from Parliamentary rule and who, at his modest post, has always been in the first rank of those striving against the attempts of personal power."

This allusion to covert attacks in the press and in conversations he followed up by adopting as his own the words of another, deprecating that "at any moment any confusion should be possible in the army between the Parliamentary power—which you represent—and military authority."

"In war, authority and responsibility cannot be divided up. Each military chief controls the acts of his inferiors and is himself responsible for his acts to his own chiefs. The general commander-in-chief is responsible to Government, which can remove him if it does not approve his acts. There can be no other control during action."

War Minister Millerand read this out impressively and added: "I know nothing clearer, juster, stronger, than this expression of General Joffre. What does it mean except that, like all citizens, public powers must know how in time of war to impose on themselves a voluntary discipline which leaves to the military authority, charged with the operations and responsible for them, the liberty which is indispensable to their success? Of such discipline we have given the example for the year that is past. Our allies count on us to continue; our enemies have hope only in our divisions."

The cause was really already won. The solemn ratification of this political union behind the armed unity of the nation was to be made at a final session, with a renewed declaration from the head of Government such as consecrated the historic session of the opening of war, on the 4th of August a year ago. For this, Prime Minister Viviani's voice was necessary. His eloquence is known, and he was again equal to an occasion such as is offered to few men and in few generations. Of his long speech, which by unanimous vote (except for one disgruntled polytechnician) has been posted up all over France, I select only the one passage which is useful—perhaps necessary—to rectify foreign opinion:

"Ah! I know that the German press, disguising disillusionment behind haughty arrogance or subtle manœuvres, is trying to make out that there are fatal and deadly divisions among Frenchmen. Well, let us speak clearly, in the enemy's face! Yes, there are among us divergences of thought and discordances of speech. To begin with, these are of the very essence of Parliamentary rule, and we have been accustomed to them by the fever which the Revolution gave us. There would be a fatal division if we should perceive somewhere, in some corner of the country, even a restricted collection of citizens who thought of making a shameful peace."

Here the entire House rose to its feet and applauded from every political bench.

"Where is there such a collection? Let it be shown so that unanimous public opinion may reduce it to impotence. As to me, I know only Frenchmen who disagree maybe as to the means but are all of one accord as to the end, who are ready publicly to renew the oath which we made each other a year ago and to say over with our allies—Never shall we lay down our arms until we have made sure the triumph of right, until we have banned beyond possibility the return of like crimes, until we have restored to political and economic independence heroic Belgium, until we have taken back our own Alsace and Lorraine.

". . . Ah, yes! believing in social and religious and political divisions, our enemies imagined that our country was divided beyond reconciliation. What have they seen? Laborer and employer, artisan and peasant, rich and poor, men of every party and religion, all offering themselves to the sacrifice, all fulfilling at once their military and their human duty, their military duty in defending their country and their human duty—as at the hour of the Revolution—in defending the liberty of the world. And now they shall see a Parliament like that which offered the spectacle of that 4th of August . . . and it is for ourselves to regulate our own relations."

From the Right, applauded even by the Socialist Left, Denys Cochin, who has one son slain, one wounded, and one under fire, added "How few among us have been spared by mourning and bitter grief!" Truly, the Union is sacred.

Zionism and the Struggle Towards Democracy

By H. M. KALLEN.

At the beginning of the great war there were over 100,000 Jews in Palestine. Broadly speaking, they were divisible into two classes, rapidly fusing into one. The first class were mainly inhabitants of Jerusalem, European Jews, who, under the pressure of a religious idea, had gone to Palestine to die, and who, failing death, survived and bred in a sort of Orientalized death-in-life, and were sustained in that condition by the pious charity of other European Jews. The second class were mainly inhabitants of the coastal cities and the agricultural colonies. They were also European Jews. Under the pressure of a social ideal they had adventured into Palestine to live, and having come to live, had brought the message of life and self-respect and independence to those who had journeyed there to die. They built forty-one agricultural colonies with coöperative features; they put into execution, in several of them, significant experiments in economic justice; they built garden-cities, established social settlements, gymnasiums, workingmen's clubs, literary and learned societies, a national drama with community theatres, a national press and a national library, a school of arts and crafts and a public-school system—from the most approved form of the modern kindergarten to excellent gymnasia. They urged and projected a national university, and only the war came in the way of its foundation. In short, they created under the impetus of a profoundly democratic social ideal a spiritually autonomous, characteristic national Jewish life.

The language of this life is Hebrew; its ideal is formulated in the programme of Zionism. The agency by means of which it was being realized is the Jewish National Fund. This fund is the national treasury of the Jewish people. It is the result of a voluntary tax which Jews all over the world levy upon themselves as they choose. Its function is to acquire land in Palestine as the permanent and inalienable property of the Jewish people, and to guide and assist the healthy growth and free expression upon that land of their culture and spirit as "the indispensable ground for the fullest service of the Jewish people to all mankind."

The realization of the Zionist programme is thus, it will be seen, a fact. Although far from consummation, it was, when the war broke out, steadily in progress. Its initiators were a body of tenderly-nurtured young Russian Jews, intellectuals who, although ignorant of the land and its conditions, adventured—because of the immemorial Jewish love for Palestine and in obedience to the urge in them towards a free and self-respecting life as Jews—as pioneers to win this life under an indifferent and sometimes hostile Government, against inimical neighbors and disease, and upon a denuded soil. This enterprise would have been merely another communistic flash-in-the-pan had it not in fact been the symbol of the common will of millions of terrorized and oppressed people, a will which needed only organization and direction to become efficacious.

The necessary organization and direction came to it through the efforts of Theodor Herzl. This brilliant and magnetic leader, ostensibly a Viennese of the Viennese, resident in Paris, was led by his observation of Jewish disabilities and anti-Jewish agitations in Western Europe to conceive a "Judenstaat" whereby the maladjustment might be relieved. His first intention was philanthropic rather than humanistic, the mitigation of an evil, not the creation of a good.

Consequently he took his plan to financial magnates of Jewish extraction all over Europe. These would not listen to him. "Civil rights" for Jews in Western Europe were then hardly a generation old. They had been won at the cost of suppressing and eliminating as much as possible of what was distinctively Jewish; in fact, by denying the reality of Jewish nationality and designating the Jewish people as merely a religious sect. From the complete exercise of these rights the so-called "emancipated Jews," of whom the magnates were the leaders, were still far; to attain it they developed a sort of protective coloration by virtue of which they could not cease to be Jews, but did become amateur Gentiles, ashamed of their Jewish connection and concealing it so far as possible. Withal, although they had cut themselves off to the limit of their power from the Jewish people, they presumed to legislate and speak for them. They were, in fact, the natural successors of the mediæval "Hof-Juden," those mediators between the Jewish masses and the neighboring peoples; but while mediæval conditions had ceased to obtain in Europe, their attitude towards the problems of Jewish life remained, and remains, hieratic and mediæval.

Hence those that listened to Herzl were the intellectuals, who had reflected upon the contradictions in the Jewish position, and the great masses in Eastern Europe, who had neither wished nor needed to destroy their self-consciousness as a nationality. The first Zionist Congress, held in Basle, Switzerland, in 1897, defined the general alignment of the Jews of the world on their own status and destiny. It arrayed the intellectual, the "progressive," and the masses, against the clergy, the radical, the Bundist, and the classes, but it showed in the range and variety of its membership how potent over all differences was the common denominator, Jew. Since the congress the radicals have been slowly coming over, partly through a realization of their own hopeless abstractionism, partly through a realization that Zionism is the one practical answer to the Jewish question, in that it has provided the Jews of the world with a common instrument for its solution, for registering their corporate wishes and carrying out their corporate purposes.

These wishes and purposes were not, however, remedial. They were expressive and constructive. The first congress made much of the tragedy and injustice of the Jews' position, but this fact fell, in the course of the successive congresses, more and more into the background, most conspicuously in Herzl's own mind. Between the publication of his "Judenstaat" and his "Altneuland" he had learned to share the vision of the people. Zionism became first and foremost the Jewish programme of international service through national self-realization, aiming to lay in Palestine the foundations of a new and living Hebraism, which, under modern conditions, should carry into effect the social and spiritual ideals of the Hebrew prophets, and so fulfil, in Mazzini's words, the Jews' "special function in the European work of civilization." Its democracy was double. To the Jews of the world it came as a programme of self-help and social justice within Jewry; giving the same rights and responsibilities to both sexes, and actually trying out experiments in economic organization to abolish the exploitation of one man by another without abolishing the impetus towards individual excellence. To the nations of the world it reasserted the prophetic ideal of internationalism as a democratic and coöperative federation of nationalities, an ideal which Mazzini had formulated for Western Europe half a century before. Zionism asks, in the light of it, the same freedom for the Jewish people to realize its national individuality as a people that is demanded by all European peoples for themselves. Within Jewry and without, it took its stand flatly upon the principles of democracy and nationality.

To do this meant to face the energetic anathema of de-Judaized, anti-Jewish "Jewish" *haute-finance;* to accept the risk of the vengeance of a Russian bureaucracy devoted to the policy of the "Russification" of the Empire by making the Jews scapegoats for the errors and misdemeanors of the Government. Both were faced. The last suspicion of philanthropism was abolished at the sixth congress, in 1903, by the heroic rejection, through the vote of the very groups who might most have benefited by acceptance, of the British offer of a territory in East Africa. That vote declared the people's unchangeable will to place the legally assured home of the Jews in Palestine and nowhere else. It alienated the philanthropically-minded, notably Mr. Zangwill, who, not being democratic enough to accept the decision of the majority, withdrew in 1905, one year after Herzl died, and set up an organization of his own.

The split added to the difficulties which the movement confronted. Nevertheless, the work went on, in Russia against overwhelming difficulties; in the rest of the world against the obstructionist tactics of the well-to-do Jews; in Palestine itself against the uncertainties of the law of the land, the

irresponsibilities of officials, the enmities of neighbors. Particularly there was the delicate task of teaching the Turks to understand that, since their Empire was organized on the basis of nationalities or *millets* (the term is religious, but it implies nationalities in the Turkish system), an accretion to the Jewish *millet* in Palestine would strengthen the hands of the Empire. Little by little the movement made headway. As its purposes became better understood, it gained the universal respect of the non-Jewish world, and the adherence and sympathy of Jews, particularly of the intellectuals and the young. It brought spiritual freedom and self-respect to the amateur Gentile in the West, giving him an impersonal ideal to live for and international social purpose to attain. For the Jews in Russia, confronted with harsher and harsher measures of repression, it became a gospel of salvation. To Palestine it brought a new life, in the building of which even non-Zionists, particularly in America, coöperated. Willy-nilly, it was becoming the Jewish centre of vision and action for all the Jews of the world, bidding fair by slow and peaceful and largely unconscious development greatly to mitigate, if not to solve, the chronic "Jewish question," when came the war.

The war has made the principles of democracy and nationality for which Zionism stands the paramount issues of contemporary life. Because the Russian bureaucracy, to cover the treachery and incompetence of its officials, has once more made the Jewish people its scapegoat and converted the Pale of Settlement into a Belgium thrice repeated, the war has brought the chronic Jewish question to a crisis. Turkey's participation in it has jeopardized the hard-won beginnings of a generation in Palestine. The tragic anomalies of the Jews' position have never been so explicit, nor the need for healing action so great. Under the circumstances the responsibility has fallen, naturally, upon the Jews of America, and how they will carry it must largely influence the fate of the Jewry of Europe.

With respect to Zionism, the same conditions that obtained among European Jews obtain among American Jews. At the beginning Zionism signified a social programme based on a democratic social philosophy only to the Jewish immigrant; for native American Jews who sympathized with it, its implications were chiefly philanthropic. The changes in sentiment were here the same as in Europe. Most violently opposed by the extreme radicals and amateur Gentiles, it gained its adherents among the intellectuals, the students, the "progressives," and the working classes, and it is from the last, in fact, that its greatest strength comes. The Jewish masses look to Zionism for leadership on all questions pertaining to the Jewish people as a whole. That, in the present crisis, they feel their obligation, and wish to assume the burden of it, any reader of the Jewish press may see. The means proposed is a democratically constituted congress of Jews, and the press, the great fraternal organizations, the *Landsmannschaften*, have united in requesting the Zionists to lead in the formation of this congress. To accept their mandate means to carry the struggle towards democracy within Jewry one step farther. Powerful interests, interests analogous to those which opposed the calling of the first Zionist congress by Herzl, are opposed to such a gathering of Jews, and for analogous reasons. The Zionists have accepted the mandate. They propose to call, in coöperation with all Jewish organizations in the country, a congress which shall be representative of all our Jewish citizenship, and which shall discuss publicly and freely every phase of the Jewish question, shall formulate some programme of action. It is hoped that this may, with the assistance and sympathy of the enlightened public opinion of the one great neutral country, which has done so much to ease the plight of the Belgians, make a way to permanent peace and freedom for oppressed Jews.

Notes from the Capital

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

By keeping him so continually in the public eye as an industrial oracle, the European war has given one resident of Washington the time of his life. This is Samuel Gompers, cigar-maker, agitator, diplomatist, and president of the Federation of Labor. Nothing pleases him more than such publicity, for it is a valuable asset in his business. He has used it for years, with an effect undreamed of by people who do not come into hostile contact with him: witness his successful fight to procure immunity for labor unions under the Anti-Trust law. Congress dares not take a step which touches the labor question at its remotest edge without consulting Gompers. A former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, hoping to train some of his wards into a habit of self-support and teach them the value of a dollar, prepared plans for a series of public improvements on certain reservations—building roads, bridges, storehouses, etc.—on which he was to use Indian labor at the current rates of pay; but, as most of his red workingmen had to come a long distance from home, it was found that an eight-hour day would not answer, so a ten-hour day, with only five working days in the week, was substituted. Some pettifogger protested to the Secretary of the Interior that this arrangement violated the statute limiting to eight hours the working day of all laborers and mechanics employed on Government work. The Commissioner, therefore, proposed to procure an amendment making the statute inapplicable to work done by Indians on their own reservations for their own benefit. When he brought his measure before one of the appropriate committees of Congress, the first question put to him was: "Have you seen Gompers?"

There was no help for it. See Gompers, or drop the subject. Gompers, accordingly, was seen. He vetoed the project at once. It availed not to point out to him that the local conditions were so unusual as to compel a resort to unusual methods; that the Indians were interfering with no other laborers, since, unless the work were done by them, it would be left undone; or that the work was not Government work in the sense intended by the law, being charitable and educational only. A great principle was involved, Gompers declared in oratorical tones, and nothing, however philanthropic, could be permitted to get in its way. So the officer who had pocketed his pride so far as to plead as a favor for what the Government should have demanded as a right, had to abandon his enterprise, and the Indians, who had enjoyed the bare beginnings of a new life, lapsed back into comparative idleness.

In this incident we may read a fair measure of Gompers's intelligence, if we have not already read it in his appearance. Note his big head, heavy foreign features, and burly frame. His face is as hard as a mask, his voice has nothing winsome in it, his manner is forbidding. We can hardly be surprised at learning that in the financial struggle of the early nineties he was on the side of independent free coinage of silver by the United States, or that he found not a little to commend in Coxey's programme of economic reforms. He has always opposed compulsory arbitration as a remedy for industrial troubles, lest it "might react dangerously against the progress of organized labor," which "has too slender means at its command to indulge in dubious experiments." One of the worst mistakes he has made in all his life was his failure to advertise these theories when the ill-fated boycotts were declared against the Bucks Stove & Range Company and the Danbury hatters, or when the dynamite squad headed by John J. McNamara—for whom Gompers vouched as a worthy citizen—undertook their murderous campaign of terrorism a few years ago.

To do Gompers justice, his most conspicuous faults are probably due more to his slow perception of relations and issues which most persons apprehend by instinct, than to deliberate obduracy. In spite of his hard-handed creed, he is not personally a man of violence. I do not recall any instance where he has resorted, in his industrial warfare, to the German submarine practice of firing without warning. He condemns mercilessly the methods of the I. W. W. Whether he would become a Socialist of the advanced type if that offered the only opening for his work for labor reform, it is hard to say—perhaps he would. For the present, however, he sees no need of revolutionizing the whole structure of society in order to make life more comfortable for the wage-earner; the existing organization, based on the competitive idea, seems to him to fit human nature better than any novel scheme of things evolved from mere ratiocination without the support of common experience.

Gompers is of Dutch ancestry, but was himself born in England. This is undoubtedly what makes him feel so competent to teach Americans the way of industrial salvation. He combines in his vocabulary a pretty fair assortment of several languages spoken by our immigrant laborers, so as to be able to make himself understood by almost any restless audience he is called to address on his favorite topic. The perfume of the cigars which he smokes very steadily, when contrasted with the neatness of their wrappers, indicates that his eye is more highly cultivated than his taste. TATTLER.

Correspondence.

FROM THE FRONT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You are more than kind. I can't say how grateful I am for the parcel of papers. I promise myself a fine feast on them one of these days. What a fine paper the *Nation* is! My card to you (rather cheeky, but circumstances out here are so singular that perhaps you will excuse that) was prompted by a stray copy that came my way (as a matter of fact, a few pages only). So refreshing to read something cool and detached in these days of confusion and madness!

Lucky people you are to be detached! Not that I would have *us* out of it. That would be an unbearable shame (though I, for one, did not realize it till the last moment last year)—worse than the agony of seeing good English blood wastefully drenching the land. That sounds to you an extravagant expression, perhaps, but in the Fertubert attack in May (that happens to be the only actual battle that I have seen at close quarters), so much was pretty well literally true. From the R. A. M. C. standpoint you don't see much of the intoxication and glory of fighting—but what misery and suffering!—measureless woe . . . The other day I recalled from ante-bellum memories a scrap of talk I had with an uncle of mine about the Boer War (then I was a schoolboy). I said: "How could you grown and rational people of thenadays bear to see the casualty lists in the papers? Could you endure to think what sum of suffering they represented?" A year or two, and myself not seeing undreamt-of casualty lists, but the casualties themselves!

I wonder if any one in America is taken in by talk of the noble human qualities only developed by war? Utter nonsense! One is noble, or just even decent, in spite of war. (How ingrained with civilization we English are to have been so decent out here!)

I take leave of you, my dear sir, with best regards, and homage to the *Nation*.

Richard Capell.

1798, 6th London Field Ambulance, August 27.

THE PRICE OF WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the months of April, May, and June of this year I was in Paris as one of the resident surgeons of the Harvard University Medical Unit, which was in charge of the University Service at the American Ambulance Hospital. We had the direction of 190 beds, which gave us a very large and varied experience in war surgery. Necessarily my outlook on the war itself was somewhat restricted, but the opportunity to talk with men fresh from battle was unlimited, and this, combined with what I heard from friends who were within the zone of active fighting, gave me gradually a very full appreciation of what is going on and of what the actualities of war consist in. Our wounded often reached the hospital within twenty-four hours of being hit, and sometimes within twelve hours. These men told their experiences with the bitterness towards their enemies which only a war can generate. Some, of course, were too sick and some too unintelligent to tell us much of interest. But many, and indeed most, were eager to give their news, and gave it well. All were French, but the stories told were not only of German inhumanities, but of their own doings, which to them seemed the only possible solution, but to us savored much of the very actions for which we at home are prone to blame chiefly the Germans. I well remember a Zouave sergeant telling with anger, coupled with satisfaction, of an attack two days before his entrance to the hospital. The French stormed and carried the first line of German trenches. His immediate company took about two hundred prisoners. They had to pass on with the general forward movement or be mowed down by a disastrous fire, so they left a mere handful to guard the Germans. The prisoners, however, overpowered their guard and began shooting their former captors from the rear. Turning swiftly, the Zouaves retook these men and, burning with the rage of the moment, lined them up and mowed them down with a machine gun. He told his story simply as a mere event, and, indeed, his only anxiety was how soon should he be able to return to the front and get at "les Boches" once more.

Then, too, I heard definitely of the Germans in Alsace, in the Vosges sector, killing off all the French wounded, and a French officer professed to have seen a struggling French child pinned to its home floor with a German bayonet. Indeed, we learned much of war in those three months, and it is the curious, non-comprehending attitude of those at home which prompts me to write this. It is not written as a mere tirade against war, a mere invective like some outbursts of the anti-bellum feminists, but only that people may try to realize just what war is. I would not condemn war utterly as a thing never to be brought forth, for the need might arise with us at home, but I would only impress as sharply as I may what a terrible thing it is and how very slowly to be entered on. Surely, the reasons for the United States even to presume entrance into the present catastrophe are still quite dormant. For war must be held as a last recourse, and any injured sense of pride or dignity, especially if dependent on a quite unjustifiable, strong diplomatic message, is but a poor excuse.

The arguments put forward commonly as embodying the benefits to be derived from war include patriotism, a sharper nationality, personal bravery, unselfishness, and a great stimulus to religion. All these I accept as facts, and fresh from contact with them know that these attributes do accrue. Personal bravery, unselfishness, and religion are most certain benefits, and the new era of religion in France is a truly great thing. The people find tremendous solace in their churches and in their belief. I attended a great fête-day processional and service in St. Ouen in Rouen, and have never been more impressed with the great power for good that resides in religion in times of stress. The mass of the congregation, mostly women, and almost all in black, left that service with something in their faces that expressed a tremendous satisfaction, as if some immeasurable strength lay behind them. But what of patriotism and a firmer and closer nationality; is it after all so very desirable? There is no doubt about its stimulation through war, for only think of the fervent devotion to a country troops must have once dispersed to their homes after a long defensive war. It is, indeed, incalculable. Yet I am struck by this danger, that the intensely patriotic land is the very one most easily touched off to war.

Now, what have we against war? Well, we have everything that comes within the scope of its actualities, besides almost all its results. Then, as if this were not enough to convince one, there is the absolute futility of the game itself, the barrenness of material advantages, the waste, not only without gain, but with an actual loss. Even from the coldest philosophical view, the loss far outweighs the gain. For the loss is immeasurable, whether measured in the exchange of mankind, money, or in that of God, which includes such things as life, suffering, rape, torn and crippled children, horror, anguish, starvation, sickness, and death. Yes, there can be no expressions too horrible here, for war is quite beyond description. Modern war knows no limitations, for now it is not armies who fight, but whole nations, and each must win. Victory is the only defence, so it must be sought at all cost. So there must be new rules drawn. But it is still further a new game, in that the rapid-fire gun, the submarine, and the heavier-than-air machines have brought in new possibilities for destruction and terror. So one sees the absurdity of applying any of our obsolete codes of international law and rules of warfare to the present catastrophe. Here is where the ideas of our friends at home seem most off the track and most puerile. They seem to have failed to grasp the entire situation, and look at it as from fifty years back. I find people wild still over the incident of the Lusitania, and some even demanding the entrance of the United States into the maelstrom. It seems, I suppose, cruel and brutal to say so, but I find no especial enmity against the Germans for this single incident, for, first, old rules cannot hold good, and, secondly, it is no worse than, if indeed as bad as, what is occurring daily in the war zones of the great armies. Is it, indeed, worse than the shelling of populated and defenceless towns, the rape of women, the killing of children, the dropping of bombs on hospitals, the use of poisonous gases to asphyxiate the enemy, the shooting of prisoners in groups of as many as two and three hundred, or, indeed, than the single cases of terribly lacerated and infected wounds which reach the great base hospitals from the front each day? Early in June I saw an encampment of British troops at Rouen, some 100,000 or more. How many, think you, now tread the ground alone and unsupported? For in these days the daily casualties total many thousands. Oh, it is all so much worse than one can imagine that single incidents cannot seem so very large, nor a single horror bring any special rancor to my soul. And here I do not want people to think that I depict only one side of the situation, for such horrors as the shooting of prisoners occur frequently on the side of the Allies, too.

And I came home to find even my own people wondering if we hadn't better get into the war! What, I beg of you, could we benefit, or any one else? What gain can be worth the price? And what now could be our justification? As an old officer in one of our wards said, "Keep your people out; there are enough in it now; and if they seem set on it, let them see only five kilometres of the front, and that will suffice to keep them out." I, who have heard at first hand of soldiers finding children pinned to the floor with a bayonet in them, who have talked with men who have seen babies torn and quarter-

ed, and with those who have turned machine guns loose on two hundred unarmed prisoners like so much leaden spray to relieve an attacking party of an encumbrance, have some idea of the horror, brutality, and terror of the game. It is a lesson one cannot learn from books, for other wars were not of this kind and worked under a different set of rules, so those at home cannot hope to appreciate how bad things are, and how cheap life is on the other side.

War to me has become a terrible Demon, overstepper of all the limits of humanity, charity, and Christianity, and I shall feel intensely depressed until all danger of my country entering into it has passed. Though I believe myself personally not to be a coward, I would accept many a slight and insult in quiet restraint rather than enter into such a maelstrom, for my reason depicts the futility, and my sight and hearing have taught me its horror. The price is beyond conception, and I would impress this on all.

ELLIOTT C. CUTLER.

Boston, Mass., September 15.

[With our correspondent's feeling concerning the horror and brutality of war, and especially this war, every one must agree. But his confusion of thought in regarding the calculated and appalling crime of the Lusitania massacre as merely an ordinary item in the long count of war's fearful incidents we cannot allow to pass unnoticed. And the same confusion exists in what he says concerning atrocities on land. The odium the German cause has had to bear on this head rests not on miscellaneous charges of sporadic barbarity, but on clear proof of systematic terrorism and rapine.—ED. THE NATION.]

A FOREIGN MISTRESS OF FRENCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reading your interesting article on "Foreign Masters of English" (*Nation*, August 12, 1915), I note that your contributor rightly quotes the example of José Maria de Hérédia, who, though a Cuban by birth, showed himself, in one small volume of verse, a supreme master of the French language. Another appropriate instance would be Madame de Noailles, born and educated in Rumania, the best of the living female poets in France. But the natives of Cuba and of Rumania have imbibed a Latin language, and, when they take up French as a poetical medium, the difficulty, though great, is not overwhelming. The case is quite different when a girl, born in England of a Scotch father and an American mother (from Honolulu), begins to write French verse at the age of twenty-one, and in the brief space of ten years produces some of the very finest examples of poetry, not only in French, but in any literature. That girl, Pauline Tarn, who assumed the *nom de plume* of Renée Vivien, died of exhaustion in Paris, in October, 1909. I called attention to her in *Notes and Queries* (June 20, 1914, p. 488), as to one of the most astounding literary phenomena of our time. As she is yet little known, even in Paris, I have repeatedly found the occasion of reading some of her poetry to good judges who overlooked her name, and have witnessed the growing emotion and admiration of the listener, culminating in the verdict that nothing finer had ever been written in French. Pauline Tarn's vein was somewhat monotonous, and she was, if I may say, short-breathed; her longest poems do not extend to one hundred lines. She could not have written "Jocelyn" nor "Rolla." But Hérédia, too, was a poet of short breath; where quality is appreciated above any flow of facility and eloquence, the shortness of Pauline's poems must only enhance their exquisite and almost unparalleled perfection. Her volumes of verse are obtainable in Paris from Lemerre & Sansot; the two best are "Etudes et préludes" and "A l'heure des mains jointes." Allow me to quote a specimen from the former, of which I have had the privilege of seeing the manuscript, finished in June, 1900; Pauline, born in 1878, was only twenty-two when she wrote those glorious lines, in which, as I have authority to state, she depicted her own mood and vein of thought.

BACCHANTE TRISTE.

Le jour ne perce plus de flèches arrogantes
Les bois émerveillés de la beauté des nuits,
Et c'est l'heure troublée où dansent les Bacchantes
Parmi l'accablement des rythmes alanguis.

Leurs cheveux emmêlés pleurent le sang des vignes,
Leurs pieds vifs sont légers comme l'aile des vents,
Et le rose des chairs, la souplesse des lignes,
Ont peuplé la forêt de sourires mouvants.

La plus jeune a des chants qui rappellent le râle:
Sa gorge d'amoureuse est lourde de sanglots.
Elle n'est point pareille aux autres—elle est pâle,
Son front a l'amertume et l'orage des flots.

Le vin où le soleil des vendanges persiste
Ne lui ramène plus le généreux oubli;
Elle est ivre à demi, mais son ivresse est triste,
Et les feuillages noirs ceignent son front pâli.

Car elle se souvient des baisers qu'on oublie,
Elle n'apprendra pas le désir sans douleurs,
Elle qui voit toujours avec mélancolie
Au fond des soirs d'orgie agoniser les fleurs. . . .

I have read many letters written by Pauline in simple, good-natured, unpretentious English; but though she admired Keats and Swinburne (sometimes imitating the latter), I think that she never wrote and am sure that she never printed a line of English poetry. Her friends in Paris, where she passed the greater part of her life, were almost all English and American; her colloquial language was English; but that of her heart, of her enthusiasms, and of her sorrows was French. Guided by an unerring sentiment of euphony, inspired by the very genius of the language, she immediately rose to a perfect grasp of French lyricism at its best; there is not one unidiomatic line, not one journalistic platitude in her works. The only parallel I could quote is the last of the great Roman poets, the Greek Claudian, a native of Alexandria.

SALOMON REINACH.

Saint Germain en Laye, August 25.

THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your "Foreign Correspondence" you describe the Union of Democratic Control and certain other societies as forming "the most insignificant of backwaters in the current of British opinion." Would you allow me to state that the Union of Democratic Control and its affiliated societies have an aggregate membership of a quarter of a million and that the U. D. C. itself has already above sixty branches scattered all over Great Britain? The object of the U. D. C. is not "to ride off on a general condemnation of war." Its objects are, shortly, as follows: (1.) To secure control of foreign politics for the people. (2.) To prevent the forcible annexations of provinces or countries against the wishes of their inhabitants. (3.) To bring about the abandonment of the "Balance of Power" policy, and to institute a real "concert of Europe." (4.) To secure the reduction of armaments and the nationalization of armament works.

May I mention, also, as your London correspondent seems to have given a contrary impression, that the U. D. C. has always held that it is imperative that the war once begun should be prosecuted to a victory for our country?

ADRIAN STEPHEN.

London, England, September 6.

A BELGIAN POET'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some years ago a number of us Belgians met around a table. We were artists, writers, poets, whom the destinies of life have now widely separated. We had graduated from different Belgian universities, and we were comparing our college souvenirs. That perfect poet, Charles van Lerberghe, Maurice Maeterlinck, and the painter, Theo van Rysselberghe, whose work has received much praise of late at the San Francisco exhibition, were all from the Flemish University of Ghent. That sagacious critic and pure singer, Albert Mockel, took his degree in heroic Liège, while impetuous and great Verhaeren had as his *alma mater* poor Louvain. The admirable novelist, Eugène Demolder, whose style is so full of color—as witness "La Route d'Emeraude" and the "Jardinier de la Pompadour"—and I had been undergraduates together in the now insulted Brussels, where I studied law and philosophy.

That evening, when we sat at the table, we talked on gayly about various things, and we argued ardently over arts and letters. Finally our thoughts and words got on to America, and then we all saw only the same names, which shone like hallucinating beacon-lights across the ocean. There stood your piercing, subtle Whistler, and those two poets of genius, so different and so opposed to one another—Poe, whose imagination was always governed by the will, by the intelligence and taste; and by contrast, that rough and tumultuous Walt Whitman, that world of visions so well defined in these lines of his:

In a little house keep I pictures suspended; it is not a fix'd house;
It is round: it is only a few inches from one side to the other.
Yet behold, it has room for all the shows of the world, all memories!
Here the tableaux of life, and here the groupings of death.
Here, do you know this?—this is Cicerone himself.
With finger rais'd he points to the prodigal pictures.

Walt Whitman, Edgar Poe, and Whistler were all we knew or wished to know about the United States. Maeterlinck, it is true, mentioned Emerson, and our youthful memories still kept alive scenes from Fenimore Cooper. Some of us were not wholly ignorant of Washington Irving and Longfellow, nor of Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain, and we had read or been influenced by Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" and Miss Cummins's "Lamplighter." And that was all. In a word, we had but a very confused idea of America, and we knew no Americans.

But to-day the whole face of things has changed. In this crisis we do not stop with

what appears, in the case of certain statesmen, to be something, more or less comprehensible, that resembles tergiversation, hesitation. We Belgians grasp fully but one thing, well expressed in words of our poet Verhaeren, "in the smallest Belgian hamlet floats on a house the star-spangled banner," and there it is that our compatriots, during this long and grievous martyrdom, find assured them a little comfort and solace; there they are fed, thither they hasten in order to escape from the ravages of biting famine.

And when I think of my unfortunate fellow-countrymen caught in that terrible net, I overflow with thanks which come from the very bottom of my heart to you Americans. Memory of you will dwell with us forever. You have won our immeasurable gratitude. Without any thought of reward of even a spiritual nature, you hurried to the succor of a shattered and oppressed people. And may you therefore be ever twice and three times blessed! ANDRE FONTAINAS.

Paris, September 2.

Poetry

SPEED.

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

I. The Motor: 1905.

From hedgerows where aromas fain would be
New volleyed odours execrably rise;
The flocks, with hell-smoke in their patient eyes,
Into the ditch from bawling ruin flee:
Spindrift of one abominated sea
Along all roads in wrecking fury flies
Till on young strangled leaf, on bloom that dies,
In this far plot it writes a rune for me.

Vast intimate tyranny! Nature dispossessed
Helplessly hates thee, whose symbolic flare
Lights up (with what reiterance unblest!)
Entrails of horror in a world thought fair.
False God of pastime thou, vampire of rest,
Augur of what pollution, what despair?

II. The War: 1915.

Speed without ruth, seedsman of vile success,
Accustomed sight to ne'er-accustomed view!
Am I not vindicate who strongly knew
Some portent there of pregnant ugliness?
The dooms are in; my soul hath won her guess.
That which formed thee and franchised, had the cue
To push all rudeness forward, and was due
To spawn ere long the sovereign menace. Yes,
Horror has come, has come! Horror set high,
And drunk with boundless access, whirls amain:
Lost on the wind is Belgia's holy cry,
And Poland's hope shrinks underground again,
And France is singing to her wounds, where lie
The golden English heads like harvest grain.

Literature

THE GERMAN WAR-PARTY.

J'Accuse! Von einem Deutschen. Lausanne: Payot & Cie. 4 frs.

I Accuse! By a German. Translated by Alexander Gray. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

If Zola should come forth from the Pantheon he would not deem unworthy this eloquent arraignment of the German war-party "by a German." In the name of justice, of truth, and of Germany's best interests the anonymous author dissects with merciless force the follies, self-contradictions, and perversions of truth with which Bethmann-Hollweg has fed a too docile German people. By using the Chancellor's Reichstag speeches, which are printed in an appendix, and by analyzing the various diplomatic papers which have been published, he effectively condemns the Chancellor out of his own mouth.

His purpose is sincerely patriotic:

> The confidence of the German people has been basely abused by its leaders and rulers. Their eyes, which once saw so clearly, have been wrapped in the gloom of ignorance. . . . From the *populo male informato* I appeal to the *populum melius informandum.* . . . You say that the Truth helps our enemies? You great children, who shut your eyes to escape danger. Long ago the enemy knew the truth. . . . So I finish my book as I began it, with a clean conscience, and with the sure feeling of having done a good work, and, if justice is done, of having deserved the thanks of my country (pp. 420-423).

As acknowledgment of authorship would be dangerous, and as such a book could not be printed in Germany, it was entrusted to a Swiss, Dr. Anton Suter, who had it printed at Lausanne. Even then it was deemed advisable to omit certain passages, and these are indicated by blank spaces. In spite of this emasculation, it is still so powerful an indictment of a neighboring state that the Swiss authorities, so it is reported, have forbidden its sale and transmission through the mails—but not until after many thousand copies had been sold. Who is the author? He answers himself:

> A German who loves his Fatherland like any one else; and just *because* he loves it, he wrote this book. Born on German soil, trained in German culture, German in his ancestry, his speech, and his thought, he knows all the virtues of the German people, but he also knows their failings and their weaknesses (p. 420).

Having read the book in the German original as well as in the English translation, which is excellent, the reviewer believes that all the internal evidence, with the possible exception of the question of the omitted passages, supports the truth of the author's assertion about himself. There are other incidental indications that he is at least fifty years of age, that he has probably studied at a German university, that he has spent several years in France, and that he is acquainted with the United States. In fact, he was evidently returning from America to Munich and Berlin via Genoa a few weeks after the war broke out. That he is well-read and well-educated is suggested by his admiration for Tolstoy, his quotations (in English) from Swift, Hume, and Buckle, his apt use of French phrases, his frequent application of maxims from the Roman law, and his numerous references to German literary writers. He appears to have a legal habit of thought. A couple of expressions condemning anti-Semitism are not enough to write him down a Jew. But his apparent presence at the adoption of the Peace Manifesto of the Internationale at Berne in 1912, his references to Bebel, and his habit of quoting from *Vorwärts*, show his kinship with the Social Democrats.

Here is the indictment:

> That the plans and preparations for this war have long been made by Germany and Austria, not only from a military, but also from a political point of view;
>
> That for long it had been resolved to represent this offensive war to the German people as a war of liberation, because it was known that only thus could the necessary popular enthusiasm be awakened;
>
> That the object of this war is an attempt to establish a hegemony on the Continent and, as a later sequel, the acquisition of England's power in the world according to the principle "Ote-toi de là que je m'y mette" (p. 34).

By "Germany" here he means not the German people, not even the German Government, but the war party in Germany which secured the upper hand on July 29, 1914. In the chapter on The Historical Antecedents of the Crime he gives a damning review of the activities and growth of this party in the last dozen years—Bernhardi, the Crown Prince, the "place in the sun" business, and the agitation for colonial expansion. He properly reminds the colonial enthusiasts that emigration from Germany has fallen to negligible numbers, and is actually exceeded by immigration into Germany from Poland and elsewhere; also that the German colonies have no material value for the Fatherland, for the trade with the colonies amounts to less than one-half of one per cent. of the total foreign trade of Germany. "Our best customers are, in fact, precisely those countries which we never have possessed, and which we never can possess: England, Russia, France, Italy, America, Brazil, and Argentina—these are our true colonies. These are the countries which open to the German merchant inexhaustible fields of activity, where in free competition with the trading nations of the world he can spread his pinions and make his efficiency felt." He contrasts the Germans in the United States, who to a large extent assume American nationality, with those in South America, who for the most part hold firm to their German nationality. Which German is of more value to the Fatherland? The former, he believes. For the Germans who are naturalized in the United States do not by any means lose their German character and Ger-

man sympathies. They retain their knowledge of German wares and methods and open channels for the introduction of German products into the country of their adoption. They assure for Germany at the close of the war cordial friends and business relations in the United States, when in other countries bitterness and hate will make impossible the renewal of the peaceful penetration of German commerce in anything like the same proportions as before the war. Germans in South America, however, who retained their German nationality, were summoned home as reservists, and the businesses which they had been patiently building up were ruined at a blow. It is only one of the conventional Imperialist lies to assert, as is repeatedly done, that the German who assumes a new nationality is a loss for the Fatherland.

Particularly effective is the author's account of Germany's obstructive policy at the two Hague Conferences, and her refusal to come to a reasonable understanding with Lord Haldane in 1912, or to answer in any way Winston Churchill's suggestion for a naval holiday. It was Germany's fault that armaments went on increasing enormously, with the inevitable consequent increase of suspicion and increase of influence of those who deliberately schemed for war.

Half the volume is devoted to "The Crime"—to the negotiations in the days preceding the war by which Austria and Germany obstructed efforts for peace and deliberately threw Europe into a general conflict. Lack of space forbids any examination of the points against Austria and Germany which he makes in his analysis of the diplomatic papers. Many of them are very shrewd and expressed with telling effect. A few of them, however, do not appear to the reviewer to rest on satisfactory proof or sound premises. Aside from these, he is usually well-informed and accurate.

What he says of the Kaiser's probable part is not new, but is worth noting. He believes that the Kaiser, on return to Berlin, was sincerely inclined to peace. But he was surrounded by a powerful war party, and soon began to oscillate between his own peaceful inclination and their bellicose insistence. Finally, on the afternoon of July 29, in the interview with the Chancellor at Potsdam, he was won over definitely to the resolution to embark on war. "The influences which drove the still hesitating Emperor to resolve on war cannot be proved, but it is possible to guess at them. People who are in a position to know say that those occupying the leading military positions, supported by the Crown Prince and his retainers, threatened the Emperor with their resignation *en bloc* if war were not resolved on" (pp. 188-9). Certain it is that directly after this interview the Chancellor summoned Sir Edward Goschen, and in view of his fear that "a European conflagration might become inevitable," proceeded to make the "strong bid for British neutrality" (British Blue-Book, No. 85). In this connection the author calls attention to the remark which the German Ambassador in St. Petersburg had made, in passing, to Sazonoff three days before: measures of mobilization were highly dangerous nowadays, "for in that event the purely military consideration of the question by the General Staffs would find expression, and if that button were once touched in Germany, the situation would get out of control." The German Government takes very good care not to include in its White Book this self-confession, but the Austrian Government, with less prudence, reports it in No. 28 of the Red Book.

This is the kind of discussion which may gradually enlighten the masses in the Fatherland and change their attitude; then it may be that this war will be settled in the Reichstag and not on the battlefield.

CURRENT FICTION.

The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Judge Grant here tells another story in the leisurely and formal, not to say stiff and long-winded, manner of "The Chippendales." Its material is quite the current thing—sex and The Sex. The heroine is an intolerably priggish and conceited Middle-Western young woman, who, having married a very decent sort of young man, becomes in her own mind a high priestess of the new cult of feminism. Equal rights and opportunities, a sharing of domestic responsibilities, independent pocket-books, a single standard of moral conduct, that is to say, misconduct—these are the principles upon which she founds her action, and, alas, her conversation. The stilted and school-ma'amly style in which the impeccable Mary is wont to lecture her long-suffering Oliver makes the gorge rise. It is hard to be patient with him for enduring so much.

Mary presently takes into her head to become a successful architect, and does so, to the tune of eight thousand a year. She has had no training, which only shows what women can do. To carry on her profession, she has to leave her children and husband largely in the hands of another woman, who is of the old-fashioned helpless clinging type. Oliver, his Minerva being otherwise engaged, in due season succumbs to the charm of his Eve. To be frank, it is hard to forgive Judge Grant for fetching Mary as it were by the scruff of the neck to be witness of the first embrace of the potentially guilty pair. However, that is what he does, and, of course, virtuous Mary is outraged, and takes herself and her children away from the contaminating neighborhood of Oliver, who really loves only her all the time. Years pass. There is no divorce, but Mary and Oliver live apart, and prosper apart, in a material sense. Oliver becomes Governor of his State. Finally he tires of the situation, and puts it plainly to Mary that unless she will take him back there is going to be a divorce and he is going to marry the former partner of his potential guilt. This fetches Mary; and the curtain goes down comfortably (for the reactionary spectator), with Mary "nestled there, her heart against his heart," and murmuring: "It seems that whether I was in the right or in the wrong, nothing counts any longer except that I love you, Oliver, and that you say that you love me. This must be because I am a woman after all."

Of course, there is no real dignity in this conclusion; the whole performance is artificial, and, alas, commonplace.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist. By "Q" (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Q" shows here one of his familiar Cornish fishing villages, but with war in the offing. "Nicky-Nan" is Nicholas Nanjivell, an aging fisherman disabled by a "growth" which he has done his best to conceal, but which becomes of use when war breaks out. For he has no interest in the war, takes it as a personal affront, and is glad to be released from his duties as a Naval Reservist on the score of his ailment. He learns that it can probably be cured, but prefers to suffer rather than be made eligible for service. Moreover, at the moment when the war breaks out he has discovered a hoard of gold, which gives him fresh interest in life. In short, he is the elderly egotist of all ranks and lands. The only thing that really concerns him is the sluggish maintenance of his infinitesimal "rights."

But there is good blood in Nicky-Nan, and this is the story of its awakening. To him among a mere handful in Polpier village comes at last the sense of duty to England; and we leave him going off, having made fair disposition of his treasure, to the operating-table, whence, if he survives, he is going to join the colors. It is grim duty, not glory or any fancied service of The Right, which leads Nicky-Nan. The spirit of the book is contained in the speech of the young volunteer who opens the eyes of Nicky-Nan:

> He swung about upon the elders upon the platform with an accusing finger. "We've got to go because you've brought this thing about, or have let it come about. It don't matter to me, much. . . . But we've to wipe up the muss; and if the young men must go an' wipe it up, an' if for them there's never to be bride-ale nor children, 'tis your doin' an' the doin' o' your generation all over Europe. A pretty tale, too, when up to a fortni't ago your talk was o' peace an' righteousness. . . . I'll fight well enough, maybe, when it comes to 't. But why were we brought up one way, to be tortured turnin' our conscience to another?"

It may be possible to call the book a recruiting-tract—a tract, however, from the hand of a master.

Tourbillon, or The King of the Whirlwinds. By Estelle R. Updike. New York: The Abingdon Press.

A fairy person who comes when the wind is high and whose head is made of an

electric-light bulb is a friend worth cultivating, as Pierre Renaud, alias Imp, found out to his joy one Christmas Eve. Especially comforting was he when he "put his hands on his thin sides and paced very slowly back and forth on the foot rail," hearing the Imp's troubles, and planning to send his messengers hither and yon upon all the winds that blow to bring help from over the sea. Especially delightful was it to know that up behind the lights of the great dome of the Post Office were stationed *all* the Tourbillons, looking down like Comic Spirits upon the windworn wayfarers of a winter's night. This is a charming book for children. And to those children who are tired of tinsel skirts and silver crowns, this new kind of fairy, made from a good thought, a bit of wind-whirled dust, and a good-sized pinch of lightning, will be a choice change.

A NEW EDITION OF WALTER MAP.

Walter Map. De Nugis Curialium. Edited by Montague Rhodes James. New York: Oxford University Press.

Walter Map, courtier, ecclesiastic, and wit, has given in his "De Nugis Curialium" not just what the reader expects, if he expects a complete picture of court-life in the reign of Henry II. There are incidental scenes of the court, but many other scenes, quite as interesting when one gets accustomed to the plan. At first there seems to be no plan in the medley of history, homily, and anecdote. Hoary legends and recent repartee, contemporary miracles and Classical myths, suggestions of the Arabian Nights and suggestions of the Decameron, attacks on heretics and on cardinals, tales of knight-errantry, goblins and devils, touches of drama both comic and tragic, worldly-wise ribaldry and childlike piety—all this and more one will find in Walter Map's scrap-book. He runs the gamut of the emotions as jauntily as Martial himself. Since the researches of Hauréau, scholars have hesitated to speak of Map as the author of the Goliardic poems, formerly attributed to him, but there are eminently Goliardic bits in the "De Nugis Curialium." If the work has a unity, it is not of contents, but of spirit. The author is not a mere collector of good stories; he is a satirist, observing mankind from a tower of contemplation. He is modern in temperament, that is, like Horace and other masters of the most effective satire, interested in the life about him rather than in the glories of a supposedly perfect past. Map might have called his work "De Nugis Omnium Hominum," adding, in the mediæval fashion, "et quibusdam aliis rebus."

We welcome a new edition of Walter Map, especially as the editor is the distinguished mediævalist, Dr. Montague James. As the work had been already published, however poorly, by Thomas Wright, its inclusion in the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" smacks rather of Dublin than of Oxford. There is but one manuscript extant, a Bodleian codex of the fourteenth century, two hundred years remote from the author's times, though a part of the book, the famous anti-matrimonial treatise entitled "Valerius ad Rufinum," was separately and anonymously circulated, and exists in numerous copies. It attracted the attention of various commentators, who attributed it to some Roman Valerius; Map's humorous prediction that remote posterity would number him with the ancient authors was fulfilled sooner than he knew. Dr. James's partial list of his alterations of Wright's text shows an incontestable advance. There are many puzzles still to solve. For instance, in the blurred passage on page 125, 17, *cuiusquam* should replace the unintelligible *antequam*, the two words looking very much alike when abbreviated.

The editor has studied Map's literary models with great care, printing the borrowed or quoted words in italics and giving in the margin the names of the authors from whom they are taken. Map gives the impression of one well-read in both the Classics and the Fathers, though Lucretius and Tacitus should probably not be included in the list. The "Vita Antonii" cited by Dr. James is doubtless that of St. Jerome, whose other biographies of hermits were known to Map. His acquaintance with Terence and with Virgil's Georgics is more intimate than is indicated in this edition; in one striking passage (p. 105, 23), a bit of the Georgics is immediately succeeded by a quotation from St. Paul—Map treats the poor Pagans as tolerantly as Dante, and, in fact, the Middle Ages in general did. He flings a phrase of Ovid's at the unhappy Waldensians, discomfited by him in theological debate; they tried, he says, like Phaëthon, to drive without knowing the names of the horses. His jibes at the Cistercians would have roused the envy of Pope, had the latter read this "classic of an age that knew of none." True to their precepts, Map declares, the Cistercians dwell in desert places, which, if they do not find desert, they make so. Their renunciation of life's pleasures is not wholly unproclaimed; like the pastoral Galatea, they "run to the copses and hope that they run not unseen." We are sometimes given to understand that mediæval writers quoted the Classics only to bolster up sound doctrine. There is really no difference in the practice of authors like Map and John of Salisbury, and, let us say, the contributors to the *Spectator* in the age of Queen Anne.

Map's style is a curious affair. In its best and simplest form, the rustic manner of which he was ashamed, it achieves something of the success of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and the master of them all, Ovid. Too often, however, Map follows that path of rhetorical complexity which, starting in the Roman empire with Apuleius, Sidonius, and Martianus Capella, led to a *reductio ad absurdum* in the amazing hieroglyphics of the "Hisperica Famina," only to continue its course in later writers of prose. Assonance, antithesis, and involution are its essence; its highest art is to combine a pun and a contrast in an unintelligible phrase. Map has hundreds of puns; wit is an accident and sound the substance of their being. Artificiality is also apparent in the rhythmical tags which end not only sentences, but clauses. This is the clue to the elaborate punctuation in the manuscript which Dr. James notes, but which he does not adopt in his own text. Perhaps it is well, at the expense of veracity, to conceal this tasteless adornment and let the many interests of the "De Nugis Curialium" speak without hindrance to the modern reader. We can forgive anything, especially at the present moment of international complications, in the author who preserves the following utterance of a French courtier.

"Kings have their differences," the latter declared. "The Byzantine Emperor and the King of Sicily boast of their gold and cloth of silk, but have no men who can do aught but talk. The Roman Emperor, as the ruler of the Germans is called, has men well-armed and steeds of war, but not gold or silk or any other wealth." (Kultur was not yet introduced.) "The English King lacks nothing; not men or steeds or gold or silk or gems or fruits. We in France have only bread and wine and the *joie de vivre*." "I noted that saying," adds Map, "for it is both witty and wise."

SEVEN MILLION COUNTRY GIRLS.

The American Country Girl. By Martha Foote Crow. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

Martha Foote Crow calls attention to the singular fact that, while there have been tons of paper devoted to the farmer, reams filled on the farm woman, together with a volume about farm children, hers is the first book about the country girls of America, of whom there are some seven millions between the ages of fifteen and thirty. They surely deserve special consideration, not only because of their great number, but because on their attitude depends the future of American farming. What will become of our six million farmsteads if an ever-increasing proportion of these girls should follow their brothers cityward, as they seem inclined to do? Can this calamity be averted? The author thinks it can, and in thirty chapters she sets forth her ideas as to how country life can be made so attractive to the girls that the lure of the city will cease to mislead them. She shows how success has been won by many women in *manning* the farms—doing all the work themselves; but the better way is for them "to *woman* them, to *lady* them, to *mother* them, and so make them centres of wholesome, interesting life that, if the girls do their part, shall be the very heart and fibre of the nation." We are naturally "a country-life people"; the bogey of the all-absorbing city has frightened us, and started the "Country-Life Movement." The present volume, if widely read, will do much to help along that movement.

Having concluded that just now no information is so important as the answer to the question: "Is the country girl happy?" the

author set about to get answers to that question from the girls themselves. Prof. Martha Van Rensselaer, of Cornell University, kindly shared with her some of the results of a questionnaire on The Young Woman on the Farm, which was sent out by the Home Economics Department of that University; and much additional direct testimony came to the author herself, so that the chapters concerned with this question constitute a sort of composite photograph—a glimpse of the real life of girl workers on farmsteads. It is encouraging to note how many of the girls, though hard-worked, enjoy their life. In their vivid accounts of their everyday doings one comes frequently across phrases like "We often declare that we would not live in the city for anything"; "If some university can help me to make my days more elastic, so that they can compass all my joys comfortably, I shall be glad." Other girls dwell on their love of farm animals, of flowers, of their scenic surroundings, their excursions and social gatherings, and so on, giving the impression that in their cases the joy of work and the joy of living are inseparable. The homesteaders in the Far West love their wild surroundings and are not oppressed by a sense of loneliness. "I do not think we miss the outside world," writes a young woman from Wyoming, "as there is something about this country that, after a time, fills one's whole thoughts, and it is hard to remember that there is any other world than this."

There is, of course, another side, which affects the composite portrait of the country girl. One of the cases referrred to is that of a young girl a mere list of whose daily chores takes up nearly two printed pages. There are not a few cases like it, and the author truly remarks that it cannot be well for a nation that girls should be required to endure such strains as the one referred to: the "sixteen-hour day of unremitting, heavy, and exacting work imposed upon a young girl between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, in one of the largest and most prosperous farming States of this country." The girl in question escaped a breakdown by running away—which is what will happen in increasing numbers unless conditions are remedied and the happiness of country-workers scientifically striven for. "The drudgery point must be reduced till labor becomes a joy" to all. The trouble at present is that the scientific labor-saving devices have mostly been applied in the field and the barn, the workshop of the woman being still the worst in the world. Lists are given of labor-saving devices that would help. The author may be too sanguine in expecting that the time now spent on dish-washing and other household drudgery may be reduced from eighteen hours to two hours; but a great deal can be done to secure leisure for the rest, reading, social intercourse, and entertainments needed to make country girls happy. There are chapters here on each of these aspects of the question, and on others, such as health (with concise rules), dress, wages, etc.

One of the main reasons for the cityward procession of girls is that on the farm they get no wages. They hear of city workers receiving from $6 a week up, and, in complete ignorance of what that means in the way of drudgery, privation, temptation, and lack of health and happiness, flock to town, where, in place of the spacious farm-house, they have for their home the "hall-bedroom of that tragic book, 'The Long Day,' which so painfully portrays the conditions of work for girls in a great city. The Country Girl in her home, with her housework about her, is in a paradise compared with conditions such as these." The author severely censures parents, teachers, and ministers for neglecting to impress this fact on the minds of country girls, thousands of whom might easily be kept where they are most needed, and most likely to be happy. The facts gathered between the covers of this book will make it clear to any bright girl that there is a career for one like her in the country as well as in the city; and that, so far as happiness is concerned, "there is a forbidding solitariness in the city that is to that of the country as a desert is to a garden." If money is essential to happiness, the country girl, with her vegetable gardens, her canning clubs, her chickens, her cows and dairy products, and the prizes to be won, now has abundant and ever-increasing opportunities to earn her pocket-money and much more. Interesting details are given regarding a Southern girl of fifteen who won several prizes with her garden and dairy products and had free trips to the Pacific Coast and to Washington, where she was presented to the President's wife.

SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

Le Groupe socialiste du Reichstag et la Déclaration de guerre. Par P.-G. La Chesnais. Paris: Armand Colin. 1 fr. 50.

The attitude of the German Social Democrats during the preliminaries of the war, and especially the conduct of the representatives of the party in voting the war credits in the Reichstag, M. La Chesnais has made the subject of a keen investigation. This little book furnishes some interesting documentary evidence which it is difficult to obtain elsewhere. The author, who is himself a Socialist, has gone for much of his material to the files of the *Vorwärts* of Berlin and the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of Vienna. The citations from these newspapers are numerous and at times lengthy. Where the reviewer has had opportunity to compare them with the originals, he has found that the latter have been faithfully rendered in the French translations. Also much valuable information is divulged concerning the proceedings of the Socialists at international conferences, in party caucuses, etc.

It is M. La Chesnais's firm conviction that the Social-Democratic party in Germany, through its support of the war, has betrayed the principles of the International. The discrepancy between its vigorous opposition to the war-policy of the Government up to July 31 (the date of mobilization) and its servile acquiescence after the die had been cast, is too glaring to be explained away by specious reasoning.

The evidence in M. La Chesnais's indictment may be summarized as follows:

(1.) Up to August 1 the *Vorwärts* attacks the German Government trenchantly for its attitude in the Austro-Servian crisis. Its columns bristle with arguments which partisans of the Allies have since employed in all countries. Thus, the ultimatum to Servia is denounced as brutally offensive, and as inspired by a desire to provoke war; it is pointed out that Russia will naturally feel called upon to come to the aid of her Slavic kinsmen; the pacific intentions of the English and French Governments are freely recognized; the German Government is exhorted to accept the suggestion of Sir Edward Grey for a conference of the Powers—"the decision depends on William II"; finally, as a forlorn hope, it is almost feverishly urged that the Russian mobilization is not to be regarded as a reason for breaking off negotiations. Meanwhile the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of Vienna was arguing in a similar vein.

(2.) On August 1, Müller, a member of the executive committee of the Social-Democratic party, appeared unexpectedly in Paris to confer with his French colleagues on the attitude which the Socialists in both countries should adopt in view of the impending war. Müller stated most explicitly that the German parliamentary group would either vote *against* the war credits, or would abstain entirely from voting. About the same time (the exact day is not specified) the German Socialist Deputy Haase informed Bethmann-Hollweg that the Socialists could not vote for the war appropriations, to which the Chancellor replied that he understood perfectly the embarrassing position the party was in.

(3.) Hermann Wendel, editor of *Vorwärts*, is authority for the statement that, previous to the opening session of the Reichstag on August 4, a member of the Government had a secret interview with several leaders of the Socialists, in the course of which he succeeded in persuading them, by the exhibition of certain "documents," that Germany was being attacked. Liebknecht afterwards told the Belgian Socialists that he personally had no knowledge of either the interview or the "documents." Apparently, the member of the Government chose his Deputies prudently and enjoined discretion upon them. It would seem as if the German Socialists had been caught by an appeal to their patriotic instincts and to their hatred of the Russian Government.

(4.) In the party caucus only a small minority (the author estimates the number at fourteen) held out for opposition to the war. The overwhelming majority swung into line with the Government policy. Since the party, by its own rules, was forced to vote as a unit in the Reichstag, Germany

was able to present to the world the appearance of a solidly united nation. The tergiversation of the Socialists was complete; their moral collapse being the more tragic inasmuch as the voting of the first war credits coincided with the Chancellor's announcement of the violation of Belgian neutrality and with the miserable plea, "Necessity knows no law." Since then the tone of certain of the party leaders has grown apologetic; there seems to be at least an undercurrent of feeling that the party was hoodwinked by the Government; also, as is well known, Liebknecht broke party discipline by casting his vote in the Reichstag against subsequent war credits. On the other hand, Südekum has become a Government agent and David an avowed militarist, while the rank and file of the party seem to have merged themselves indistinguishably in the nationalist masses. M. La Chesnais thinks that the whole party organization should be read out of the International.

This pregnant little volume may be recommended to all who are interested in the beginnings of the war, and especially to those who have read Mr. Walling's recent attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of the German parliamentary group.

Notes

"Paris Reborn," a new book by Herbert Adams Gibbons, will shortly appear from the press of the Century Co.

"The Road to Glory," by E. Alexander Powell, is announced for immediate publication by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for publication next month "The Song of the Lark," by Willa Sibert Cather, and "America at Work," by Joseph Husband.

John Masefield's "The Faithful" is announced for publication on September 29 by the Macmillan Co.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for publication on October 2 "The Essentials of French Pronunciation," by Barry Cerf, and "Contes Français," by D. L. Buffum.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Secret History as Revealed by Lady Peggy O'Malley," by Mrs. Alice M. Williamson. The same house will publish next month in the Drama League Series of Plays "The Trail of the Torch," by Paul Hervieu; "A False Saint," by François de Curel; "The Apostle," by Paul Hyacinthe Loyson; "A Woman's Way," by Thompson Buchanan, and "My Lady's Dress," by Edward Knoblauch.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. will bring out in October the following publications: Anna S. Walling's "Violette of Père Lachaise"; Jethro Bithell's "Contemporary Belgian Literature"; Arthur Gleason's "Young Hilda at the Wars"; Arthur Hoeber's "The Barbizon Painters"; "A History of Babylon," by Leonard W. King; "Lord of Misrule and Other Poems," by Alfred Noyes; "Germans and Africa," by Evans Lewin; "Spies and Secret Service," by H. Grant; "Chats on Military Curios," by Stanley C. Johnson; "Grandmother's Fairy Tales," by Charles Robert Dumas; "Toy-Making at Home," by Morley Adams, and "Wonderland of Egypt," by Percy R. Salmon.

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of B. H. Blackwell, of Oxford, England: "Tales by Polish Authors," translated by Else C. M. Benecke; "Still More Russian Picture Tales," by Valéry Carrick, translated by Nevill Forbes; "Life of Viscount Bolingbroke," by Arthur Hassall; "An American Garland, Being a Collection of Ballads Relating to America, 1563-1759," edited with introduction and notes by C. H. Firth; "Oxford Poetry, 1915," edited by G. D. H. C. and T. W. E.; "The War and Religion," by Alfred Loisy, translated by Arthur Galton; "Syria as a Roman Province," by E. S. Bouchier; "Analysis of Mill's Principles of Political Economy," by L. Oldershaw; "Historical Geography of England," by Maud Holliday; "Symphonies," by E. H. W. M.

The final arrangements for the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Richard Henry Dana, jr., popularly known as the author of "Two Years before the Mast," have now been made, and promise an occasion of unusual interest. It will take place in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society, and the date is Wednesday evening, the 20th of October next, instead of the 27th of October, as originally planned. Bishop Lawrence will preside. Prof. Bliss Perry, of Harvard College, will speak of Mr. Dana's literary career, with special reference to "Two Years before the Mast." Mr. Moorfield Storey, of the Suffolk Bar, will speak of Mr. Dana's anti-slavery work, and Hon. Joseph H. Choate, of New York, formerly Ambassador to England, will deal with Mr. Dana's career in international law.

Hilaire Belloc's fancifully philosophic book of foot-travel, "The Road to Rome," which appeared in 1902 from an English press, is now published in its first American edition by Putnams ($1.50 net). The high spirits and intimate tone of this narrative of a trip across Lorraine, the Jura, Switzerland, and Lombardy and Tuscany have apparently commended it, in spite of its frequently trivial by-play, to a steady demand. The new edition reproduces the sketches made by the author on the march.

The various aspects of journalism, editorial and financial, metropolitan and rural, were the subject of a conference at the University of Kansas a year ago. Addresses delivered upon that occasion, together with other material, are embodied in a volume called "The Coming Newspaper," edited by Merle Thorpe, of the Department of Journalism at the University (Holt; $1.40 net). One of the topics, Tainted Journalism, Good and Bad, is treated by Washington Gladden, who makes a sober but pointed presentation of the tendency of newspapers to exaggerate, even to the extent of gross distortion of the facts, and to "play up" the "seamy side" of life. He illustrates the latter habit with an incident in his own experience. A letter which he sent to his parishioners, to prepare the way for the coming of a colleague who had been appointed at Dr. Gladden's request with the understanding that he would become Dr. Gladden's successor, was made the occasion for a sensational story, telegraphed everywhere by the Associated Press, of dissatisfaction and desertion by his congregation and discouragement in him. His prompt correction of the tale has not travelled with the speed of the original, and he finds himself the object of pity wherever he goes. Other subjects discussed are Some Weaknesses in Modern Journalism, by Oswald Garrison Villard; The Clubber in Journalism, by Isaac D. White, of the New York *World;* Unto Whomsoever Much Is Given, by Melville E. Stone; A Modern Type of Country Journalism, by Ralph Tennal, of the Atchison *Globe,* and A Code of Ethics for Newspaper Men, by James Melvin Lee, head of the Department of Journalism of New York University. The weak part of the book is its treatment of Government regulation of the press—weak, not because of a jealous attitude of "hands off," but, surprisingly enough, for a contrary reason, an advocacy of such impossible leading-strings as signed news-items and State licenses for newspaper men!

John Boynton Kaiser has energetically compiled what seems to be a very practical reference book on the topics mentioned in his title, "Law, Legislative and Municipal Reference Libraries" (Boston Book Co.; $4). The result is a volume which will be necessary to anybody making a study of these specialized subjects, but which, it must be confessed, is rather formidable in appearance, even to those whose interest is more than a layman's. Mr. Kaiser's method is that of the topical outline, followed by text. The fact that it requires nearly a page of fine print to explain the index (to a volume of about 400 pages) indicates how extremely careful, not to say fussy, the author has been.

Literature as a narcotic should surely have its innings in these troublous days. They are not few who would flee far away from the vain conjectures of treaties and campaigns and the unending, indecisive succession of bloody attack by deadly repulse. An escape is offered in "From the Shelf" (Dutton; $1.50 net), by a young writer who styles himself Paxton Holgar. Under impulse of disappointment he hurries from London, shakes the dust of England from his feet, and soon by chance is installed in a deserted monastery on a Spanish isle in the Mediterranean. The wholesome charm of the native life in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, the quiet contentment with his rude but tropically luxuriant surroundings, are reflected in the simplicity of the narrative. Indeed, the seeming artlessness of his recital wins from you an ingenuous belief in the reality of his experiences. You catch the twinkle in his eye as he recalls the round, full-moon-like face of Fausto, his food-bringer, or describes Appollonia, his caretaker, "a shrivelled creature, the merest wisp of a woman, and of incredible age." You follow him guilelessly during the year through more than one refreshing experience, and you almost accept his "Adiós" wherein he triumphantly returns to England with a flush of romance on his cheek and on his lips a promise to return to his sunny, languorous shelf.

The newest official in our polity, the city manager, is the hero of Oswald Ryan's "Municipal Freedom," one of the American Books

series (Doubleday, Page; 60 cents net); of Harry Aubrey Toulmin, jr.'s, "The City Manager," one of the National Municipal League series (Appleton; $1.50 net), and of a Bulletin of the University of Texas by Herman G. James, "What Is the City Manager Plan?" All three view the city manager with admiration. Of the two books—the Bulletin is a pamphlet—Mr. Toulmin's is the more comprehensive and detailed, Mr. Ryan's the more critical. Mr. Toulmin quotes at length from reports and statutes bearing upon the city-manager form of government, and even gives a glimpse of European municipal arrangements. Mr. Ryan ventures to criticise so perfect a document as the Dayton Charter. Instead of believing in the divine nature of the recall, as is the tendency of advocates of any variety of commission government, he regards this provision as "a violation of the central principle of this type of municipal organization," the principle that the city manager is not a political official, charged with the determination of policy, but a permanent, non-political official, in a word, an expert, whose business is the execution of the will of the city as expressed by the representative body which appoints him and to which he is responsible. The argument that he should be subject to popular recall is an argument that he should be popularly chosen. All of these publications are provided with good bibliographies. None of them, however, performs adequately the service that is most needed in connection with both commission government and the city manager—a critical estimate of gains and losses so far resulting from the adoption of these changes in our method of conducting municipal affairs.

"German Culture, Past and Present" (McBride, Nast; $1.25 net), by Mr. E. Belfort Bax, an English Socialist, is hardly, as the title would indicate, a comparison between the old-fashioned cosmopolitan culture of the Germany of Kant, Goethe, and Beethoven and the aggressive nationalism of the modern militaristic state. It is rather, for the most part, a monograph on German civilization in the sixteenth century, with special reference to the peasants' wars and other social and economic phenomena. The author, as a good Socialist, believes in the materialistic interpretation of history, and accordingly belittles the spiritual factors in the Reformation, besides having much to say in disparagement of Luther as a man and a thinker. The last two chapters, which have evidently been written since the beginning of the war, have no organic connection with the rest of the book. They deal with the Prussianization of Germany through the Hohenzollern policy of appropriation and autocracy.

In Mary Ritter Beard's "Woman's Work in Municipalities" (Appleton; $1.50), it is somewhat difficult to see the forest for the trees. Generalizations there are, but they are so very general that almost anybody might make them. The usefulness of the volume, upon which a vast amount of labor has evidently been spent, is, therefore, limited to that which pertains to an ordered collection of cases. One receives the impression of manifold activities in a dozen fields, education, public health, correction, civic improvement, and so on, but at the end is left with the unanswered question, Just what has woman brought to municipal service? Of her contributions we are told; we are not informed of her contribution. A more serious criticism is necessary of the final chapter, Government and Administration. Women have been voting in various cities for a good many years. Yet a third of the chapter is given up to the results of a single election, that of the spring of 1914 in Chicago and Illinois, in accordance with Graham Taylor's dictum at the time, "Illinois and Chicago give the country the most significant test of women's voting"—which may have been true enough when applied to one single series of elections. Then comes a copy of a telegram to a Chicago newspaper concerning an election at Des Moines, and this is followed by an editorial printed ten years ago in a California newspaper, entitled, "Why Women Should Be in Municipal Offices." The gross superficiality of this treatment of a great question is especially disappointing in the face of the real need for a critical estimate of woman's part in the government of those cities where she has had the ballot. So inadequate a method of procedure as is here exemplified will merely confirm anti-suffragists in their skepticism of the value of the vote in the feminine hand.

Alive to the splendid possibilities, the Minnesota Historical Society is about to take a more important part in the field of history and related activities than ever before. The Society is to have a handsome and convenient building. Dr. Solon J. Buck, the recently appointed superintendent, has many plans for the future which, if realized only in part, will greatly increase the Society's usefulness. Minnesota has not kept pace with neighboring States in some departments. It is therefore proposed to encourage the formation of local historical societies, and thus to create, so far as possible, a desire on the part of the people for the adequate treatment of their local history and the preservation of historical landmarks. And, too, there is to be coöperation with the University of Minnesota, which ought to result in good for both institutions, as well as for the State generally. Plans for future publishing activities are forming. One notable change should be mentioned: hereafter the Society's "Collections" will be reserved for documentary materials bearing primarily on the State's history. The numerous papers and reminiscences which have heretofore found a place in these volumes will be printed in a "Bulletin," two numbers of which have already appeared. This is a marked improvement.

Volume XV of the Minnesota Historical Society "Collections" (St. Paul), edited by Mr. Warren Upham, the former secretary, has recently come from the press. This volume of nearly 900 pages contains much matter of interest and value, but nothing that gives it the mark of distinction. Rasmus S. Saby contributes a lengthy thesis on "Railroad Legislation in Minnesota, 1849-1875," in which the facts are well digested. The study will prove helpful, as will also Mr. Iverson's paper on "The Public Lands and School Fund of Minnesota," and Prof. W. W. Folwell's account of "The Five Million Loan." Of reminiscences there are a goodly number, some of which are attractively written and worthy of preservation in print. Many pages are devoted to memorial addresses, the most interesting being Olin D. Wheeler's review of the career of Nathaniel P. Langford, the Vigilante and explorer, whose name will always be gratefully associated with Yellowstone Park. There is also the voluminous report of the committee appointed by the Society to pass upon the authenticity of the so-called Kensington Rune Stone, the "fake" which caused a flutter in certain circles some years ago. The favorable conclusions of the committee will not be generally accepted by those who have given the facts careful consideration.

"Narratives of the Insurrections, 1675-1690" (Scribner; $3) makes Volume XVI of the excellent collection of sources for colonial history edited by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson under the general title "Original Narratives of Early American History." Prof. Charles M. Andrews, of Yale University, who edits the present volume, has performed his task in the highly satisfactory manner which his previous work would lead students of colonial history to expect. The notes are sufficiently numerous to explain the text; the general introduction gives a brief estimate of the value of the material and enumerates the chief general causes of the insurrections; while the special introductions to each narrative give the essential information, in so far as it is obtainable, of a bibliographical character. Needless to say, not all the narratives are printed here. There are three each for Bacon's and Leisler's rebellions, eight for the disturbances in New England, and one each for North Carolina and Maryland. With the exception of the Letter of Captain George to Penys, which is for the first time printed in full, and of the Declaration of Protestant Subjects in Maryland, which was printed as a pamphlet in London in 1689, the narratives in this volume were already fairly accessible to students of colonial history. But the various insurrections, though they owed much to local causes, were influenced by conditions that were general, and it is therefore well to have the chief sources for the movement as a whole brought together. The history of individual colonies has been studied at the expense of what might be called comparative colonial history, and if the present volume does something to help students and teachers to grasp the unity of colonial development it will have been amply justified. Apart from these considerations, there are very many teachers of history who do not have access to libraries that are in any sense adequate; to them such collections as the one which is now nearing completion should prove of the highest value.

Ezra Ripley Thayer, dean of the Harvard Law School, committed suicide at Cambridge on September 15, while temporarily insane. He was born at Milton, Mass., February 21, 1866. Mr. Thayer was a son of the late James Bradley Thayer, for nearly thirty years professor of law at Harvard and a scholar of international distinction in the fields of legal history and constitutional law. Another son of Professor Thayer is Dr. W. S. Thayer, professor of clinical medicine at Johns Hopkins. Before entering college, Ezra Thayer travelled and studied in Greece as the companion and pupil of the late Prof. W. W. Goodwin. Mr. Thayer received the degree of A.B. from Harvard College in 1888, and that of A.M. in 1891. In the latter year he graduated from the Harvard Law School, with a record very rarely approached in the institution's history, and was admitted to the bar of Suffolk County, Massachusetts. Mr. Thayer's essay on "Judicial Legislation: Its Legitimate Function in the Development of the Common Law" won the medal given by the Harvard Law School

Association in 1891. The year 1891-2 he spent in Washington as the private secretary of Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court. Upon his return to Boston he entered active practice, and before long became a recognized leader among the younger members of the bar. In 1910 Mr. Thayer was elected dean of the Harvard Law School, succeeding the late James Barr Ames, and becoming at the same time Dane professor of law. He had previously been connected with the institution only in the capacity of an occasional lecturer on Massachusetts Practice. Besides discharging the duties of his administrative office, Dean Thayer gave the courses in "Torts and Evidence." In December, 1913, Gov. Foss of Massachusetts nominated him to fill a vacancy in the Supreme Judicial Court. Mr. Thayer felt, however, that he could render his best service to the community in the position he held, and declined the appointment. Dean Thayer spoke and wrote with rare grace and force. His speeches at students' and graduates' gatherings were notable in form and substance—terse, direct, and glowing with the high enthusiasm of a nature at once modest and in the best sense proud. Alike in his distinguished physical presence and in the variety of his intellectual tastes and talents—above all, perhaps, in the elevation of his standards of scholarship and teaching—Mr. Thayer reminded those who had known both men of his father. His classes felt that Dean Thayer, too, was, as John Chipman Gray called him, "the best type of New Englander."

Science

The books on elementary science may be divided into two groups, the first group comprising those which are designed to impart information chiefly, and the second those which attempt to give some clear idea of method. There are a few books which endeavor to combine these two purposes by presenting hints for a laboratory course. Among the most successful of these may be mentioned "A First-Year Course in General Science," by Clara H. Pease (New York: Charles E. Merrill Co.). Miss Pease has evidently been careful in her compilation, and she has brought within a narrow compass an immense mass of facts. For the most part, the statements are presented in an attractive manner, and constitute, taken as a whole, a convenient little handbook of the most elementary science, ranging from astronomy and celestial physics down or up to human digestion.

"Marvels of Insect Life" (R. M. McBride; $3.50 net), by Edward Step, F.L.S., is well adapted to the kind of reader aimed at—the person who, though quite ignorant of entomology, is ready to believe that the study of insects is fascinating. The dozen colored plates and the 636 drawings and reproductions from photographs would almost suffice, without the text, to convince the unenlightened that a new world of wonder and delight is theirs for the asking—and a little work. The illustrations are indeed notable, in excellence as in quantity. Many of them, such as that of the Giant Water-Bug Attacking a Frog, have a spectacular effect that should make them particularly attractive to the young reader. The text will serve for young and old alike; it is colloquial, unadorned, and frankly clumsy. Although the insects discussed are not confined to any one section of the world, the preference is always given to British insects, and consequently the book will hardly be so interesting and useful for American as it will be for British readers.

A number of books have appeared in the last few years dealing with the general subject of the economic and sanitary importance of insect-life. Some of these books have been meant for the specialists and some have been prepared for popular use. Prof. C. A. Ealand's book, "Insects and Man" (Century; $3.50 net), seems to strike in between these extremes. It contains a great deal of very interesting material that will be appreciated especially by readers who have some scientific training, but are not specialists in entomology. The object of the book is to show that there is a real struggle for existence between man and the insect-world. If the latter were not a "house divided against itself" it is the author's opinion that the "human race would be extinct in five or six years." It seems probable that the story told by this and similar books will reach a wide circle of readers and will result eventually in focussing the attention of civilized man upon the necessity of applying human intelligence to a sustained and systematic fight against these myriads of minute enemies that are responsible for so much destruction to property and to life.

The range of subjects in Anna Botsford Comstock's "The Pet Book" (Comstock Publishing Co.; $2.50 net) extends from mammals to meal worms. The general treatment is very uneven, and considering the very competent sources from which the author has derived her facts, the information is not infrequently meagre and ill-balanced. But the directions as to the care of dogs, ponies, calves, lambs, rabbits, and the more common birds will doubtless be useful to many children who have no access to more detailed works. The most valuable portion presents evidence of the value as pets of such creatures as skunks, flying-squirrels, bats, blue-jays, terns, toads, newts, lizards, and bees. Here the conventional field of pets is widened, and this alone would furnish a *raison d'être* for the book. The illustrations, with the exception of the frontispiece, are poor, suffering both from choice of subject and uncoated paper. The text is heavy, being little else than a continuous succession of unvarnished facts and statements. This unliterary quality, however, facilitates reference, and this is the main object of the book.

In a well-printed book of a couple of hundred pages, Mr. Royal Dixon has brought together a large number of the more interesting facts in regard to the behavior of plants. He has given to his work the sensational title, "The Human Side of Plants" (Stokes; $1.50 net), and he starts out with the statement that he is "blazing the trail." It has been rather difficult, however, to detect, in the great mass of good material which he presents, any important facts which are now published for the first time. But this does not impair the usefulness of the book as a pleasing and, on the whole, trustworthy description of the innumerable adaptations of plants to their surroundings. One could wish that the language might have been freed a little more from fine writing and sensational expressions. The photographic reproductions are excellent, and the four pictures in color, by Mrs. Ellis Rowan, are worthy of high praise.

Drama

PINERO'S NEW SATIRE, "THE BIG DRUM."

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, September 2.

It was hard to believe, at the St. James's last night, that England was in the second year of a huge and terrible war. The scene had all the "brilliance," such as it is, and all the gayety, of all the St. James's first-nights for five-and-twenty years past. Here and there was a figure in khaki, but they were fewer than is now usual on such occasions. From the author downwards, every one seemed to have conspired to shut out for three hours all thought of the war. It is true I overheard the lady next me say, "I have two sons at the Dardanelles"; but the thought did not seem in the least to mar her enjoyment of Sir Arthur Pinero's extraordinarily interesting comedy.

"The Big Drum" is a satire—perhaps a little fiercer than the subject demanded—upon the pushing, "booming," notoriety-hunting snobbishness of British society. It might have been called "The Climbers" had not Clyde Fitch preëmpted the title. It also deals with the booming of literature—a subject as old as Scribe's "Le Puff," but none the less actual on that account. Perhaps it might have been wiser to treat the theme lightly throughout, and not make a happiness-wrecking vice of what is, after all, no more than a ridiculous folly; but the play is so adroitly built, and takes, from the first, so firm a hold upon our interest, that it is only in retrospect that we feel any sense of disproportion.

Ten years before the action opens, Philip Mackworth was a journalist in Paris. He fell in love with Miss Ottoline Filson, daughter of a wealthy British parvenu, who was then trying to buy his way into French society. Mackworth and Ottoline were deeply attached to each other; but they fell out over the climbing propensities of the Filson family, and Ottoline married an undesirable French count. Repulsed in Paris, the Filsons laid siege to London with better success; and when the play opens, Ottoline, now a widow, has joined them in Ennismore Gardens. She meets Mackworth at a luncheon party, and instantly there occurs a belated "redintegratio amoris"; for, indeed, they have never ceased to love each other. But Mackworth has misgivings as to the wisdom of attempting to re-knit the broken thread:

Philip: What would be the result of your reviving a friendship with an ill-tempered, intolerant person, who would be just as capable to-morrow of turning upon you like a savage——?

Ottoline: . . . As you did that evening, for instance, when I came with Nanetto to your shabby little den in the Rue Soufflot——

Philip: Precisely.

Ottoline: To beg you to *prôner* my father and mother in the journal you were writing for—what was the name of it?

Philip: The *Whitehall Gazette.*

Ottoline: And you were polite enough to tell me that my cravings and ideals were low, pitiful, ignoble!

Philip (regretfully): You remember?

Ottoline: As clearly as you do, my friend. Besides, they were true, those words—hideously true—as were many other sharp ones you shot at me in Paris.

Mackworth's misgivings are soon overcome, for the truth is Ottoline is passionately devoted to him. But she is rich; he has only a pittance, and the novels he writes bring him in a very small income. It is not so much the ordinary money scruple as the sense of being a failure in his art that leads him to insist that their marriage shall be delayed till after the appearance of his next novel, in which he has a profound belief. She reluctantly agrees, not without a painful realization that pride and literary ambition are more to him than love.

Then comes the ordeal of breaking the news of the engagement to Sir Randle and Lady Filson and their hopeful son, Mr. Bertram Filson. This snob trio cannot but recall the Puritan trio of the Ridgeleys in "His House in Order"; but the Filsons are less ferociously handled, without being a whit less amusing. Sir Randle and his wife, indeed, are not at all bad-hearted people. They would be an excellent, affectionate bourgeois family, if they did not happen to be colossal snobs. Sir Randle, a tall, heavy, pompous man, with a head like that of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, has just come in from a memorial service in honor of a man he didn't know:

Lady Filson: You haven't been long, Randle.

Sir Randle (a cloud overshadowing his face): I didn't remain for the Dead March, Winnie *(taking off his black gloves.)* I need hardly have troubled to go at all as it turned out.

Lady Filson: Why, dear?

Sir Randle: The sad business was most abominably mismanaged. No reporters.

Lady Filson: No reporters!

Sir Randle: Not a single pressman in the porch. . . . I am almost glad, under the circumstances, that I didn't regard it as an event that laid me under an obligation to send flowers.

An Irish baronet, Sir Timothy Barradell, is at this moment having an interview with Ottoline in her boudoir, and the result is breathlessly anticipated by her parents, in spite of the fact that Sir Timothy has made his money out of bacon:

Lady Filson: It won't *sound* bad, Randle.

Sir Randle (leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes): "Lady Barradell."

Lady Filson (in the same way): "Lady Barradell."

Sir Randle (in a murmur, but with great gusto): "A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Sir Timothy Barradell, Bart., of 16 the Albany and Bryanstown Park, County Wicklow, and Ottoline, widow of the late Comte de Chaumié, only daughter of Sir Randle and Lady Filson, of 71 Ennismore Gardens, and Pickhurst, Bramsfold, Sussex."

Great is their disgust when Sir Timothy, an original, delightful character, appears with the information that Ottoline has sent him about his business; and it rises to consternation when Ottoline herself announces that "a marriage has been arranged" between herself and an obscure novelist who, to Sir Randle's unspeakable dismay, does not even figure in "Who's Who?" The interview between Mackworth and the Filson family is a painful one; but Mackworth somewhat reconciles them, and goes near to alienating Ottoline, by saying:

Well, Sir Randle, I—I'm prepared to take a sporting chance. . . . I'll stake everything on my next book! I give you my word that if it isn't a success—an indisputable, popular success—I will join you both, in all sincerity, in urging Ottoline to break with me. Come! Does that mollify you?

The Filsons naturally inquire into the nature of the work on which he builds such hopes; and Ottoline, irritated by this new proof of his postponement of love to pride, eggs him on to give an account of it, though she knows that she is mounting him upon his hobby:

Philip: It's called "The Big Drum," Sir Randle.

Sir Randle (elevating his eyebrows): "The Big Drum"? *(With an innocent air)* Military?

Philip: No, social. . . . It's an attempt to portray the struggle for notoriety—for self-advertisement—we see going on around us to-day.

Sir Randle: Ah, yes, lamentable!

Philip (deliberately, but losing himself in his subject as he proceeds): It shows a vast crowd of men and women, sir, forcing themselves upon public attention without a shred of modesty, fighting to obtain it as if they were fighting for bread and meat. . . .

Sir Randle (closing his eyes): A terrible picture!

Lady Filson (closing her eyes) Terrible!

Philip: It shows the bishop and the judge playing to the gallery, the politician adopting the methods of the cheap-jack, the duchess vying with the puffing draper; it shows how even true genius submits itself to the conditions that are accepted and excused as "modern," and is found elbowing and pushing in the hurly-burly. It shows how the ordinary decencies of life are sacrificed to the paragraphist, the interviewer, and the ghoul with the camera; how the home is stripped of its sanctity, blessed charity made a vehicle for display, the very graveyard transformed into a parade-ground; while the outsider looks on with a sinking of the vitals because the drum-stick is beyond his reach and the bom-bom-bom is not for *him!* It shows—*(checking himself with a short laugh).* Oh, well, that's the setting of my story, Sir Randle. I won't inflict the details on you.

The next act occurs at Mackworth's chambers in Gray's Inn, four months later. It is characteristic of the literary tradition which Sir Arthur Pinero represents that portraits of Dickens and Thackeray are prominent among the novelist's household gods. "The Big Drum" is published, and after hanging fire at first, has made a great success. The publisher reports a sale of 25,000 copies—you see how modest are our English notions of a "best-seller." Mackworth is overjoyed to have found recognition at last, the Filsons are reconciled to Ottoline's choice, and a little family dinner-party has been arranged to celebrate the formal recognition of the engagement. But Ottoline's brother, an unbearable young cub, thinks that there is something queer about the success of the book, and has set a private detective to inquire into it. That worthy reports that 25,000 copies have indeed been printed, but that almost all of them are reposing in the cellars of a bogus exportation-agent somewhere in the City. The inference which young Filson suggests to the assembled family is that Mackworth has entered into a plot with his publisher to create a fictitious success, the expense of which he will easily be able to meet as soon as he is in possession of Ottoline's money. This intelligence is a thunderbolt to Mackworth, hurling him from the seventh heaven of success into the limbo of discreditable failure. But who has made him the victim of such a cruel—and costly—trick? The answer is close at hand—it is Ottoline! She confesses; and Mackworth, under the blow of the disappointment, treats her with a frigidity more cutting than any reproach. A night brings him to his senses and he implores her pardon; but at the same time he speaks of burning the book he has begun, and giving up his art. She tells him that she has recognized in herself an incurably vulgar and pushing strain, which would always be offending him, and furthermore—what is perhaps more serious—that he evidently cares more for his art than for her love. So she resolutely tears herself away from him, and leaves him to go on with his new book in solitude.

Though I am sure nothing was further from Sir Arthur Pinero's mind than any thought of Ibsen, he has here repeated the end of "A Doll's House." The resemblance is unmistakable, and shows how small is the world of dramatic *motifs.* A woman, out of pure love for a man, has committed a thoughtless and foolish act which, when discovered, threatens to involve him in disgrace. In the first moment of consternation he gives no thought to her motive, but, absorbed in his own disaster, treats her with selfish cruelty. The crisis reveals to her both her own character and his, and she sees that all must be over between them. The two situations are identical in essence; and Pinero's, though for different reasons, is as disputable as Ibsen's. It will be admitted, I think, that Nora's reasons for leaving Helmer would be entirely adequate were it not for the children; the question is whether the existence of the children does not create a bond between them which she could not and would not break. Between Ottoline and Mackworth there is, of course, no such bond; there is not even the tie of marriage; but, on the other hand, Pinero

has not made the disparity of character nearly so plain as Ibsen has. Though there is a something about Ottoline throughout—a tinge of affectation, manifesting itself partly in a constant use of French phrases—which puts us on our guard as to her character, we feel that in the end she does herself injustice, and that any reasonable man would find no difficulty in forgiving her foibles for the sake of the deep and really beautiful sincerity of her love. But, then, it may be said, Mackworth is not a reasonable man—he is a fanatic and a prig—so that Ottoline's action is, after all, justified. That is true; but Sir Arthur has not given us the clue to Mackworth's character quite early enough. The fact that the author so obviously shares his hero's rage against social push and self-advertisement inclines us to regard Mackworth altogether sympathetically. We are consequently taken aback when, in the poignant situation of the third act, he behaves with such stupid egoism; and even up to the end we have not yet quite reconciled ourselves to the idea that this is an essential and determining trait in his character. "If either of them had the slightest sense of humor," a critic has said, "there is no reason why they should not marry and live happily forever after." The author may justly reply that he deliberately deprived his hero of humor, which is perhaps, by the way, the secret of his failure as a novelist. That is a good plea; but the deficiency is not made quite clear enough. With all deductions, however, "The Big Drum" remains a most interesting and delightful comedy.

THE RETURN OF "GRUMPY."

The reappearance in New York, at the Empire Theatre, of that finished actor, Mr. Cyril Maude, is not only a source of satisfaction, but an excuse for certain dramatic speculations. "Grumpy," though provided with an interesting plot, owes its success to a leading character who exhibits little novelty. Like his name, he is as old as time. But he is, above all, human. And, though the play would in all probability not have flourished without an actor abundantly suited to the part, it is to be remembered that any number of modern instances could be cited in which very competent acting has not sufficed to save a seemingly promising play from failure.

The truth is, the endeavor to give fresh ideas to the stage has largely resulted in a shameful neglect of human nature. With the purpose of keeping pace with modern problems, playwrights have attempted to answer the large questions of the day with all the finality of the muckraker, and in so doing have forgotten that the truthful representation of character is the main requisite of a theatrical performance. If your characters are puppets, no amount of powerful arguments put into their mouths will suffice to make them real or your play convincing. It is only closet drama—which is not designed primarily for acting—that can afford to rely on ideas at the expense of character. By some futile twist of reasoning, American playwrights in recent years have fancied that, let us say, a political boss requires verisimilitude merely in the matter of outward appearance. His office force must be caught to the life, his especial brand of cigars indicated, as also a suggestion of the mechanical devices by which he perpetrates his villany. These he undoubtedly has in actual life, but our writers forget such important human considerations as the fact that a successful politician is invariably devoted to children and dogs, to mention only one or two possibilities.

The authors of "Grumpy" have not made this mistake. Here is a character straight from Dickens or Thackeray—a man as pestiferous as you please on the surface, but with a heart warm and true. We commend to ambitious young playwrights the study of American types—for not all, by any means, have been exhausted by their predecessors. When they have discovered one to their liking, they will most probably discover, too, that the relations of this character are ample to embrace an interesting modern problem. F.

The representation of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," which Mr. Winthrop Ames has scheduled for a run of three weeks at the Booth Theatre, is notable only for the addition of two performers to the cast of last year. Mr. Sam Sothern, who was a member of the original cast in England, is seen to advantage as the husband of the naughty Molly Thornhill, which latter part is taken this year by Miss Eva Leonard Boyne. His work is quiet, as the comedy of the drawing-room should be quiet, and yet he indicates without difficulty the contrasts of his rôle. As Lady Gower, Miss Alison Skipworth is well-nigh perfect; she has, above all, charm, the ample charm of *embonpoint* and the spiritual charm of agreeable manners and speech; and even in her little dogmatisms and bigotry she never becomes unattractive.

Music

Thomas Beecham, the London orchestral leader, seems to have an even more remarkable memory than Toscanini. According to Robin H. Legge, he conducted from memory at twenty-four hours' notice Strauss's "Rosenkavalier." Mr. Legge also recalls the fact that Hans von Bülow learned the score of a Stanford symphony on the train between Hamburg and Berlin, and conducted it from memory in the latter city.

October 25 is the date chosen for the opening of the two weeks' performances of the Boston Opera Company in New York in conjunction with the Pavlowa Russian Ballet. The Lexington Avenue Opera House, built by Oscar Hammerstein two years ago when he intended to give opera in English, has been chosen for these representations.

An exclusively Russian programme has been arranged by Clara Gabrilowitsch for her first Aeolian Hall recital next month. It will include songs by Glinka, Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazounoff, Arensky, and Rachmaninoff.

"The Musical Blue Book of America" is a useful volume of 429 pages compiled by Emma L. Trapper. It contains information concerning the doings and whereabouts of more than four thousand persons more or less prominent in the musical world.

Only thirty-eight works were sung last season by the Royal Opera Company in Berlin, as compared with forty-six the preceding year. Some of the most important works in the repertory, notably Wagner's "Parsifal," "Rheingold," and "Götterdämmerung," had to be excluded, not so much because of a shortage of singers as because so many of the stage hands employed in the scenic department had gone to the front. Nevertheless, Wagner kept the lead, with sixty-seven performances. Verdi came next, with thirty-eight; Strauss followed, with twenty-three; Mozart (whose "Magic Flute" also had to be abandoned because of the shortage of stage hands) had sixteen. Beethoven's "Fidelio," which had been sung only three times the preceding year, was demanded thirteen times, and Bizet's "Carmen" received the same number of hearings. Weber had twelve performances; Donizetti, eleven; Rossini, Blech, Thomas, and Puccini, ten each; Mascagni, nine, etc. Of the twenty-three composers represented, fourteen were Germans, six Italians, and three Frenchmen, no other nations being represented. There were 174 performances of twenty-five German operas, seventy-nine of ten Italian, and twenty-six of three French operas. Wilhelm Altmann calls attention in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* to the fact that of Richard Strauss's operas the only one which attracted the public was the "Rosenkavalier." The six operas most often sung were "Lohengrin," "Figaro," "Traviata," "Carmen," "Fidelio," "Tannhäuser," in the order given.

It is to be hoped that Weingartner's attempt to bring back to the stage Weber's charming opera, "Oberon," will succeed elsewhere as it has succeeded in Hamburg, where his version of that fairy tale in music was recently staged. It is much to be regretted that, when Gustav Mahler was one of the conductors at the Metropolitan, he was not permitted to produce his own version of Weber's last opera. Now that Weber's "Euryanthe" has won so much favor in our opera house, the matter will perhaps be taken into consideration. Why not produce "Oberon" as Weber left it? Because he left it in a condition with which he himself was far from satisfied. He was far gone with tubercular trouble when he received a hurry order from London for a new opera. His physician forbade his accepting it, but he needed the money and began to compose the music of parts of the opera before he had seen the whole of the libretto, which was not yet finished. When at last he did see it, he realized too late its inadequacy. He made up his mind to have it remodelled and to revise the music on his return to Germany, but death from exhaustion frustrated this plan. His pupil, Benedict, was the first who tried to carry out his intentions. Several others followed his example, without much success. Dr. Leopold Schmidt expresses the opinion, in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, that, of all the attempts to come to the rescue of "Oberon," Weingartner's is the most acceptable. He has reduced the spoken dialogue to a minimum and added some musical numbers which are surprisingly Weberish. Let us have "Oberon," by all means. There are no new operas half as inspired.

The London musical season which ended a few weeks ago was pronounced by one of the critics "very unusually slack"; yet from the last week in April to the end of July over 300 musical entertainments of various kinds were noticed in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

D'Albert's "Tiefland," which is also known to New Yorkers, has for years been one

of the most popular of operas in Berlin, but it is only this season that it will have the honor of being sung at the Royal Opera. Heretofore it has been given at the Komische Oper and in the suburban Charlottenburg.

One seldom hears viola players as soloists, largely because so little has been written for them. Lionel Tertis is trying to remedy this. He is leader of the violas of Queen's Hall, and he has informed a correspondent of *Musical America*, Wallace L. Crowdy, that Ravel, Ysaye, and Delius are writing works for him, and that he hopes to persuade other composers to turn their attention to the great beauties of his chosen instrument.

A revised edition of "Elements and Notation of Music," by James M. McLaughlin, Director of Music in the Boston public schools, has been issued by Ginn (50 cents). It differs from the earlier editions in including definitions and terms in general use in the teaching of music in the schools of this country.

Finance

THE "ANGLO-FRENCH LOAN."

Out of a good deal of confusion regarding the negotiations between the Anglo-French commissions and the American bankers, over the proposed large loan to Europe, several essential facts have at length emerged. One is, that the loan's success, in some form, is virtually insured. It will presumably be for $500,000,000 or more; will run for probably five years; will bear interest at 5 per cent., and will be payable, interest and principal, in American currency. In minor particulars, these general presumptions may be modified. There has been discussion, for instance, as to whether the use of the proceeds of such a loan for purchase of war material might be modified—not because loans for that purpose are improper, or because the munitions exports are themselves "unneutral," but in order to overcome the objection of pro-German interests identified with the lending institutions.

But the central consideration of all, which the public at large was somewhat slow to comprehend, is the unquestioned purpose of the borrowing Governments to draw on the proceeds of the loan only in paying for purchases of merchandise in the United States, and to leave those proceeds on deposit with the American banks until such bills shall fall due. It is only lately, also, that even the banking and mercantile community, West as well as East, has grasped the principle that this is not a war loan, such as the American subscriptions to the Boer War issues of 1900, or the spasmodic American purchases of the Imperial German war loan last spring. In its nature, the pending Anglo-French operation is purely a matter of granting long credits on purchases of merchandise for foreign account in the American market. The banks are virtually discounting bills arising from such transactions. It is a highly important step in the performance of the new functions of this country as the central money market of the world.

It is more than this. Granting of credits or purchase of securities, for the purpose of equalizing a disturbed balance of international exchange—whose effect had proved to be damaging to all markets concerned—is a perfectly normal and usual economic recourse. But for the fact that the Governments to which the borrowing markets belong are now in a state of war, no competent financier would think of objecting to the operation.

A further consideration, which the financial community has only begun to realize, is the effect which such an operation will be bound to have on this country's power and prestige, when the war is over. One theory, as to what will happen then, has been that London would instantly dislodge New York from its new position as a money centre; another has been, that the European holdings of American securities would then pour out in prodigious quantity on our markets, compelling large outflow of gold from the United States. But the obvious result of our markets' holding French and English obligations in such quantity would be, first, that London could not regain her old-time prestige until her indebtedness to America had been paid off, and, next, that even if we were compelled to redeem our own foreign-held securities in full, we should simply pay for them with the bonds of England and France, of which the proceeds had already been expended in the American industrial markets.

In the popular mind, some perplexing questions still remain. Can the people of the United States afford to lend $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 to Europe, even if the credit of the borrowers be indisputable? How would the loan affect our money and investment markets? Would institutions hold the bonds, or private individuals? What sort of trading should we have in them? Would they be "listed," for example, on the Stock Exchange? These questions have been asked by many people during the past two weeks.

The loan could easily be placed. Money is abnormally easy. The banks of New York alone hold a surplus reserve of $100,000,000 more than on January 1, and it was very large, even then. New bonds listed on the Stock Exchange in the first half of 1915 were $330,000,000 less than in 1905, and new stocks listed were $359,000,000 less than in 1901, and the country's available capital is far greater now than in either year. In eight months of 1900 and 1901, we took $330,000,000 bonds from the British Exchequer; even in 1898, when our own Government offered a popular loan of $200,000,000, subscription offers aggregated $1,500,000,000.

On neither occasion were the money or investment markets seriously disturbed, and the resources of those markets are vastly greater now. It is doubtful, therefore, if even a loan for more than $500,000,000, with the proceeds left in American banks until drawn upon for expenditure, and with the expenditure itself made in the American markets, would affect the money rate or the price of existing securities, even temporarily. Indeed, it is probable that the success of the loan would check the European liquidation of our own securities, which has weighed on the investment market. At any rate, the British Government's pressure on English holders to sell would certainly be relaxed.

Banking institutions would certainly be the original buyers; they might be the permanent holders. They were so in the case of our purchases of England's "Boer War loans," though not in the Japanese loans of 1904 and 1905. If our people showed a disposition to deal in the Anglo-French securities, the bonds would undoubtedly be distributed, for large private capitalists would be extensive buyers at the start. A public offering might be necessary, as a preliminary to listing on the Stock Exchange. But the "curb market," which even to-day buys and sells the German and French one-year 5 per cent. notes of last spring, would surely trade in them.

If they were listed, and then dealt in freely by the investing and speculative public, the day-to-day prices of the five-year loan would possibly vary according to two influences—the home financial developments in France and England, and the war news. We may yet see a "bear raid" on Anglo-French 5s, on news of the fall of Petrograd, or a "bull movement" on the capture of Constantinople.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Adams, S. H. Little Miss Grouch. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Hewlett, M. The Little Iliad. Lippincott.
Howard, G. B. God's Man. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.40 net.
Knipe, E. B. and A. A. Peg o' the Ring. Century. $1.25 net.
Lee, Jennette. Aunt Jane. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Lincoln, N. S. The Official Chaperon. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Norris, K. The Story of Julia Page. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Oyen, H. The Man Trail. Doran. $1.25 net.
Parker, G. The Money Master. Harper. $1.35 net.
Runkle, B. Straight Down the Crooked Lane. Century. $1.35 net.
Seaman, A. H. The Boarded-Up House. Century. $1.25 net.
Somerville, H. B. Some Women and Timothy. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Stringer, A. The Prairie Wife. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Valzey, Mrs. G. de H. What a Man Wills. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Ward, Mrs. H. Eltham House. Hearst International Library Co. $1.35 net.
Widdemer, M. Why Not? Hearst International Library Co. $1.25 net.
Wodehouse, P. G. Something New. Appleton. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Adler, F. Marriage and Divorce. Appleton. 75 cents net.
Alder, F. The World Crisis and its Meaning. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Ball, E. H. Photoplay Scenarios. Hearst International Library Co. 60 cents net.
Benson, A. C. Escape, and Other Essays. Century. $1.50 net.
Benton, C. F. The Complete Club Book for Women. Boston: Page. $1.25 net.

Boswell, F. P. The Aims and Defects of College Education. Putnam. 80 cents.
Dwight, H. G. Constantinople Old and New. Scribner. $5 net.
Langdon, S. Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man. Phila.: University Museum.
Maspero, Sir G. Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Moore, C. L. Incense and Iconoclasm. Studies in Literature. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Sinclair, M. A Journal of Impressions in Belgium. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Sologub, F. The Sweet-Scented Name. Edited by S. Graham. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Stein, E. Our Little Norman Cousin of Long Ago. Boston: Page.
Stewart, E. P. Letters on an Elk Hunt. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil. Translated from the Latin by J. W. Mackail. New edition. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.
Ungnad, A. Babylonian Letters of the Hannurapi Period. Phila.: University Museum.
Ward, W. H. What I Believe and Why. Scribner. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Chapman, J. J. Notes on Religion. L. J. Gomme.
De Morgan, A. A Budget of Paradoxes. Vols. I and II. Open Court Pub. Co. $3.50 net.
Murray, G. The Stoic Philosophy. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Patton, C. S. Sources of the Synoptic Gospels. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Peritz, I. J. Old Testament History. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Raymond, G. L. An Art Philosopher's Cabinet. Putnam.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Clapp, E. J. Economic Aspects of the War. Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Donald, W. J. A. The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry. (Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.) Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Drachmann, P. The Industrial Development and Commercial Policies of the Three Scandinavian Countries. Edited by H. Westergaard. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
Hill, D. J. The People's Government. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Munro, A. B. Bibliography of Municipal Government. Harvard University Press. $2.50 net.
Wilson, G. C. The Hague Arbitration Cases. Ginn. $3.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Hime, H. W. L. The Origin of Artillery. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Larson, L. M. A Short History of England and the British Empire. Holt.
McCormick, R. R. With the Russian Army. Macmillan. $2 net.
Major John F. Lacey. Memorial Volume. The Torch Press. $2.50 net.
Nationalism and War in the Near East. Edited by Lord Courtney of Penwith. Oxford University Press. $4.15.
Plunket, I. L. Isabel of Castile and the Making of the Spanish Nation. 1451-1504. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Saint-André, C. A King's Favourite, Madame Du Barry and Her Times. McBride. $3.50 net.
Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi. Edited by A. M. Pooley. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Solovyof, V. War and Christianity. From the Russian Point of View. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Treitschke, H. von. History of Germany in the 19th Century. Vol. I. McBride. $3.25 net.
Wilkinson, S. The French Army before Napoleon. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

TRAVEL.

Belloc, H. The Path to Rome. Putnam. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

Colcord, L. Vision of War. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Benton, C. F. The Fun of Cooking. Century. $1.20 net.
Fink, B. Tobacco. Abingdon Press. 50 cents.
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THE NATION PRESS INC.
20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

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THE CENTURY
for October

Meddling with Our Neighbors
Have we Belgianized Nicaragua? The Stars and Stripes were floating over the White House in the Capital of Nicaragua when Lincoln G. Valentine wrote this astounding article. For five years Nicaragua has been virtually in charge of American marines. The five Central American Republics, formerly a single union, are clamoring for reunion and armed resistance to the "Eagle of the North."

Old Masters of Photography
Alvin Langdon Coburn, himself a master of the art of which he writes, tells about four great pioneers in the field of photography.

The Average Voter
Is the average voter a failure? Is there an average voter? Walter Weyl, in this searching article, takes stock of America's voting quality.

My Debut in Paris
Francis Grierson, the strange musical genius who was raised in America and then amazed Europe with a new kind of music, tells of his introduction to the brilliant Parisian society of the end of the Second Empire.

Female Delicacy in the Sixties
What is so rare as a swooning lady now? But they weren't rare sixty years ago. They were the ideals then. Amy Louise Reed discusses the almost incredible foolishnesses of and about women, especially young women, before the Civil War.

"Here Comes Grover"
The Fat Boy is peculiar to himself, typically unique. His heart and mind know different reactions from those of an ordinary mortal. His bashfulness betrays strange complexes. Grover, in Frank Leon Smith's story, lives, breathes—and pants.

Rome Rampant
Did Italy go to war to avoid revolution at home? T. Lothrop Stoddard analyzes the Italian situation in his usual clear, vigorous, entertaining way.

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One of the best short stories of the year, a thing of almost uncanny fascination. It is made of men and things as commonplace as cabbages; yet through some legerdemain in the telling it achieves a continuously cumulative interest that is fairly astounding.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1915.

Summary of the News

The week has been a comparatively uneventful one in diplomacy. A further German note in reply to the American communication of August 10 regarding the case of the sailing ship William P. Frye was received at the State Department on September 22 and its contents made public in the morning papers of September 24. The latest communication of the German Foreign Office, which is dated September 19, on this long-standing question is, as we note elsewhere, conciliatory in tone and assents to most of the suggestions made by Secretary Lansing in his note of August 10. American ships carrying conditional contraband, we are assured, will not under any circumstances be destroyed, but the right is reserved to destroy merchantmen if their cargoes are absolute contraband when such ships cannot conveniently be taken into port. Germany also accepts the proposal of the United States that the indemnity to be paid for the loss of the Frye shall be determined by a commission of two experts, chosen, respectively, by Germany and the United States, and the further American suggestion that the question of legal justification for the destruction of the Frye, in so far as it involves the interpretation of existing treaties, shall be submitted to arbitration at The Hague.

No further progress is to be recorded in the negotiations between Count Bernstorff and the State Department in regard to the general issue of the submarine warfare. Count Bernstorff is understood to have taken the position that a serious difficulty is presented by the orders of the British Admiralty to merchantmen to endeavor to ram submarines on sight and the offer of substantial rewards for so doing. The German Government last week took occasion to reaffirm its denial that the Hesperian could have been sunk by a German torpedo. On the other hand, from British sources it is reasserted that a torpedo and not a mine caused the destruction of the vessel. In this connection we note as a matter of record the story, which appeared in the New York *Times* of September 24, of the master of the British steamship Crossby, who declared that he witnessed the torpedoing of the Hesperian, and that the same submarine afterwards chased the Crossby for several hours. Fragments of metal found on the deck of the Hesperian, which, it is alleged, could only have come from a torpedo, have been sent as evidence to the United States.

The departure of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, has been delayed on account of the failure of his Government to issue definite orders for his recall and the insistence of the State Department that only the recall of the Ambassador, and not "leave of absence," would satisfy the demands of the United States. Dispatches from Washington of Monday's date, however, stated that informal information had been received from Ambassador Penfield, in Vienna, that the Austro-Hungarian Government would recall Dr. Dumba.

A further note, it was announced on Monday, has been addressed to the State Department by the Austro-Hungarian Government relative to the export of munitions from this country. The note, according to the cabled summaries, disclaims any expectation on the part of Vienna that the United States Government should forbid a "normal" traffic in munitions, but asserts that the protest was made against the economic life of the United States being made subservient to the production of war material on the greatest possible scale.

Dispatches from Washington of September 24 indicated that arrangements had been made for the release of American-owned goods of German and Austrian origin at present detained in neutral ports of Europe by the British Order in Council. The British Embassy has notified the State Department that it is prepared to receive applications for permits to export such goods in cases where American importers had either paid for them or had rendered themselves liable for the purchase price before March 1, 1915.

The Anglo-French Commission, which has been negotiating the terms of the credit to the Allies, left New York for Chicago on Monday. No official announcement of the terms so far agreed to has been made, but it appears to be definitely established that the amount of the loan shall be $500,000,000. Information in Tuesday's papers was to the effect that the five-year notes convertible into fifteen-year 4½ per cent. bonds would be offered to investors at something less than 98½.

The activity of German submarines has been somewhat revived during the past week, but the quota of their victims still falls considerably short of what we have been taught to regard as the normal. Seven British ships have been sunk by submarines in the North Sea and one in the Mediterranean since we wrote last week. A British, a Dutch, and a Danish vessel have also been reported sunk, but the dispatches leave it in doubt whether the destruction was caused by mines or submarines. Elsewhere we note our satisfaction at the circumstances of the sinking of the Anglo-Colombian, reported in Saturday's papers.

The tenseness in the situation caused by Bulgaria's order of mobilization, which we recorded last week, has been sensibly relaxed. The order was hailed with unrestrained joy in Berlin as presaging the entry of Bulgaria into the war on the side of the central empires, and by the French and British press was generally regarded as representing a defeat for Allied diplomacy. What have been the actual intentions of King Ferdinand and his Premier, M. Radoslavoff, it is still impossible to say, but, in view of the developments of the past few days, the theory that Bulgarian mobilization represented a "bluff" is at least as tenable as any other. Greece replied to the threat on Friday of last week by ordering the mobilization of her naval and military forces, and has made it evident that she is prepared to stand by both the letter and the spirit of her treaty with Servia. It was also announced that Greece, in the event of war, would receive the support of an expeditionary force of the Allies operating from Salonica. That the Bulgarian coasts would be exposed to attack by the Allied fleets may have been a further consideration that hastened Bulgaria's official reaffirmation that her mobilization had been ordered solely for the purpose of "armed neutrality." Little of a definite character has been heard during the crisis of the possible attitude of Rumania. It is known that Germany has exerted all possible pressure to induce the Rumanian Government to permit the passage of munitions through the country, but this pressure has so far been resisted, and dispatches from Bucharest of Monday's date stated that at a meeting of the Cabinet it had been decided not to modify in any way the present line of conduct.

Dispatches from Berlin at the end of last week announced that the total of subscriptions to the third German war loan was in the neighborhood of $3,000,000,000.

Reports from various sources during the past week leave, unhappily, but small room for doubt concerning recent atrocities, amounting to a policy of annihilation, committed by order of the Turkish Government on the Armenians. According to a statement by Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, secretary of the Committee on Armenian Atrocities, made public on Sunday, not less than half a million Armenians have already been murdered or forced into the deserts of northern Arabia. The German Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, in a letter made public on Monday, characterized all reports of Armenian atrocities as "pure inventions."

On both fronts during the past week the position of the Allies has been materially improved. In the east the Russians appear to be holding fast on their right, resisting von Hindenburg's efforts to take Dvinsk, while at the southern end of the line they have made substantial progress. Lutsk has been retaken, and on Tuesday Kovel also was unofficially reported to have been captured from the Austrians. In France and Flanders the long-awaited Allied offensive, after a long period of preliminary bombardment, was commenced on Saturday of last week, and continues as we write. Notable successes were achieved by the British north of Arras, Loos, twelve miles from Lille, being captured, and by the French at Souchez, which was taken, and in the Champagne, where fifteen miles of trenches were captured. Unwounded German prisoners to the number of 23,000 were taken, besides seventy or more cannon and a large number of machine-guns.

A further raid of Mexicans into Texas occurred on September 24. In the skirmish that ensued an American private was killed and an officer wounded. No material change has occurred in the general situation. In Hayti, also, clashes occurred on Sunday and Monday between American marines and Haytian rebels in which an American sergeant was killed and ten marines wounded.

The Week

The full significance of the notable Allied successes on the western front is to be determined by the tremendous fighting still under way. The new battles of Champagne and Artois are under way as we write. To be sure, even if the Allies are checked on their present line they will still have scored their most notable success since the battle of the Marne, and made the greatest advance won by either side in the west since last September. Compared with the British advance of half a mile on a front of four miles at Neuve Chapelle, the French gains of last winter in Champagne, the German "gas" victory of four miles by two east of Ypres, and the Crown Prince's advance of three weeks ago on a front of one mile by one-third of a mile, the French drive of Saturday and Sunday, two miles deep over a front of fifteen miles, stands out as a major operation. The number of German prisoners—more than 20,000—emphasizes the magnitude of the victory. For an adequate comparison with the operations in Champagne we must go to the east and the great Teuton thrust against the Russians in Galicia of last spring which marked the beginning of the end of the Russian offensive. From Tarnow to Gorlice, the line along which the Mackensen "phalanx" was hurled against the Russian front with shattering effect, is twenty-five miles. In the Champagne the front must have approached nearly that length, of which fifteen miles measures the width of Gen. Joffre's victorious phalanx.

Viewed in detail, the gains made by both the French and the English have value as a threat against the German line of communications, between the Argonne and the vicinity of Rheims, and between La Bassée and Arras. Rheims is the apex of a triangle of which the Argonne is the base and the two lines of railway from the north and the south end of the Argonne to Rheims are the sides. The northern railway lies behind the German lines. The southern railway lies behind the French lines. The control of the respective railways was the natural object of campaign on either side. The Crown Prince's efforts to the west of the Argonne have had this objective. On September 8 the Germans got a third of a mile nearer the railway along a front of one mile. Only the other day the German heavy guns were firing into St. Menehould, which is the centre of the French position in the Argonne. The latest French victories are the reply to this threat. At Tahure and to the south of Somme-py the French are now less than three miles from the German railway line. The control of this line would naturally disorganize the entire German position from Verdun to Rheims and beyond. The British and French effort north of Arras was directed against the highway from La Bassée through Lens to Arras and the railway a mile or two behind the high-road. By seizing the village of Hulluch the British have got astride of the La Bassée-Lens road. Around Thelus the French have got astride the same road half-way between Lens and Arras. To the extent that the enemy employs motor communication along this road, his lines have therefore been cut. It would require another short thrust to cut the railway which runs in a curve from La Bassée through Lens to Arras, and so further endanger the German position.

Both the spirit and the substance of the latest German note on the case of the William P. Frye are highly satisfactory. Most of the claim which we asserted has been conceded, and what remains is discussed not only in the accents of friendliness and respect, but—what in the case of German communications concerning questions of war ethics is at least equally important—in the language of reasonable argumentation. As an indication of the final outcome of our controversy with the German Government, the note is distinctly of good augury. It must be remembered, however, that the questions at issue in connection with the Frye have never been of such character as to threaten serious consequences, and have little or no connection with those arising out of the destruction of the Lusitania and the Arabic. The Frye question, provided only that good will in relation to its treatment was manifested, has been one that might drag indefinitely without danger. The issue that has been critical is that of the safety from German attack of American lives on merchant ships of enemy nationality. Our position on this question was that of the maintenance of a fundamental right, the character of which is absolutely unmistakable; while, on the other hand, Germany's indisposition to acknowledge the right was due to the feeling—whether well-founded or not—that she had at stake in this matter an interest of enormous importance to her in this war. Nevertheless, the tone of the Frye note can scarcely fail greatly to strengthen the confidence of those who believe that the whole difficulty will soon be satisfactorily settled.

Coming on top of the satisfactory note from the German Government on the Frye case, and of various unofficial reports concerning the submarine policy now ruling at Berlin, the story of the treatment of the British steamer Anglo-Colombian, as cabled by Wesley Frost, our Consul at Queenstown, was naturally welcomed as highly encouraging. If the question still drags, if our State Department shows itself wary about accepting pleasing demonstrations at their face value, this is but the counterpart of its wariness about plunging into irremediable conflict when confronted with doings of the opposite character. If we could be patient when the actions of the German Government were such as to make patience almost impossible, we can certainly afford to be patient when there is a substantial prospect of thoroughgoing settlement. The Administration set out to attain a result of that character, and it cannot be satisfied with less.

Just what Capt. von Papen meant when he wrote to his wife that he always tells "these idiotic Yankees" to hold their tongue, is perhaps the least important question that has yet arisen in connection with the great war. Nevertheless, it *has* arisen, and has given rise to all sorts of comment, including a certain amount of candid acceptance of the designation on the part of those who regard this or that characteristic of American politics, society, journalism, or what not, as deserving of the label used by the German military attaché. This being so, it is perhaps worth while to point out that the context shows the Captain's mind to have been not on any of these large aspects of "Yankee" civilization, but on something relating specifically to his own profession. The passage, as printed in the New York *Times*, was as follows:

> . . . The sinking of the Adriatic may well be the last straw. I hope in our interests the danger will blow over. How splendid on the eastern front.
>
> I always say to these idiotic Yankees that they had better hold their tongues. It is better to look at all this heroism with full admiration. My friends in the army are quite different in this way.

But evidently the paragraphing is wrong. "How splendid on the eastern front" belongs with the following paragraph, the whole of which then relates to the achievements of the German army. It may be that the Captain regards us poor "Yankees" as *blödsinnig* in every respect, but apparently he wishes to pass that judgment on us only as regards ability to estimate military prowess; and

he excmpts from the judgment those "Yankees" who have been so fortunate as to be saved from all idiocy by a West Point education.

A collation of various reports of the *Vorwärts* articie on European food prices shows the boldness of its character. It is a flat contradiction of statements circulated in Germany that food prices in England are as high as in that country, and is reinforced by a taie of rates per pound reduced to pfennigs. It points out that before the war English workingmen were known to live cheaper than German, and that the relative increase in Great Britain has not altered the price-level in Germany's favor. English beef is 90 pfennigs, against 141 in Germany; veal is 94, against 144; mutton 89, against 147; and pork 84, against 188. As the German laboring class consumes far more pork than other meat, it has to pay double the British price for its staple meat dish. As for Austria-Hungary, "the prices there are even much higher than in Germany. The populace was obliged to content itself for months with a strong admixture of maize or barley in bread, greatly deteriorated in taste and digestiveness. There is a scarcity of meat, and . . . on two days of the week no meat may be sold." There are difficulties in comparing the prices of foodstuffs of different lands, arising from differences in statistical methods, and *Vorwärts* presents its figures with reservations. But its article warns Germany not to take undue comfort from one expert's estimate that English food prices have advanced 49.5, and another's that they have advanced 45.3 per cent.

The statement on the Turkish massacres sent out from Paris by representatives of the Armenian Church adds another document to evidence that is fast becoming impressive. Again it is asserted that the number of deaths approaches half a million; again it is declared that "Christian martyrdom has at no time assumed such colossal proportions." The Church representatives refer to direct reports in their possession as the basis of these assertions. It is simultaneously telegraphed from Washington that the records of the State Department are replete with detailed letters from American consular officers in Asia Minor, giving harrowing tales of the treatment of Armenians by the Turks and Kurds, and confirming allegations that a war of extermination has been undertaken. One step to be taken is the alleviation of suffering in Armenia through a relief fund. If the outrages have anything like the magnitude reported, the American Government ought to register a formal and emphatic protest without loss of time. As Lord Bryce has said, our official voice is the only one that has any power. Ambassador Morgenthau is said already to have made general representations: backed by a full and official statement of the indignation with which the American people regard the Turkish crimes, he might be able to put a period to them.

Villa's troops have abandoned Chihuahua without a struggle and are now reported to be passing through Juarez headed due west for the Sonora hills. When the military history of 1915 comes to be written it will not, after all, be a record of trench-digging and deadlock. The Teutonic campaign against Russia will be proof that battles in the grand manner are not a thing of the past, and possibly the military historian will not disdain to cast a glance at Mexico. Within its own limits, Obregon's sweep against Villa may compare with the sweep of Hindenburg and Mackensen against the Russians. Only a few days before the Austro-Germans crashed through the Russian line in Galicia, the forces of Carranza under Obregon defeated Villa's army at Celaya, to the north of Mexico City. In the five months that have elapsed Obregon has thus driven Villa's forces clear to the American border over a distance of 900 miles, or more than three times the distance covered by the victorious Austro-Germans in the same time. And Obregon's record has been very much like the Teutonic record in its steady tale of miles covered and cities taken—Aguascalientes, San Luis Potosi, Durango, Saltillo, Torreón, Chihuahua, and, as seems likely any day now, Juarez. The only difference—apart from the obviously enormous difference in the scale of the fighting—between the advance of the Mexican victors and those in Europe is that the Teutonic progress seems to be slackening, whereas Obregon's advance has steadily gained momentum.

With the retirement of Villa's forces into Sonora the end of organized resistance to Carranza becomes plainly a fact. It has been virtually a fact for some time, inasmuch as the retreat of Villa's forces for some time has been a flight rather than a retreat, cities like Torreón and Chihuahua being abandoned without resistance. From Juarez a spur of the National Railways runs west to Casas Grandes on the Chihuahua side of the Sonora border. There the high Sierra begins. Where there are railways, Villa is at a disadvantage, since it enables his pursuers to bring their superior forces into action. It is in the wild country to the west of Casas Grandes that Villa must count upon making some kind of a stand, his activities being without doubt confined to a guerrilla warfare sufficient to disprove any claim Carranza might make to the exercise of complete control. But Villa himself, if he is to draw any assistance from across the border or from outside Mexico, must move westward till he strikes the railway running north from the port of Guaymas to Nogales on the Arizona line. The campaign of Carranza will, therefore, in all probability take on the form of a double advance, one from the east across country, while the main advance will come from the south by the railways that run into Guaymas and so north.

The modification of the treaty with Hayti by the transfer to the Bank of Hayti of powers which it was at first proposed to give to an American financial adviser is an inexpensive and tactful concession to the self-respect of the republic. It was in this attempt to set up a financial representative of our Government who would have more power than the Haytian President himself that the original draft went so far beyond the Anglo-Dominican and other conventions. The Haytians had protested against such an officer, and also against the American Receiver-General, who is to be placed in charge of the custom houses. Both, they thought, would clash with native dignitaries, and breed increasing ill-feeling. The treaty which President Dartiguenave has now signed very properly leaves the customs in our hands; the corresponding representative in Santo Domingo has never experienced any difficulty, and his administration has been to the benefit of all concerned. If there is any one who thinks that the Receiver-General and the American Minister will not be able to put a sufficient curb on wrong-headed tendencies in Hayti, he need only read the last report from Receiver-General Baxter in Santo Domingo, with its account of the execution of President Wilson's plans in political as well as fiscal affairs. The addition of an autocratic "financial adviser" would have constituted a needless offence to the islanders' sense of independence.

Secretary Daniels's letter to his new Naval Advisory Board requesting suggestions for a

new experimental and research laboratory at Washington doubtless prefaces an appeal to Congress for the authorization of better facilities along these lines. The weight of the names of the advisers will help carry the appeal, as in the future it may be of service in obtaining governmental support for other projects relating to the development of scientific methods. But such a step emphasizes the fact that it is the Navy Department and its own employees which will assume the burden of the hard inventive thinking and the hard routine work involved in formulating new naval departures. Part of the public which has been reading of the Secretary's success in obtaining the services of an authority on astronomy and mathematical physics, another on sound and its measurement, another on smokeless powder, another on the turbine and electrical naval propulsion, another on coaling apparatus, and another on ship-stability, may have the impression that this group is to become the brains of the Navy Department. In asking for improved laboratory facilities, Secretary Daniels emphasizes the fact that the talent the navy has always possessed must continue to be its mainstay—and he says a just word in praise of that talent. The three chiefs of the bureaus of Steam Engineering, Ordnance, and Construction, with their subordinates, have long been doing a surprising work in supplying ideas and developing them, and this under difficult surroundings. Mr. Edison and his twenty-three helpers may prove of great value, but the essential activity must be that of the Department's permanent staff.

Those who have hearkened to the noisy cry from one or two sources that the Constitution proposed for New York State is a reactionary instrument, which will chain the State to a government by political machines, grasping interests, and narrow bureaucrats, must be astonished at the way in which exponents of progressivism are coming out for it. One of the most notable of the radical-minded and forward-looking school of sociologists and political thinkers, Prof. Samuel McCune Lindsay, reviews it in the *Survey* with the warmest praise. He examines it not only as a specialist in social legislation and administration, but as one who has made a comprehensive study of the organization of government. It will receive the approval of all advanced voters, he concludes. "Not a single distinctly backward step is taken in any change proposed in the new Constitution, and while in many particulars the Convention has not gone as far as desired by those who want the Constitution of the Empire State brought fully abreast of the progress made in government in other States and in foreign countries, it is in every particular an improvement on the existing outworn Constitution, and a very considerable move in the direction of progress and adjustment to the new demands of existing conditions." Professor Lindsay's view is not unexpected; he watched the work of the Convention with approval. But those who read his reasons for his stand can hardly believe that the bosses have neatly hoodwinked him.

There is one feature of the Philadelphia primaries that is not encouraging for the reformers; that is the nomination by the Democrats of a separate candidate for Mayor. Director Porter, who ran on the Republican and the Washington party tickets, ran also on the Democratic ticket. No one supposed that he would come anywhere near to winning the Republican nomination, but there was no reason why the handful of Democrats in Philadelphia should put up a candidate of their own. But while about 3,000 of them voted for Porter, twice as many voted for their own candidate. There may be a few Democrats in that city who desire a separate municipal ticket as a matter of party pride, but everybody knows that the real reason behind the separate ticket is the desire of the Democratic machine to keep things together for trading purposes with the Republican organization. The Democratic *Record* remarks that there is yet time for union of all anti-machine forces, and that it does not care under what party label the fight is waged; but it is also frank to say that no effective opposition can be made with divided ranks. Porter polled rather more votes on last Saturday than Blankenburg polled in the primaries four years ago. It is the plain duty of decent Philadelphians to turn this fact to advantage, by providing for the concentration of these votes against the return of the gang.

The equal suffrage invasion of Canada has at last achieved a definite result in the announcement of Premier Sefton, of Alberta, that a governmental measure will be brought into the forthcoming Provincial Legislature "placing men and women on a basis of absolute equality so far as provincial matters are concerned." The majority of the Liberals is such that the Premier's declaration is a virtual guarantee of the ballot to over 100,000 women. While he speaks only of provincial equality, their admission will be to Dominion suffrage also, for by an act passed at Ottawa in 1897 the Dominion electoral qualifications are made those of the various provinces. The Toronto *Globe* is of the opinion that "other provinces will no doubt fall rapidly into line, and in a few years, perhaps a few months, people will be wondering why the reform hung fire so long."

Keir Hardie and John Burns won their first seats in the House of Commons together in 1892. But while Burns has been regularly re-elected ever since, Hardie was defeated in 1895, and it was five years later before he began that service at Westminster which has now been ended by his death. This difference in dates represents a difference in political development. John Burns went to Parliament as a laboring man, with a salary contributed by laboring men, and he had won prominence in the great dock strike. Nevertheless, he embodied an older tradition than Hardie. His entrance into the House showed what success might be achieved in modern England by a laboring man rather than what power might be seized in her councils by laboring men acting unitedly. In Hardie's triumphs, not a man, but a class, pushed its way to the front. There was a difference also in their political temper which was representative of a wide change in the country. John Burns, despite the violence of his early days, was simply a Radical who happened to be a laboring man; Keir Hardie —a natural rebel—was a Laborite and a Socialist, and became Chairman of the Independent Labor party. Burns was made President of the Local Government Board, and only last year President of the Board of Trade, and aroused criticism among his followers for wearing the trappings of his office. Hardie broke one of the traditions of the House by appearing in it, not in a silk hat, but in a Scotch cap. He may even be said to have abolished the tradition, since there was sufficient restiveness under it to take advantage of his boldness, so that now members wear what they please. In their attitude towards the war, the two men are more nearly alike. Burns resigned the Presidency of the Board of Trade because he differed from his colleagues in the Cabinet upon this issue, and Hardie was the leader of the peace element among the British Socialists. More than one of his utterances in Parliament since the war began have aroused bitter comment, and one of the London newspapers went so far as to call his attention to an Order in Council which prescribed penalties for giving aid to the enemy.

THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE.

In the first weeks of the war, when the stupendous onrush of the German armies towards Paris held the world's fascinated attention, the dominant thought in the general mind was that of the great tradition of German invincibility. Would 1914 be the repetition, on a grander and more awful scale, of 1866 and 1870? That question seemed to be answered at the Marne, in the early days of September. What Prussia had done to Austria at Sadowa, what Germany had done to France at Sedan, was not to be done to the Allies in this culminating test of Germanic prowess. The war was to be a trial of strength not between men and supermen, but between nations worthy of one another's steel. Mighty as the military power of Germany continued to show itself both on the eastern and on the western front, impressive as she was at once in resources, in valor, and in mastery of the art of war, the feeling of the world for many months was that the fundamental factors in the case were against her and were bound in the end to determine the result.

Broadly speaking, this continued to be the prevailing feeling outside of Germany, until the inception of the magnificent German campaign against Russia in the late spring. From the beginning of the Galician drive on the first of May to the fall of Warsaw on the fifth of August, and beyond that, the attention of the world was chiefly centred on an exhibition of German power calculated to revive those ideas of its uniqueness and almost omnipotence which the check administered to it at the Marne had dispelled. The utter disappointment of the early hopes of the Allies at the Dardanelles served by contrast strongly to emphasize this impression. And finally there came, in the one department in which Germany had theretofore seemed an utter failure, developments which appeared to betoken an unexpected success of incalculable value to the German cause. Bulgaria's mobilization was looked upon as a threefold assurance of further signal advance for the Teutonic Powers: it was a victory for German diplomacy, it was a sign that a Balkan Power peculiarly keen in the weighing of chances had come to the conclusion that the Teutonic allies would win, and it was in itself—if it meant what it seemed to mean—a reinforcement of the most signal kind in that quarter of the field in which impending events were of most crucial character. It is safe to say that at no time since the turning back of the first tide of German invasion in France has there been, in this country at least, so near an approach to the acceptance of the idea of German invincibility as there was a week ago.

The beginnings of a reaction had, however, been furnished before that time. For some weeks it had been plain that Russia's resistance had not collapsed, that Germany would not be free to release an indefinite number of troops from the fighting there and use them against Servia or France as best suited her calculations. Then came clear proof that the Bulgarian mobilization was not to mean what it had seemed to mean; Greece had something to say, and the forces of the Entente Powers had something to say. And it was on top of this that the news of the great Allied offensive on the western front came as a reminder of realities which had been lost sight of, but which had all along been in the background. What will be the net outcome of this offensive, whether it will fundamentally alter the position of the German invaders, is a question upon which it would be idle to make predictions. But it is not too much to say that, conjoined with the disappointment of the Germans' hope both of decisive results in Russia and of a radical change in their favor in the Balkans, the manifestation of Allied strength on the western line means an alteration of profound importance in the character of the situation.

In saying this, we have in mind a factor that is too often overlooked in speculations concerning the probable or possible duration of the war. If the war could not be brought to an end satisfactory to the Allies except by the exhaustion of Germany's powers of resistance, the prospect would be appalling indeed; and yet, when anybody suggests a termination short of this, he is almost sure to be told that the Germans are unanimously in favor of fighting to the bitter end, that they will sacrifice the last man and endure the utmost hardship before they will yield. There is no doubt of their patriotism or their devotion. But in this, as in military prowess, they are simply men, not supermen. What they feel, and sincerely feel, to-day furnishes no evidence whatever as to how they will feel if their almost complete confidence in ultimate victory shall have been turned into an almost complete certainty that ultimate victory is impossible. The success of the recent loan was hailed with pæans of joy by the Kaiser and the leading German newspapers not only because it was a proof of patriotism, but quite as much because it was a proof of the people's sure expectation of the triumph of the German arms. Their cheerfulness in subscribing to the loan, their readiness to have the nation incur the debt, was referred not only to loyalty, but perhaps even more emphatically to the certainty that not Germany, but the "guilty nations," would have to bear the burden. When this vision of sure victory fades, when the prospect of staggering indemnities to be paid by England and France is abandoned, when all that can be looked for is at best a continuance of fearful sacrifice of life and treasure, with no compensation in sight, is it not absurd to suppose that the German people will continue to stand "unanimously" for infinite slaughter and suffering? They are, as is evident, by no means unanimous now; but the dissenting voices are naturally hardly heard so long as the ear of the nation is attuned to the sound of victory, past and future. What gives to every serious setback to the German arms a significance truly momentous is not simply its military consequence, but the possibility it holds out of hastening the beginning of that change in German feeling about the war upon which, more than upon anything else, the hope of its termination in a reasonably near future must rest.

ENGLAND'S PROGRAMME OF WAR TAXATION.

In his speech to the Reichstag last month the German Finance Minister, after setting forth that the German Government had determined to impose no new taxes, but to finance the war entirely on borrowed money, made the following remark:

> We do not stand alone in hoping to balance our extraordinary budget without new sources of revenue, or recourse to new taxation. The force of circumstances has compelled England to do the same.

The statement was not correct, even as applied to the budget of taxation adopted by England in the early months of war. Dr. Helfferich himself admitted that the income tax and the beer and tea duties had been increased last autumn, but he laid much stress on the fact that, even so, only 5 per cent. of the British war expenditure was being paid by taxes, as against a roughly estimated 40 per cent. in the Napoleonic conflict, and he concluded, with reference to both Germany and England, that "the only method seems to be to leave the settlement of the war bill until the conclusion of peace."

The budget of new proposals for taxation by the Chancellor of the British Exchequer will put the German Finance Minister somewhat out of countenance. Comparing Mr.

McKenna's estimate of annual revenue under the proposed taxation with the actual receipts for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1914, and accepting his estimate of expenditure in the present fiscal year, it appears that Great Britain will be paying 17 per cent. of its total expenditure out of taxes. Furthermore, since the estimate of revenue affects a twelvemonth nearly half of which is already past, it is clear that, in a fiscal year to all of which the new taxes would apply, the proportion of the total revenue raised from them would be considerably larger.

The increased imposts are distributed with an unsparing hand. Nothing approaching it has been witnessed since the famous budgets of the younger Pitt, at the crisis of the Napoleonic wars. Import duties on tea, coffee, chiccory, and tobacco go up 50 per cent.; on patent medicines, 100 per cent.; new import taxes of 33 1-3 per cent. are proposed for motor cars, bicycles, clocks, watches, and even hats. The sugar duties are increased; rates for postage, telegraphs, and telephones are made higher. Profits from manufacture of war material are taxed at a rate which the dispatches estimate will turn more than half of such profits into the public Treasury.

It is, however, the increase in the income tax which attracts the most attention. In that branch of taxation, the Exchequer's problem was considerably more serious even than that of Pitt. The situation confronting Pitt was one in which no tax on an English citizen's total income was imposed, and in which, therefore, the raising of fresh revenue was relatively easy; whereas Mr. McKenna had to deal with an income tax which was already higher than in any other English war since the struggle with Napoleon. Before this war broke out the rate was sixteen pence in the pound, or 6⅔ per cent.; it was stated to have been doubled last autumn. The Chancellor now proposes a 40 per cent. further increase, which, according to specific cables from London, makes the basic rate in "unearned" incomes no less than 17½ per cent., with a graduated tax running as high as 34 per cent. on incomes of $500,000.

All of last week's advices from London give the impression that Parliament and the people will acquiesce in these heavy burdens, accepting them as the inevitable price of England's participation in the war. That attitude, indeed, seems to have been taken for granted by the Exchequer; for Mr. McKenna, far from addressing soothing assurances to the English public, tells it that, although "we have trebled our debt and doubled our taxes," nevertheless, "if the war continues these proposals cannot be our last word." It is impossible not to contrast the grim frankness thus exhibited by the English Government with the German Finance Minister's remark to the Reichstag, after rejecting the idea of war taxation, that "those who provoked the war, and not we, deserve to drag through the centuries the leaden weight of these thousands of millions." In other words, the German Government makes no preparation to pay the bill, but trusts cheerfully to the war indemnity which it is sure of collecting from somebody else.

This contrast is itself one of the impressive sidelights on the new British budget of taxation. It does not clear up such questions as the economic consequences of these immensely increased taxes, when the war is over, and when the problem of meeting the enormous interest charge in time of peace arises. The similar problem, created by the Napoleonic wars, was solved by the great expansion of productiveness and wealth, brought by the industrial revolution with its steam power and railways. It may be that some economic developments of the future, now unseen, will help in the process on the present occasion. That aspect of the war and its after-consequences embodies uncertainties as obscure in the field of economic history as are the accompanying uncertainties in the field of political history.

Yet the bearing, on the war itself, of the respective attitudes of the English and German Exchequers, is at least suggested by a prophecy from an expert source, made public a year before the war. Assuming a deadlock and an indecisive struggle, this prophecy declared that in such case "success will ultimately fall to him who can boast the highest moral energy and self-sacrificing spirit; or, where on both sides the moral motives are of an equally high standard, to him who can hold out longest financially." This was the judgment of Gen. von Bernhardi.

RUSSIA'S CAMPAIGNS

Less than a fortnight after the fall of Vilna, and when any moment may bring news of the fall of the fortress of Dvinsk and the breaking of the line of the Dvina, it may seem rash to speak of a stiffening of the Russian resistance and a slackening of the German advance. And yet beyond the specific facts recorded in the official bulletins, there is the outstanding impression that a parallel development is under way on both sides. The German forces are abating in the sustained offensive which is the particular genius of the German army. The Russians are manifesting an increase of that dogged defensive which is the particular strength of the Russian army. On their left wing, in the south, the Russians seem actually to have brought the Teutonic advance to a standstill, and are exercising pressure in turn. On their right, in the Riga-Dvinsk region, they have given ground slowly. In the centre, where the Teutonic advance has been most rapid, the rate of progress is declining. The German armies covered the distance of fifty-six miles from Warsaw to Siedlce in just a week, or at the rate of eight miles a day. From Siedlce to Brest-Litovsk they took two weeks for sixty-six miles, or less than five miles a day. From Brest-Litovsk to Pinsk they took three weeks for 110 miles, or a little more than five miles a day. In the ten days since Pinsk was taken they advanced only a few miles. In the same way von Hindenburg to the north took more than a month to cover sixty-four miles from Kovno to Vilna, going just two miles a day.

There are commonplaces which are true and there are commonplaces which are false. What the world has been saying about the fighting qualities of the Russian soldier in the face of continuous defeat is true. What the world was saying for a good many months regarding the genius of Grand Duke Nicholas, in both victory and defeat, apparently needs sharp revision. The achievements of the Russian army since the first of May, when the shattering Teutonic blow fell in Galicia, have been extraordinary. For nearly five months a beaten army has had to face unrelenting pressure which only now gives sign of relaxing, and after five months of retreat with heavy loss over a distance of more than 250 miles, it is still fighting back as hard as ever, beaten but far from demoralized. Foreign observers have attributed this showing partly to the courage of the Russian soldier, partly to the skill of the Russian high command. But in Russia today the inclination is to give credit only to the peasant soldier. The late commander-in-chief's strategy was, from the beginning, regarded with doubt by a large section of military opinion in Russia, including some of the Grand Duke's lieutenants. The collapse of the Grand Duke's plans is now regarded as proof of their essential unsoundness. That, to be sure, is the penalty that always attends failure. But in the present case the fact remains that the invasion of Galicia was always considered by some of

Russia's best professional soldiers as a perilous adventure.

Those who opposed the Grand Duke's forward policy based their arguments on the proved characteristics of the Russian army —that it has seldom been effective in the offensive, that it has always been admirable on the defensive. For years before the war it was the general belief that in the case of a conflict with Germany the Russian army, far from attempting any invasion of Germany, should make no serious endeavor to defend the Polish salient, but should fall back to the Vistula, if not beyond, and let the enemy spend himself in assaults on the Russian trenches. The Grand Duke Nicholas, a man of unlimited self-confidence and iron will, decided otherwise. It is common rumor in Russia that Gens. Russky and Brusiloff, who won the battle of Lemberg and overran Galicia, acted against their own better judgment. They recognized that, while Russia's numbers might give her the advantage in the first months of the war, she had not the sustained energy to conduct an offensive on a large scale. Neither has she the material means, and primarily the railways, for exercising pressure on an immense front. The enemy had that great advantage, and to oppose him with a thinned line from the Baltic along the Polish frontier to the Carpathians was only to offer him a choice of striking-points. Events have shown how completely such a forecast was justified.

Apologists for the Grand Duke's strategy have argued that his views were justified by the necessities of the general situation on both fronts. They say that even in defeat Russia has served the Allied cause well by saving France and England from a crushing defeat. The first Russian disaster in East Prussia, at Tannenberg, by this view, compelled the withdrawal of German troops from the west, and so decided the battle of the Marne. The Russian advance from Warsaw in October, which ended in the defeat at Lodz, served in the same way to relax German pressure against the British around Ypres. But as a matter of fact, it is still to be proved that the Germans did weaken their line in France before the Marne in order to clear East Prussia. The famous five or six corps shipped to the east are as yet an assumption. Nor is it to be supposed that the Germans, in the heat of the fighting around Ypres, drew off troops for von Mackensen at Lodz. A sounder defence for the Grand Duke's policies would be to say that by concentrating against the Austrians in Galicia he was hitting out against much the less formidable of his opponents. But this would be justified only on the supposition that the thrust against the Austrians could be pushed home. The Grand Duke's opponents argued that in the very nature of the Russian psychology and the state of Russia's military efficiency such a consummation was not to be expected.

To-day the situation is, therefore, a return to the original plan contemplated by the Russian generals whom the Grand Duke overruled. It is a sadly tried army that is standing on the defensive and on a line far behind the one originally contemplated. But in the fact that the Russian army is now brought back to the strategy that suits it best, the Russian people find hope for the future. It is recognized that a crisis exists, but there seems to be no inclination to give up the contest. Many of the signs of depression that follow upon defeat are apparent. There is a tendency to cry treason, as in France in 1870. Russia's armies have been led largely by generals of German origin. Von Rennenkampf is held responsible for the first Russian disaster in East Prussia in the first month of the war. Von Rennenkampf's failure to come up in time is said to have saved von Mackensen around Lodz in November, in which battle there were three other generals with German names. The second defeat in East Prussia was inflicted upon a Russian general named von Sievers. We need not take these suspicions seriously. But Russian opinion is finding comfort in the fact that under the Czar as commander-in-chief the conduct of affairs is in the hands of men with good Slav names like Russky and Ivanoff.

A QUESTION OF DECENCY.

It seems plain that the affairs of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis are to be, for a considerable time, conspicuous in the public eye. They are not a pleasant subject of contemplation. Perhaps in some respects they are not even an easy subject. As usual in such cases, there is much statement and counter-statement regarding matters of fact. And when one has arrived at a probable judgment concerning these matters of fact, there is still room for all manner of estimates as to the degree of blame to be attached to the conduct at the bottom of the facts. Persons of charitable disposition may incline to make allowances for circumstances, real or imagined, which may have led from one step to another, until the minister, at first merely blamable for dabbling with speculative enterprises at all, found himself plunged in a bog, his desperate efforts to emerge out of which resulted only in his sinking deeper and deeper into it. And in like manner, as to his confession and repentance, while some will lay most stress on the fact that these came only under the stress of failure and of pressure from without, others may be inclined to give the minister full credit for sincere and heartfelt contrition.

These questions of external fact, and these appraisals of internal merit or demerit, we shall not undertake to discuss. They are of profound importance to Dr. Hillis's congregation, and, in view of the long-standing prominence of Plymouth Church, they are of legitimate interest to the country as a whole, and especially to all religious bodies. But there is a wider aspect of the matter, one that involves no complexities and which is of far deeper and more general concern. Far transcending the question of how people ought to look upon an individual preacher who has done the things Dr. Hillis has done, and who avows his regret and his purpose to do otherwise, is the question of the standards of decency which they instinctively apply when confronted with such a case. Not the judgment that people finally pronounce upon the affair, but the attitude they manifest towards it, is the really important thing. And in this regard some plain truths ought to be plainly spoken.

We are quite unable to say what impression was made upon the congregation at Plymouth Church by Dr. Hillis's statement and sermon. And whatever impression was made at the moment, under the influence of emotion stirred by eloquence or by a natural commiseration, we cannot say how lasting it may have proved. But there have been several remarkable expressions of approval and admiration by prominent men who were not present. "I think it was Christ-like," said one of the speakers at a meeting of Baptist ministers in Chicago. "You have more friends to-day," declared Mr. Bryan, in a telephone message of cordial sympathy, "than you ever had before."

Now what was this "Christ-like" act, this performance which, in the view of our ex-Secretary of State, has blessed Dr. Hillis with more friends that he ever had before? Nothing, it must be admitted, could exceed the humility which he put into some portions of his talk. But what he was speaking about in those portions was the contrast between his own

conduct and the ideal of the most devoted and self-sacrificing Christian life. "My deepest thought," he declared, "is that there are home missionaries and foreign missionaries and social settlers and neighborhood visitors whose shoe latchets I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose." He had for some years been fearing lest he was biassing students and young ministers "towards the lecture platform, public life, and prosperity, instead of towards obscure, gentle, tender, Christ-like service." But all this sentimental self-abasement does not seem to have been sufficient to prevent him, in his sermon, from dwelling, with obvious allusion to his own tribulations, upon the theme that men grow great through suffering, and from daring to illustrate it by saying that "there was no Iliad until Homer became blind" and that "Jesus was made perfect through suffering."

Now we do not hesitate to say that to like this sort of thing, to accept it as a substitute for a manly and straightforward statement on such a matter as that in which Dr. Hillis has been entangled, argues a lamentable want of appreciation of the peremptory obligations of plain decency. If Dr. Hillis went into the kind of speculations and business transactions with which he is charged, he was guilty, not of failure to fulfil the lofty ideal of the perfect Christian minister, but of conduct which, in any minister of religion, is not decent. This idea does not seem to have so much as found a lodgment in his mind; just as his admirer, Mr. Bryan, was never able to see that there was anything indecent in a Secretary of State of the United States exhibiting himself at so much a night at the travelling Chautauquas. And when Dr. Hillis came to express his regret, it was again a requirement of decency that he should make a plain confession of error, instead of indulging in a lot of mawkish sentiment, either as to his anguished humility over the past or his exalted purposes for the future. There are many very high qualities which we all like to find, both in ministers of religion and in Secretaries of State; but we all know that we almost always have to content ourselves with a distant approximation to the ideal in both cases. The one thing on which we cannot afford to compromise, the one thing that must instantly and irretrievably offend public sentiment if it is in a sound condition, is a violation of those instincts of decency and fitness which are among the most permanent and the most indispensable of the moral possessions of mankind.

Foreign Correspondence

THE ZEPPELIN RAID—CONSCRIPTION: A SUMMARY OF THE ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST COMPULSORY SERVICE.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, September 14.

The Cornish wreckers are said to pray: "Oh, Lord, we do not ask that there should be a wreck, but if wreck there must be, grant that it may take place on our beach!" So without really wishing the Zeppelins to visit the district in which these letters are written, I certainly rather wished to be on hand if a raid actually came. But I reached London, after my holiday in Devon, just too late to witness what my neighbors describe as one of the most marvellous experiences of their lives. The great airships gleaming golden or silvern in the beams of innumerable searchlights, seem to have been as visible as if it had been high noon; and every one has his tale to tell of their apparent size and distance. One military observer asserts that he even made out the guns mounted on their decks. The shrapnel shells from our anti-aircraft guns were seen exploding all round the Zeppelins; and most of the civilian observers feel sure they saw some hits. All agree that the airships finally turned their noses upwards and disappeared behind a cloud, which may or may not have been of their own manufacture. Doubtless some members of the community obeyed the directions of Government and took refuge in the cellars; but the general attitude seems to be better typified by that of a neighbor's cook, who called down to her mistress: "Oh, Mrs. Smith, do come up on the roof! You can see it all much better from here." A number of non-combatants have been killed, a certain amount of private property has been damaged, and our disgust with German methods of warfare has been accentuated; but the military results seem again to be nil, except in the boomerang form of stimulated recruiting. We are not callous to the horrors of the visitation, but our resentment is even deeper than our sorrow, and our determination has been fortified. The assertion that the airships escaped unscathed should probably be taken with a grain of salt.

The question of universal and compulsory national service, frequently disguised under the invidious and misleading name of conscription, is inevitably claiming more of our attention and interest from day to day. It is undoubtedly a matter of regret that, in certain sections of a press that has, on the whole, borne itself with commendable decency and restraint, there has been a tendency to discuss the subject with some acrimony and to endeavor to force the hand of the Government in one direction or the other. At the same time, it is a little difficult for a democratic community to yield unreservedly to the appeal, made by such men as Lord Hugh Cecil and Lord Cromer, for total silence and patient waiting on the Government's decision. It is felt that no Cabinet is omniscient, and that Ministers cannot possibly know the feeling of the country unless it is ventilated to some extent. A certain amount of discussion seems no less excusable than inevitable, and can hardly lead to mischief if carried on in a proper temper and spirit. The question must be decided on its merits and without regard to the good or bad taste of the prominent advocates of either view. If universal national service is necessary for our salvation, we must welcome it whether or no we dislike the little ways of the Northcliffe press. If, on the other hand, it would seem that the voluntary system is adequate to the occasion, we need not pause to consider whether or no the arguments of the *Daily Chronicle* and the (London) *Nation* are often more ingenious than ingenuous. On whichever side we stand, we may remind ourselves that the unrighteous sometimes do right and the righteous sometimes make mistakes. Strange and very imperfect tools have occasionally been used to most excellent purpose.

It is certainly very difficult, at this moment, to gauge the prevailing opinion in Great Britain as to compulsory service. Thus, while the Trade Union Congress has just passed a vote against conscription, it has at the same time expressed its desire for an effective organization of the nation for the victorious prosecution of the war. It is surely inconceivable that, if a moment came when these two pious wishes were in collision, the latter should be allowed to go by the board? So far as my own personal experiences go—and I have made inquiries as widely as possible—I should be inclined to give it as my judgment that, while the nation is not yet convinced of the need of universal service, it would not resent a demand for it, backed by an adequate measure of information as to the reasons for the necessity. Among the so-called "lower classes" I find the predominant (or, at least, very prevalent) feeling to be: "I am quite ready to go when we are all called, but I don't see why I should give up my job when Tom is allowed to stick to his." I have ascertained that the "waiting to be fetched" attitude, which I imagined to be more or less of a journalistic figment, is really held by a very large number of eligible men. They know that, when they themselves want a thing very much, they go and try to take it; and nothing will convince them of their own intrinsic value to the national existence till they feel the grip on their arm or the net over their head. The class of real "slackers" and deliberate parasites is, I think, relatively very small. And even they are not such negligible material as some would have us think. It was a very eminent military authority indeed who said: "Give me a thousand cowards and six months to train them in, and I will confidently meet any thousand untrained heroes you like to bring against me."

It is certainly disingenuous to describe the cry for universal service as a cry for conscription, in the ordinary sense of the word. It assuredly does not mean that every man, married or single, skilled or unskilled, is to be sent to the trenches, irrespective of any thought of his possible greater usefulness elsewhere. What is meant is really systematic national organization for the proper conduct of the war. It means that Government should be entitled to call on every fit man of military age for any services he may be able to render towards this end—military, industrial, or administrative, as the case may be. It would, undoubtedly, put a new and enormous power into the hands of Government; but it must be remembered that this power would be essentially a temporary war-measure, analogous to the various economic and other restrictions we have already submitted to. The idea that any considerable body of Englishmen wish

military conscription for its own sake is, I think, a mere bogey. I should not wonder if fewer now believe in anything like the Continental form of conscription than at the beginning of the war, though there may be some who believe in some form of national military training, similar to that of Switzerland. It would be much nearer the point to talk of conscription to end conscription, just as we talk of this present struggle as the war to end war. It is interesting to notice how the stress of war is sifting out those who possess an idea from those who are possessed by it. It is mainly those who have once committed themselves in print or on platform that seem unable to adapt themselves—unable to see that, for a temporary crisis, very drastic temporary measures may be needed that would be highly undesirable in perpetuity. Doctrinaires and extremists have no place now; we must all be opportunists, in the best sense of that word. We have to realize that a nation organized for war is much less complex than the same nation organized for peace. In war we need to be, so far as practicable, a community of two classes only: those who fight, and those who produce subsistence and munitions for the fighters. The varied forms of consumption so welcome in peace are out of place in time of war. Our desires, like our eye, must be single.

The arguments of the upholders of the voluntary system seem on the whole to be based more on general principles and spiritual grounds, the validity of which is inherently unprovable except by trial; those of the National Service host have at least a plausible air of practical common-sense. It may be true that enforced service is foreign to the genius of the British race, that its introduction would break up the unity with which the nation is now facing the war; but it seems a fair counter to this to say that dire necessity may have to bend that genius to the yoke, and that a unity that does not get enough eligible men into the field is hardly worth preserving. The voluntary system, say those who distrust its adequacy, is wasteful, uneconomical, haphazard, undignified, invidious, and unfair; it gives our allies some shred of reason for thinking we are not bearing our full share of the burden; it is really more disturbing to trade and industry than universal service would be, since it leaves to the accident of individual temperament and impressionability what should be the result of a reasoned system of selection. The argument that anything approaching conscription is undemocratic is met (*inter alia*) by a reference to the American Civil War. President Lincoln was not hampered by fear of the bugbear of consistency when he abandoned the voluntary system; but surely there was no lack of democracy here, and surely the invidious distinctions said to be inevitable between the conscript and the volunteer did not manifest themselves in the Northern armies. It is, I think, realized that, if we are forced to resort to compulsion, there must be no exemption from some form of national service except for actual unfitness; and it is also more or less agreed that there should be no penal clause, such as less pay for the conscript. We cannot make a distinction, through the medium of filthy lucre, between the higher and the lower motive.

While the public is entitled to its thoughts about this important matter, it is, of course, obvious that it does not possess the information necessary for a final judgment. The estimate as to the number of men we now have under arms varies from the 2,000,000 of the gloomiest conscriptionist to the 4,000,000 of the most sanguine voluntarian. We do not know whether or no the War Office is now getting all the recruits it can equip or train. We do not know how many men are necessary for indispensable industrial and agricultural work. But, as already indicated, we may confidently trust that the spirit of the nation is ready, more or less blindly, for any sacrifice of which the necessity is made clear.

THE FALL OF THE INTERNATIONALE—GUSTAVE HERVE ON "BLEATING SOCIALISM."

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 11.

'Tis the final struggle!
Close ranks—and to-morrow
The Internationale
Shall be all mankind!

To-morrow has come and the Internationale lies stark with the other illusions which war has slain. Jaurès must have known it before he was killed. His last appeal to the comrades to force the keeping of peace was made in the name of all mankind—"Humanity," he called it. Their answers were already coming in—"We go with our country!"

Gustave Hervé recognizes the fact: "I don't know where our English Socialist comrades get their bleating Socialism. Hasn't their journal *Justice* been writing: 'The Labor Internationale and not the Pope of Rome has authority in Europe to speak of peace in the name of the peoples and it's not too soon for its voice to be heard! [I re-translate from Hervé's French.]

"Labor Internationale? [asks Hervé]. Where is it? Who does not see that the war has felled it to earth? What have we at present in common—we French Socialists—with the Kaiser's Socialists who have not had one word of protest against the violation of Belgium's neutrality? The proof that she's very dead—our Labor Internationale—is that I who profess to be a good Socialist feel myself a thousand times nearer to a French Reactionary fighting in our trenches than I do to a German Socialist. She will arise perhaps. She shall arise surely, even. While waiting, she's dead. *De profundis!*

"She has just as much authority to speak of peace at this present moment as the traveller whirled away in a lightning train whose brakes refuse to work would have to stop the train. What's the use of bluffing?"

Once started, like his lightning train, Gustave Hervé is not easy to stop. "We wished to try every means, even big means, to prevent war—and those German Socialist idiots, who are politically two hundred years behind us, would not follow us. We did our duty. We have nothing to reproach ourselves with—we French Socialists—for we got ourselves dragged in the mire by trying to prevent the catastrophe. The catastrophe came—and now we can do no more.

"Or rather all we can do is to get the best we can from it for Humanity."

Some of us, from the beginning, were clairvoyant enough to perceive that any Internationale in which Karl Marx and his disciples had a finger would really work for a German mankind. This was Bakunin's prophetic idea when, at the Congress of Basle in 1869, he did his best to get control of the old Internationale for his An-archy—which had at least the negative merit of not playing the game of any particular race of schoolmasters. Then came the German war of 1870 and smashed the Labor Internationale a first time. The Commune of Paris had its last explosive echoes.

Gustave Hervé now goes on to ask: "What is the best we can get from this war for Humanity?" He begins with a recollection which might well touch Americans to the quick and make them ask in turn why, at the Internationale's beginning, American principle and practice were so often cited as an example, whereas now we are ignored. Or else we are passed by on the other side as citizens of a Republic held in fee by that *bourgeoisie* which Karl Marx tried to set permanently over against his Labor proletariat. (And, by the way, what really was the idea of the New Englander Uriah Stevens to whom I remember hearing ascribed at the time—after 1864—Karl Marx's final plan for an international federation of labor?)

This is Hervé's recollection: "Our good ancestors—those of 1848—with the good ancestors of our friends of Italy dreamed of founding by Revolution a new Europe—they called it Young Europe—in which peoples should govern themselves, in which there should no longer be one people reduced to serve another, and in which all the peoples, free and independent, should try to found the United States of Europe.

"The operation failed in Central Europe—in Germany and Austria—where castes and dynasties have kept on governing uncontrolled; and in Eastern Europe—in Turkey and Russia—where bureaucracies have been able to rule regardless of public opinion."

Gustave Hervé, with the usual fixed idea of a Frenchman, imagines the English comrades must "get their Socialism from the Holy Bible" and admonishes them in consequence: "Dear brethren, the ways of God are impenetrable. In His Providence He has let loose this catastrophe that all oppressed people may be freed—the French of Alsace-Lorraine and the Danes of Schleswig and the Poles of the three Polands, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian, and the Rumanians of Transylvania, and the Servians of Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, and the Bulgarians of Macedonia, and all—Greeks and Armenians and Arabs—whom the Turk oppressor holds beneath his yoke five centuries long.

"His Divine Providence has willed that the two oldest royal families of Europe, the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Hohenzollerns of Prussia, should be discredited and dishonored and thrown into the dustbin; and that Holy Russia should pass gently, without revolution—lo, the miracle is at work before our eyes—from autocratic Czarism to the Parliamentary régime of the Duma.

"And you, O English Socialists! you would have us, soldiers of God, soldiers of the Right, you would have us stay our avenging arm and stop God's finger short?"

Under the whiplash words of irony thus cracked at all pacifists who conspire for the German peace now that the German conquest by force is failing, we hear the honest expression of feeling of what the war's end ought to bring to mankind.

God said, I am tired of kings—

provided only that republics be turned also to ruling the people from above down, like kings, instead of from the town-meeting up

as Tocqueville praised in the Republic of the Fathers.

A union then of honest men,
Or union never more again.

Perhaps the nearest lesson to be retained from this fall of all Internationalism is, after all, the old proverb enshrining the wisdom of the ages—Blood is thicker than water. The universal Church of Christ has never before so nationalized itself. Socialists, whose cause is really that of all peoples and who had their label to protect, now glory in having thrown it to the winds. Pacifists Germanize or announce their conversion to something else. And the latest *Novoye Vremya* bears to us the voice of the Russian common soldier dying for his people. It is told by Father Staphanoff:

"A wounded soldier begged me to hear his confession. He was mortally wounded. With tears that brought tears, he made his self-accusation. Then, when he was to receive the last sacrements, he grasped the priest's hand, pressed it in his own fainting hand, and besought him: 'My father, quiet me for God's love.'

"'Why? Have you something to send to your wife and children? Shall I write a letter for you? Be quieted, I will do all I can.'

"'I have been twice wounded and everything has been done; but now I feel I am dying. I shall not rise again. Say, please, that which will make me close my eyes in quiet.'

"'What is it you wish?'

"'Is it possible they will make peace with Germany? Shall not the war last to its end? Then, why all this blood we have shed, why all these men killed, why all these eyes closed in death? The struggle must be kept up to the end, no matter what it costs.'

"You should have seen the joy and happiness reflected in his eyes and on his face when I explained there had never been any question of concluding peace with the Germans, that all Russians were firmly resolved to conquer, cost what it may, the enemy. Quieted, he made the sign of the cross with his cold hand. And the priest blessed and kissed him."

This may not be Tolstoi, but it is the rude direct logic of the Russian *mujik* repeating, as all those who have suffered in this most cruel war must do, what the refined French mother after the slaying of her last son wrote to War Minister Millerand:

"See that all this bloodshed and sorrow may not have been in vain and that other mothers may not, in the future, have to suffer as we have done."

In a letter from the trenches where the most murderous fighting goes on, I find other words of this natural upright reasoning: "Little more than a year ago not one of us dreamed of going to war. Is nothing to be done to those who have forced us into it? Not one of us wishes for peace until Prussian militarism is crushed for ever!"

It is not probable that all Internationalist theories which put abstract Humanity in place of the country a man knows and loves—they might as well obliterate the man's family—will cease in France. In spite of Hervé, there are still attempts to keep to the old phraseology.

And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you,—
Who's loath to leave this life
Which to him little yields—
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,
His often labor'd fields,
The boors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew.

The Monroe Doctrine

A CONSIDERATION FROM A NON-TECHNICAL POINT OF VIEW.

By W. H. JOHNSON.

There has been some discussion, during the past year, as to whether an invasion of Canada by the Germans would constitute a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, calling for intervention by the United States. This is cited merely as a sample of various theoretical problems concerning this "doctrine" upon which a vast amount of technical ingenuity has been exploited, and perhaps wasted. We are told that in this or that case we must do thus or so, or the doctrine must be given up forever and a new policy put in its place. With especial frequency, of late, we have been warned that if we maintain the doctrine at all we must accept full responsibility for all offences committed in the countries to the south of us against foreign nations or individuals, either making reparation ourselves or exacting it by force from the offender.

All these discussions are vitiated more or less by the effort to apply legal technicalities to a problem which belongs rather to the domain of the ordinary intelligent citizen than to that of the legal or diplomatic expert. The Monroe Doctrine was born not of the law-books, but of a popular conviction, which it fell to the lot of President Monroe to formulate in an official document, that the continued safety and welfare of our own country, together with that of the other young nations which had recently succeeded in gaining an independent existence on this hemisphere, was conditioned by a genuine freedom from Old World domination. The assurance of such freedom demanded not only that no Old World Power should violate the right of any American people to determine the form and conduct of its own Government, but that the American continents should thenceforth "not be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers." These were felt to be the two indispensable prerequisites to that freedom of development for the New World in the desire for which the formulated doctrine had its birth. References therein to "the allied Powers," their "political system," etc., were merely of the time and had nothing to do with the heart of the Doctrine. If the European Powers of the time had been republics instead of monarchies, and had not been allied at all, there would still have been the feeling that they should not be allowed to dominate the destinies of the New World.

Such being the nature and purpose of the Doctrine, the application of it will naturally vary from time to time. It can admit of no variation, however, which would defeat its traditional purpose or destroy its fundamental character. It ought to be evident to any one that its fundamental character and purpose would be destroyed by any interpretation which would make of it an engine for the destruction of the independence of those weaker American countries whose interests were bound up with ours in its inception. It would do rank injustice to the spirit of our forefathers to assume that a genuine altruistic interest in these weaker countries was not a weighty consideration in the matter, and it would be sheer stupidity in the present generation not to see that any attack upon their continued independence, by ourselves as well as by any other, would be a serious menace to our own safety. The purpose of Monroe was in the fullest sense a guarantee of freedom, not a denial of it, and it would be a glaring falsification of history to extend the name of Monroe to any policy which would directly or indirectly reverse this attitude.

This phase of the question gains importance from the frequent assertion of a certain class of writers that we must either allow other nations to enter these weaker countries and forcibly exact reparation for wrongs committed therein against their countrymen, or assume the obligation of satisfactory reparation ourselves. In either case it is evident at once that no real independence would be left to the weaker nation, and that the right of the small nation to exist at all would be seriously endangered on this hemisphere. Present conditions in Mexico have, of course, stimulated acute words and feeling on this point. We are told with emphasis that as soon as the European war is over we shall be obliged either to let European nations enter Mexico and right in their own way the wrongs suffered by their subjects, or forcibly to restore order and justice there ourselves. Permit the prediction that there will be no serious overseas attempt to force our hand in the matter at all, and that we shall do neither. Is it implied, then, that these nations shall have free license to commit or allow within their borders any depredation whatever upon the rights of outsiders? Not at all; but in obtaining reparation there must be such choice of means as is consistent, let us not say with the Monroe Doctrine, which sounds too technical, but with that assurance of free American development which is the object of the Doctrine. In the sad plight of the last two years in Mexico, our own people have suffered far more from lawless assaults on life and property than those of any, or of all, lands across the seas. We have recognized, however, that these assaults have not been perpetrated or instigated by an organized and responsible Government of Mexico, but by lawless bands or individuals whom, unfortunately, there has been no organized government capable of controlling. These disorderly conditions are the not unnatural fruitage of a régime which seemed orderly and successful on its surface, but which utterly failed to prepare the Mexican people for the time when the motive force of that régime should be removed. Some of these days—and there are signs that it will be in the near future—the stomach of Mexico will effectively revolt against any further diet of powder and lead. An era of peace and recuperation will follow, with

freer institutions, greater justice to the masses, and hence less tendency to accumulate dangerous gases under the surface for another disastrous explosion. Under such conditions the chance for a fair reparation for past wrongs, coupled with the possibility of friendly and profitable relations in trade and investment in the future, is certainly a better outlook than anything likely to result from the attempt to obtain immediate satisfaction at the mouth of cannon.

The present revolution in Mexico will not have been altogether in vain if, in connection with a rigidly maintained bar, in accordance with the Monroe Doctrine, against summary military exaction of international settlements, it shall have taught investors due caution in placing their money outside the territorial jurisdiction of their own flag. Mexico needs the aid of foreign capital in her material development. Outside capital will go in if there is apparently a stable government, administered with a fair degree of intelligence and evidently actuated by a desire to do even-handed justice. Such a state of affairs appeals most strongly, not to the gambler, but to the legitimate man of business, whose presence will make for honest and solid development of the community in which his investments are situated. But capital would also go in if there were assurance that in case of disorder or injustice the capitalist could call upon his home government and have his claims (calculated with extreme liberality under such circumstances) exacted for him through a custom house seized by a fleet of Dreadnoughts. This situation would appeal not so much to the sober, constructive business man as to the one of gambling instincts, capable of the secret bribing of officials or financing of revolutions in order to swell claims the realization of which might be made even easier by resultant disorders which would call for the ultimatum and the warship. Now, for the good of Mexico herself, for the best interest of the world at large, under which of these two sets of conditions ought the foreign capital which she needs to be obtained? The peaceful pressure of withholding the outside capital so badly needed, until Mexico can give assurance of a fairly stable and just government, will do more for the healing of her peculiar troubles than any other outside medicine available. And that is just what the proper interpretation and enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine will tend to bring about.

The Monroe Doctrine was the answer of the time to the need of "preparedness" against possible dangers from without. Its preservation now, in its original spirit and purpose, is a more effective answer to the need of preparedness against the perils of the future than any unusual enlargement of our army and navy. And the indispensable condition of its preservation is, as we have shown, a rigid regard for the independence of the nations to the south of us, even though that independence be occasionally abused. To lavish money on big guns and armies and then throw away the chance for a united American sentiment against allowing aggression upon any American state from without befits the brain of a political imbecile, not of a statesman. We may well question either the motive or the wisdom of the man who is vexing the air with continual cries for military and naval preparedness, and at the same time using every energy at his command to thwart the adoption of a treaty which would do all that now can be done to make compensation to a South American state for action on our part involving a very real infraction of the true spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. Let the Western Hemisphere be made and kept truly one in the desire that the whole of it shall remain free from outside domination, and free from any real ground for suspicion that the weaker members of it are in danger of subjugation through the territorial ambition of the stronger, and there can be no real danger of an attempt at conquest of any part of it from without.

And there is no real reason why such solidarity of sentiment cannot be effected. The Spanish-American countries are none of them overcrowded, nor are they set against one another with such age-long and blood-nourished causes of hatred as exist in certain parts of the Old World. Their internal troubles have been numerous, but they are learning the worth of more orderly institutions at a rate which would seem less slow to us if we would consider not solely the conditions in Mexico during the past two years, but also certain periods in the history of most other countries. Not one of them is incapable of realizing the great value of unity of sentiment on the point under discussion. But note that I say "unity of sentiment" rather than any kind of official diplomatic agreement, after the manner of the Triple Alliances, Quadruple Ententes, etc., of the other side of the water. Given the genuine sentiment, and the formal alliance will come if and when necessary. Under other circumstances its utility would be very doubtful. It is, of course, true that the one most serious danger to true unity of sentiment is suspicion of a lurking territorial ambition in the United States. The jingo spirit crops out among us here and there and its display naturally attracts anxious attention in the countries to the south, or in Canada and England; but the attitude of the President towards Mexico during the past two years, and the attitude of the people under his leadership, should go far to prove that jingoism is not the spirit of any large portion of the American people. When the taking of Mexico under our flag would have been far easier than at any time in the past and far easier than it is ever likely to be in the future, when it could have been done with less liability to damaging criticism from the world at large than is likely ever to be the case again, no thought of anything of the kind occurred to the President, no movement in its favor arose among the people. We were, of course, damaged in outside reputation by an act of a former Administration in connection with the obtaining of the Panama Canal route, but we shall yet right the wrong that was then done, so far as is now possible. And from this time on, in view of the sad state of Europe, it should be the earnest desire of every good American citizen to see relations of the sincerest friendship cultivated among all the states of the Western Hemisphere, not with a view to defeating any outside nation or combination of nations in actual war, but of producing and maintaining entirely feasible conditions under which there will be no danger whatever of assault from outside.

The presence of the British Empire on this continent, to the north of us, offers no danger. The absence of defences along the three thousand miles of border, and of warships on the Great Lakes, is an outward indication of friendship and good sense too deep to be broken. As has been said, some have been discussing whether Canada, by sending troops to the aid of Great Britain in the present war, has forfeited any right to protection under the Monroe Doctrine in case her territory should be invaded by Germany. The discussion is wholly beside the point. If by any chance Germany should so far get the upper hand of the British navy, and of her antagonists on land, as to be able to disembark an invading force on Canadian soil, we may rest assured that no hairs would be split over the technical interpretation of the message of President Monroe to Congress in 1823. The President, his Cabinet advisers, and the American people would interrogate their own minds and hearts as to whether invasion like this created any such dangers to the future independence and peaceful development of the American nations as were in the vision of President Monroe when his message was penned. And there can be little doubt as to what the answer of their minds and hearts would be. The judgment of the American people is not likely ever to be convinced that it can be safe for this hemisphere to have a hostile force landed anywhere within its limits by any Power aggressive enough to conceive the project and strong enough to justify a reasonable hope of effecting the landing.

It is, of course, true that this attitude of mind, which seems to me to constitute the irrepealable Monroe Doctrine of the ordinary citizen, imposes a heavy obligation. We must be not only strong against the outside world, but just in our dealings with it. Our treaties must never be "scraps of paper," our compliance with unquestioned provisions of international law must never be sacrificed to a self-determined "military necessity." In consideration of our history, our geographical situation, and the present relations of the various countries of this hemisphere with the world outside, it would be a sad comment on our civilization if such requirements could not be met. And if they shall in any reasonable degree be met, there can be no need to burden the back of industry in the Western Hemisphere with a material acceleration of military and naval equipment.

Poetry

SOME RECENT VERSE.

Poems. By Brian Hooker. Yale University Press. $1 net.

The New World. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 60 cents net.

Prayer for Peace and Other Poems. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

A Florentine Cycle and Other Poems. By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

The Gates of Utterance. By Gladys Cromwell. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 80 cents net.

Are Women People? By Alice Duer Miller. New York: George H. Doran. 60 cents net.

Mr. Brian Hooker is, in many ways, an admirable poet. He is a master of technique, of that vigilant and sedulous technique in which there is complicity in every syllable, collusion or privity in every consonant or punctuation mark. One of the earlier poems, "Ballade of the Dreamland Rose," is to my ear almost as subtly cadenced as Swinburne in that special phase of Swinburne where the music springs and gambols in the very wantonness of its enfranchisement from thought. Mr. Hooker, unprompted, might have failed to attain this proficiency; but to reach Swinburne's level even with Swinburne's aid outruns the powers of most of his contemporaries.

At this point, the critic is prone to reflect condescendingly that Mr. Hooker might have been an excellent poet if his vigor of conception and power of thought had in any way matched his technical dexterity. But Mr. Hooker is not a man with whom it is safe to be condescending. To our demand for design and thought, he rejoins presently with "Idolatry," three sonnets of which the intellectuality is manifest; rejoins further with "Morven and the Grail," in which the power of conception is incontestable. He meets every demand with the most obliging and effortless readiness, with a facility, indeed, that is almost too suave and equable. Where things are done with the deftness and swiftness of conjuration, we suspect, too readily no doubt, that the artist is a conjurer.

To say this of Mr. Hooker would be very unfair, but one feels, in the last survey, that something is wanting in this young man of great possessions. Mr. Hooker has kept all the poetical commandments from his youth up, but, if bidden to sell all his artistic goods to feed the poor, I doubt but he would go away sorrowing. He is still supposably young, and the future may reserve for him that final, emancipating, individualizing touch which will convert these insignia into powers. Inspiration, seeking a domicile, could find no chambers better swept and garnished than those offered for tenancy by Mr. Hooker. If the gypsy could only be cured of her perverse fondness for the bivouac or the haystack!

I quote the first sonnet from "Idolatry":

I must forget life ere you shall persuade
  My heart beyond it. Though at last I came
  Without hope to the horror of dark flame,
Or among glad great angels dreamed and prayed,
What matter? Have I not already made
  Love's own lips tremulous to breathe my name
  And seen all night the lidless eyes of shame
Stare through the darkness where I lay afraid?

I should yearn down from Heaven at the voice
  Of a strong child crying out angrily—
  Struggle up from Nirvana for the smell
Of rain-sweet woods in Autumn; or rejoice
  To watch the moon rise over a dim sea,
  Lifting my head serenely out of Hell.

If "The New World" (a revision of a Phi Beta Kappa poem) fairly indicates Mr. Witter Bynner's powers, his work as poetry is hardly superior to that of any well-read, versatile, and dexterous mind, without first-hand access to the springs of inspiration. I am sorry that the cult of novelty should have besprinkled his pages with those queernesses which pass muster in certain quarters for originality; but, dismissing workmanship, let me say at once that "The New World" is one of those comprehensive surveys of men and things from a specular mount which engage the imagination in the measure of its sensibility to the spectacular and the "progressive." A man and woman, intimately bound in love and trust, instruct each other in the gospel of the cohesion, the integrity, of the race. Between the theme and the framework, between a democracy which equalizes men and a love which exalts one of these equals to a primacy beyond that of kaiserdoms or papacies, there is an inconsistency which Mr. Bynner feels and discusses, but hardly resolves. There is a smack of exclusiveness in the very emphasis on democracy; one pictures Celia lowering the shades and saying, "You may go, Jane," to taste with her lover in a more luxurious privacy their common sense of the solidarity of mankind.

Mr. Bynner's ethics are pure and high; if they taper as they mount, that is a fault which they share with elms and steeples and other admirable things; they dispense in a form cleared of dogma an innocent and high-minded, but somewhat pallid, Christianity. Mr. Bynner is not content to call his fellow-man his brother; he says, "He is I, and I am he." He presses this identity too much. Used once, the above phrase may merely prove the presence of imagination. Used three or four or five times, it begins to suggest the absence of understanding.

The following passage treats of peace:

What can my anger do but cease?
When shall I fight and who shall be my enemy
When he is I and I am he?
  Let me have done with that old God outside
Who watched with preference and answered prayer,
The Godhead that replied
Now here, now there,
Where heavy cannon were
Or coins of gold!
Let me receive communion with all men,
Acknowledging our one and only soul!
  For not till then
Can God be God, till we ourselves are whole.

Mr. W. S. Johnson's mainstays as a poet are ingenuity and melody. He favors—rightly, I think—shapely and clear-cut themes, themes of mountain-like profile, with distinct ledges and at times a salient peak. His possession of melody is manifest; the verses are affluent, blithe, spontaneous, the more varied and supple perhaps for the absence of commanding originality. But Mr. Johnson is by no means satisfied with being a builder and a melodist; like Mr. Hooker and Mr. Bynner, his relation to the universe is tutelary; he is nothing if not speculative and oracular.

The brevity of oracles, it is true, he does not emulate; on the contrary, he repoints his points with a perseverance that betrays the most humbling estimate of the perspicacity of his readers. Again his knowledge of the counsels of Deity is quite as precise—and I am willing to believe quite as authoritative—as that which alert journalists display with respect to the secrets of the chancelleries of Europe. Mr. Johnson, I hope, will forgive me for a certain slackness of interest in the messages forthcoming from the special wire which connects his writing-desk with the cabinet of the Almighty. The distance between the terminals may account for a frequent indistinctness, a murmurousness or sibilance, as it were, in the results of these endeavors to "interview" Providence. Furthermore, readers who are neither puritans nor pietists would be grateful to Mr. Johnson if he would refrain from telling God in "The Lapidary" that he, the poet, is indispensable to God's happiness. The fact may be as Mr. Johnson says, but a gentleman has to be thoroughly provoked before he throws dependencies of this kind in the teeth even of his stenographer or of his coachman.

I find the last half of Mr. Johnson's volume, where the mundane and the actual come in for cordial, if tardy, recognition, more interesting and agreeable than his gyrations in the empyrean. "The Egoist," "Strangers," "Mage Merlin's Rule," and "James Lewis" exhibit unquestionable merits in fields of surprising diversity. The sonnet I quote is entitled "The Phaedo" (the italics are mine):

"We owe a cock to Æsculapius"!
  The debt was sacred in the Master's sight,
  His grand concession to an ancient rite;
What though he knew, in speaking Crito thus,
The god a myth, his cult idolatrous?
  He saw in myth and fable, dimly bright,
  The shattered glories of the Primal Light,
And worshipped That, sublimely credulous.
Pay thy least debt of worship! *Soon or late*

The ship comes back from Delos; consecrate
The narrow daylight hours thou hast to wait
To radiant thoughts of immortality,
Then, drinking deep the hemlock bruised by fate,
Pour no libation to the darkening sky!

The titular poem in Mrs. McGiffert's volume, "A Florentine Cycle," has, in its way, a genuine pomp; the cavalcade of stately stanzas mimics the splendor, perhaps the speciosity, of a pageant:

Grave Dante loved it, watched it as 'twas built,
In exile longed for it with yearning eyes;
Its portals are immortal in his heart
E'en now in Paradise.

Oft Petrarch, pausing in its shadow, heard
Ethereal cadences—we hear them yet!
Boccaccio's lute as Fiammetta passed
Do listening worlds forget? . . .

And Beatrice, crowned with roses, bright
With light from inmost heaven softly shed;
And vivid Simonetta, prone, aloof,
And smiling, being dead.

This is post-Tennysonian, of course, and sub-Tennysonian; nevertheless, the unlimited command of this fine orbicular stanza by a minor poet is proof of our advancement in technique. Mrs. McGiffert's admirations are as unfaltering as her rhythms. An inconsequent person like myself, for whom unevenness is a chief index of spontaneity, views with something akin to consternation an admiration so punctual, so punctilious, so rigorously disciplined and impeccably drilled, as that disclosed in the "Cycle" of Mrs. McGiffert; its appetite is large, and its digestion is masterly.

"The Aged Christ" is a brief dramatic allegory, in which, after ample deductions have been made for the indignities it heaps on logic, the reader's heart is shaken, if not wholly captured, by a subtle union of originality and pathos. The other verse reveals substantial merits, not often so effectively combined and concentred as to exalt *values* into *powers*.

The poetry of Mr. Scollard's "Vale of Shadows" is hardly so excellent as the feelings of compassion and indignation, expressed mournfully and now and then a little stertorously in the lapse of its unhesitating stanzas. The volume is readable and timely, however, and the assignment of its profits to the relief of Belgium should strengthen the sympathies of readers.

Next to its beautiful title, the chief attraction of Miss Cromwell's "Gates of Utterance" is a precision, a purposiveness, in the tone, to which I can find no parallel in the images and thoughts. The author's implement is a brush, a rather formless and unwieldy brush, but she poises it like a chisel. The matter belongs to what may be loosely called the literary fourth dimension.

Mrs. Alice Duer Miller is so robust and agile a pedestrian that one laments her ambition to figure in the less congenial part of equestrienne. In plain words, her prose is so much pithier and brighter than her verse that her verse is discredited by its proximity. The prose arguments are pointed and forcible; the verses sometimes reason, sometimes yap. One or two reflections occur to a reviewer of the sex flagellated in these satires. How curious the difference between these jovial and prosperous outgivings, redolent of good dinners and warm fires and social privilege and general well-being, and that state of parity with criminals and lunatics which has been to woman a source of such mortal offence and such unbounded delectation! Again, one asks if the weight of a thraldom can be really crushing when the nominal thrall snaps her fingers or even—I beg Mrs. Miller's indulgence—protrudes her tongue in the face of the nominal oppressor. O. W. Firkins.

Correspondence.

WAR ECONOMIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Would it be timely for some one of your contributors who may have the requisite ability to supplement the "Word to the Moderately Rich," printed in the *Nation* of September 16, with a word about economizing in order to be able to help European sufferers?

People are urged to give up luxuries. Do not other people sometimes have to bear the brunt of attempted self-denials? Women have fewer dresses, and dressmakers have to dismiss their sewing-girls. How many small earners lose their employment when people give up flowers, music, theatre, and other luxuries?

Subscriptions are being withdrawn from work here that sadly needs to be done. The appeal is great and terrible from across the sea.

How are the untrained in economies to untangle the complexities as to the just spending of money? An Old Subscriber.

Cambridge, Mass., September 20.

A RESPONSE FROM ONE OF THE "MODERATELY RICH."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What makes a man "moderately rich" is a question of definition. Falling within that class as your correspondent "O" defines it, I recognize the justice of his appeal and of your earnest comment upon it. While wondering a little why his aroused conscience should need the further spur of coöperation by nine fellow-penitents, I take great pleasure in meeting his challenge and will contribute the sum he names ($2,000) within the next thirty days to one or more of the war relief funds; particulars and vouchers to be submitted either to you or your correspondent, as may be deemed advisable. I do not insist upon the other eight, but will join with "O" alone, and will not promise not to go forward even though he should recede.

I hope it may not detract from any small merit that may attach to this contribution if I say that it is made possible by the recent advance in the market price of certain "war stocks" which I have been holding as dead assets for so long as almost to have forgotten their existence. Possibly this circumstance may contain a helpful suggestion to some one else.

In this connection I am reminded of a story that I lately heard about a manufacturer of war supplies whose conscience was uneasy over what he knew to be inordinate profits. He said it would do no good to reduce his selling price because the middlemen would absorb the difference. He had, therefore, resolved to set aside for himself what he deemed a fair and legitimate profit and to invest the remainder in British war bonds—a happy combination of real highmindedness with a subtle consciousness that he has a fair chance to get his money back after all. P. Q.

Chicago, September 23.

MARTIN LUTHER D'OOGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Martin Luther D'Ooge, who died suddenly at Ann Arbor, Mich., on September 12, was born at the village of Zonnemaire, in the Province of Zeeland, Holland, July 17, 1839. His father was of Huguenot ancestry; his mother belonged to a Dutch family that for several generations had followed the profession of teaching. When he was eight years old, his parents, lured by the reports of an Eldorado beyond the sea, with their young children took ship for New York.

In New York and Albany the family learned the English language, and were rapidly disillusioned; in about three years the father found himself swindled out of his meagre capital by a criminal partner. Duped, but not discouraged, he struck out for the West, determined to hew a place for a home in the forests of Michigan. He settled in a clearing about twenty miles north of Grand Rapids. In Michigan there were already many of his countrymen; the Dutch have contributed to the population of the State an element of rare intelligence and stability. When Professor Snouck-Hurgronje lectured at the University of Michigan a couple of years ago he was surprised to find there a small colony of students and professors familiar with the Dutch language.

For a time the D'Ooge household experienced to the full the vicissitudes and privations of frontier life. Then they removed to Grand Rapids, where a high school had already been established. True to the family tradition, the father, now more prosperous, encouraged Martin, although the eldest of the children, to prepare for college.

Young D'Ooge entered the University of Michigan in 1857. In the high school he had had no opportunity to study Greek, and after a year in the University resolved to make up the deficiency. He took private instruction in the summer, entered the Greek course near the beginning of the second year, and soon led his class in the subject. After graduation he served as principal of the Ann Arbor High School for two years, then resigned to enter Union Theological Seminary in New York.

At the close of the second year in the Seminary, Mr. D'Ooge's course was interrupted by an unexpected request to return to the University of Michigan to give instruction in Greek and Latin. Prof. Henry S. Frieze was then in charge of the work in Latin, Prof. James R. Boise of the Greek. Partly from a desire to be associated with men of such eminence, he accepted the invitation, and commenced teaching in 1867.

About this time the first University of Chi-

cago was founded, and Professor Boise was called to its department of Greek; an invitation was extended to Mr. D'Ooge to take up the work which the elder scholar was leaving. He carried it on with such vigor and success that in 1870 he was advanced to a full professorship in Greek.

Always modest and self-distrustful, Mr. D'Ooge felt keenly the responsibility of his position, and the inadequacy of private study to equip him for it. He requested a leave of absence, which was granted, and in the autumn of 1870 he entered the University of Leipzig. Here he found two men particularly helpful and inspiring, Curtius and Ritschl. He received his doctor's degree in two years, and came back to the United States to resume his teaching.

At the University of Michigan Professor D'Ooge remained in continuous service, except for infrequent leaves of absence, from 1872 until his appointment on the Carnegie Foundation, in 1912. In 1886-7 he served as director of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. This was an eventful year; under the auspices of the school the excavation of the theatre at Sicyon was prosecuted, and negotiations were opened for a concession to excavate the site of ancient Delphi, which for a time seemed to promise success.

A second leave of absence, in 1899-1900, was spent largely in Greece and was utilized in preparing the manuscript of his work upon the Acropolis. Between the two absences, in the years 1889-1897, in addition to his service as the head of a department of Greek which had undergone rapid expansion, he had served the University of Michigan also as dean of the literary department.

Besides articles, educational as well as philological, in several journals, Professor D'Ooge edited two volumes for students. "The Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown" appeared in 1875, and "The Antigone of Sophocles" in 1884. His principal work, "The Acropolis of Athens," appeared in 1908.

Since his retirement from active service, Professor D'Ooge has sometimes joined, sometimes alternated, study and travel. He left, practically ready for the printer, a translation of the Greek text of the arithmetic by Nicomachus.

In his long service as a professor of Greek, Mr. D'Ooge witnessed a change of attitude on the part of the public towards his subject, but also gratifying progress, alike in methods of teaching and in the advancement of Greek scholarship in American universities. No one who heard it will soon forget his address, a valedictory, as it were, on "The Study of Greek—Retrospect and Prospect,"* in which he briefly summed up, for the Classical Conference of March, 1912, the results of his reflection and experience of fifty years as a teacher of the humanities. His closing words were:

"To the modern man, Philistine though he be, the priceless inheritance of Greek literature still has, and will continue to have, a message. The masterpieces of Greek must always appeal to the human mind, steeped as they are in the universal experience of humanity and surcharged with a spirit of idealism that lifts men up to mountain-tops of vision and to inspiring intellectual delights. I can never forget a memorable evening spent in the company of the great English Hellenist, Sir Richard Jebb, and that wide-visioned historian, Lord Acton. The conversation turned upon the future of Greek. Lord Acton was a trifle pessimistic. Finally, Sir Richard said, as nearly as I can remember, the following words: 'If we believe in the progress of humanity, then those studies and pursuits that belong and minister to the highest and best part of man must not only survive, but in time must become more and more dominant. I believe in the future of Greek because I cannot disbelieve in the intellectual and spiritual progress of the race.'

"If we share in this belief, we can bide our time, and we can patiently endure the trials of the sway of commercialism and Philistinism. Meanwhile, let us keep burning the sacred fire upon Athena's shrine, until it shall flame up anew more pure and bright in the better future!"

Recognition came to Professor D'Ooge through the presidency of the American Philological Association, in 1884, through membership in other learned societies, and through the usual academic distinctions. But no formal statement can convey an expression of the appreciation of his work and influence by those who knew him best. Fitting are the words of President-Emeritus James B. Angell, who lately wrote:

"His grateful pupils are scattered over the whole country, remembering thankfully his beautiful character as well as his delightful teaching. His frank and winsome temperament linked him closely to all his associates and friends by the strongest ties."

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich., September 18.

*Published in *The Classical Journal*, Vol. VIII (1912-13), pp. 50-59.

Notes from the Capital

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

With chest well out, head held erect, full beard breasting the wind, arms loosely swinging, the face of one who is at peace with the world, and the gait of a happy marcher, here comes Charles Evans Hughes, walking down Capitol Hill at the close of a day's work. Had you looked in upon the Supreme Court an hour ago, you would have heard him deliver an opinion on an appealed case of much importance. The attendant who opened the door of the court-room for you could not see the bench from where he stood, but he could have told you without an instant's hesitancy who was speaking, for Mr. Justice Hughes has a flexibility of voice, an ease of address, and a distinctness of utterance unusual in this august tribunal. The rest of the black-robed men seated on the dais against its background of crimson hangings may say as momentous things as he, but, as a rule, only a trained ear can make sure of their words. The room has poor acoustic properties at best; and these exponents of the law, most of them unpracticed in oratory to start with, and some having lungs that are not of the strongest, have fallen into a habit of either rattling through their deliverances in great haste or mumbling in their throats.

His voice and his enunciation are typical of Hughes's personality generally. He is a man of plain thought and manners, cheerful temper, and businesslike ways, with a trait of positiveness which you would scarcely suspect from his urbanity of demeanor in an ordinary discussion. Depend upon it, what he knows he knows, and what he thinks he thinks; and, although I suppose he could be persuaded to change his mind if he encountered an adversary in debate who was a far keener logician than he, it would be only after a determined struggle. Certainly no one could bully or wheedle him into a conclusion towards which he had not been headed by his own mental processes. It is equally safe to say that, although it may be possible to rip one of his judicial decisions to pieces, its weakness will not be found due to his having neglected to take into account any of the arguments presented by counsel. On that score his scrupulousness is perfect. Nor will the shrewdest inquisitor ever draw from him an inkling of his views on any litigated or presently-to-be-litigated question. He is not only always on his guard against approach through the obvious channels, but even a request for his personal opinion on some matter which has not yet given a sign of coming within his province as a judge is liable to be met with a polite and pleasant, but quite unmistakable, rebuff. At first thought, this would seem likely to put an extinguisher upon social conversation; but it does not, and the chances are nine to one that, when you come to look back upon it, you will understand and approve his attitude. He has simply seen further into the future than you.

A cold man, many pronounce Hughes, because he does not carry his sympathies on the surface, where every one can see and read them. That is part of his life-training in self-control. No man who has had to handle the interests which have fallen under his direction during the last ten years could have done his duty by them if he had allowed his feelings to interfere with his judgment, or even to share its operations. That would have meant taking his worries to bed with him, and before now he would have been nervously worn out and fit only for the human scrap-heap. As it is, his burdens of every day are laid aside at its close; and when he composes himself for rest, it is for real rest, which brings refreshment of mind and body for tackling whatever the next day may hold in store for him.

No American who has performed as many and as distinguished public services as Justice Hughes can hope to escape being "mentioned" as a candidate for the Presidency, and the amateur President-makers have been busy with his name from the day that he began to attract notice outside of his own political balliwick. While he was Governor of New York he raised no objection to their activity; indeed, for one period he frankly encouraged it. But since he has been on the bench he has frowned upon everything of the sort. The judiciary must, according to his code, be entirely divorced from the business of giving and receiving public honors of any other kind. As he once cleverly put it, he was unwilling to invite the possibility of any political party's capitalizing his decisions, or to countenance what might drift into a most demoralizing practice, if judges generally were willing to stand as candidates for elective offices, and thus lay their decisions open to the suspicion of having been rendered with a view to future contingencies personal to themselves. And a man who, as Governor, had the courage to refuse to name the delegates-at-large from his State to the convention which held his fate in its hands, on the ground that their choice belonged to the people, is not very likely to be misinterpreted when he says "No."

TATTLER.

Literature

THE DARWINS AND THE WEDGWOODS.

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters. Edited by her daughter, Henrietta Litchfield. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $7.50 net.

The first of these volumes is almost entirely concerned with the Allens and Wedgwoods. Each was a prolific and energetic stock. Perhaps a part of the vivacity of the Allen daughters was due to peculiar home training. Surly old John Allen used to thump the table and bid his girls be amusing. They were so, both in and out of the family. One of them married Josiah Wedgwood. Another became the wife of Sismondi, the historian. Sir James Mackintosh espoused Catherine Allen. All of the sisters kept up an active correspondence with each other and with their wide-branching relatives. The letters were passed around, were usually undated, and their sorting out and identification was the patient work of the late R. B. Litchfield during a long illness. Of the whole mass, the chief notes are marked family affection, open-mindedness, and sturdy moral independence. Gradually the Wedgwood connection comes to predominate. The Wedgwoods, wrote Emma Darwin, when reading Emerson late in life and trying to like him, "have no intuitions." If not, they had almost every other kind of endowment and talent. There was Tom Wedgwood, for example, who died at thirty-four of a baffling disease, yet who impressed all who met him—many of them good judges—as one of the most remarkable men of his time. Darwin's mother was a Wedgwood, and he married Emma Wedgwood, his cousin.

The Allens and Wedgwoods saw a good deal of the notables of their day. To some of these there are glancing allusions in the early letters. Jessie Allen wrote of the disappointments in meeting famous men. "The fact is, I have very little pleasure in their company; after all, they put forth their best in writing. I would much rather read their works; that is surer than their society, which fails in giving one pleasure six times for once that it succeeds." Yet it was at one of their family dinners that Wordsworth and Jeffrey were brought together. At first Wordsworth demurred. "We are fire and water, and if we meet we shall only hiss; besides, he has been doing his best to destroy me." But poet and critic finally met, and "the two enemies liked one another's company so much that when the rest of the party broke up at past eleven, they remained talking together . . . till one o'clock." "Mr. Lockhart said it was the best thing he ever saw done." Great freedom of speech prevailed in the Wedgwood home. A visitor wrote: "I never saw anything pleasanter than the ways of going on of the family. There is no difference in politics or principles of any kind that makes it treason to speak one's mind openly, and they all do it." One of the most strong-minded daughters, Sarah—whom some thought eccentric and almost ill-balanced—wrote in 1817 of "Lord Byron's last volume of poetry": "I suppose one ought to admire that goodness which makes people insensible to beautiful poetry because the writer behaved ill to his wife, but I can't find it in myself." Yet it was one of this vigorous sisterhood—this time, to be sure, an Allen—who, writing to her niece from Paris in 1815 of her visit to the Louvre, said: "I feel still rather uncomfortable staring at naked statues with men all round one."

The Darwins begin to figure in the first volume, but it is only at the end of it that Charles appears as a possible suitor of Emma Wedgwood. She preserved some rough notes of Darwin's, written probably in 1837, which she docketed "C. D. on marriage." They showed how the rising naturalist was weighing for himself the advantages and disadvantages of married life. Thus on one side: "Children (if it please God), constant companion (and friend in old age), charms of music and female chitchat." But, per contra, "*Terrible loss of time*, if many children, forced to gain one's bread; fighting about no society." The conclusion, however, was not far away: "My God, it is intolerable to think of spending one's whole life like a neuter bee, working, working, and nothing, after all. . . . No, no, won't do. . . . Only picture to yourself a nice soft wife on a sofa, with good fire and books and music perhaps. . . . Marry, marry, marry, Q. E. D." Practice did not lag behind theory. Charles Darwin became engaged to Emma Wedgwood in 1838, and married her January 29, 1839. She was thirty years old, he a year younger.

Mrs. Litchfield writes: "No letters from my mother to my father have been preserved, either before or after marriage. Whether she destroyed them on his death, or whether he did not keep them, I do not know, but he had not the habit of keeping letters except those of scientific interest." Several letters of Darwin to Emma Wedgwood were kept, of which a selection is here printed, as are many to her after she became his wife, and to their children. They are all of a piece. The simplicity, the entire sincerity, the deep capacity for affection, the delicacy and scrupulous honor of Charles Darwin, already left far beyond question in the "Life" by his son and in the "More Letters," here shine out again. As Emma Wedgwood writes to her aunt, Madame Sismondi, when announcing her engagement: "He is the most open, transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real thoughts." Yet he was not without a vein of playful humor. Writing to Emma of a visit at the Lyells', he said: "I was quite ashamed of myself to-day, for we talked for half-an-hour unsophisticated Geology, with poor Mrs. Lyell sitting by, a monument of patience. I want *practice* in ill-treating the female sex. I did not observe Lyell had any compunction; I hope to harden my conscience in time: few husbands seem to find it difficult to effect this." Darwin, however, never succeeded in effecting it. His life long he was the most considerate of mortals. His wife was fond of the theatre, he was not. Emma wrote to her aunt: "The real crook in my lot . . . is that he has a great dislike to going to the play, so that I am afraid that we shall have some domestic dissensions on that head." It was a needless fear. Darwin adjusted himself to his wife's desires in every possible way. He even sought to shelter her from the boring winds of science. In his life-work she was a real helpmeet. She read to him when he was too ill to read himself, and was even able to aid him in translating scientific German. But, frankly, she had no taste for his pursuits. His fame she took placidly: "I sometimes feel it very odd that any one belonging to me should be making such a noise in the world." Once at a lecture at the British Association, Darwin said to her: "I am afraid that this is very wearisome to you." Her quiet answer was: "Not more than all the rest." And she was too bravely direct to pretend to care for things, whether in science or literature, simply because it was considered correct to do so. She even withstood the Shakespeare convention, finding parts of him "tiresome." A favorite aunt of hers had declared that Emma would "lark it through life." This might give a wrong impression. She had not high spirits, but she had a high serenity, with a heart equal to any fate. Her married life was not a long day-dream. She had ten children, some very delicate; and three of them died. Her husband was a chronic invalid. The tax upon her strength and patience was severe. Yet she had the secret of happiness and contentment, and her marvellous inherited vitality kept her well and active at the age of eighty-eight.

The family life of the Darwins was exceptionally beautiful. Never can there have been more free-flowing affection between parents and children. Darwin's letters to his sons are as abundant in easy good-fellowship as they are in thoughtful kindness. And he loved to have the children near him. Julia Wedgwood used to say that the only place in the Darwin house where you could be sure of not meeting a child was the nursery. "Many a time," notes Mrs. Litchfield, "even during my father's working hours, was a sick child tucked up on his sofa, to be quiet and safe, soothed by his presence." In the letters which Darwin wrote to his wife, at the time of the illness and death of their daughter Annie—which occurred away from home, where Mrs. Darwin was unable to go—we have a revelation of fatherly love wonderful and almost sacred. Twenty-five years later, in his "Autobiography," he wrote unaffectedly: "Tears still sometimes come into my eyes when I think of **her sweet ways.**"

Perfect as was the sympathy between Darwin and his wife in nearly every respect, there was a lack of complete seeing eye to eye in the matter of religious beliefs. Emma Darwin was no bigot. She was not even an intense evangelical. Indeed, as her daughter remarks, her own theological conceptions changed greatly in the course of her long life. Yet her heart was a fountain of Christian faith, and she did not conceal the fact that she was troubled by some of the tendencies of her husband's scientific teachings. When "The Descent of Man" was coming out, she wrote to her daughter, then abroad: "I think it will be very interesting, but that I shall dislike it very much as again putting God further off." Shortly after her marriage to Darwin she wrote him two letters —she could not bring herself to talk—on the subject of their religious views. They are too long to quote, but they breathe a beautiful spirit—all tolerance, all uttermost love for her husband, with just a faint beseeching that he might not too rigidly apply scientific tests to matters "above our comprehension." No wonder that Darwin called these letters "beautiful." He preserved them carefully, and apparently took them out to read over occasionally, for on one of them is written the line: "God bless you. C. D. June, 1861."

The life at Down was necessarily a good deal self-centred, on account both of Darwin's poor health and the absorbing nature of his studies, yet contact with the outside world was not infrequent. For one thing, visitors were attracted by the naturalist's fame. Not all of these were angels unawares. Thus Emma once wrote to her son Leonard: "We have been rather overdone with Germans this week. Haeckel came on Tuesday. He was very nice and hearty and affectionate, but he bellowed out his bad English in such a voice that he nearly deafened us. However, that was nothing to yesterday, when Professor Cohn (quite deaf) and his wife (very pleasing) and a Professor R. came to lunch—anything like the noise they made I never heard." The Carlyles figure in the letters. Darwin thought Thomas Carlyle "the best worth listening to of any man I know." But "I find I cannot get up the due amount of admiration for Mrs. Carlyle." For one thing, she spoke Scotch hard to understand. Moreover, she had "an hysterical sort of giggle." Then she was "very far from natural." Emma Darwin had an even stronger adverse opinion: "What a coarse woman," she wrote in 1883, apropos of the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." She at once added, however: "But one gets fond of her through everything." Here is a little sketch of Carlyle in an unusual scene: "Hensleigh and Fanny had a pleasant dinner-party yesterday [May 4, 1845] of the two Carlyles, Mr. Wrightson, and Mazzini, who was clever and just in a dispute with 'Thomas' about music. . . . T. C. could see nothing in Beethoven's Sonatas, 'it told nothing.' It was like a great quantity of stones tumbled down for a building, and 'it might have been as well left in the quarry.' He insisted on Mazzini telling him what he gained by hearing music, and when Mazzini said inspiration and elevation, Carlyle said something not respectful of Beethoven, and Mazzini ended with *Dieu vous pardonne.*"

Darwin the scientist is naturally in abeyance in these pages. The most humane of men, notorious for the indignation with which he would witness or hear of cruelty to animals, he yet had scant respect for the movement against animal experimentation. If it were stopped in England, he believed that it would make English physiology fall far to the rear. In a letter to his daughter in 1875 he said that she had led him to "think over vivisection," and added: "I wish some new word like anæsection could be invented." Writing earlier (1871) to his son Horace, he remarked: "I have been speculating last night what makes a man a discoverer of undiscovered things; and a most perplexing problem it is. Many men who are very clever—much cleverer than the discoverers—never originate anything. As far as I can conjecture, the art consists in habitually searching for the causes and meaning of everything which occurs. This implies sharp observation, and requires as much knowledge as possible of the subject investigated." So much for the secret of Darwin!

On his death-bed Charles Darwin said to Emma—she wrote down his words soon afterwards: "I am not the least afraid of death." "Remember what a good wife you have been to me." "Tell all my children to remember how good they have been to me." Mrs. Darwin survived him fourteen years, and her old age was one of serene beauty. Active, reading more than ever in her unwonted leisure—in 1894 she wrote to her daughter: "I am rather ashamed to find I use up rather more than a volume a day of novels"—she was at once the blessing and the pride of all her descendants. She died October 2, 1896, without illness and without warning. We need say only a word of the filial piety and scrupulous taste with which her daughter has edited these letters. They were intended as only a private family publication. But the decision was wise to give them to the world. We cannot have too many such records of human nature at its best.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Money Master. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

Sir Gilbert here repeats himself with excellent effect. Indeed, the old story is retold with so much gusto that we incline to doubt whether he himself realizes its elderliness. To a reader unfamiliar with "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," "The Pomp of the Lavillettes," or their companion-pieces, this might seem a creation of singular freshness and charm. Whatever we may think of Sir Gilbert's art, there is no denying his unction.

Nevertheless, whether consciously or not, he works upon a pretty narrow formula. Well he knows, or senses, the limitations of his audience, the many-headed and chuckle-headed populace. Well he understands that nothing is safer than to give it what it is used to, in slightly altered dress. And he finds satisfaction, even exhilaration, in his own easy mastery of the process. For he is essentially an entertainer, not an artist —a performer always conscious of his audience, and determined to keep them "with him." That he thinks himself a serious artist (as we believe he does) goes far towards insuring the continued zest of his performance.

St. Saviour's is a French-Canadian parish, very much in the country, of which a leading member, almost the leading member, is Jean Jacques Barbille, "miller and money-master." He is of decent Norman stock, and has inherited from several generations of *habitant* ancestors a good property and a vast conceit of himself. The little learning snatched from a year at a local university has dangerously increased his pride. He has a quick mind, but little power of co-ordination, fancies himself a philosopher, and is really no more than a self-centred sentimentalist. At thirty, on the voyage home from a "grand tour" through France, he meets and is romantically united to a beautiful Spanish girl. Of more than doubtful extraction, she is capable of good; but Jean Jacques is too much of the romancer and too little of the lover to satisfy her passionate need, and, after a dozen years, she leaves him and their only child, a daughter, upon whom thereafter he centres his affection. She is to leave him in her turn; and presently the fortunes of Jean Jacques begin to crumble. One misfortune follows another, till finally all is lost but a few hundred dollars left him by generous creditors. He sets out upon a vague pilgrimage, in the course of which he miraculously stumbles upon his dying wife, and later upon the grave of his daughter.

The long arm of coincidence is, according to Sir Gilbert's usage, recklessly extended throughout the narrative. Persons are always entering the room at the crucial moment, or chancing to witness the fatal embrace, the chance being a thousand-to-one shot. But this is all in the day's work to an entertainer who has command of his audience. Jean Jacques, the gasconading but not ignoble hero, so familiar in the work of this popular romancer, moves creditably, if not credibly, upon his appointed scene, with fitting entourage of village worthies, chief among them an old Clerk of Court and the inevitable Curé. Most genuine as well as most endearing among them is the simple-hearted, yet not foolish, Virginie Pouchette, who gives the travel-worn Jean Jacques an aftermath of happiness in his declining years.

The American Historical Association

A REPLY TO MR. BANCROFT.

By Edward P. Cheyney,
Chairman of the Board of Editors of the "American Historical Review."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letters of Messrs. Phillips, Bancroft, and Latané in the *Nation* of September 16, following upon Mr. Bancroft's pamphlet, issued some weeks before, may seem to call for some reply on the part of the editors of the *American Historical Review*. An adequate and satisfactory reply to any charges of impropriety can, of course, readily be made. It would seem, however, that, as there will be abundant and early opportunity to discuss the whole matter at the general meeting of the American Historical Association in Washington in Christmas week, it were scarcely worth while to attempt to correct misstatements or explain misunderstandings in the columns of a public journal.

Nevertheless, it may be said in a general way, first, that opposition on the part of the editors to having the *Review* brought entirely under the control of the Association is quite mythical. They have made no such opposition. As a matter of fact the Association pays somewhat less than one-half of the expense of the *Review*, the remainder comes from other sources. In 1898 the Historical Association refused to take over the *Review* completely from the board of guarantors by whom it had been supported during the first three years of its existence, and left the responsibility for its financial support in the hands of the board of editors. At no time since, probably, have the successive members of the board been unwilling to relieve themselves of that responsibility, and turn over the financial and other control of the *Review* to the Association. Secondly, the practice of paying the carfares of the members of the board of editors to and from its three meetings a year was established at the foundation of the *Review*, when the members of the board were Professor Hart, of Harvard; Professor Sloane, then of Princeton; Professor McMaster, of Pennsylvania; Professor Stephens, of Cornell; Prof. George B. Adams, of Yale, and Professor Judson, now president of Chicago. Hotel expenses have never been paid. The custom was doubtless borrowed from the very general practice of learned societies and educational institutions, which, when they call upon certain members to perform unpaid duties at a distance from home, usually pay their travelling expenses. This is done, no doubt, partly from a sense of fairness, partly for the practical purpose of obtaining a fuller attendance.

Thirdly, at no meeting of the board of editors since the present writer has been a member has there been any discussion whatever of the general affairs of the Association, nor any mention of the candidacy of any one for any office. On the contrary, the meetings of the board, both that held at the time of the annual meeting of the Association in December and those held in May and November of each year, have proved none too long for the discussion of plans for the *Review* and its contents, and the settlement of questions submitted to the board by the managing editor. But all these and similar questions of fact, policy, practicability, and official duty can be most fully, freely, and satisfactorily discussed and determined upon at the general meeting of the Association. In the meantime as a contribution to clear knowledge of the subject the board of editors has prepared a plain and somewhat full statement of the past and present relations between the *Review* and the Association which will be sent to all members very shortly.

Recurring to the letters in the *Nation* and to the quotations in that of Mr. Bancroft, it would seem that some members of the Historical Association have not submitted recent polemic documents to the processes of verification, examination of probability, analysis, tests for obsession, and the other forms of sober criticism to which they habitually subject other historical documents with which they deal.

A FEW FACTS.

By Albert Bushnell Hart.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Observers in the trenches report that the thing that most tries men's nerves is the interval between the flash of the shell and the explosion. Such a tension has been the lot of those who have for months been aware that Dr. Bancroft and his friends were preparing a Zeppelin for the benefit of the American Historical Association. The suspense was relieved when a few weeks ago Dr. Bancroft, Professor Latané, and Mr. Rowland launched their craft by a printed circular, and still more relieved when, in the *Nation* of September 16, Dr. Bancroft, Professor Phillips, and Professor Latané printed picric acid letters. For it now appears that all their charges of dread deeds and backstairs influence are reducible to matters widely known by anybody who was interested (although apparently still cryptic to Dr. Bancroft), and to money transactions which are equally a matter of record and which reflect no discredit on any person.

I.

The three matters upon which the various detectives have filed reports are: The organization of the American Historical Association, the organization of the *American Historical Review*, and alleged financial irregularities. On all those questions I have personal knowledge, having been at various times an officer of the Association, one of the editors of the *American Historical Review*, and a participant in the payments which horrify the souls of the "Reformers."

The American Historical Association is a society open to any respectable person on payment of $3 a year. The 2,900 members naturally do not all come to the annual meetings; only from 100 to 400 appear at these conventions. Out of that 100 to 400, a relatively small group in each year carries on the business of the Society. It is so in most learned societies, such as the American Economic and the American Political Science Associations.

To the minds of Dr. Bancroft and his associate detectives, this system sustains "an oligarchy which has distributed offices and honors out of its own self-chosen group." That charge may be quickly checked from the names of some of the officers during the last twenty years. Will any one in his senses assert that the following men were elected presidents or vice-presidents of the Society to serve the purpose of an oligarchy?

George Frisbie Hoar, Richard Salter Storrs, James Schouler, George Park Fisher, James Ford Rhodes, Edward Eggleston, Charles Francis Adams, Alfred Thayer Mahan, Henry Charles Lea, Goldwin Smith, Simeon E. Baldwin, Theodore Roosevelt, Moses Coit Tyler, Herbert Baxter Adams, Edward McCrady, Edward Miner Gallaudet, Melville Weston Fuller, Peter White, A. Lawrence Lowell, George L. Burr, Reuben G. Thwaites, Worthington Chauncey Ford.

In the last ten years, the six elected councillors, and the vice-presidencies and presidencies, have usually gone to professors of history; and that is the only accusation that sticks.

It can hardly seem criminal to the two professors who have signed the charges. Meanwhile, I am free to say that I think the practice has been injudicious, and (since passing through the process myself) I have urged a change. Others have taken up the idea more effectively, and the result was an attempt to get out of the rut by the appointment of Dr. Bancroft to the Council, and that has given him "the time of his life."

The work of the Association, as in every such society, is to a large degree thrown upon the secretaries and the treasurer. The Council can meet only twice a year to discuss the welfare of the Society. The Association has an admirable system of standing committees and commissions, which receive small money aids from the treasury for clerical expenses; or, in some cases, for railway fares to commission meetings. The chairmen of these committees are invited to the regular November Council meeting, where they discuss, but have no votes. This Council is the body which is supposed to be an "oligarchy." In fact, there are few societies in which the discussions and decisions are more open and above board, and more inspired by a desire to advance the cause of learning. This system is as far from being a secret oligarchy as anything can be imagined, for four groups participate: the officers of the Society for the year, the elected councillors, the ex-presidents, and the chairmen of committees.

The Council furthers the principle of the short ballot by appointing the members of the commissions and committees, who have to be selected with a view to their special fitness for the job. This is the chance to bring into service the rising young men who ought to share the honors of the Society. Personally I have for some years felt that the process might go farther; that more pains might be taken to search for talent, both inside and outside the academic ranks; but the actual number of individuals who have been from first to last designated by the Council to serve on such committees runs near two hundred.

The addition of the ex-presidents to the Council dates back to the infancy of the Society, and has been continued until the number of living ex-presidents is fifteen. Surely those who have had the delight of seeing President White and James Schouler and Admiral Mahan at these meetings will not think it a bad system. I have never known a case in which the ex-presidents made or

contributed to making a majority which overrode the elected councillors and officers. The real complaint of the reform syndicate appears to be against the professorial ex-presidents, who value the privilege of meeting their brethren and taking part in discussions, but who would have no objection to the status of invited guests, which is the practice of the Political Science Association.

Professor Phillips is sure that there is "Boss and Ring Rule in the Council." I have at various times tried to boss the Council to the extent of making it take my sagacious advice, with no adequate result. In every such society a few persons must carry on the business and are likely to represent the traditions. It is undesirable that the same persons should occupy the two important functions of editors of the *Review* and voting members of the Council, but that can be easily remedied.

II.

Of the affairs of the *American Historical Review*, I can speak with some confidence, having been one of the founders in 1895, when the American Historical Association would take no action looking towards an historical journal. It is quite true that the first six editors came from six large universities; and likewise true (though not stated in the detectives' notes) that through their efforts they raised a good part of the $10,000 which made the journal possible. At the end of three years, a favorable arrangement was made by which the Association subscribed for the *Review* for each of its members at a price of $2 a year (subsequently reduced to $1.60 a year).

This favorable arrangement was much aided by the courtesy of the Carnegie Institution, which gave office space for the *Review* and permitted the director of their department of historical research to give at least half his time to the editing of the *Review*. That arrangement, known to anybody interested enough to ask, is the agreement about which Dr. Bancroft says he has "in vain sought specific information."

To take advantage of the offer, the board of editors chose a managing editor, the director of the Carnegie Institution, who at that time was Professor McLaughlin. When Professor Jameson took his place, he was elected managing editor and has so continued. It is difficult to see anything underhand or mysterious about this. If any other person except the director of the department of historical research of the Carnegie Institution were chosen managing editor, it would be necessary to make provision out of the funds of the Association for office room, office expenses, and the salary of a competent man, which the Association presumably could bring about at any annual meeting, if it thought wise; but up to this time nobody has protested against a method which has so many obvious advantages.

One of the conditions of this three-cornered arrangement was that the Council of the Association should appoint the editors of the *Review*. The board of editors has usually indicated the man that it would like for a vacancy, partly because of the necessity of keeping the balance between the fields of history. I have thought and said for years that the number of editors ought to be at least seven instead of six and that the managing editor ought not to be one of the elected editors. Eight persons would distribute the responsibilities and honors of the place more than six.

As one of the persons who had a hand in making the three-fold agreement, it has lain in my mind ever since that the ultimate control of the *Review* must necessarily be in the Association, which through the Council chooses the editors. The Association and the *Review* are parts of one effort to bring the historical forces of the country into line for common action. There may be differences of opinion as to the best way to organize the editorial board, and as to ownership of the very small property and abundant good will of the enterprise. There can be none as to the honesty and public spirit of those who are now carrying on the *Review*, in behalf of the Association and of scholars in general.

III.

As for the charges of meanness, concealment, and petty graft which Dr. Bancroft brings against the present and past editors of the *Review*, and which are the main staple of his circular and his letter to the *Nation*, I repudiate and deny them from top to bottom. The honor of being one of the editors, any historical scholar in the country would appreciate. Few of those who have accepted it have shown unwillingness to give the considerable time and attention required; and for all it has been a labor of love. The conduct of such a journal is much aided by personal meetings of the editors. Without them, it would inevitably become a one-man affair.

It is not reasonable to ask the editors to put money of their own into an enterprise carried on for the benefit of the whole Association. Therefore, several meetings of the editors are held every year, as many as the editors think necessary, without asking Dr. Bancroft's previous permission. A December meeting is especially necessary because selection can at once be made out of articles from the papers read at the meeting. The editors have the opportunity to put in accounts for their "railroad fares and necessary Pullmans." This arrangement has made possible the presence of editors from distant parts of the country. The American Historical Association has never paid a dollar of these expenses; they are provided for by the allowance made for that and other editorial purposes by the publishers.

I do not know who is the "recent president who, in the course of his bashful editorial term of fifteen years, drew $1,516.92 for travelling expenses for the *Review* alone," but $100 a year must seem to Dr. Bancroft, or to any other experienced literary man, a very modest proportion of the value of the service rendered. Otherwise the editor is placed in the position of paying $1,516.92 for the privilege of putting in substantial work for fifteen years. This sounds very much like the Tammany practice of roundly assessing a candidate for a judgeship for his nomination. The only chance that Dr. Bancroft seems to have for "downing somebody" is to pick out a bill for expenses of $19.50, which, according to his figuring, ought not to have been more than $18.30. Such small differences of computation are the only bases for the wild talk of "strong-arm work," "financial mismanagement," "meetings secretly called," "false explaining of the facts," and similar sweet epithets.

Who are the men who are thus brought before the bar of the Association and the public at large? Who are those whom Dr. Bancroft and his associates, by a muckraking style, by insinuation, and by direct accusation, are trying to post as common swindlers? He refers to them by innuendo, but we all know their names, for he vilifies every past or present editor of the *American Historical Review*, that is: William M. Sloane, of Columbia; John B. McMaster, of Pennsylvania; H. Morse Stephens, of California; Harry P. Judson, of Chicago; Frederick Jackson Turner, of Harvard; J. Franklin Jameson, of the Carnegie Institution; Andrew C. McLaughlin, of Chicago; George L. Burr, of Cornell; J. H. Robinson, of Columbia; Edward C. Cheyney, of Pennsylvania; Carl Becker, of Kansas.

The list also includes one other person of whom Dr. Bancroft says: "When it dawned on a certain Harvard member of the board that he was outstaying the proprieties, he withdrew and secured the election of a professor in Wisconsin University. This was considered most chivalrous. Only lately has it become known, except to a few, that the new member had already accepted a call to Harvard." I plead guilty with the greatest pleasure to having had a hand in the appointment of Professor Turner; but I absolutely deny the insinuation that it was urged in order to give Harvard a representative on the board. Harvard could exist without a member of the board. Professor Turner's appointment was due to precisely the same influence as that which brought Dr. Bancroft on the Council of the Association; namely, the reputation of being eminent scholars in American history and fair-minded men.

The similar accusations brought against members of the Council and others for receiving travelling expenses on some occasions is made up of the same unwholesome texture. The system is a proper and economical means of obtaining the attendance of councillors living at a distance; the result has been that the Association has had the advantage of the presence of members at Council meetings from Mississippi, Texas, Kansas, Wisconsin, and other Southern and Western points. I assure the American Sherlock Holmes that a chicken coop, a man's track, and an officer of the American Historical Association do not constitute legal evidence of chicken thieving, especially if no chickens have been stolen! Let us be thankful that in the midst of the array of grafters who have received travelling expenses appears not the name of the only one whose knee has never bowed to Baal, the one righteous man in Sodom!

IV.

The American Historical Association is made up of human beings who have human frailties. Dr. Bancroft is not the only one to believe that a few individuals have had large influence over their fellow-members and officers; but two attempts to stampede the annual business meeting on that issue have been failures. Part of the things demanded by the "Reformers" has long been urged by some whom they include in their rosy "Ring." Perhaps a little shaking up will be a good thing. Whatever needs to be done will doubtless be done by the Association at the next annual meeting, after the report of the Committee of Nine appointed for that purpose. The efforts to undermine the work of that committee beforehand in the minds of the members of the Association are somewhat whimsical, in view of the fact that one of the leading "insurgents" was on the committee which nominated the Committee of Nine, and made

no public objection to any name on the list.

Those who are interested in the "movement" seem to be of three types: (1) Those who think that some changes in the organization of the American Historical Association are desirable and can be accomplished without breaking the ties of ancient friendships and coöperation: in that number I wish to be recorded. (2) Those who want a personal overturning so as to get rid of particular individuals: for my part, I am entirely willing to be reformed out of office. (3) Those (let us hope, a very small number) who have adopted the manners and vocabulary of the chairman of the late Commission on Industrial Relations, and are filling the air with vague, unsubstantial, and absolutely ungrounded charges of trickery and petty thieving. I, for one, protest with all my might against this senseless mud throwing. Every man chooses his own associates; having been for thirty years intimate with many of the men so airily charged with defalcation, I stand with them.

Notes

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the forthcoming publication of "The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War," by Arthur Machen, and "The Ballet of the Nations," by Vernon Lee.

"A Maid of '76," by Alden A. Knipe; "The Faithful," by John Masefield; "Commentary on Mark," by M. W. Jacobus; "Voting Trusts," by Harry A. Cushing, and the first volumes of Macmillan Modern Poets are published this week by the Macmillan Co.

October 9 is announced by George H. Doran Co. as the date of publication for the following volumes: "National Floodmarks" (editorials from *Collier's*); "Spragge's Canyon," by Horace Annesley Vachell; "Nobody," by Louis Joseph Vance; "Lot & Company," by Will Levington Comfort; "Buck Parvin and the Movies," by Charles E. Van Loan.

The following volumes will be published on October 9 by Houghton Mifflin Co.: "Dr. Holmes' Boston," edited by Caroline Ticknor (in a limited edition); "Aristocracy and Justice" (the ninth series of the Shelburne Essays), by Paul Elmer More; "What Shall We Read to the Children?" by Clara W. Hunt; "Two American Boys in the War Zone," by L. Worthington Green, and a new edition of "Water Babies," with illustrations by Heath Robinson. On the same date, twelve volumes of the historical works of John Fiske will be published as an addition to the Riverside Pocket Edition, and four volumes of the Vassar College Semi-Centennial series: "Brissot de Warville," by Eloise Ellery; "Elizabethan Translations from the Italian," by Mary Augusta Scott; "Social Studies in English Literature," by Laura J. Wylie, and "An Introduction to the Study of Variable Stars," by Caroline E. Furness.

"The Crown Collection of Photographs of American Maps, Series III," selected and edited by Archer Butler Hulbert, consisting of 250 photographs of American maps in the Colonial Office, London, after a long delay caused by conditions in England and the difficulty of securing materials, will be ready for delivery during the coming month. This brings the "Crown Collection" up to 750 photographs of American maps, 500 being from the British Museum.

To the number of Balkan "Princes" in this country who write and lecture on the war must now be added the noble author of "The Life of King John Sobieski" (Boston: Badger; $1.50). He is described on the title page as "Count John Sobieski," and in the publisher's press notice as "Col. John Sobieski, the dean of American lecturers." On the whole, his book is the queerest of the varied literary by-products of the war that this country has so far furnished. One or two sentences must suffice as a measure of the Colonel's military grasp and of the Dean's English: "His [the elder Sobieski's] ability certainly exceeded Marlborough of England, Frederick of Prussia, and was only equalled by Napoleon, never excelled, for he never was defeated in any great battle. . . . His country always admired, and would perhaps have loved him, if a free people were not always jealous of their liberty; perhaps, too, if he had been less fond of the Queen."

The English of "Bohemia under Hapsburg Misrule," edited by Thomas Capek (New York: F. H. Revell; $1 net), is likewise not impeccable, most of the chapters being contributed by foreign-born writers. The book is dedicated "to the cause of Bohemian-Slovak freedom" and is therefore fiercely anti-Austrian. It is, on the whole, wrong in its perspective and inaccurate in minor details, and the editor and his contributors sometimes verbosely go over the same ground. The most valuable chapter is Prof. Leo Wiener's interesting summary of Czech achievement in literature, entitled "The Bohemians and the Slavic Regeneration." It contains, however, a curious literary faux pas. Professor Wiener speaks of the famous forgery known as the "Königinhofer Handschrift" as the "Queen's Court Manuscript." This is as if a German writer were to translate "Fairfax Court House" into "Schönfax Hofhaus." Worse blemishes, elsewhere in the book, are the statements that "in Carinthia [for Carniola] there are 30,000 Germans and 500,000 Slovenes," and the puerile affectations of "Radecky" for "Radetzky" and "Rokytansky" for "Rokitansky." The German furor for Teutonizing foreign words has its analogue in the modern craze of Slavic or pro-Slavic writers for Slavicizing proper names that have, in their German spelling, become the common property of all civilized nations. The keynote of Mr. Capek's volume is perhaps to be found in the statement that "Russia, whose name is a synonym of despotism, is already in reality the most democratic country in the world." The remark is, at all events, a sample of a pro-Slavic propaganda carried on with too little discretion to be really effective.

The purpose of Henry S. Curtis's new book, "The Practical Conduct of Play" (Macmillan; $2 net), is somewhat narrower than that of his former ones upon the same general theme. The present volume is intended as a textbook for persons preparing themselves for the position of playground director, and also as a manual for any one having to do with the organization of play in less formal fashion, as a parent or a teacher. Consequently, there is a minimum of theory and a maximum of detailed information and suggestion. Theory is not excluded, however, and the result is a readable treatise—if so formidable a term may be applied to a book dealing with play—in which the detail does not appear as lifeless technique, but rather has the effect of giving great concreteness to the discussion. The author knows whereof he writes, having held, among other responsible positions, that of Secretary of the Playground Association of America. Like most of the playground enthusiasts, he is inclined to attribute overmuch to play and not enough to work, but in this volume, with its limited scope, he naturally offends less on this score than usual. Photographs add to the interest and the usefulness of the text; there is a good bibliography, and appendices offer practical directions for organizing and financing playground work.

When Dr. Felix Oswald made his journey through British East Africa in search of certain miocene deposits, he did much more than collect geological evidence. The account of his experiences, "Alone in the Sleeping-Sickness Country" (Dutton; $3 net), is chiefly distinguished by the character of the information it contains. Dr. Oswald has omitted no detail which would contribute to an authentic picture of conditions in British East Africa. He has covered a wide field without prejudice. A due amount of space is given to the economic situation, to the native negroes, their characteristics, their dances, as well as to the peculiar geological structure of their country. This generous amount of information Dr. Oswald has found sufficient in itself. He has not tried to give any literary merit to his book, and his writing is without color and without inspiration. He has presented his facts, however, in a simple, straightforward manner which is a fair substitute for style. The sleeping-sickness country is new territory for a writer, nor has literature exploited the Kavirondo negroes, a tribe which constitutes the chief interest of Dr. Oswald's book. Although they are a people in a very low stage of development, they were both courteous and hospitable to a white man who was journeying into their country on a mysterious errand. They were unable to understand the scientific purposes of his expedition, but they proved fair guides and trustworthy servants. Also, they were grateful to him for his services as a doctor. A small medicine kit was not only an introduction, but sufficient evidence in itself of good-will. An introduction to the Kavirondos was little more than a formality, for they are no longer a hostile and warlike tribe. Under British protection they have become herdsmen and primitive agriculturists. The women share the labor equally with the men, and in addition take over all responsibility for more menial services. It is their duty to grind millet, make millet-beer, and attend to all household obligations. Also, they carry water from the river. This in itself is a serious problem, since crocodiles are an important item in East African waterways. They are, in part, responsible for certain prevalent diseases among the natives, for the Kavirondo women fill their jars in shallow, stagnant streams rather than brave the dangers of the open river. This does not contribute to the general good health of the community and may account in some measure for the fact that the natives appear to be constitutionally unable to

resist disease. Entire villages have been destroyed by the sleeping-sickness. This fatal disease is the plague of the country. Not more than twelve years ago it reached East Africa through the trade-routes from West Africa, but even in so short a time the destruction that has followed in its wake is not to be estimated. As yet, no certain cure has been discovered. But it has been established that two species of tsetse fly are responsible for the plague, and a reasonable degree of precaution will secure a reasonable degree of immunity.

Dr. Oswald's descriptions of the deserted villages and ruined huts in the tsetse-stricken districts form his best chapters. They show both emotion and insight. It was close by one of these villages that he found a Kavirondo homestead, and saw for the first time evidence of affection on the part of a Kavirondo father. The owner of the homestead held his youngest son in his arms while talking with the guides of the expedition. Dr. Oswald observed this with some amazement, for kindness and tenderness have no legitimate place in a native household. Even the village dogs fall heir only to abuse. They are at best no more than tolerated, and are allowed to shift for themselves as best they may. Dr. Oswald contends that this has robbed them of all estimable canine qualities; that they have even lost the faculty of barking like respectable dogs. They howl dismally both day and night, and have bitter prejudices against strangers. Such details serve to create a vivid picture of the native character. And when Dr. Oswald journeyed further inland he collected equally valuable information on the natives of the Kisii Highlands, a people not so friendly as the Kavirondos, although more cleanly and better farmers. Their agricultural customs, however, interfered seriously with the scientific work of the expedition, for it is their habit to build great fires on the slopes of the hills, and thus clear the ground for their crops. The smoke which filled the narrow valleys did not further geological investigation. Dr. Oswald's book is a small but very valuable encyclopædia, giving a true picture of an isolated civilization which, when freed from the sleeping-sickness plague, will come to take a larger place in the affairs of the outside world.

With the publication of another volume of the "Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia," embracing the period 1659-60 to 1693 (edited by H. R. McIlwaine, Richmond, Virginia), the task of the State Librarian of Virginia is brought within measurable distance of completion. One more volume will conclude the series, which, with the sixteen volumes of Hening's "Statutes at Large" and the contemplated publication of the Journals of the Council, will give us a complete record of the colonial legislation of Virginia. The editor states that it was his intention to print in the present volume all the remaining Journals of the House from 1619, the date of the first General Assembly in Virginia, to the Assembly of 1695-96, with which the preceding volume begins. (We have noted in previous reviews that the publication progresses backward.) The mass of material, however, was too great, and in the present volume the work has, therefore, been carried back only to the Assembly of 1659-60, with which begins Sir William Berkeley's second term as Governor of Virginia. The same reason, pressure on space, is assigned by the editor for the omission, which we consider regrettable, of the usual section of the preface giving the "general historical setting." An appendix of five papers has been added. Four of these had been overlooked, and the fifth is printed because no Journal of the House for that session has been found. The final volume will contain the remainder of the material and, let us hope, a general index which will be indispensable to the usefulness of the series. Some of the most interesting pages in the volume before us are those relating to the troubles of Lord Culpeper, who arrived in Virginia in 1680 to take up the Governorship which had been conferred on him five years previously, over the imposition of a tobacco tax. For some years this question remained a fruitful source of contention between the House of Burgesses, on the one hand, and the Governor and the Council, on the other. Good reading is also found in the document which, in the absence of any Journal for that session, gives us all the information we have concerning the session of November-December, 1682. In this session apparently a considerable proportion of the time of the worthy burgesses was taken up with disputes between themselves and the Council as to the titles to be assumed by the clerks of the respective chambers. As his laborious task approaches an end, we must again congratulate Mr. McIlwaine on the faithfulness and care with which he has accomplished it.

The possibility of writing upon a great subject simply and yet not superficially is abundantly demonstrated by Clement C. J. Webb, in "A History of Philosophy," which is one of the most recent additions to the Home University Library (Holt; 50 cents net). Under his hand, the attempts, from Plato to William James, to explain in some measure the universe, become parts of a fascinating tale, not only intelligible, but even more or less rational, in contrast with the effect—upon the general reader, at least—of the philosophy handbook of commerce. The author knows how to make distinctions without distorting, either by exaggerating differences or by minimizing similarities. The flattering reception that the little volume has had in the country of its origin specially commends it to newer English-speaking communities. Another addition to the Library, of a related character, is Ernest Barker's "Political Thought in England, from Herbert Spencer to the Present Day." The phrase "in England" does not exclude mention of Henry George and Professor Giddings. An equal freedom is observed in the allotment of space, Graham Wallis receiving more than Bagehot. But these irregularities are merely indications of the author's unmechanical treatment of his theme. He is concerned to make his readers understand rather than to be exact in pigeon-holing; there is a glow in his discussion that not only imparts interest to it, but has decided pedagogical value. At the same time, it does not heat his criticism into passion. He is especially good in putting his finger upon inconsistencies, apparent or implicit, in political preachments, and is aided by a somewhat epigrammatic style, as when he remarks: "Carlyle is determined to go straight. In his haste to go straight, he only contrives to fall into the ditch." John Bailey's "Milton," a third addition to the Library, combines exposition with appreciation that now and then rises into vigorous defence. He is no blind partisan of his hero, whose marital and forensic extravagances he faithfully sets down, along with the literary and theological limitations, but he is occupied in the main, and, of course, rightly, with Milton's claims to immortality, rather than with his mortal weaknesses. He does not shrink from detailed analysis of the poet's similes, or even from reviewing the plot of "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," yet this care for concrete detail and for making himself plain is not incompatible with keen discrimination between what is excellent and what is poor and what is only half-successful in the conception and the execution of the great epic. Not every one will agree with his views of the sonnet as it has been handled by various English poets—Shakespeare always and Wordsworth often "sinned as Milton did not against the true genius of the sonnet"—but his discussion of the topic is illuminating for its breadth and not injured by its independence.

In 1894, Professor Gudeman, then at the University of Pennsylvania, published an important edition of Tacitus's "Dialogus de Oratoribus." This work now appears in German from the press of Teubner (14 marks). Though the foundations are the same, the structure is greatly enlarged and improved. Professor Gudeman has built him an enduring monument, in what at once becomes a standard edition of a great work. The text is conservatively and sensibly treated on the basis of a full and accurate collation of the manuscripts and a careful and convincing study of their genealogical relations. The commentary shows a deep reading not only of Tacitus, but of the ancient authorities on rhetoric, especially Cicero, Quintilian, Seneca, and Pliny. It treats in an exhaustive way the important problems in rhetoric, philosophy, education, and history raised by the text, and includes a no less exhaustive study of Tacitus's syntax and style. In this particular, Professor Gudeman's present position with the staff of the Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ in Munich has enabled him to use, to great advantage, material still inaccessible to the scholarly world outside. The various matters dealt with in the notes are discussed comprehensively in the introduction, which also treats of the larger literary considerations and lays once and for all the ancient doubt as to the authorship of Tacitus's treatise. The book concludes with an exhaustive bibliography and an index more concise than so important a work would deserve, were it not for the highly systematic arrangement of the introduction.

The volume entitled "University of Chicago Sermons" (The University of Chicago Press; $1.50) is noteworthy in several particulars. These sermons, eighteen in number, with an introductory essay by the editor, are all by members of the University Faculties, and may therefore be taken to represent fairly widespread opinions in the University. They are all characterized by frankness, clearness, and vigor. While distinctly religious and Christian, they attach themselves to no one of the denominational creeds. The emphasis is laid on spiritual views of life and moral character. Religion is not set over against science and art as an opposing element of life, but is regarded as a purifying and elevating influence which may belong to

all directions of human thought. The scheme of the sermons is theistic, but it is recognized that the moral power of theism may be found in systems that do not take account of a divine government of the world. Life is taken to mean the development of the total nature of man—the business of the Christian life is to fill the world with men and women fitter physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. Jesus is the most potent manifestation of this life which is lived in communion with God. Prayer is not a means of procuring from without blessings of any sort; it is primarily subjective, but may rouse the man to effort which may produce objective results. These sermons appeal to the highest human aspirations, and if they should seem to some to sin by omission, there need be no difficulty in fitting their principles into more elaborate theological systems.

Science

SUPERSTITIONS OF SCIENCE.

Kulturhistoriske Studier over Ædelstene, med særligt Henblik paa det 17 Aarhundrede. Af Axel Garboe. Kobenhavn og Kristiania: Gyldendalske Boghandel, Nordisk Forlag.

The many curious superstitions that have been current about precious stones, as well as about stones of strange form, fossils, or concretions, have been more intelligently studied of late years than ever before. For a time the apparent absurdity of these ideas deterred serious writers from taking much notice of them, and what little was written on the subject was mostly in the way of short paragraphs in ephemeral publications destined to catch the popular fancy. But with the realization of the relative importance of such singular ideas in the history of civilization, some really thorough work has recently been done. Dr. Garboe's book is one of the best special studies of its kind; indeed, within the somewhat narrow chronological limits the author has seen fit to impose upon himself, nothing approaching it in completeness and thoroughness has so far been issued. He has chosen as the subject of his work the therapeutic use of stones, their employment as remedial agents, and in order, as he says, to avoid repetition, he draws his information almost exclusively from seventeenth-century writers, whose works he has faithfully examined and from whom he gives a very large number of well-selected extracts in the original, placing them partly in the text of his book and more copiously in the footnotes.

This strict limitation as to time, while it possesses undoubted advantages and makes possible a more homogeneous exposition, has also certain disadvantages, since it necessarily leaves out of consideration, to a great extent at least, the origin of these beliefs; for the views of the seventeenth-century authors possess only a psychological interest as illustrating the thought of people who were much too uncritical to undertake any real elucidation. In a number of cases the belief that a certain particular stone would cure a certain class of ailments had been handed down through many centuries; indeed, we can safely say through thousands of years, having originated long before the philosophical theories supposed to explain it were in existence. The essential exclusion in this really valuable study of the talismanic side of the superstitions of precious stones, as well as of the specifically religious side, as in the case of the breastplate stones and the stones of the New Jerusalem, leading up to our birth-stones of to-day, is, of course, necessary to preserve the unity of the author's plan, and yet many important sidelights are cast upon the question of the remedial use of gems by their religious use, or by their dedication to saints and angels.

An instance showing the value of going back to the very earliest records is afforded by the sapphire. This stone was generally believed in the seventeenth and earlier centuries to give help in all diseases and troubles of the eye. Now, this idea was directly derived from Greek and Latin tradition as to the *sapphirus*, a name referring not to our sapphire but to lapis-lazuli, to the powder of which a certain remedial effect might perhaps be conceded. As far back as the Ebers Papyrus, or about 1600 B. C., lapis-lazuli is noted as an ingredient in eye-washes, and yet we have reason to believe that here also the real virtues of another blue mineral had been transferred to lapis-lazuli, namely, those of the oxide of copper, which was known to the ancients as *lapis Armenus*, and possessed marked astringent powers.

Dr. Garboe first deals with the views held by seventeenth-century writers touching precious stones in general, noting the fact that this term was very loosely used to designate both precious and semi-precious stones, and concretions, fossils, etc. He then proceeds to determine the ideas that induced the belief in their healing powers, touching also here and there in this connection upon their supposed talismanic qualities. Finally, he treats at length of the actual use of these bodies in medicine.

The composition of several of the more popular tinctures, quintessences, magisteria, etc., are given in the original Latin formulas, one of the most complex, comparable in this quality to the famous Electuary of Hyacinth, being that for the composition of the *pulvis rubeus Pannononicus*, concerning which we may quote from Dr. Garboe (p. 112):

Take three ounces of *bolus Armenus* mixed with rose-water and olive oil, two ounces of Lemnian earth, a half-ounce of the preparation of red coral, six drachms of prepared white coral, four drachms of each of the precious stones, emerald, ruby, sapphire, and jacinth, five drachms of prepared pearls, two drachms of choice cinnamon, one drachm of cloves, two drachms of sorrel seed, one and a half drachms of lemon peel and of white sandalwood, two drachms of red sandalwood, five drachms of prepared bone-charcoal, three drachms of ivory shavings, one drachm of Oriental crocus, four drachms of unicorn's horn, or lacking this of the *hard part* of a stag's heart, and as many as fifty leaves of the finest gold.

Naturally, the gold and gems were totally worthless, but by the clever admixture of some vegetable substances possessing a certain, if slight, medicinal virtue, the concocters of the red Pannonian powder were able to impress the credulous with the costliness of some useless ingredients, trusting that the less valuable elements in the mixture might do the work.

A rare instance of a belief that a change in the color of a pearl was a presage of death, is given on page 37, where we read that in the Danish family, Danneskjold-Samsœ, there was a tradition that when one of the pearls in a valuable family heirloom lost its beauty (or "died"), a near-approaching death in the family was portended. This is only one example among many of the interesting and new, or little known, Danish material on the subject of his book that Dr. Garboe has collected, and, as we have already stated, he has very thoroughly presented the often divergent views and observations of the seventeenth-century writers of all countries.

The much shorter work of Dr. Fühner, "Lithiotherapie," issued in 1902, to which Dr. Garboe refers in terms of measured praise, undoubtedly contains much less material than does the book under review, but attempts to give, and in many cases really does give, a somewhat wider view of the subject, in that more attention is paid to the Greek, Latin, and Oriental writers; so that, in some respects, brief as the treatise is, it can hardly be said to be superseded as yet. Still, the solid merits and great value of this new Danish contribution to the literature of this difficult and interesting subject can fairly be said to make it the best work on the supposed remedial virtues of gems and stones that has been published so far.

"The Nature and Origin of Fiords," by Prof. J. W. Gregory, of the University of Glasgow (London: Murray), is an interesting and well-illustrated volume, which has for its conclusion: "All the fiord-systems of the world owe their characteristic features to earth movements, and not to glacial action." To the present reviewer, the arguments presented to this end seem inadequate. They are too often based on erroneous interpretation of observations, as when the spurs on the west side of the Gulf of Cattaro, on the Adriatic, are described as due to faulting. They are too often supported by favorable conclusions quoted from various writers, instead of by an analysis of the reasons that led to such conclusions. The book furthermore appears to be tainted with special pleading, inasmuch as it gives greater emphasis and acceptance to arguments and opinions against than for glacial erosion. In view of these defects, it is to be feared that the book will, from its apparent frankness and from its evident erudition, mislead readers who accept its guidance.

Drama and Music

"HUSBAND AND WIFE."

Audiences will have happy endings and the playwrights have yielded. Since the first performance of "The Big Drum" Sir A. W. Pinero has been forced to bring the lovers together before the final curtain, but it has remained for the author of "Husband and Wife" (Forty-eighth Street Theatre) to devise an ending which is both happy and piquant. It is, in fact, a double ending, the first or legitimate ending being to satisfy his artistic conscience, and the second serving to give happiness to the audience. After we have been told that there is hope, although faint hope, that the defaulting hero will not be prosecuted, a Japanese butler suddenly appears, while the protagonists are in each others' arms, to report as follows: "Mr. Knight [the bank examiner] says that everything is O. K." The announcement was met by titters on the part of the audience, which were not unmixed with the satisfaction of knowing definitely that husband and wife were not to be separated.

Apart from this novel feature, the play is not noteworthy. It treats the theme, signalized by Ibsen's "Doll's House," of misunderstandings arising between a husband and wife who have no intellectual companionship, since the man prefers that she remain a pretty doll. She, from pique and rebelliousness, gives herself up to frivolity, and by her extravagance involves her husband in debt which he vainly tries to meet by speculation with money not belonging to him. The play has not Ibsen's skilful construction, and appears, indeed, to be machine-made. But the performance of the principal actors was not unworthy of the serious subject. Mr. Robert Edeson, though not entirely free from the theatrical, gave a competent representation of the defaulting cashier, and Miss Olive Tell by her prettiness and charm helped to dignify a part which might easily have become melodramatic. F.

"MOLOCH."

The European conflict has furnished a new setting for those old combatants of the stage, Virtue and Vice, and has endowed them with the new names Peace and War. Miss Beulah M. Dix, the author of "Moloch," has indeed gone so far as to reinvest them with their original abstract quality. For her evident intention to be neutral has resulted in a clash of right and wrong, not in individuals, nor even in nations, but in the scheme of the universe. The play merely pictures two nations in arms against another, all three being unnamed; no motives are assigned, and that the victory of the allies is not meant to be righteous is indicated by the fact that, as soon as they get the common foe off their hands, they begin to fight each other. We have no quarrel with any one who attempts to make war a series of unmitigated horrors, but are bound to admit that this procedure destroys dramatic interest and turns a play into a spectacle. Even in the old morality plays vice took on human form, and there was a chance to hiss in the only way in which hissing is satisfactory; namely, at one's fellow-man.

Now, war as villain does not meet dramatic requirements. It is so huge that it inspires merely the dread which is felt for a gigantic convulsion of nature, or for so degenerate a natural tendency as is embedded in the preachment of Brieux's "Damaged Goods." The dramatic interest of "Moloch" scarcely exceeds that of the motion-picture play "The Battle Cry of Peace," which latter is a tract in behalf of preparedness.

Having said so much, it is only fair for us to add that the representation given by Holbrook Blinn and his company at the New Amsterdam is in most respects admirable. The main defect is an inarticulateness on the part of certain actors. The fault is one to which audiences should strongly object, as it seems to be growing, in English as well as in American actors. To realize how far stage speech has in recent years deteriorated, one has only to notice by contrast the resonant, distinct voice of that well-trained actress of an earlier school, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, who gives an excellent performance as the mother. Mr. Blinn, by the fire of his acting as colonel, does much to counterbalance the impersonal element of the play to which we have referred. The scene on the firing line was almost too vivid for some members of the audience, whose ears and nostrils rebelled at the terrific booming and the resultant smoke. F.

A MELODRAMA FROM DRURY LANE.

"Stolen Orders," the "thriller" which seems likely to keep the large Manhattan Opera House reasonably full for a considerable time to come, belongs to the ante-bellum days of Drury Lane, to be precise, to the year 1913, which means that some of its incidents seem as of a period incalculably distant. It is, for instance, with a distinct sense of shock that one sees a German admiral welcomed, at all events with the appearance of perfect courtesy, aboard a British battleship, while the ship's band breaks into the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein." Inevitably one almost waits for the discharge of a torpedo from the coat-tail pockets of this bearded, von Tirpitz-appearing officer. This particular thrill is denied us, since, incredible as it now seems, in the year 1913 relations of amity existed among the great Powers of Europe. Nevertheless, as the authors would have us believe —and we may accept their word—in the land of England harbingers of the strife to come were abroad in the persons of secret agents of "a certain great Power," and one of the two threads of plot that hold together this melodrama concerns the theft of an envelope containing sealed orders from the cabin of a British admiral. The other thread, which is brought into rather forcible connection with the former, relates to a burglary (staged in the first act) which took place twenty years before the main action of the piece begins. For the rest the plot progresses in orderly fashion through the tried and accepted stages of Drury Lane melodrama to its appointed conclusion when innocence is vindicated, virtue rewarded, and vice punished, quite as things should be in self-respecting melodrama.

To recount all of the various thrills by means of which the action advances would be both tedious and superfluous. It is sufficient to note that they include a dive from the main topgallant, or some equally inaccessible spot, of a battleship, and the shooting of a Zeppelin in mid-air. The large cast (nearly fifty names figure on the programme) is, on the whole, well selected, and the piece is played with spirit. It is pleasant to greet again Miss Connie Ediss, who is always amusing, in the rôle of a beauty specialist, and that capable actor of the old tradition, W. L. Abingdon, who, as Baron Kurdmann, well sustains the enviably villanous reputation that he won in similar parts at Drury Lane a quarter of a century ago. The production of the piece is acceptable, if not so impressive as it might have been, and the stage management is excellent. Altogether, "Stolen Orders" is worthy of the reputation of the famous house from which it comes. S. W.

"TWO IS COMPANY."

This "Parisian musical novelty" at the Lyric Theatre is an American version of "Mon Ami Emile," by Paul Hervé. The music is by Paul Briquet and Adolf Philipp. The plot is quite visible. It is set in motion by the vanity of a mother-in-law (invisible), who presents her daughter, Heloise, Baroness d'Heurville, with an oil painting of herself of twenty years ago. At that remote period she bore a remarkable resemblance to the Heloise of to-day. In a conversation, which caused us much anxiety lest a slip clear up the misunderstanding, the Baron freely gives the very gentlemanly Emile permission to make love to the original of the portrait. Emile hastens to tell Heloise, who does not return his deep affection, the news that her husband welcomes his attention to her. She is enraged and engages a detective to secure evidence for divorce. The Baron does likewise, and the two detectives, Dubois and Dupré, specialists in the breaking up of homes, partners but enemies, are opposed to each other in the d'Heurville case. These two supply the humor of the piece, and their professional labors move the characters about. By the end of the third act the d'Heurville family is reunited and Emile is rewarded with an attractive partner in Lu Lu, the actress, whose packet of old letters from the Baron we see many times during the evening. This tale is most discreetly told in a series of pretty scenes. There are good singing by both chorus and principals, pleasing but not ravishing music, which lacks variety and in which the waltz is over-prominent, and a scattering of harmless jokes. The leading actors, who proved that two is company, were equal to the problem. Georgia Caine was a real Baroness, and one with an excellent taste in dress. May de Sousa made entirely credible her statement that both bachelors and married men pursued her. D. B.

THE CENTURY AS A MUSIC HALL.

Only time can decide whether the present experiment of Mr. Fred Wayburn shall represent the final destiny of the unwieldy building that a few years ago started life with high hopes as a Palace of Art. Art, at least the art of the modern drama, does not thrive in a palace of these dimensions, and the house is certainly better adapted to its present use as a music hall than it ever was to the well-intentioned enterprise of Mr. Winthrop Ames. There will be few tears for the things of the past. Whether, on the other hand, there will be laughter enough or originality enough to insure the success of the house in its new adventure is open to question. The management boldly challenges comparison by advertising the re-made Century as "the only Continental music hall in America," and offers as the first attraction a review of much variety and considerable length with the appropriately all-embracing

title of "Town Topics," the title serving as the only link between successive scenes. Unreserved praise must be given to the staging, dressing, and management of the production. The costumes are elaborate and the color-schemes well conceived; the frequent changes of scenes are made with speed and precision; Mr. Wayburn utilizes the revolving stage of the Century as it has never been utilized before, and the beautiful spectacles of the four seasons are alone well worth seeing. Mention must also be made of the excellent dancing of Adelaide and Hughes, which is in the legitimate manner of the ballet. None of the externals which should go to the making of a successful review of the Continental type are lacking. These things, however, contribute to but do not make a review. The humor of Bert Leslie and of Miss Trixie Friganza is bludgeon-like in its incidence; the most genuinely humorous thing in the production is the patter of Will Rogers. "Town Topics" may be, and very likely is, exactly the sort of thing that New York wants, but it is not even a good imitation of the typical entertainment of the best Continental music halls. S. W.

In "The Sorrows of Belgium," a play in six scenes (Macmillan; $1.25), the Russian writer, Leonid Andreyev, professes to delineate the tragedy of Belgium as reflected in the home of a famous Belgian poet and thinker, Emile Grelieu, standing as the representative of the national conscience. There is nothing dramatic about the piece. Virtually nothing is done upon the stage, but the confusion, horror, despair, and desolation consequent upon the influx of the barbaric German host are described in conversation by members of the Grelieu family and others. It is possible that these descriptions are more vivid and impressive in the original than they are in this "authorized translation" by Herman Bernstein, which has no distinction. They show imagination, but not of any uncommon order. Had they been written originally in English, it is extremely doubtful whether they would have been deemed worthy of reproduction in a foreign tongue. Certainly they reveal no especial power of insight or invention, although they represent, with considerable fidelity, the bewilderment arising from the shock of an unforeseen calamity. Pathetic and patriotic passages abound, but they are of ordinary quality. The conversational narrative relates how the peace-loving sage, Grelieu, accompanied his sons to the war, how he was wounded, how he was visited privately by the King, and how he advised the latter to break the dikes and loose the raging waters upon the ruthless invaders. There is a scene at German Headquarters, when the advancing floods are reported, but that is utterly ineffectual. Finally the curtain falls upon the poet-patriot as he prophesies the restoration of free Belgium to more than her former beauty and prosperity—a prophecy for whose fulfilment every one will hope. The play conveys the impression of having been written in a great hurry, under the impulse of strong and righteous indignation, but it is not illumined by dramatic or poetic fire.

Three volumes in Richard G. Badger's Contemporary Dramatists' series are at hand (75 cents net, each). These are José Echegaray's "The Great Galeoto," translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, jr.; "Advent," by August Strindberg, translated from the German by Claude Field, and Maxim Gorki's "Nachtasyl." This last is a new version under the title "Submerged," translated from the Russian by Edwin Hopkins.

Apart from Stephen Foster, whose simple yet inspired melodies have become American folksongs, the most American of all composers is Edward MacDowell. He is as American as Mark Twain or Bret Harte, and that is why Europeans like his music, as something "different." Massenet was the first to commend this music to the French. In Germany it is printed by the leading publishers, and has a large sale. But it is in Great Britain that it has most particularly come into vogue, partly, no doubt, because with all its American coloring, it is tinged here and there with Scotch and Celtic elements.

Not only are articles on MacDowell's music appearing in English periodicals with increasing frequency, but two new books on him are in course of preparation. One of them is by Ashton Jonson. It will be a handbook, like his invaluable volume on Chopin, containing not only his own comments on all the important MacDowell compositions, but those of others who have written on them. This will be an invaluable book to amateurs as well as to the large number of professionals who now regularly include MacDowell's songs or piano pieces in their programmes.

The other new book on MacDowell is being written by Templeton Strong, who was for years his most intimate friend. It is appearing in instalments in that excellent English magazine, the *Music Student*. There is a special summer issue of this magazine devoted almost entirely to MacDowell and his works. Apart from Templeton Strong's "Reminiscences," there are articles on the MacDowell songs written by E. S. Mitchell; the choral works, by R. Runciman Terry; the orchestral works, and "MacDowell as a Poet," by Ashton Jonson; "MacDowell as a Teacher," by Mrs. MacDowell, an interesting interview with whom is also included. The editor of the *Music Student*, Percy H. Scholes, contributes a valuable article on the piano works, with frank yet highly appreciative notes on the sonatas and groups of short pieces. The editor confesses that in going through these works again he has been more and more impressed by the fact that he had "previously rated MacDowell too low." There are also pages on his part-songs, his orchestral works, the Peterborough colony, his tragic last days, together with some pages of anecdotes illustrating his character. Organists will be interested in the article by Dr. Bairstow on transcriptions for their instrument of MacDowell pieces. Violinists will be interested in the information regarding Arthur Hartmann's translations for the violin of five of the MacDowell gems. One of these, "To a Wild Rose," promptly had such a large sale that the composer's royalties alone amounted to five thousand dollars.

Josef Stransky has obtained the right to the American première of Richard Strauss's new tone-poem, the Alpine Symphony, and it will probably be one of the novelties of the New York Philharmonic's coming season. The publishers of this important novelty have already issued a miniature score, a version for piano, and an explanatory pamphlet. The work lasts about forty minutes and, according to Lenckhart, its publisher, "the whole structure is, for Strauss, unusually clear, so that the hearer can easily follow the twenty-two divisions of the work."

Art

CHURCH ART IN ENGLAND.

Pulpits, Lecterns, and Organs in English Churches. By J. Charles Cox. New York: Oxford University Press.

This latest volume in the notable series of books upon Church Art in England, under the distinguished editorship of Mr. Francis Bond, will appeal to those who are concerned with the "Church" rather than with the "Art" mentioned in the title. The attempt at a complete registration and dating of English pulpits, lecterns, organ cases, and ecclesiastical hour-glasses, during the mediæval and "Post-Reformation" periods, will, of course, prove valuable to the student of art. The author's long and diligent travel and research have resulted in important additions to the enumerations of such earlier works as Dollman's "Examples of Ancient Pulpits," published in 1849. The wealth of superb illustrations, often of remote and undeservedly obscure monuments, are an asset that the reader has been taught to expect in this series. Attracted by such virtues as these, the critic is disappointed at finding no adequate classifications within the different periods, no account of the general evolution, and no analysis of the several styles. The major part of the volume is occupied by the treatment of true pulpits, *i. e.*, pulpits for preaching in distinction from ambos for Epistle and Gospel, which received no large, monumental expression in the English church, but took the modest form of small reading-desks, often in the shape of the later lectern, an eagle with outspread wings. For these pulpits, it surely is not enough to distinguish two great mediæval groups according to the materials of stone or wood, to bring together all the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Carolean examples, and to base the arrangement upon counties. Dr. Cox might have made his book more final if he had sought to discern stylistic subdivisions within these groups or indulged himself in less vague, casual, and meagre discussions of technique and design. One would have appreciated, for instance, a comparison of the few figured pulpits with contemporary sculpture, an effort to discover the reason for their obvious inferiority, or a comparison of the ornamental details with contemporary screens and architectural decoration. The author also fails to utilize the light that might have been thrown upon the English development by more frequent reference to Continental specimens.

The ecclesiologist, however, will find much to interest him, though it is scattered rather loosely through the pages and sometimes appears in the form of digressions, not indispensable to the reader whose purpose is purely artistic. Characteristic instances are the long rehearsal of the diverse uses of the pulpit at the end of the first chapter and the passage about clerical education in the sixteenth century in the chapter upon Post-

Reformation Preaching. The author has sought to enliven the many sections that tend to the dryness of a mere catalogue by interspersing them with anecdotes about particular monuments, occasionally drawn from his own experience as a sermonizer. The most significant point made in the book is the convincing demonstration of the fact that, contrary to the usual opinion, preaching in the vernacular was common in the Middle Ages and decreased rather than increased at the beginning of the Reformation. In the fourteenth, and especially the fifteenth, centuries the imposing pulpit was therefore a conspicuous article of ecclesiastical furniture; examples from the earlier Middle Ages are not extant, because hitherto light, portable structures of wood had been employed.

Dr. Cox writes with an Anglican priest's pleasant enthusiasm and affection for the objects that he describes. He sounds the note of a much-needed warning when he denounces English neglect of existing monuments and such religious and artistic desecration as the transmutation of the pulpit at Marholm into a sideboard for the dining-room of the rectory!

Finance

AN INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY.

One year ago this week, officers of the banks in all quarters of the United States were in conference, precisely as they are to-day. The conference of last September, like that which is now in progress, had to do with the raising of a great credit fund—the amount named a year ago was $100,000,000. This fund, like the pending Anglo-French credit, was to be utilized for the purpose of correcting an abnormally violent derangement in exchange between New York and London. It was to be administered, as the proceeds of the European loan will doubtless be, by a committee of bankers whose function it was to release the credits established, in proportion as they were needed, to regulate exchange rates.

But with these parallel conditions, the resemblance between the operation of last September and the pending operation ceases, and is replaced by contrasts. The American bank syndicate of a year ago was called upon to deal with a state of things in which the New York market's position was exactly what the London market's position is to-day. Sterling exchange stood at $4.97¾, whereas the normal maximum rate in London's favor would be $4.89½. The rate had been $6.50. At the rate ruling a year ago this week, it was possible to say that the American dollar was theoretically depreciated 2⅜ per cent. on the English market. New York was in fact exporting gold at the rate of $5,000,000 weekly, sending it to Ottawa for the account of the Bank of England. This gold was going out in spite of a deficit of $31,000,000 in New York bank reserves, and an 8 per cent. rate for both short and long term loans; yet it had not restored foreign exchange to anything approaching a normal level.

It is scarcely necessary to indicate the points of dramatic contrast in the existing situation. The single point of resemblance left is the reappearance of the American banks, engaged in making arrangements for a syndicate to relieve the situation. But the question, over which future financial history is likely to be somewhat puzzled, is the reason why the two periods—last autumn and this—should have presented such diametrically opposite fundamental conditions. If our market's position is now so supremely strong, especially in relation to London, why did it show such weakness a year ago? The fact that the huge contracts for war munitions had not then been thought of, answers the conundrum partly, but not wholly; because the existing conditions in the market for exchange arose before exports of war munitions had begun in quantity. Our enormous exports of grain, for example, were as much of a certainty, last September and October, as they were six months later.

The real answer probably is that twelve months ago the whole financial world was mistaken about the economic situation. Both Lombard Street and Wall Street then imagined that London would continuously call in all of Great Britain's outstanding foreign credits, and, in particular, would realize at the first opportunity on the whole mass of England's holdings of American securities. Each market thought that, even if New York were to gain the place of financial centre of the world (which was then not considered probable), the event would relieve, not aggravate, London's burden of payments on the international markets. What both financial communities overlooked was the enormous influence of the unseen movement of the world's free capital to the market which had shown its qualities as a safe depository.

This is a situation big with sensational economic possibilities if the war is long continued; and it is so, irrespective of the question, whether or not the Anglo-French loan negotiations result in the partial readjustment of the market for international exchange. While setting forth last week the reasons for such a loan to England and France, to readjust the greatly disturbed balance of international exchange, Mr. James J. Hill stated as a "reasonable prediction" that the country's excess of exports over imports for the calendar year 1915 would be $2,500,000,000. What this would mean may be judged from the fact that the largest export surplus for any previous calendar year was the $692,000,000 of 1913, and that the average for the ten past calendar years was only $478,000,000. This being so, Mr. Hill's supposition seemed inconceivable.

Last week's Government statement of our foreign trade in August, and for the year to date, showed that during the first eight months of 1915, excess of exports had crossed the billion-dollar mark. The exact figure of the surplus, $1,081,000,000, not only ran more than a thousand million dollars beyond the same months in 1914, and $689,000,000 beyond the highest previous record for the period, but actually surpassed by $885,000,000 the average eight months' export excess in the ten preceding years. The results for August alone — usually the slackest export month in any years—were that the largest previous export surplus, that of 1913, was overtopped by nearly $70,000,000. And the "munitions shipments" were only beginning to move in quantity.

Does the year 1915 as a whole, then, bid fair to show any such amazing results as Mr. Hill suggests? That depends on two uncertain questions—how great the monthly outgo of war material will be, and to what extent our shipment of agricultural and miscellaneous products will maintain the volume of the previous months of war-time. For the four months still remaining to be reported on, the largest total export excess in the past was the $351,000,000 of 1912. Supposing a monthly increase of $100,000,000 this year—which is not unreasonable, unless our general exports decrease abnormally—the export surplus for the present calendar year would be something like $1,800,000,000, or nearly a billion and a quarter above the best previous record.

This is still well below the estimate of Mr. Hill. Yet nobody knows to what figures the "munitions exports" may not go, if there are ships enough to carry them.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

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Beach, R. Heart of the Sunset. Harper. $1.35 net.
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Harris, C. The Co-Citizens. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
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Lagerlöf, S. Jerusalem. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Maher, R. A. The Heart of a Man. Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.
Smith, G. A. The Crown of Life. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Voûte, Emile. The Passport. Mitchell Kennerley.
Zerbe, J. S. Trench-Mates in France. Harper. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aston, F. Stories from German History. Crowell.
Bolce, H. An Editor Who Edits. London: W. H. Smith & Son.
Canby, H. S. College Sons and College Fathers. Harper. $1.20 net.
Carr, E. H. The Happy Phrase. Putnam.

Catalogue of the John Boyd Thacher Collection of Incunabula. Compiled by F. W. Ashley. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Common Conditions. Edited by T. Brooke. Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Curzon, Earl. Subject of the Day. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Dawes, C. G. Essays and Speeches. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
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Eliot, C. W. The Training for an Effective Life. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents net.
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Ogden, F. Q. The Universal Order. Paul Elder. $1 net.
Potter, E. G., and Gray, M. T. The Lure of San Francisco. Paul Elder.
The American Jewish Year Book. Edited by J. Jacobs. Jewish Pub. Society of America.
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Walton, G. L. Calm Yourself. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Whither? Anonymous. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Archibald, A. Biblical Nature Studies. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Pepper, G. W. A Voice from the Crowd. Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Beard, C. A. Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy. Macmillan.
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Leake, A. Means and Methods of Agricultural Education. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
McCall, S. W. The Liberty of Citizenship. Yale University Press. $1.15 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1915.

Summary of the News

Negotiations between Secretary Lansing and Count Bernstorff have resulted in what appears to be a complete and satisfactory settlement of the controversy regarding the sinking of the Arabic and probably of the entire question of the German submarine warfare. At a meeting in New York on Saturday, the Ambassador handed to Mr. Lansing a note setting forth the changed attitude of the German Government. This, it is understood, was not completely satisfactory in certain particulars, and the terms were subsequently modified, with the result that late on Tuesday, following another conference in Washington, Secretary Lansing gave out for publication the text of a letter received from Count Bernstorff. On behalf of his Government, the Ambassador accepts the affidavits of British officers that the Arabic had no intention of ramming the submarine, tenders the regrets of the Imperial Government, and expressly disavows the act. He also states the willingness of his Government to pay an indemnity for the lives of American citizens who were lost.

Interest in the Balkans during the past week has eclipsed even that in the results of the offensive of the Allies in the west. That Bulgaria has definitely determined to enter the conflict on the side of the Central Powers is now universally admitted, except by M. Radoslavoff, who continues to insist on the transparent fiction of "armed neutrality." An ultimatum was presented by Russia on Monday, which expired at 4 P. M. (Sofia time) on Tuesday, demanding the instant dismissal from Sofia of German and Austrian officers—who, as Sir Edward Grey announced in the House of Commons on October 1, have been arriving to take charge of the military preparations of Bulgaria—and a definite break with the enemies of the Allied Powers. At the time of writing no reply to the ultimatum has been sent.

Meanwhile Greek mobilization was ratified and a war loan of $30,000,000 authorized by the Greek Chamber of Deputies on September 30, M. Venizelos being on that occasion unreservedly supported by former Premier Gounaris. A French force, numbering, according to some correspondents, 70,000 men, has been landed at Salonica for the support of Servia and Greece. A protest, which was purely formal, was made by Greece against the landing, but all facilities for it were given by the Greek Government. Premier Venizelos explained the circumstances in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday. The session, which lasted till 4:30 o'clock on Tuesday morning, was a stormy one. The Premier urged the fulfilment of the treaty with Servia in "letter and spirit" and the Chamber finally passed a vote of confidence in the Government by 142 to 102, thirteen members not voting. In spite of the attitude of the Chamber, however, according to a dispatch from Athens to the Havas agency yesterday, the Germanophile King Constantine has refused to support the policy of his Ministry and Premier Venizelos, perhaps following the example of Signor Salandra when Italy was on the eve of war, has resigned.

The joint proposals recently submitted to Bulgaria for the cession of Servian territory in Macedonia have been withdrawn, and dispatches in Tuesday's papers recorded the evacuation by Turkish troops of fortresses along the Bulgarian border. The Rumanian Premier, M. Bratiano, according to dispatches from Bucharest on Tuesday, has reiterated his determination to maintain the neutrality of his country. In Bulgaria itself it is considered probable that the prospect of war on the side of Austria and against Russia will be viewed with considerable dissatisfaction by a large section of the population.

The State Department made public on October 1 a long note from Sir Edward Grey replying to charges that the British blockade was operated to prevent American exports to neutral countries while British exports to the same countries had greatly increased in volume. The note freely quotes figures in disproof of the charge and takes especial exception to certain statements in this connection published by Robert P. Skinner, American Consul-General in London. Dispatches from Washington of Monday's date announced that Mr. Skinner had been summoned to Washington for consultation with the State Department in regard to the trade situation existing between the United States and Great Britain.

Subscriptions to the underwriting of the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan were closed on Tuesday morning. According to reports available as we write the loan has been a complete success and has been considerably over-subscribed, despite the opposition of economists of the type of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Bernard H. Ridder, of "The American Truth Society." The precise terms of the loan were published in the papers of September 29.

Elsewhere we speak of the Armenian atrocities. Count Bernstorff, following his blanket denial, which we recorded last week, sent a communication to the State Department saying that the reports of atrocities were "much exaggerated." If so, the exaggeration is acquiesced in by the American Committee on Armenian Atrocities, a detailed report of whose investigations was published on Monday. On September 30 it was announced that the State Department had placed an informal request before Count Bernstorff asking that he use his influence with the German Government to intervene on behalf of the Armenians in Turkey.

Evidence multiplies of the utter breakdown of the German submarine campaign. Mr. Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty, in the House of Commons on September 30 declined to make public any statistics showing the number of German submarines that had been captured or destroyed on the ground that no figures could be given with sufficient certainty to warrant their official publication. It becomes increasingly evident, however, that the measures developed by the British Admiralty for defence against submarines have proved successful. This view was confirmed by dispatches from Washington published in the morning papers of last Saturday as well as by an article by Capt. Persius in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of September 9, evidently preparing the German public for an admission of the failure of the submarine campaign. Since we wrote last week only three vessels, two Norwegian steamers and one British sailing-ship, have been reported destroyed by submarines.

The State Department on October 1 gave out a descriptive list of the sixteen documents forwarded by Ambassador Page from London, which had been taken by the British authorities from James F. J. Archibald, the unofficial messenger of Dr. Dumba. The latter received orders for his recall and a safe conduct through the British zone last week and sailed from New York on Tuesday.

Another diplomatic officer to be disciplined is T. St. John Gaffney, American Consul at Munich, who has achieved notoriety on account of his ventilation of anti-British views. Mr. Gaffney's resignation was requested by the State Department last week. In Sunday's papers was published the recalled Consul's own explanation of his activities.

Not unconnected, one may assume, with the disastrous result of Dr. Dumba's activities on behalf of his down-trodden countrymen was the letter, published in Sunday's papers, addressed by Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the British Ambassador, to British Consuls throughout the United States, warning them as to the limitations of their privileges as diplomatic representatives in a neutral country.

The Belgian Minister last week presented a memorandum to the State Department dealing with allegations that the Germans have violated the Hague conventions in forcing Belgians to perform work for the German army.

A severe hurricane swept over New Orleans and the Mississippi Gulf coast on September 29. According to recent reports the loss of life was approximately 300 and of property $12,000,000.

The reopening of the Panama Canal, which it had been expected would take place on Tuesday, has been postponed on account of further slides. Lieut.-Col. Harding, it was announced on Monday, has recommended to the Secretary of War the closing of the Canal until November 1.

We have to record two remarkable achievements in experimentation with the wireless telephone which occurred last week. On September 29 Secretary Daniels announced the successful transmission of wireless telephone messages from the United States Naval Radio station at Arlington to the Naval Radio station at Mare Island, Cal., a distance of some 2,500 miles. On the following day the American Telephone & Telegraph Company announced that a telephone message had been transmitted from Washington to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, a distance of 4,600 miles.

The Week

The comments of leading German newspapers on the Allied offensive make curious reading. Their favorite theme is the contrast between what the French and British are achieving on the western front and what was accomplished by the Germans and Austrians in their tremendous sweep through Galicia and Poland. That the contrast exists, there is, of course, no question; but that it is an occasion for the particular kind of vainglorious boasting in which these German journalists indulge is something which the non-Teutonic mind must find it hard to grasp. Everybody gave Hindenburg and Mackensen and the Germans generally credit for a magnificent military achievement in their eastern campaign, in spite of the obvious and enormous disadvantages under which their enemy labored; but when they profess to believe that Gen. Joffre and Gen. French had looked forward to making as clean and swift a job of driving the Germans out of their intrenchments in France, they are talking what in the homely speech of the blödsinnige Yankees is denominated as buncombe. These writers make much of the fact that the attack had been many months preparing, but they apparently regard the circumstance that the defence had been a whole year preparing, with munitions, defensive apparatus, equipment, and organization on a scale unapproached in the world's history, as a point of too trivial importance to take into account. What the German people themselves think of the situation it is of course impossible to tell; but it is quite certain that the terrible toll of lives, piled on what has gone before, will, if unaccompanied by anything more satisfactory to reflect upon than these hollow comparisons, set multitudes of Germans to thinking harder than ever of the wisdom of "fighting to the last man."

The Kaiser shedding tears over France, decadent and doomed because guilty of atrocities in war, ought to be commemorated in art. A German sculptor could make a touching statue of him in that attitude, the Imperial tears being rendered as realistic as Bismarck's spurs. The affecting monument should be set up in Liège, or before the portals—if they could be found—of the University of Louvain. Or the successor of Wildenbruch might write an historical drama bringing in the Emperor mourning over the decay of chivalry in France. Burke's famous lament could be worked in, and extracts piously made from the "pure French" in which Wilhelm told the correspondent of his sadness because the France of which he had cherished hopes so high had fallen like Lucifer. And then either drama or statue would be to posterity a standing refutation of the charge that the Hohenzollerns were destitute of humor.

The rise and fall of the submarine is the history of almost precisely a twelvemonth. On September 22, 1914, a German U boat sank the British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue in the North Sea, and the British Empire was tottering. On October 2, 1915, a dispatch from Washington, which found its way to the front page of a great many papers, announced that the British Empire was saved because the submarine peril was "ended." We shall not be far out of the way if we detect in this widely circulated dispatch from Washington the inspiration of the big-ship people as against the mosquito-fleet people, now that discussion of naval defence is drawing to a head in Administration circles. A year ago the undersea boat had scrapped the Dreadnought. To-day the big ship and the destroyer have scrapped the submarine. Such dramatic fluctuations impress the public mind. From the unseen terror of the seas, the U boat is by way of becoming the joke of the seas, a frail cockleshell that may be caught in nets, that may be "bombed" from aeroplanes, that may be put out of business by a couple of men in a swift motor-boat with a gun. But when you have read the whole story, the first impression that a sovereign remedy against the submarine had been discovered rather thins out. You read that the British fleet has tamed the submarine by means of submarine telephones which herald its approach, by establishing destroyer patrols, by spreading nets along the most frequented channels of traffic, by planting special mines, by using fleets of swift motor-boats, by spying from aeroplanes, by keeping thousands of trawlers on perpetual guard. In other words, if the submarine peril has been ended, it is apparently through the most strenuous efforts of every conceivable kind.

The truth is, of course, that amateur discussion on the subject has overlooked the vastly different conditions which obtain in the war in the North Sea, and those that would be met if we were at war. In the first place, the submarine has been tied up with the question of national defence, whereas Europe's experience has shown that the submarine is primarily a weapon of offence. Germany has not been saved from invasion by her submarines, but by her coast defences. Great Britain's submarines are the only weapon precisely which has not been employed to end the submarine peril of the enemy. As a weapon of offence, the submarine must mean one thing against England, with her narrow waters marking out the routes along which the food supply vital to her national life must come in, and another thing to the United States, with our immense coast line and our virtual independence of foreign sources of supppiy. England's solution of the submarine peril, therefore, means very little to us, since the submarine could hardly be used against us. But if it is the weapon that we are to use against the foreign invader, it is evident that its limitations must be carefully studied. Against a fleet blockading our coasts the submarine would be useful.

Military events in the west and the crisis in the Balkans have diverted attention from the Russian battlefields, so that an event upon which observers have been speculating for months has come to pass with little notice. We refer, of course, to the end of the Russian retreat, the end of the greatest sustained operation of the war. The Teutonic drive which began in Galicia on May first has run nearly as long as the entire course of the Franco-German War of 1870-71, if we count from the first German victories near the Rhine to the capitulation of Paris. For months, as one Russian line of defence after another gave way, the world was asking where the Czar's armies would make their stand. The expectation was of a sudden turning by the pursued armies and a great battle in which the Germans, if not defeated, would yet be brought to a halt. But the end has come in less abrupt and dramatic fashion. Gradually the onset of the Germans has been spending itself. Gradually the Russian armies gathered breath and strength, until to-day a balance of forces has been struck, and we seem on the eve of the long-awaited development, German intrenchment and deadlock. At only one point in the line is there a possibility of a further movement. Von Hindenburg may yet take Dvinsk, possibly Riga. But even such a development would not mean the continuance of the great pursuit. The other sections of the front are too far removed to be directly affected by the outcome in the north. The battle line to-day is where it was two weeks ago, according to the semi-official description of September 23 from Petrograd.

From the Gulf of Riga it runs parallel to the Dvina, crosses the Vilna-Petrograd railway to the south of Dvinsk, stretches along the chain of lakes and streams south of that city, passes west of the Baranovitch railway junction, east of Novogrudok, just east of Pinsk, and then along the Styr River to Tarnopol in Galicia. This is the probable line along which the winter campaign will settle down.

For the $500,000,000 loan to the French and English Governments — running five years, bearing 5 per cent. interest, sold to the underwriters at 96 and to the investing public at 98, payable in American gold values, and offered in denominations as low as $100—the American bankers have closed an underwriting contract. The loan now faces the secondary stage of distribution to American investors. From every point of view, it is a remarkable undertaking. Until this year, no loan of any European Government was ever offered for popular subscription in this country. Our banks bought $208,000,000 of the British Government's 2¾ per cent. Boer War loans of 1900 and 1901, but sold them back to London later, without offering them to the American public. In 1904 and 1905 $130,000,000 Japanese war loans were taken by our investing public, and many of those bonds are still owned here. But that was not a European loan; not until this present year were even short-term bonds of such states as France and Switzerland bought by our investors. Nor are these the only unusual facts about the pending loan. Its total amount is larger than any loan ever offered by the United States Government, since the Civil War; and even with the $515,000,000 6 per cents which our Government authorized in 1862, the sale was spread out over a long series of months. Our Spanish War loan of 1898 was only for $200,000,000, though it elicited offers to subscribe which aggregated $1,500,000,000. No railway or corporation loan for more than $100,000,000 has ever been placed by public subscription in this country.

The circumstances under which the pending European loan was offered are even more exceptional. No two European governments have ever before combined in a joint loan. No government of the highest class has ever before placed a loan in a foreign country, contracting to pay interest and principal in the money of that country, and engaging that all the proceeds shall be spent in that country's commercial markets. The reasons for this stipulation are of a quite exceptional character; they do not indicate, as has usually been the case with Chinese, Argentine, and Turkish loans floated in Europe, that the lending bankers made such an arrangement their ultimatum. The well-recognized problem presented by the negotiations of the Anglo-French loan was to establish a credit fund in America, on which those Governments might draw to pay for American purchases, instead of drawing exchange on London against all of them. No way of checking the consequent demoralizing fall in sterling exchange seemed to exist except the establishment of this American credit. It was to the interest of London and Paris that expenditure of the proceeds in America should be stipulated. The fixing of "dollar values" for the bonds was equally natural, under the circumstances.

The report of the American Committee on Armenian Atrocities not only confirms previous accounts, but throws the responsibility for repeated persecutions squarely upon Constantinople. The first statements concerned murder and torture chiefly in Van, Trebizond, and the Caucasus region, where they might have been traceable to irresponsible Governors. It is now clear that by general orders the Turkish Government has tried to strip all the provinces of Armenia of their population, and that nearly 1,500,000 people have been set marching towards the Mesopotamian wilderness to live among Arab and Kurdish savage tribes. The consequent suffering is vividly set forth in the 20,000 words of original narratives sent to the Committee from all parts of Armenia. There is already in this country an American Armenian Relief Fund Committee, which has issued repeated appeals for assistance. The most effective action that can be taken by the neutral nations of the world is in exerting moral, if not diplomatic, pressure upon the German Government to check its ally. German representatives in this country should already be able to let Berlin understand how severely it will suffer in public sentiment if it does not attempt to call a halt upon Turkey's ruthless official orders and her deliberate inflaming of ruthless tribes. When the Kaiser first extended a friendly hand to Turkey in 1898, following the atrocities denounced by Gladstone, it is melancholy to remember that the hope was expressed that he might exercise the restraining influence now so much needed.

We are glad to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the offer of one of the "moderately rich" to give $2,000 to a war-relief fund, provided nine other readers of the *Nation* agreed to do likewise, has elicited generous replies not only from members of his designated class, but also from a representative of the "moderately poor." In our issue of last week we published a letter from a resident of Chicago who threatened to contribute $2,000 for the benefit of sufferers from the European war whether or not ten readers of the *Nation* could be found of like mind. And in the issue of to-day there is a communication from a third person willing to donate $2,000 and one from a man blessed with fewer worldly possessions who nevertheless has come forward with a check for $100. It is a source of great satisfaction to the *Nation* that through its columns the work of ameliorating the conditions of those who are experiencing the most extreme privations is in some measure advanced. We trust that other readers may be found who will feel impelled to give of their means, and thus to help on a service well worth their devotion. For convenience we append a list of four agencies in New York city to which contributions may be made: Belgian Relief Commission, 281 Fifth Avenue; Polish Victims' Relief Fund, 33 West 42d Street; German Red Cross, 1123 Broadway, Serbian Agricultural Relief Committee, 70 Fifth Avenue, and the American Committee on Armenian Atrocities, care of Charles R. Crane, 70 Fifth Avenue.

In the delicate task of preparing a platform on which the Progressives can unite with them, the Massachusetts Republicans have done well. Charles Sumner Bird's letter to Candidate McCall showed that there is no insuperable obstacle in the way of a reunion. The Progressive leader emphasized the necessity of including "the social welfare planks that have been a part of the Progressive platform," and of castigating a national Democratic Administration that "endangers the domestic well-being, as well as the national safety, of the country." Mr. Bird admitted that McCall had won his nomination upon his advocacy of progressive social measures; and certainly the recent record of Bay State legislation, Democratic and Republican, shows no indifference to advanced lawmaking. The platform which the Republicans adopted on Saturday of last week advocates a Constitutional Convention, biennial elections, a short ballot, an executive revision of the tariff by an independent commission,

and national legislation upon hours of labor and the employment of women and children. As for castigating Democracy, it denounces the Mexican policy, the tariff, and the failure to effect military and naval preparedness. Could Mr. Bird ask any more? After his letter, the great number of voters who look to him and to Joseph Walker—also ready to return—will find it hard to agree to the statement of the irreconcilable Progressive candidate, Nelson B. Clark, that reunion is unthinkable.

The decision of the United States District Court at Philadelphia against the so-called Moving-Picture Trust reaffirms the principle laid down in previous cases, that the right of a patentee cannot override the barrier against illegal restraint of trade. Monopoly in a sense and to a certain degree is conferred by the granting of a patent, but not monopoly in every sense and to any degree. The other argument put forward by the defendants may strike laymen as a bit odd for serious presentation in a court. The judges found it possible, however, to treat it seriously while denying its validity. "Very laudable" it terms the motives advanced, although these were admittedly mixed, being compounded of a "desire to allay bickering and recriminations" among the defendants, "to advance and improve the art, to protect the morals of the public," and, incidentally, "to make money." The court sees these motives, but it sees also the illegal restraint of trade that their carrying out in the way attempted by the Trust would involve, and so finds its course clear. To the ingenuity of the defendants it leaves the devising of a method for dissolving the combination with a minimum loss of its ethical and pecuniary advantages.

Less than six months ago the wires carried the first uninterrupted telephone conversation between New York and San Francisco; on Wednesday of last week wireless speech was transmitted between the Naval Station at Arlington, Va., and Mare Island, Cal., a distance of 2,500 miles, and then, to make the wonder even greater, between Washington and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, a distance of 4,600 miles. Since communication was established by wireless telegraphy between Europe and America in 1907, it has been a foregone conclusion that wireless telephony would soon cover equal distances. The achievement which Secretary Daniels has announced, however, comes with startling suddenness, for we have heard little of the experiments on a smaller scale which would supposedly precede it. What the development of wireless telephony will be, only the future can show, and it will undoubtedly be great. But there can be no tendency to repeat the mistake of a decade ago, when men talked of wireless telegraphy as bound to send all our network of copper wires to the scrap heap. Like Marconi's invention, wireless telephony will be a supplement to, not a substitute for, the vast machinery of wire telephony and telegraphy which the world has built up, and an extension of the range and usefulness of the wire systems. Over the oceans, lakes, and deserts, and other regions where it is impossible to string wires, it should have an immense value. It is predicted that apparatus will at once be devised to enable motor-boats, yachts, and coastwise steamships to communicate with the shore, and that new efforts will be put forth to conquer the atmospheric disturbances which have interfered so much with all wireless communication. Its rivalry with wireless telegraphy will probably be much the same as the rivalry between the old telephone and telegraph.

For the years of the war, Columbia will have been the largest university in the world. If she achieves the expected registration of 18,000 by next spring, she will beyond much doubt have reached a lasting primacy. Only by going back over the record of the last decade can the amazing growth of the Morningside institution be appreciated. It was not until 1907 that the total of students passed six thousand. In 1909 it was 8,400; in 1911, 10,350; in 1913, 13,600. Already, with many late registrations for this semester and all those of next February to be added, the registration has reached 14,575. The largest single factor in this growth has been the extension courses. It is to be hoped that they may be expanded and made the means of reaching a greater and greater mass of the public; and that it will not be thought necessary to push further the action just taken in increasing tuition. For this year the second largest factor is apparently the election of graduate courses by many students who would normally have gone to Europe. Universities without large summer or extension schools will call in question the justice of using Columbia's figures in comparison with their own, which represent only full-time students. But even in resident students Columbia's total is first in America, and it is quite proper to use her larger figures parallel with those, for example, of the loosely organized student body of the University of Paris.

A literary restoration of some note is that of Bronson Alcott's "Fruitlands," for which our own and later generations may thank Miss Clara E. Sears, the author of the latest book on the "Consociate Family" of the eccentric lecturer. When Miss Sears bought the place two years ago, the *Dial* records, it was dilapidated, weather-beaten, and empty. Zeal and a generous expenditure of money have now put it back into its condition of sixty-two years ago, when Alcott and his visionary reformers took up their residence there. So far as possible, the original furniture is restored, and Miss Sears writes that "the house is now exactly as it was in 1843. The foundations of the chimneys were intact, so that I was able to rebuild them as they were. The paint had entirely disappeared with time, but under the eaves remained patches of red, and I was able to give it again the old ochre-red color." The old granary has been turned into a home for the caretaker, and during the summer the house is open three days in the week. Visitors may see the community bean-pot, Joseph Palmer's ox-skin money-bag, Charles Lane's cowhide trunk, Mrs. Alcott's Paisley shawl, letters of Louisa Alcott, and Mr. Alcott's spectacles.

The world will prefer to remember Rémy de Gourmont as critic and journalist rather than as satirist and romancer. His most familiar book in English translation, the "Nuit au Luxembourg," is a compound of pseudo-mysticism and worse elements of French decadence; but he was capable of a far more healthy and vigorous note. His activities as editor of the *Mercure de France* continued up to his death, and to him is largely traceable the piquant radicalism of the little blue magazine. The last issues contained some characteristically witty and mordant "Epilogues; M. Croquant et la Guerre." His more earnest side is shown by another recent journalistic contribution to the literature of the conflict, a book upon "Literary Belgium," enthusiastic in its estimate of Verhaeren, Rodenbach, and Maeterlinck. But the solid basis for his reputation as an accomplished writer and an acute if erratic thinker rests upon his three series of "Réflexions sur la Vie," his five series of "Promenades Littéraires," and his books upon style—"Esthétique de la Langue Française" and "Le Problème du Style." If he had too little of serious philosophy, he had a vein from which many curious bits of imagination and speculation could be brought up—and he was never dull.

BULGARIA'S TACTICS.

For an explanation of Bulgaria's tortuous policy of "armed neutrality," we must look to the same law of necessity which was quoted to justify the invasion of Belgium. That Bulgaria is planning to enter the war on the side of Germany there can now be very little doubt. Sofia denies that Teuton officers have come to her assistance, or that German money has been used for expenses of mobilization. But the charge made by Sir Edward Grey the other day, and formally repeated in the Russian ultimatum, is pretty conclusive evidence as to that. Governments do not usually accuse other Governments in this way unless the facts are clear, nor, what is more important, until the other Government is so committed that there can be no harm in ruffling its feelings. Yet Sofia denies, and she will go on denying until she is ready to strike, at which moment the law of necessity will enter to justify the diplomatic denial. Bulgaria's national existence being at stake, who shall blame her for resorting to a pious subterfuge while arming herself against a possible ring of enemies? In addition, of course, there will be the hostile attitude of Servia, the Greek mobilization, the movement of Allied troops towards the Bulgarian front, to supplement the law of necessity, as justification for Bulgaria's lack of "frankness."

The example of the law of necessity and Belgium might not be altogether encouraging to a nation anxious to make out a moral case, but Bulgaria is not interested in ethics. For the world's opinion she cares little, and for immediate military gain she cares a great deal. On that point Belgium is still there to show that a sudden and ruthless stroke pays. In the present warfare by trenches and siege, that which you grab is fairly easy to hold. A sudden declaration of war, a swift dash into the enemy's territory, and then settle down for the winter and let the enemy go at the business of dislodging you. Seize, intrench, hold on. The Bulgarian army is surely equal in efficiency to the Turkish army, which only three years ago it drove before it almost to the gates of Constantinople. Yet see what the Turks, under German instruction, have been doing for the last six months in Gallipoli. Under present conditions, the first blow counts more than ever, and Bulgaria's "armed neutrality" is plainly directed towards a sudden offensive followed by a long defence. This policy of not hitting out till the very last moment has the added advantage of putting formal responsibility for hostilities on the other side. The Allies, it is reported, in order to guard against a sudden blow at Servia, have landed troops on Greek soil. Bulgaria, then, may profess to have been forced from her policy of "armed neutrality" into war, greatly to her regret.

We take it, therefore, that the course of the Bulgarian Government is determined, and that the Russian ultimatum was not presented with any hope of producing an eleventh-hour change at Sofia, but as a formal step towards a severance of relations. If any appeal is embodied in the note, it is directed not to the Government, but to the people of Bulgaria. To them Russia speaks as the great Slav Power who even to-day is clad with a halo of might and glory for the small and scattered Slav peoples of Europe. She speaks more specifically as the virtual creator of Bulgaria, since it was Russia's armies in 1877-78 that brought into being the nation of to-day. It was the Congress of Berlin that denied to the Bulgarian people the boundaries which Russia won for them at San Stefano, and which they have waged two wars and are preparing to wage a third in order to regain. If one believes too closely in the logic of history, the present is an impossible situation. It is hard to imagine Bulgaria joining hands with Turkey against Russia and Servia, with the Government of the Bashi-Bazouks against the brother-people who first gave the signal for insurrection in the Balkans forty years ago, and against the Power which stepped in and turned that desperate revolt of a handful of people into a successful war of emancipation.

But the Bulgarian Government can point to august examples of flaws in the logic of history, and so far as the Bulgarian people are concerned, the sense of racial affiliation, though present, no doubt, has been overlaid with recent hatreds and—as the Bulgarians regard it—betrayals. "Armed neutrality" as a preparation for a sudden onset against Servia or Greece is a venial fault indeed to a nation that regards itself as the victim of an outrageous spoliation, carried through by treacherous allies. As between Sofia on the one side and Servia and Greece on the other, there can be no question of honor or punctilio. So Bulgaria's hatred for her former allies supplements the argument from military expediency—strike hard and suddenly. Two years ago, to be sure, in that very war against her allies which resulted so disastrously for her, Bulgaria found that the policy of ruthlessness does not always work. Her sudden attack on the Serbo-Greek forces failed, and when the Bulgarian army fell back on the capital it was only to find that her allies had foreseen a break and had taken precautions, in the form of an agreement with Rumania, which left Bulgaria isolated and encircled.

The question is whether Bulgarian diplomacy has been more circumspect to-day than it was two years ago. In case Bulgaria attacks Servia, she has Greece to reckon with on the west, an Allied army on the south, and possibly Rumania on the north. Among the startling changes in the Balkans, of which the entrance of Bulgaria on Germany's side is one instance, another is that of Greece forced to the side of the Allies after definitely showing her divided sympathies. Has King Constantine been carried off his feet by the force of events? Or has the astute Venizelos, the creator of the first Balkan League, the creator of the Rumanian agreement that preceded the second Balkan war, had his way with the King and reëstablished the arrangement of that year? That may yet turn out to be among the "adequate preparations" which, according to Paris, the Allies have made for all eventualities.

THE EUROPEAN LOAN.

We have received, in regard to the $500,000,000 5 per cent. loan—now placed by the English and French Governments with the American bankers—a number of letters of inquiry or comment. Most of them reached us before the financial public had this week given rather unmistakable evidence of a wish to participate in the loan. Some of them approved the operation unreservedly, and on purely financial grounds. Others argued that, from the financial point of view alone, the transaction would be unwise for the American banks and people. It is to the inquiries or arguments last mentioned that the discussion ought rightly to address itself. The political contention—the argument that to grant the loan would be "unneutral"—has no longer any standing since the facts became known, not only that a $10,000,000 German Government loan was placed in the United States last spring, but that the new war bonds which the German Government is now issuing at Berlin have this month been offered in New York, by public advertisement, to American investors. But the question whether the Anglo-French loan would be a safe investment, or whether our people ought or ought not to lend so great a sum, would still remain open for discussion.

One of these letters of inquiry bluntly

asks: "Will you tell your readers whether you consider the loan a good investment from a business standpoint, leaving all other reasons out of consideration?" To this question, we reply with equal frankness that we do so consider it. For believing the loan to be a good investment, purely from a business standpoint, there are, in our opinion, three reasons: First, the loan is absolutely sound; of the ability of the two Governments to pay interest and principal at the stipulated time, and in American money as contracted, there appears to us to be not the slightest doubt.

Secondly, the ability of the American investing community to take care of a $500,000,000 loan, if it sees fit to do so, has been proved by many of the familiar tests. These are the almost unexampled magnitude of the idle deposit fund in American banks, the great ease in our money markets, the unusually small aggregate of new home securities which have this year been offered to investors, and the fact that idle funds available for investment have been pressing on the speculative stock market, with such intensity as to create in that quarter a highly undesirable situation. And in the third place, we consider the loan to be a good investment from the purely commercial standpoint, because its purpose is, through use of the proceeds in payment for purchases of American goods, to restore some sort of equilibrium in the foreign exchange market. The abnormal depreciation in that market, and the violent fluctuation of rates, had already begun to reduce many of our largest exporting and importing trades to a footing of precarious speculation.

These, as we see it, are the broader underlying principles. There remain some specific objections raised by our correspondents. One of them argues that the prospect of a victory for the Allies is not over-bright, and that their defeat might subordinate the loan, as a lien on English and French resources, to a huge war indemnity. This is a perfectly proper consideration; it will be judged, however, both by the intrinsic probabilities of precisely that outcome to the war, and by the economic power of the two Governments. Such an indemnity would be provided for, as in France after 1871, by another public loan; therefore the question does not differ in kind from the question whether the two nations are financially able to continue the present war.

Another correspondent lays stress on the fact that fiscal necessities are driving the European belligerents to a basis of irredeemable paper currency. The depreciation of the foreign exchanges, he argues, is either a consequence or a foreshadowing of such conditions; which would gravely impair the soundness of the loan. To this there is one obvious answer—namely, that a Government's inability to redeem its currency in gold has nothing whatever to do with that Government's ability or inability to pay its debts.

On that question, a great deal of mental confusion seems to exist. An inflated and depreciated currency is a grave economic evil; but the financial and economic resources of the country afflicted with it continue to exist. Our own Civil War loans were floated in a period when our currency, irredeemable in gold, sold at as great a discount in our own markets as 60 per cent. Yet even the European markets subscribed to the new United States war loans. They relied on the wealth and economic power of the country. The bonds were paid, interest and principal, in gold, and the stipulation to that effect will be far more binding, in the case of the pending loan, than it was in our own war issues.

One further criticism raised is that to grant the proposed European loan would be "to advance money to a customer who cannot pay for the goods he wants to buy, in order to induce and enable him to buy more." If this were actually the situation, it would provide ground for approaching the operation at least with great caution. But the assertion is based on complete misapprehension. There has at no time been a question of the ability of England and France to pay for their purchases in this country. The loan is offered here, simply in order that, through drafts on a credit fund in America, the Governments concerned may make a part of their American payments without further disturbing the market for international exchange.

Nothing is more familiar, in the history of international finance, than precisely such an operation, arranged for precisely such a purpose. Our own markets have repeatedly sold to England large blocks of new or old American securities, with the same economic end in view. To equalize, through just that process of making loans to a foreign community, the inequalities of an international balance of liabilities, has for decades been the particular office of London as the financial centre of the world. If circumstances have brought it about that the American market occupies, for the time of war, that position of distinction, it cannot reasonably refuse to consider the responsibilities which come with it.

FOR ARMENIA.

Our action in behalf of the unhappy Armenians has so far been confined to an "informal" request addressed to Count von Bernstorff suggesting the exercise of German influence in Turkey. There is no question that the atrocities visited upon the Armenians are inspired from Constantinople as part of a regular policy which continues the worst traditions of the Hamidian tactics. Apparently, the only reply to our plea has been a statement from von Bernstorff quoting the authority of a German Consul to the effect that the reports from Asia Minor have been greatly exaggerated. It is an echo of Germany's curt finality regarding the "armed Lusitania," regarding the "hostile Arabic," regarding ever so many questions upon which a mere assertion from Berlin has been held to establish that a thing is so, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary. But the evidence piling in from Armenia, through missionary, commercial, and private sources, refuses to be so dismissed. The intimation that these charges have been inspired from Petrograd for obvious reasons, is an insult to the disinterested men and women who for years have labored in Turkey and who are in the best position to know. Their evidence is not prejudiced. American missionaries have no dislike for the Turkish people. It is quite the other way. The good qualities of the Mohammedan population, when freed from evil suggestion from Constantinople, have always been emphasized by our missionaries. If they now speak out against what bears many signs of a deliberate attempt to extirpate a race, something more than an "unanswerable" official communication from German sources is called for.

The exigencies of war will not explain the deportations in mass of the Armenian population, not to speak of massacres, enforced conversions, and wholesale imprisonments. When the press of this country protested against the hardships visited upon the people of Poland, and notably the Jews, Petrograd was at pains to emphasize the inevitable conditions arising in an area of war. The answer was insufficient, but it contained a *prima facie* justification. It is different with the Armenians. The fighting in the Caucasus has touched only the frontiers of Turkey. The operations in the Caucasus have from the first assumed the character of deadlock, and are bound so to continue, with no sweeping back and forth of armies such

as has brought woe upon Poland. It is not in the area of war alone that the Armenians are suffering, but hundreds of miles behind the Turkish front, in Harput, in Sivas, in Marash, in Haidjin. In these remote places there cannot be the slightest question of Armenians lending aid and comfort to the enemy. Thither have flocked the refugees from the frontier of war and the population forcibly deported. The Government's hatred has followed them into their places of refuge. We are evidently dealing, not with the passions and lusts of a war-maddened soldiery, but with a deliberate policy of persecution.

On the grounds of humanity, on the grounds of our special interest in the Armenian people, who, as the *Outlook* states, have come forth as a race largely through the efforts of American missionaries, we are entitled to address our protests in the only quarter where they have a chance of being listened to. If Berlin intimates that the Armenian question has been brought forward as part of a pro-Ally campaign, it will only be assuming that blindly partisan attitude which Berlin is so fond of ascribing to the American press. Our newspapers did not allow their sympathies to stand in the way of sharp protest against Russia's treatment of the Jews. To the extent that there have been Russian atrocities they have been described with great detail in most of the metropolitan newspapers; and between conditions in Poland and in Armenia, so far as the responsibility of the respective Governments and the magnitude of the evil are concerned, there can be no comparison. Nor has our public protest been without avail. The Polish population, expelled by the exigencies of war, have had refuge in the interior of Russia. Measures for their relief, carried on under the limitations of Russian efficiency, are being worked on a large scale. The Jews of the Pale have been permitted to settle everywhere in Russia outside of the two capitals. This may not be evidence of a change of heart on the part of the Russian Government. But if it has been forced by public opinion in neutral countries, there is all the more reason for bringing pressure to bear in behalf of Armenia.

The great difference is that Constantinople is impervious to the opinion of the outside world. The men in control are fighting a desperate battle, and may feel at liberty to disregard neutral susceptibilities. But Berlin has shown recently that it does not hold American opinion so lightly. Were we to exercise pressure directly upon Turkey, the German Government would have much more ground to suspect our motives than if we protest to Berlin. We are thereby recognizing German paramountcy in Turkish affairs, even if we couple German responsibility with German ascendency. We need not emphasize too far the anomalies of the Teuton-Turkish alliance, but a German alliance with a Government that is systematically engaged in destroying a Christian folk must fall sharply even on a world's conscience hardened by many disillusions. So far as sentiment in this country is concerned, Germany's moral battle-front has been irreparably damaged on its northern flank in Belgium. It cannot be that Berlin is content to allow another Belgium to develop on its southern flank in Armenia.

THE ETHICS OF REPUDIATION.

It is a matter of extremely little moment whether Mr. Henry Ford did or did not make the following statement, which has been credited to him in the newspapers:

> If I were to live with the future generations of Europe, I would urge the people to repudiate the debts that are being piled up by their Governments in this war. I believe it is the duty of the people to repudiate them.

Mr. Ford's title to be regarded as an authority upon the fundamental principles of ethics is of the slightest; and as for the question whether the opinion above expressed needs to be taken seriously as a practical matter, the way in which the successive loans of the various warring countries have been taken up sufficiently disposes of that. The thought of infidelity to national obligations is practically non-existent.

Nevertheless, it may be by no means unprofitable to give some thought to this utterance of Mr. Ford's. We have little doubt that he said what has been ascribed to him; and we have no doubt whatever that he is an honest man. And the question is, How can an honest man persuade himself that it is the duty of the people to repudiate a debt contracted for them by their Government? It will be noticed that he does not predicate his view upon any peculiarity in the structure of the Government; he means it to apply as much to France and England as to Germany. The question in his mind is not at all as to the rightfulness of the authority of any of the Governments that control the affairs of the nations to-day; future generations will have the right to repudiate—nay, the duty to repudiate—the obligations incurred for the prosecution of the war, not because the Governments were not legitimately clothed with their powers by the people of to-day, but because the people of to-morrow will know that the use that was made of the power was a bad one. And while the fact that Mr. Ford has expressed this view is in itself unimportant, we have little doubt that there are a number of good persons who feel somewhat the same way, and that the time will come when the people who feel that way will make a good deal of noise in the world.

And yet the notion is in the highest degree vicious, and ought to excite the instinctive abhorrence of every right-thinking man. Let it be granted that the time will come when war will be universally regarded as wrong under all circumstances; that men will not only have found means to prevent all war in the future, but will have come to the conclusion that no nation was ever justified in taking up arms in the past, whatever situation may have confronted it. Let us imagine that men will come to believe that it would have been better for mankind if Greece, instead of fighting at Thermopylæ and Marathon and Salamis, had meekly submitted to the Persian yoke; if Christian Europe had allowed herself to be overrun by the Moslem hordes; if, to come nearer home, the American Union had been dissolved, instead of having been preserved by the devotion of the armies whose last worn remnants passed in pathetic review before the President the other day. Even so, nobody would have either the audacity or the fatuity to say that the soldiers who fought for the right "as God gave them to see the right" were engaged in a criminal enterprise, that the statesmen who directed the country's policy were no better than usurpers, and that consequently any obligations incurred by them on behalf of the nation should be regarded as null and void. And yet, short of this, what possible warrant can there be for repudiating the war debt? Surely, the Englishman, or the Frenchman, or the German who lends his money to the Government in the time of his country's need is not on a lower moral plane than the man who invests his money in other ways; and to repudiate the debt means to rob those who did what was regarded by their countrymen as not only an innocent but a meritorious act, for the benefit of those who chose to make a different use of their possessions.

When we say that we think it not unlikely that this doctrine of the repudiation of war debts will some day make a good deal of noise in the world—which is a very dif-

ferent thing from saying that it will prevail, or come anywhere near prevailing—we have a very specific reason for expressing that opinion. A precisely analogous doctrine, concerning another great vested interest, was propounded by a writer of rare eloquence and persuasiveness a few decades ago, attracted a great deal of attention, and resulted in the building up of a considerable following, which persists, and even to a considerable extent flourishes, at the present time.

The fundamental teaching of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" was that property in land is robbery; and, however much this fundamental teaching is overlaid with other matter—some of it distinctly meritorious—the conviction that the ownership of land is robbery, and that its confiscation by the people is a right or a duty, is the rock upon which the faith of Henry George is really built. Our forefathers may have acted right according to their lights; they may have thought—and it may even have been true—that to give individuals the right of permanent ownership of land was the best way to promote agriculture, to encourage thrift, to secure order, to stimulate enterprise, to develop some of the most fundamental of human virtues. It may have been perfectly natural that for these reasons, and for others by no means so good, the institution of private property in land became, ages ago, a basic part of the social and civic organization of all the countries of the world with which we are historically connected, and continued unchallenged to our time.

All this is of not the least consequence to the true Georgeite; once you discover, by a process of reasoning satisfactory to yourself, that land-ownership is criminal, and the man that is landowner ceases to have any rights that you are bound to respect. You don't have to buy him out, and correct the mistake for the future; you simply confiscate, or, if you don't baldly confiscate, you adopt some other course from motives of policy. The question of fair dealing between man and man has nothing to do with the case; in the fierce light of your sudden illumination all such homely considerations fade into nothingness. The cases are as like as two peas; the only question is whether those who have found the doctrine of land-confiscation to their moral taste will be strengthened or weakened in their belief by seeing how easily the same scrap-of-paper view of plain human obligations can be applied in other directions.

A "SCIENTIFIC" PROPHECY.

If Admiral Fiske had written an article to tell us that he was firmly convinced in his own mind that war will forever continue to play as great a part, and the same kind of part, in the future as in the past; that in fact it will in all probability absorb a far greater share of the intellect and energy of mankind than it has yet done; that any expectation of a change in the disposition of nations towards one another is illusory and doomed to sure disappointment—if the gallant Rear-Admiral had set forth these things, in an article in the *North American Review* or elsewhere, everybody would have attached to it just such importance or interest as may naturally be supposed to belong to a personal confession of faith. But almost in the first sentence of his article on "The Mastery of the World," a claim to much more serious consideration is set up: the author says that in his discussion of the subject he proposes to "follow the inductive method of modern science."

The Admiral's idea of "the inductive method of modern science" appears to be so rudimentary that it would be a compliment to call it archaic. We should have to go very far back indeed into the dim beginnings of scientific thought to reach a time when from data so meagre, so undigested, and so vague, conclusions of sweeping import were supposed to be capable of being inferred. Persons of the class that Prof. William James designated as "tough-minded" point out the inadequacy of one of the arguments upon which pacifists base their expectation of a federation of the world which shall insure universal peace. This argument turns on the gradual expulsion of physical force as the agency for settling controversies in one department after another of human life. Broadly speaking, they find that the world has managed to abolish that crude recourse in everything except the relations of nations to one another; and they insist that it will take far less of a change in the instincts and habits of human beings to achieve this last advance than it has taken to accomplish the extinction of internal violence, clan warfare, the vendetta, and the duello. Whether conclusive or not, this reasoning at least makes no pretension to scientific accuracy. Admiral Fiske's argument, on the other hand, seeks to deduce the future of mankind from a crude diagram of its past history; a diagram which, to have any value, would require to be founded upon a great array of carefully ascertained and measured facts, and not upon those vague impressions of the course of history which alone furnish the material for Admiral Fiske's vaticination. And even were the diagram authentic and exact, the next step—that of continuing the curve indefinitely along the line that seemed to be indicated—would be a proceeding so rash that "modern science" is the last quarter to be appealed to for its justification.

"These considerations," says the Admiral, when he is getting on towards the conclusion of his article, "seem to indicate that nations regarded in their relation towards each other will go on in the direction in which they have been going, unless acted upon by some external force. Will civilization, commerce, or Christianity impart that force?" His answer, it is hardly necessary to say, is No. But there is no method known to science by which we can judge of the effects that are even now being produced in the minds of men by the agency of either external or internal forces. Admiral Fiske is peculiarly certain, for example, that commercial factors will in the future be even more potent than in the past in arraying nations against one another in bloody wars. What possible warrant can he have for assuming that a more enlightened view of the real interests of nations, even as measured by dollars and cents, will not bring about a wholly different attitude? How can he know that even at the end of this terrible war the clear demonstration which it shall have furnished of the utter insignificance of the commercial elements at stake, in comparison with the stupendous sacrifices of the conflict, will not make a profound and permanent impression on the minds of men the world over? As for judging the future by the past, how long has there existed any great body of men who avow the community of interests of all nations, and are in principle opposed to all wars except those strictly required for self-defence? To ignore elements like these and rely on the apparent indications of a rudimentary diagram is to be not scientific, but childish.

It is somewhat amusing to place in juxtaposition with this manifestation of simple faith in "science" an utterance equally naïve that comes from a very different quarter. Mr. H. G. Wells is a gifted writer; but his gifts are those of a youthful prodigy unable to take on quite fully the responsibilities of mature age. Let us see what *he* thinks, in the person of his latest hero, on the subject of science and the future of mankind:

> It is only now, after some years of study and living, that I begin to realize what this tremendous beginning we call Science means to mankind. Every condition that once jus-

tified the rules and imperatives, the manners and customs, the sentiments, the morality, the laws and limitations which make up the common life, has been or is being destroyed. . . . Two or three hundred years more and all that life will be as much a thing past and done with as the life that was lived in the age of unpolished stone.

And the future of nations is no less distinctly set forth by the hero's friend and comrade:

The world has to be a united world, Beuham, as a matter of course. That was settled when the railways and the telegraph came. Telephones, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes insist on it. We've got to mediatize all this stuff, all these little crowns and boundaries and creeds and so on, that stand in the way. Just as Italy had to be united in spite of all the rotten little dukes and princes and republics, just as Germany had to be united in spite of its scores of kingdoms and duchies and liberties, so now the world.

Prophecy for prophecy, the vision of a united world is the more pleasing to contemplate; and it has quite as much scientific warrant. As for the other notion, that radium and ions and non-Euclidian geometry are going to make a clean sweep of foolish old inheritances like love, and filial attachment, and jealousy, and the rest of the things that have hitherto filled the lives of "the kindly race of men," we have just put that in for good measure, to show what the pseudo-scientist on a rampage can do if he likes.

Foreign Correspondence

THE SITUATION OF ALSACE-LORRAINE —THE COMPLETE FAILURE OF PRUSSIANISM.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 18.

Every official declaration of France—of the President of the Republic, of the Prime Minister, of the General commanding in chief—ever since this war began has given as one of the necessary conditions of peace the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Virtually, all the Allies—England, Russia, Italy—are engaged to it. Like the restoration of Belgium and Luxemburg and Poland, it has to be fought for until it is won. There is and can be no question of autonomy in a renewed German Confederation, nor of the creation of a buffer state equally independent of Germany and France. It is not to be conquest and not annexation or re-annexation on the part of France. Even French Socialists and workmen's associations have said all this in their turn.

To use the Labor phrase of France, this war must end by consecrating "the right of a people to dispose of itself." Now the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany in 1871 —an annexation of territory which pretended to no other right than that of conquest—was the negation of this right. The Treaty of Frankfort ratifying the annexation was forced on France by Germany, and itself stated explicitly that treaties are "annulled by war" (article 11). Well, Germany has made war, the Treaty of Frankfort has been annulled by herself—and, legally, Alsace-Lorraine is *in statu quo ante bellum*, that is, what she was before 1870.

In practice, this means that the war, among other things, disputes whether Alsace-Lorraine shall return to France, from which she was forcibly detached forty-four years ago. And France and the Allies have bound themselves to fight until Alsace-Lorraine does so return.

Francis Joseph, when the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine by armed force against the expressed wish of its people was finally announced to him, is said to have presented ironic compliments to the old Kaiser "on his annexation of an open sore to his new Empire." It is one of the heart-breaks of history that countries like England and the United States, supposedly won to the cause of the Liberty of Peoples, should have allowed this violent transference of 2,000,000 highly civilized and prosperous human beings from one government, to which they were used, to another, to which forty-four years of rule has not accustomed them. Counting those who were honorably placed in France, 2,000,000 is a moderate figure for the population at that time. They were quite comparable with Americans at the time when our Revolution established the consent of the governed as indispensable to legitimate government.

It is a mistake of blindness to imagine Frenchmen's desire of *la revanche* in Alsace-Lorraine as a principal cause of this war. Rather, it was the encouragement given by free countries like ourselves to new Germany which has led on to this latest working out of her fundamental principle that Might makes Right.

There is a disposition on the part of wavering neutrals to claim a sort of prescription—vested rights—for the German immigrants into Alsace-Lorraine during these forty-four years that it has been an "Empire-land." Their number is estimated liberally at 350,000 —fewer than the native Alsatians and Lorraine-men who have voluntarily chosen to live in France and remain shut out from their native country. And this does not include the Alsatian thousands who have emigrated further, often after trying for some years to live under German rule, to America and South Africa, or to Switzerland, near to home.

There has been, too, a vital difference between these immigrants and emigrants. The incoming Germans, for by far the most part, have formed an Imperial service plastered on the country, crowding out the natives from posts of confidence which rightfully belonged to them. An Alsatian could not be a school-teacher—he could not be trusted to Germanize the children's brains. He could not hope to enter the university corps—Prussians despised his German and thoroughly distrusted his willingness to accept their discipline. He had to serve in the German army, but never in garrisons of his own country—it was necessary he should be broken in elsewhere. He could not expect to become an officer. He could not occupy any judicial post of honor and, still less, any responsible post in the administration of his own country. Even his business activities and industrial enterprise were hampered by discriminating regulations and political preferences.

For two generations Imperial Germany has had a free hand with the populations of Alsace and Lorraine, and, by her own confession, she has won neither affection nor respect, and dares not to repose her trust in them. Surely, by all the principles of our American Independence, the return of their country to France should be a matter of common right.

Perhaps Americans are not alive to the part always taken in French public life by citizens from Alsace and Lorraine. Those of French language were, of course, quite indistinguishable. Even now, there are generals and there have been Ministers of War, there are university professors at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, there are judges and presidents of chambers of commerce, who speak to their brother Frenchmen with authority in their own comfortable accent. It might even be said that, from the Revolution to our own day, Alsatians have had more than their share in French public life. The two languages of most of them gave them an initial advantage, which the canny, easily-mixing ways of their race heightened. Under Germany, the natives of Alsace and Lorraine have been made to descend towards a condition of inferiors—diminished subjects of an Empire which they were made to feel was not their own. In France, not by any deep design, but quite naturally as water flows, they have been exalted citizens.

It must not be thought that this is merely the impression of an outsider or the idea of a partisan native who has burst the bonds of the conqueror. I was first a child with Alsatians who had but lately founded a colony in America. Later I made acquaintance with their people before their country had been broken off from France. At the time when they had to choose between exile for their young men or Prussian militarization, I followed their lives at home. There is the pathetic comedy of children exaggerating the goose-step to which their alien schoolmasters condemn them—and the moan of native songs sung for a last time at home by those who are fleeing away. In among the mountain villages, where the emerald pines lead up to the country's thousand-year-old pilgrimage of St. Odile, in the manufacturing towns of the plain, in peasant farms, I have found—after two generations—nothing but impatience and dislike of German rule. Those who had never known French rule—which, under all régimes, is at least democratic—had always France in their minds as the country of ease and grace and liberty.

More than this, one of the "immigrants" who had had the weakness to marry a woman of the country and tried to identify himself with its interests, ventured half a dozen years ago to give me his own views in his newly acquired French. For him, German born and bred as he was, everything was going wrong. The most that Germany could hope for was the final constitution of Alsace and Lorraine into virtually independent states, whose interest it would be to act as a buffer impartially between Germany and France. He had no sympathy and no belief in the possibility of ever Germanizing Alsace and Lorraine.

It is difficult to say what might have been. Gen. Joffre, in the second entrance into Alsace of the armies of France during this war, took it on himself to reassure the population. "You are French once more—nothing shall be able to take you from us again!" Without prophecy, it is more than likely

that—after the war—men of Alsace and Lorraine will again take their part in all the public life of the French Republic. Perhaps it is for that the German army destroyed the family tomb of President Poincaré in Lorraine.

SWISS NOTES—ESPIONAGE AND NEUTRALITY.

By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

GENEVA, September 9.

Owing to the increase of espionage in Switzerland, the political police are showing renewed activity. Within a week, sixty persons suspected of being spies or known to be such have been arrested and sent to Berne for trial. Among them was a French woman, twenty-two years of age, who was apprehended at Geneva. Ever since the probability of Switzerland going to war became remote, the attention of spies in that country has been diverted from the organization, efficiency, and distribution of the Swiss troops. In this respect, Swiss military preparations are an open book. A year ago, however, when the neutrality of the Federation seemed to be in peril, a great deal of curiosity was manifested by apparently harmless visitors from across the Rhine. While crowds left the big hotels, there lingered in certain Alpine resorts strangers who spoke French with a German accent, and whose German was not that of the Swiss cantons. Some of these visitors remained on the plain along the frontier near Schaffhausen and Bâle; some betook themselves to the Jura near the fortified region of Le Trou de Bourgogne; but there were others who seemed to prefer the bold scenery not far from St. Maurice and its fortifications, as well as the quiet villages where there were cantonments of troops. The questions of these strangers were often indiscreet. In one village within easy walking distance from the great fortress of Dailly, into which no profane may enter, a quiet, melancholy-looking German was arrested four times in one month by the officer commanding a battalion in the village, although there was no direct evidence of his being a spy. He made a practice, however, of getting as near the forts as possible, and of asking many questions of the officers and men in the neighboring cantonments. He was up at daybreak to listen to the *Diane* and to watch the men depart for their daily exercises. He was on hand to witness their return, retired when the *Retraite* was sounded, and left his bed, even on a stormy night, when the "general" alarm was heard. The Swiss commanding officer cooled his zeal by telling him that if he did not restrain his curiosity, he might be obliged to spend the winter in the high Alps.

At present, there may seem little to attract spies to Switzerland, especially to Geneva, where they are very numerous. The Swiss frontier from Verrières to Schaffhausen is not altogether inaccessible to civilians. Many of the military preparations there are perfectly well known. Bâle, for example, is so near the border that people in the town often hear the sound of the French and German artillery; they can watch the manœuvres of aeroplanes, and they can get reports from the front almost at first hand. In towns like Zürich and Geneva, the case is different. At Geneva it is altogether different. Except on Sundays, when furlough is granted to some of the troops, there are as few soldiers to be seen on the Rue de Rhône as on Broadway. But the Swiss army is no longer the object of espionage. It is at Geneva that news from the belligerents can be most easily obtained and distributed. Apart from the large French population, which has increased since the war began, people from all European countries still throng the streets, and are to be found in public resorts, particularly in the cafés. At the principal café in Geneva, one may hear any afternoon more than a dozen different languages. There is, of course, much gossip; acquaintances are easily made, and the chief topic of conversation is the war. It is easy to understand how much information more or less important and accurate can be picked up in such intercourse. It is also easy to understand that, without very great difficulty, news can be conveyed across the frontier. There is no Swiss censorship of letters sent to foreign countries, and any foreigner here, writing home, may write freely.

The people of Geneva are quite aware that many of these foreign residents have *aures arrectæ*. Just before the war a German established an immense café and restaurant in the busiest street, with places for a thousand persons, and with an excellent orchestra. The place is literally empty by day, and there is only a handful of customers in the evening. Other proprietors with German names often print in their advertisements: "établissement suisse," or "maison suisse." This partial boycotting is caused partly by anti-German sentiment, but partly is attributable to a suspicion that the German spy system is far-reaching and well organized. In one of the new quarters of the town there is a considerable German population, including a number of men of military age. They make no secret of their nationality; they are on friendly terms with the native population. They may be seen in the street or on the verandas of their apartments discussing the war as everybody does, with maps in their hands and German newspapers before them, and writing long documents which they bear to the post office. At first the gendarmes went to the concierges for information about the customs and habits of these aliens. But of late the political police has taken a hand in the game, and some of the more conspicuous members of the group have disappeared. Perquisitions have been made, in some cases, by the police, and certain suspected persons have been called on to give an account of their present occupation, and even the sources of their income. An American resident of the quarter received the visit of a man bearing a German name—"a neighborly visit"—who said that he was a Russian. He afterwards continued these visits without receiving any encouragement. In the autumn he affirmed that the Cossacks would be in Berlin on Christmas Day, 1914. It transpired that he was intimately associated with the band of German suspects. He was greatly interested in America, in its military and naval efficiency, and was anxious to know whether there would be civil war in case the United States took the part of the Allies. The American, with engaging candor, described the transatlantic police force as a machine almost as formidable as the German army.

The spies, or those who appear to be spies, now find it difficult to get their reports across the frontier; so their method has reached a second phase. While the first messengers who carried reports not committed to the post were foreigners, attention is now directed to certain Swiss citizens who have been led into devious paths by informers from abroad, and who, by reason of Swiss neutrality, have less difficulty in crossing and recrossing the border. The Swiss police has discovered organizations whose object is to recruit accomplices among subjects of the Federation. The recruiting agent discovers a promising Swiss, and at first asks him or her to get news for the papers, and commercial information of various kinds. Recruits have been found among Swiss maidservants who are invited to "keep their eyes open." Being well paid in advance for this opening of the eyes, they are caught in the meshes of the organization, and at length may be sent abroad, not only to carry documents, but to collect news, especially as to the situation and transportation of troops. Several Swiss, attracted by this well-paid but dangerous employment, have been arrested abroad, and lately one of them was put to death. It may be added that the political police of Switzerland usually acts with efficiency and prudence: with efficiency in preventing conspiracies against foreign governments being hatched in Swiss territory; with prudence, so that the Federation may not be subjected to foreign dictation. Since the time when Numa Droz wrote to Bismarck with what the Germans regarded as *Schroffheit*, the independence of the Swiss Government has been carefully conserved, except in the matter of the Gothard convention.

The Swiss Government has been much embarrassed in its efforts to censure non-neutral utterances within the country, in speeches, books, and newspapers. Some of the difficulties encountered are already matters of history. The censorship of such publications was committed to the military authorities, and complaints arose from many quarters that the censors were arbitrary or unjust.

The Swiss censorship, however, is not wholly under military control. The Federal Council has lately declared anathema the importation, exposition, and diffusion of all prints (writings or pictures) designed for publicity, including reproductions of publications, which may disturb the good relations of Switzerland with other states, or which cannot be reconciled with its situation as a neutral state. Particular exception is taken to derisive caricatures of foreign rulers and statesmen. The decree of the Council is obscurely expressed. Among the prohibited articles are (1) unsealed writings and pictures—evidently a blow at postcards; (2) reproduction of such writings and pictures by the Swiss press. The decree loses most of its meaning by the recognition on the part of the Council that its powers in this respect are limited; accordingly the decree is not directed against "organes nationaux," newspapers, weeklies, and reviews. In these cases only very grave infractions of neutrality will be punished. No mercy, however, is to be shown to cinematographs.

It cannot be said that the rule concerning postcards has been observed, the illustrations on which are often the reverse of neutral. As for ridicule of foreign magnates, it is enough to say that the Paris comic weeklies are for sale at every news-stand, and they do not spare the feelings even of neutral peoples. Any American would be moved to see in one of them a large portrait of Mr. Bryan clad in a German uniform, and wearing a *casque à pointe;* and no German will be pleased at the latest portrait of the Kronprinz in the Parisian weeklies.

The Constitutional Convention

ESSENTIALS OF THE NEW INSTRUMENT FRAMED AT ALBANY—SHORT BALLOT AND RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

By SETH LOW.

The New York Constitutional Convention was called upon to deal with a number of problems of vital interest to the people of the State. In the last twenty years governments of every kind all over the world have been taking upon themselves new duties. The State of New York offers no exception to this general procedure. The result is seen in the very large increase of annual expenditure on the part of the State, and in the corresponding increase of the agencies which have been created to attend to the business of the State. The Convention found that there were over one hundred and fifty boards, commissions, and departments engaged in carrying on the business of the State. For the most part, these governmental agencies are independent one of another and of any adequate supervision from any source. In other words, the administrative system of the State, if that can be called a system which has never been systematized, like Topsy has "just growed." As a result there is little teamwork among departments, and no sense of responsibility to any common authority. The situation is made still worse by the habit of "ripper" legislation which each party in turn, when in the majority, has indulged in freely during the last twenty years. This has made any permanent policy impossible in the departments so affected, with the result that many of the most important interests of the State have been made the plaything of politics.

The proposed new Constitution deals with this problem radically. It provides for seventeen permanent departments, to one or the other of which all existing governmental agencies of the State must be assigned, as well as every new bureau that may hereafter be created. Of these departments, two are filled by election; the Controller being elected to be the head of the Department of Finance, and the Attorney-General to be the head of the Department of Law. The other fifteen departments, being partly or wholly executive in character, are under the charge of officials appointed by the Governor and responsible to him, except the Department of Education, which remains under the charge of the Board of Regents, who are elected by the Legislature. As to this department, no change whatever is proposed. Besides the Department of Education there are four others whose duties are partly executive, but quite as largely discretionary. These are the Department of Labor and Industry, the Department of Public Utilities, the Department of Conservation, and the Department of Civil Service. Each of these departments is headed by a board appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The terms of the commissioners in every case expire serially, and every commissioner is appointed by the Governor for a term longer than his own. It is hoped in this way to obtain continuity of policy in the management of these great public interests, together with a certain responsibility to the Chief Executive of the State. The other ten departments are administered by officials appointed by the Governor, without confirmation by the Senate, for terms coterminous with his own. These officials the Governor is at liberty also to remove at his discretion.

The proposed Constitution thus removes the danger of "ripper" legislation, partly by depriving the Legislature of the opportunity to indulge in it, and partly by removing the motive for it. No doubt, one principal motive for "ripper" legislation has been the partisan desire for patronage; but behind this bad motive there has been a good one, namely, the feeling on the part of each party to whom the electorate have given their confidence that with confidence should go the opportunity to control. Under the proposed Constitution the Governor of the State will have the same relation to the administrative departments of the State as the Mayor of the city of New York now holds towards the administrative departments of the city. The control of the Governor over the executive business of the State is no doubt greatly increased by these proposals, but the power is not increased more than the responsibility. Both the Governor himself and the party which is responsible for him must stand or fall upon his record. No excuse for failure can be found; for the power is equal to the opportunity, and, when this is so, responsibility cannot be evaded.

With the increase of the business of the State the financial methods of the State have become as inadequate as its administrative methods. With the growth of the State's business it has become increasingly difficult during the stress of a legislative session for the Legislature to make appropriations that really fit the need. There is not the time or facilities or opportunity for each new Legislature to acquaint itself with the business of the State in such a way as to enable it to meet the absolute needs of the State or to control discretionary expenditures with good judgment. As a result, the proper relations between the Executive and the Legislature as to appropriations have become oddly reversed. The natural course evidently is for the Executive to say what money is necessary for the conduct of the State's business, and for the Legislature to say how much the Executive may have. As our Constitution stands at present, the Legislature makes its appropriations, and the Governor receives the authority to veto any item he pleases. Thus the Legislature has the first word and the Governor the last. By the proposed Constitution the situation is reversed. The Governor is called upon to submit a budget showing how much money is necessary and how it may be provided, leaving with the Legislature the right to say how much money may be spent and how it shall be provided.

The sinking funds of the State have been so carelessly administered as to provide an excess of $29,000,000 beyond what is needed at the present time for the redemption of the bonds of the State as they fall due. The proposed Constitution provides against any further excessive taxation in connection with existing sinking funds, and it also provides for the issuing hereafter of serial bonds only, running for not more than fifty years.

The counties of the State from the beginning have been integral parts of the governmental machinery of the State. At the present time the various counties differ from one another essentially in population and in other conditions; but all are compelled to have substantially the same crude form of government. This form of government answers reasonably well still for counties that are entirely rural; but it does not answer at all for a county like Westchester, which contains within its borders four cities and which has a population of over three hundred thousand. Other counties having similar problems are Albany, Nassau, Schenectady, Onondaga, Monroe, and Erie. The proposed Constitution authorizes the Legislature to establish different forms of goverı ment which may be adopted at their pleasure by the voters of the different counties. This plan avoids hurtful uniformity on the one hand; and, on the other, it protects every county from having to form a government of which the electorate does not approve. The Legislature retains authority to pass general laws affecting counties; but it is made impossible for it hereafter to pass laws affecting one county only, except upon the request of the governing body of the county. In other words, provision is made in the pending Constitution for home rule for counties.

The question of home rule for cities was quite as pressing as that of home rule for counties, but the problem involved was very much more difficult of solution. The Greater New York Charter is the growth of 250 years, and it is roughly estimated that the body of statute law under which the business of New York city is carried on embraces ten thousand statutes. The city contains half of the population of the State, and approximately 70 per cent. of the wealth and resources of the State, and its activities and needs affect the entire commonwealth. But New York city is only one of fifty-six cities within the borders of the State, of which forty-six have less than 50,000 inhabitants. In one aspect this variety of condition constitutes a very strong argument in favor of home rule; but in view of the whole trend of American law, the difficulty of dealing with the problem is enormous. The average man thinks that he has solved the problem when he says,

"Give to the cities the control of their local affairs, and to the State the control of its affairs"; but such a man does not realize that there is almost nothing which a city does in its governmental capacity which it does not do as the agent of the State. Besides this, the Charter of the city of New York, especially, and other city charters only less, embody so many details that hardly any new step can be taken or any new governmental agency created which does not involve an amendment of the charter. This means that home rule for cities practically necessitates the power of continuous charter amendment at home.

Charter revision in its large aspect is necessary only occasionally; but the power of charter amendment is a continuing necessity both before and after charter revision if a city is really to be able to manage its own affairs. If cities were little States they could amend their charters as a State amends its Constitution; but they are not, either in this country or in any country. They are local communities which have received such powers as they enjoy from the sovereign State. In this country the courts have held that a municipal corporation is a corporation like any other, whose rights and powers are to be interpreted very narrowly. Any provision of home rule for cities, therefore, must first of all preserve beyond all question the sovereign power of the State; and it must, nevertheless, give so large a grant of power to the cities that a city can control its own affairs and adapt its governmental machinery, from time to time, so as to meet new needs. The proposed home rule amendment endeavors to meet this difficult problem adequately. It gives to the cities exclusive control of their own property, affairs, and municipal government; and within this field it forbids the Legislature to enact any law which applies to less than all the cities of the State, without classification or distinction. It permits the cities, by the action of the government of the day, to amend their charters after due notice and public hearing; but it provides that when such amendments change the framework of the city government or modify restrictions as to issuing bonds or contracting debts, such amendments must be submitted to the Legislature before becoming effective. The Legislature receives the right, for a limited period, to annul any such amendment; but unless the Legislature does actually disapprove the amendment, it takes effect as law when the time limit has expired. Every city receives the authority to elect from time to time a commission to revise its charter, and such revision is to be submitted to the people for approval. When approved by the people, it is submitted to the Legislature, which has for a limited period the same right of disapproval which is given to it with reference to charter amendments such as affect the framework of the city government.

The proposed home rule amendment has one feature which is new. It has been found in other States that, no matter what language is used to describe the grant of power made to cities under the Constitution, the courts are called upon to determine the meaning of this grant whenever it relates to matters as to which the city acts as the agent of the State. The pending home rule amendment recognizes this difficulty, and endeavors to meet it by making the action of the city valid, even when it amends its charter or some local law that relates to a question of State concern, until and unless the State takes action that is inconsistent with the city's action. In that event, if the courts hold the matter to be of State concern, the action of the State will override the action of the city; but until the city's action is thus overridden by the State the city's action will be valid. The analogy for this provision is found in the Interstate Commerce clause of the United States Constitution as interpreted by the Federal courts. The action of Congress within this field is paramount; but, until Congress does act, there is a very broad field affecting interstate commerce within which the action of the States will stand.

All of the things of which I have heretofore spoken affect the people of the State as citizens of the commonwealth; but the action of the Convention with reference to judicial procedure may affect each one of us as an individual. While the form of the Convention's action affecting the courts is technical, the substance of it is easily made clear to a layman. First of all, provision is made for clearing the clogged calendar of the Court of Appeals, and for keeping it clear. Then, within the city of New York, the jurisdiction of courts which has been local has been extended over the whole city, so that a shortage of judges in one neighborhood may be made good from another neighborhood. Thus the efficiency of these courts will be greatly increased, with very little addition to the expense. The higher courts of the State receive more control over the Civil Practice Rules. The Legislature is not deprived of its authority to enact a Civil Practice act and to adopt a separate body of Civil Practice Rules for the regulation of procedure in the Court of Appeals, the Supreme Court, and County Courts; but the Legislature is called upon to do this work at intervals only, and then by enacting a single bill to be based upon the report of a commission. In the intervals of legislative action the courts may modify or amend these rules in the light of experience. It is believed that these proposals, if adopted, will facilitate the administration of justice by making it both more prompt and less costly.

The Convention took other action which is important, but these appear to me to be the main subjects with which it was called upon to deal. That it could handle questions of this kind so radically without a division on partisan lines seems to justify the belief that its proposals are conceived in the interest of the commonwealth, and that they ought to be approved by the people of the State.

Book Notes and Byways

THE GROWTH OF "THANATOPSIS."

The centenary of the *North American Review* calls to mind a paradox which is too cutting not to have been made by the neat hand of time. It is, that an age which fondly names itself pagan should have grown cool towards a poem, as pagan as Lucretius, which had its great prosperity in days when it was half an act of worship to learn "Thanatopsis" by heart. There have been critics to point out that the poem, although born of a mood to which Bryant had been stirred by writers as orthodox as any in the language, has not a word of sin, or God, or immortality. But no one, it seems, has shown by what steps the young poet moved from his first callow gloom, when Kirke White was congenial, to the broad and noble consolation for death which a hundred years have hardly surpassed.

During the autumn of 1811, not long after he had learned that his father could not send him to Yale, Bryant, then deep in youth's own melancholy, read Kirke White's "Remains." It is not strange that he was powerfully moved. White, too, had been a poet, young, unfortunate, doomed to a quick death and a short fame. There was real pathos in his story, and Bryant, one may guess, saw the pathos more clearly than the morbid color of death which tinged every line. What in White was disease, haunting his sick senses with worms and graves, with the "melody of death," with death's "sweet decaying smell," and breaking his heart with the thought that he must soon be cut down and forgotten like a tree, to Bryant was only a mood and an idea. He was a young poet filled with compassion for his fellow in art. And more, he was a young mortal, for whom the name and image of death, though not new, for he was also a Puritan, had suddenly changed from a vague dream to a sickening menace. Mortality, that is to say, thrust itself upon a mind which had concerned itself only with the immortalities of youth and poetry.

Brooding upon these threats of fortune, he turned to other poets who had touched the theme. He read Blair's "Grave" and Beilby Porteus's "Death: A Poetical Essay,"* "observing how much the verse of the obscure Scottish minister excelled in originality of thought and vigor of expression that of the English prelate." They were kindred spirits to whom death was a folk-lore demon lurking in the dark and preying upon mankind with horrible malice. But Blair and Porteus, unlike White, did not themselves cower before death; they had set out, in Blair's words,

> To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb*,

partly that men might not forget to be holy in this life. Death was a tool to their piety. A little more aloof from death than White, they were thus more general in their view of it, and Bryant, through them, saw death as the common fate of men, and not as the ugly blighting of one man's hopes. Moreover, of the two, Porteus was the less concerned with those facts of death which weigh upon the senses; Bryant's preference for his work seems to point forward to the calm of "Thanatopsis."

*Seaton prize poem at Cambridge in 1750.

Such calm, however, is not very close to the anxious mood in which Bryant had begun to think of death. Somewhere between that and the firm ground on which he finally stood are the lines which, by an error, were printed at the head of "Thanatopsis" on its first appearance.

Not that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flatt'ring verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry *justice* frown'd severe,
And 'tis th' eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

In these lines Bryant seems to say, if one may take them as his own opinion, that he can find no escape from the dread of death in such comforts as the chance of a future life or of future quiet or of future fame. There was still the question how to face death, and a hint at his answer was in Blair:

What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs.

But Bryant took from this more than was intended. Blair had meant scorn and pity for mankind when he said that flesh comes from grass and will be grass again. Bryant, reverent towards nature from childhood, saw no loss of dignity in this transition to other elements. One would go back to be a part of beauty and grandeur; one would have the world for a monument. If death was dreadful, it was also a proud and splendid portal through which men might pass from their narrow province to a universal state.

Bryant had now gone so far from his starting-point that his present thought was really an answer to the bitter questions of Kirke White. This has been overlooked, but it is one of the central facts of "Thanatopsis." White, in his lines, "Written in the Prospect of Death," had said, with painful bathos:

Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance.

To this Bryant, freed by his thought from such shrinking at oblivion, made the austere reply:

—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favorite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!

Thus the first version of the poem closed abruptly with a reproof to morbid terror. It had begun abruptly with the seventeenth line, as the poem now stands;

—Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course.

It becomes clear at once that Bryant, when he wrote the poem, meant it as a challenge either to Kirke White or else to the mood which White had engendered in Bryant's own mind. He mused over the certainty that he, or White, must lose "each human trace" and "mix forever with the elements." But he remembered the splendor "of the great tomb of man" and the infinite tribes that "slumber in its bosom." Then follow the question and answer by which he closed the argument.

Whether Bryant revised his poem between October-November, 1811, and September, 1817, when it was printed, does not appear; probably he did not, since Dr. Bryant sent it to the *North American* without his son's knowledge. But before it appeared in the 1821 "Poems," it had undergone certain changes of which the full import has not been pointed out. In part, they were merely verbal and always in the interest of greater felicity and eloquence. The "busy brood," White's own words, became a "solemn brood." A glance at the opening, however, will show that the most notable change had been to put the whole substance of the piece into the mouth of nature, which thus became responsible for its wisdom. At first, the poet had spoken in his own person. Death was remote and his terrors moved only the imagination. It was easy, then, for Bryant, who saw that dread had loosened the sinews of Kirke White, to offer his stern remedy. But now he was unwilling to leave in the poem so personal an air. Only the year before, he had begun a "Hymn of Death" to sing death's praises, chiefly for the noble justice with which death levels all men and avenges the good against the wicked. In the midst of such swelling rhetoric, he had broken sharply off, for his father had died, and he had seen how idle was his attempt to make death the servant of his scheme of moral justice. When he came, therefore, to his revision of "Thanatopsis," he had less reason than ever to accept the smug doctrines which he had so scrupulously kept out of his first version. He could not even speak his own answer to the question with his old assurance. Nature had consoled him before when he had feared death; now nature, the agent of death, must offer consolation. She has, he said, a language which suits all moods, even the darkest.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—

(here he summed up the fears and speculations to which he had made his earlier answer, setting the stage, so to speak, to reproduce the atmosphere of the original scene)

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—

And then nature, with her great authority, was made to utter the response by which the courage of Bryant had answered his gloom ten years before. It will be noted that nature's words do not seem wholly in keeping. When she tells man that he will return to earth, she does not seem to be speaking of herself, but of a separate state:

surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go [not come]
To mix forever with the elements.

And her promise that he will sleep among men in death is perhaps rather a human consolation than one that might be expected to come from the contained and gradual spirit which for Bryant was nature. Of this the poet seems not to have been conscious; at least, he cared more to hide himself than to give full consistency to his speaker. At the end he added a few lines upon the ages of death which remain and then rounded out the whole with the famous counsel to a life of virtue which can make fortitude instinctive at the final summons. By this didactic close he does, indeed, partially falsify nature; he avoids the falser note of any promise of a future life. Nature, he knew, makes no such promises. This reserve is Bryant's peculiar triumph. He had moved from that first stage of personal dread, with steadily widening thought, to a view of death which was no longer obscured by the desires and prejudices of fearful mortality, but which, in its calm acquiescence in inviolable law, was worthy to be ascribed to nature.

Carl Van Doren.
Columbia University.

Poetry

SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE.
1915.

By Marion Couthouy Smith.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
But ah! what found she there?
The little streams were running red,
And the torn fields were bare;
And all about the ruined towers
Where once her king was crowned,
The hurtling ploughs of war and death
Had scored the desolate ground.

Sainte Jeanne turned to the hearts of men,
That harvest might not fail;
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,
Her dress was silvern mail;
And all the war-worn ranks were glad
To feel her presence shine;
Her smile was like the mellow sun
Along that weary line.

She gave her silence to their lips,
Her visions to their eyes,
And the quick glory of her sword
She lent to their emprise;
The shadow of her gentle hand
Touched Belgium's burning cross,
And set the seal of power and praise
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
And oh! what found she there?
The brave seed of her scattering
In fruitage everywhere;
And where her strong and tender heart
Was broken in the flame,
She found the very heart of France
Had flowered to her name.

Correspondence.

THE WAR FUND OF THE MODERATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After reading O.'s letter in your issue of September 16 and your editorial thereon, I hasten to agree to be one of nine to send $2,000 to war relief funds, the condition of "O.'s" offer, and will send the same whenever you say the agreement is binding. Please suggest to me the four *biggest* and *most deserving* funds. I prefer to split my contribution of $2,000 into four, of $500 each.

W. R. F.

Boston, Mass., September 29.

A WORD TO THE MODERATELY POOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is one of the most conspicuous in America. No American Protestant clergyman, perhaps, is more widely known than its present occupant. When we consider the splendid opportunity he has had for a career no less distinguished than useful, bringing rewards altogether incommensurable with things so commonplace as wealth and power, his recent public confession, though it justify the sternest indignation, brings to mind first of all the childishness of the whole business. But let not the world's people exult if a minister of the church has been brought low. His obligation to disinterested benevolence was no greater than theirs. It is one of their number, I suppose, who at about the same time writes to the *Nation* in words of quite unconventional plain truth: "As one of the moderately rich . . . I want to express my conviction that the great majority of us, including myself, are acting like hogs."

The apathy of the American people in these times is not surprising. The disregard of Germany for law, justice, and common humanity, however foolishly short-sighted it may be, is morally the logical outcome of a state of things in which, throughout the civilized world, in the church and out of it, a minority whose struggle for means to live is not too strenuous to admit of thoughtfully facing the facts has tacitly elected to be selfish and let remediable distresses of man and beast go unremedied. The writer of these lines is not rich, "moderately" or otherwise. He has not withheld his hand so much, all things considered, as "one of the moderately rich" confesses that he has done; but in view of the needs that confront him he has in these days been doubting the wisdom of his own prudence. Is not this the time for a somewhat reckless regard for the obligation to give? What matters it if we who are "moderately" poor take some risk of dying in a hospital ward, as soldiers die, rather than in one of the comfortable private rooms? I should like to hear through your columns from persons whose total wealth is less than our friend's minimum income of $10,000. I enclose my check for $100, and ask you to apply it for war relief wherever you think it is most needed.

K.

COLE'S NIAGARA FALLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to inquire through you if any of your readers are aware of the present whereabouts of the picture of Niagara Falls by Thomas Cole, of which there is an engraving in Hinton's "History of the United States," second edition, 1843, and also I believe in the first edition of 1834. I should be glad to know when it was painted and what has become of it, and would welcome any information which would point in those directions.

Edward E. Hale.

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., September 13.

THE FRENCH UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: So many Americans are looking to France for their education nowadays that the following extract from letters received from Professor Hauvette, of the University of Paris, will be of general interest:

"Nothing is changed in our courses, in spite of the prolongation of the war; as the professors of the Sorbonne are not generally young people, very few have been mobilized, and our courses are nearly complete. The only courses suppressed are the *concours* (agrégations, certificats d'aptitude pour les langues vivantes), but the *examens* (licences, diplôme supérieur, doctorat, etc.) have not stopped a single day, and our old students will find here courses and libraries open as usual. There are only fewer students!

"We have not budged from Paris for a single day (except for vacation). The theatres are open; some of the museums are closed, having been dismantled earlier."

Programmes for the winter session of the Paris schools may be had on application, Professor Hauvette states. There is no reason why Americans who have planned to spend this year in study in Paris should not do so. Rather, is not this a good time to show their loyalty and affection in increased measure by supporting French educational enterprise?

Bert E. Young.

Columbia University, September 18.

"CONTINUOUS MEDIATION WITHOUT ARMISTICE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I be permitted to offer a reply to a criticism of my pamphlet, "Continuous Mediation without Armistice," from a London correspondent of the *Nation*, in your issue for August 12?

"We are hardly willing to accept the theoretic assumption," writes your correspondent, "that, because all the belligerents claim to have right on their side, they are likely to be equally wrong."

First, may I state that no assumption was intended in my pamphlet that the belligerents are all equally wrong? The reference to the difficulty of making a final moral judgment had to do—or was intended to have to do (the wording is not so clear as it might be)—not with the concrete justice of the case looked at from the international standpoint, but with the sincerity of various national points of view. The writer regrets that the sentence "There is a sense in which all are to blame" was not written "There is a sense in which we are all to blame," for in her thought the word "all" included the neutral peoples as well as the belligerents. To this, the next sentence of the pamphlet is witness. "We are all human together, stumbling out of darkness into a twilight of imperfect knowledge."

It is quite true, however, that the writer deliberately avoided discussing moral issues in national terms. That she did so was not because of any wish to minimize the moral issues involved, but for a reason which we believe your correspondent would be among the first to appreciate. There are times and places in which it is right and necessary to call things by national names; there are times and places in which it is justifiable to avoid doing so. "We cherish no bitterness against the German people as such," writes your correspondent, "but we have an undying hatred for the principles for which Germany stands. Our dearest hope is for a revolution in German thought, or (as I should prefer to put it) for a domestic triumph of the best elements of the German people. We would much rather see the patient restored to sanity than confined in a strait waistcoat." This being his sentiment, does he not understand that it would be a justifiable human relief under some circumstances to discuss the whole matter *in terms of principles instead of in terms of peoples?* It was the earnest desire of the writer of the pamphlet to find some common ground, however slight, on which estranged friends could meet, which could serve as a basis for propaganda in all countries—a propaganda in which even one who dissented from the action of his Government might work for the international cause without feeling that he was a traitor either to his nation or to his convictions—a propaganda in which people who, because of various biassing influences, are divided in opinion as to the sincerity of the Governments, the responsibility for the war, the attitude which the nations will take in the settlement, can work together, provided only they are agreed in desiring a permanent peace based on principles of international righteousness.

"There is no place now," writes your correspondent, "for those who wish to ride off on a general condemnation of war; some decision must be made, on the merits of the case. . . . We shall hold out, not for any vainglorious triumph or material advantage, but until (if human strength avail) the priceless principles at stake are vindicated and accepted by our enemies as well as by our friends." I wish to point out that my pamphlet, far from assuming that no decision is to be made on the merits of the case, endeavors to suggest a method by which such a decision might perhaps be arrived at with the greatest economy of life and treasure. I quote phrases from Miss Addams's definition of the plan—clearer and more specific than that in the pamphlet: "It is suggested that an International Commission of experts be formed without delay on neutral initiative. The Commission should sit as long as the war continues. The members should have a scientific but not a diplomatic function; they should have no power to commit their Governments. The Commission should explore the issues involved in the present struggle and in the light of this study begin making propositions to the belligerents in the spirit of constructive internationalism. If the first effort fail, they should consult and deliberate, revise their original propositions or offer new ones, coming back again and again, if necessary, in the unalterable conviction that some proposal will ultimately be found that will afford a practical basis for actual peace negotiation."

Now this continuous process of semi-official mediation may, if necessary, be indefinitely lengthy, the war, of course, being in progress in the meantime. Since all decisions rest with the belligerent Governments, nations feeling

that they are fighting for international righteousness are as free as ever to insist that their principles be accepted by their opponents and to exact guarantees of good faith. The advantage of the plan seems to us to be that a recalcitrant Government has perpetual opportunity to signify acceptance of "the priceless principles at stake," and that the various elements of its people, both individuals and groups, have definite occasion to bring pressure to bear on their Government in favor of such acceptance. It is our earnest hope that some such plan, if carried out, would tend to give speedy victory to the right—would tend to thwart wrong motives and to assist and reward right motives in every country. JULIA GRACE WALES.

Madison, Wis., September 20.

MISQUOTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I venture to add to Mr. R. W. Shannon's dictionary of misquotations a single example from Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Poetry"? It is a trifling error, yet, as a literary phenomenon, not wholly lacking in significance. Mr. Eastman is discussing the popular ballad; by way of illustration, he quotes the whole of "Bonnie George Campbell," the second stanza in the following form:

Down ran his auld mither,
Greetin' fu sair,
Out ran his bonny bride
Reaving her hair;
"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn,
My barn is too bigg,
And my babe is unborn."

And Mr. Eastman adds this comment: "These ballads of the people, though they derive from the fingers of time a touch of perfection not their own, were none the less surely the work of poets. They have a discrimination of emotional atmosphere, an occasional poetic word used with exquisite regard to that, which proves the receiving mind.

My barn is too bigg

was the choice of a genius."

It would be interesting to know who that genius was. He was not one of the composers or transmitters of the four popular versions or fragments printed by Child, for these, where they have the phrase at all, have "My house is unbigged" (A) or "My barn is to build" (D—which is, of course, the meaning). He was not the editor of any one of the collections accessible to me, he was not Cunningham, who quotes Child's D; he was neither Allingham nor Motherwell, who read respectively "to bigg" and "to big." Who was he? Is it possible that he was Mr. Eastman himself?

Whoever he was, he seems to have quoted from memory; in neither phrasing nor arrangement is his version of the ballad precisely like any that I know. He repeats Allingham's mistake of "Reaving [robbing] her hair" for "Riving [tearing] her hair"; but otherwise his version is no more like Allingham's than it is like Motherwell's. Apparently, then, we have an illustration of corruption in transmission no less interesting than the distorted version of Henley's "Invictus" quoted by Professor Gummere in his "Popular Ballad" from the question-column of a newspaper. "The inquirer," says Dr. Gummere, "is an educated person." Mr. Eastman's genius, however, has fallen into an error typical of the uneducated and characteristic of the oral transmission of poetry. He has failed to understand, and for an unfamiliar word he has substituted a familiar one, as when, in the instance cited by Professor Child from the ballad of "The Gypsy Laddie," "they cast their glamourie owre her" is turned into "they called their grandmother over."

Is "too bigg," after all, the "choice of a genius"? It is a matter of taste, and in a matter of taste Mr. Eastman is likely to be right. Yet I must confess that I prefer "to bigg" as more poetic, more consistent with the context and with the emotional atmosphere. Again, if one writes about these ballads of the people, should not one write about the popular or traditional versions? But that, of course, Mr. Eastman may have done. It would be interesting to know.

WALTER MORRIS HART.

Berkeley, Cal., September 3.

Notes from the Capital

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

While battle-lines in the European war are doing their fighting on orders communicated by telephone from airships, it is natural that the name of Alexander Graham Bell should be on the lips of every well-read visitor to Washington, his career having been so largely associated with the transmission of the human voice by wire and with aerial navigation.

Dr. Bell is the typical Scotchman in appearance, speech, and manner. His broad face, framed in a mass of white hair which rises in a great shock above his brow and stands out around his jaws and chin like the unbroken mane of a lion, prepares you for the rattling burr that adds piquancy to whatever he says. He is a man whom you would describe as big rather than large, and the adjective applies to everything about him—his height, his shoulders, his hands, his carriage. I was going to add his voice, but that might convey a false impression: for, though his lungs are as leonine as his head, his long research in the field of vocal phenomena has cultivated in him a soft mode of speaking, with the most varied range of inflexions and an enunciation which is as clear as the stroke of a crystal clock. You are not surprised, after conversing with him, to learn that he began his career as a teacher of elocution and music, and that his first ambition was to become a famous composer.

Indeed, it was originally from his musical studies that he derived the suggestion of the telephone; for his analysis of the principles underlying differences of pitch in the human voice led to other investigations in phonetics, in the course of which he came upon the discovery of Helmholtz that vowel sounds could be reproduced by vibrating metal. The question arose at once in his mind: "If vowel sounds can be thus artificially transmitted, why not consonants also?" And with this began the methodical procession of tests which, reinforced by discoveries made by others in the same and related lines of inquiry, resulted in the telephone, and brought the remotest ends of the earth, to all intents, within speaking distance of each other. In the conquest of the air he has taken the same strides as in the enterprises more closely linked with his name. His experiments have been pretty carefully protected from public curiosity, but apparently have proceeded upon the basis of producing a burden-bearing dirigible kite rather than the cigar-shaped balloon or the mechanical bird, which have captured the world's fancy during the last few years.

Naturally, the student of phonetics became interested in the relief of deafness. His father, Alexander Melville Bell, beginning life as a professor of elocution, by degrees evolved a system of universal speech, whereby any person with the normal equipment of vocal organs, whether able to hear or not, could be taught to produce at will every variety of sound and articulation of which a human being is capable. This led directly to the theory of a visible speech—that is, the possibility of enabling one person, with fair eyesight and intelligence, to read, from the motions of the lips, tongue, teeth, and throat of another, the words and sentences which these organs are forming, regardless of whether any sound is actually uttered or not. From this, again, it was but a step to a system of audible speech by a person who is dumb, provided only that his muteness is not due to the absence of essential organs.

Alexander Graham Bell, as his father's assistant, acquired not only his mastery of his subject, but his enthusiasm as well, and ever since coming to this country in 1870 has devoted time, thought, and means most generously to the improvement of the condition of deaf mutes. He married a Miss Hubbard, who had lost both speech and hearing as the sequel to an illness of her childhood, and who became his most successful pupil. She is able to carry on a conversation by studying the face of her companion, and making audible responses which she cannot hear herself. Dr. Bell has weekly social gatherings at his house during the winter season, at which scientists, inventors, explorers, literary men, and other persons who "do things" come together to talk over whatever is new and striking in their several fields of endeavor; and one of the familiar sights on these occasions is Mrs. Bell listening to a speaker, either—if he be a distant enunciator who keeps his face turned in her direction—by reading his remarks with her eyes, or getting what he says at second hand through its silent repetition by her husband sitting at her side.

A recent philanthropic enterprise of Dr. Bell was interrupted by the outbreak of the European war and the mutual estrangement of the nations engaged in it. He has been for some years trying to induce our Government to promote an international agreement on a universal alphabet—that is, a union of all the peoples of the world in the use of one series of letters representative of sounds which shall be the same everywhere, so that any person who knows his own written language can read and write and pronounce all other written languages, not necessarily understanding them, but with the ability to convey the words to another person. A first step in this programme, of course, would be the establishment of a uniform and fixed relation of visible symbols to sounds in our English tongue, so that, for instance, "cough" will not be pronounced "cow" because "plough" is pronounced "plow." It is hoped that when the world's peace is fully restored, Dr. Bell will resume this effort towards a better understanding among all mankind. TATTLER.

Literature

A NEW LIFE OF EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By O. W. Firkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Firkins is not unaware of the audacity of writing a new life of Emerson, and justifies himself by referring to the fresh material brought out in the "Journals," 1909-1914. As a matter of fact it does not appear that anything of importance for our understanding of the Concord sage has been taken from the "Journals" in print which escaped Cabot in the manuscript. Mr. Firkins might have done better to base his excuse (if any excuse were necessary) on the freshness of his own literary manner and on his high appreciation of Emerson as the philosopher of the future. There is at least the value of novelty in a biography written in the pointed, epigrammatic style of Emerson himself, and the novelty is not lessened by the addition of a subtle literary sense combined, oddly enough, with a pedantic, or perhaps better, pedagogic, meticulousness of method.

The continual use of ethical epigram, by a man whose mind works naturally in that manner, as Mr. Firkins's manifestly does, has this peculiar virtue, that it carries us immediately in the very atmosphere of the Emersonian circle. On page 69 Mr. Firkins quotes at some length Lowell's well-known characterization of the transcendental movement, and, were it not for the greater richness of Lowell's allusions and the keener edge to his sarcasm, one would pass from Mr. Firkins's narrative to his quotation with no jar of transition. And most of his arrow-like sentences, though they may scatter in their flight, come to some goal. Thus, we may point to the efficiency of the few sentences (p. 85) on Bronson Alcott, ending with the summary judgment: "Alcott was cooped up, so to speak, in his infinitudes." Emerson would have omitted the timid "so to speak," and, in his later years at least, if he had had to compress his opinion into a single sentence, would probably have been more caustic to the vapidity of that maundering Plato; but the words of our modern professor, nevertheless, have the right ring of old Concord. Sometimes, it must be confessed, our epigrammatist *se paye de paroles.* He has very early to deal with the influence of Mary Moody on the subject of his biography, and it cannot be said that he brings that cloud-wrapt figure down to the ground. Her personality, he says, "presents the same combination of vividness and blur which is found in the confused magnificence of the few published specimens of her iridescent and mazy rhetoric." The words sound well enough in themselves, but Mr. Firkins has missed his opportunity to show in this portentous woman a foretype of the loose thinking and ecstatic talking which were, unfortunately, to persist through the sturdier examples of transcendentalism and to come out as its characteristic product. He adds: "We are told that the Calvinism of her forefathers had become luminous in the white heat of her enkindling poetic imagination, and that afterwards it had been consumed and turned to ashes by the very ardor of its incandescence." Who first told us this, we do not know; but it is certainly rather a highfalutin way of stating a truth which Emerson, as appears from a quotation immediately following, was able to express in the simplest language. And we are sure that such a maze of words is a disappointing substitute for a clear explanation of the change which lies at the very heart of New England philosophy and which the reader rightly expects to have elucidated in the life of the greatest exponent of that philosophy. Yet as a whole the events of Emerson's life are related with a bustling vividness quite appropriate to the theme, and such important matters as his relation to Kant and German transcendentalism are set forth soundly and memorably, if almost too succinctly. We miss chiefly an adequate treatment of the connection of the New England awakening with the larger sweep of romanticism.

After the biography there follow a series of chapters devoted to a criticism of Emerson's literary art and an exposition of his philosophy. The various subjects here are arranged with exemplary neatness. For instance, the first of these chapters is entitled Emerson as a Prose-Writer, and is divided into sections, each with its appropriate head: Culture, Criticism, Clearness, Coherence, English, Diction, Unbendings, Hyperbole, etc., etc. Nor does the rage for division end here. Under the first section "Emerson's receptivities and opacities" are tabulated conscientiously in two columns in the fashion of a mercantile inventory. One feels almost the pedagogue in the classroom giving out his learning in digestible tablets, or the candidate for the doctor's degree industriously ticketing material for his thesis. Yet if the manner is a little too scholastic, the matter is that of a man steeped in literature and sensitive to the lightest *nuances* of style. The judgment is good, and from this exhaustive and unflinching investigation it is a pleasure to find that Emerson comes out greater in the pure technique of writing than might have been expected. Thus, in the section on Coherence, a minute comparison of two paragraphs from Macaulay brings out the sort of underlying and substantial solidarity achieved by Emerson as contrasted with the formal solidarity due to the use of connectives and other verbal articulations. Again, in the section on Criticism, after citing several aberrations of Emerson's taste, Mr. Firkins proceeds to analyze his critical leanings with a subtlety which cannot be estimated without reading the whole section. The principle of the analysis may be gathered from these three opening paragraphs:

> These judgments may be thought conclusive as to their author, and, indeed, they do peremptorily set aside his claim to *authority* in criticism. The case, however, will repay a little study.
>
> Figure to yourself a passion for literature *as such,* an intense preoccupation with spiritual ends, and an existing world-literature whose ends are for the most part mundane; a great passion crossed and confused by a fundamental misunderstanding; and the difficulties of adequate criticism on Emerson's part become clear.
>
> But if Emerson could extract good from every secular fact in life, why could he not turn the images of secular facts in literature to the same use? The answer may be put thus: the living fact may be insulated, and its spirit is, for Emerson, divine; the literary fact is a constituent of a whole, and the informing spirit is that of an author with whom one is likely to be discordant.

We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Firkins in his analysis of Emerson's philosophy. It is clear and notably penetrating and sound, though we confess to have smiled occasionally at this over-Emersonian's distress at the failure of his master to carry the liberty of thinking and acting always to its logical conclusion. We should scarcely, to refer to an earlier passage, have felt "a tinge of melancholy" over the fact that Emerson, as Overseer of Harvard, voted for compulsory attendance at chapel. The last chapter sums up Emerson's position as "a synthesis and an anticipation." His philosophy was a synthesis because in it we find, as Emerson already found in Plato, a reconciliation of "the many and the one," the everlasting flux and the motionless calm at the heart of things:

> An ample and generous recognition of this transiency and slipperiness both in the nature of things and in man's soul seems more and more a necessary ingredient in any estimate of the universe which shall satisfy the intellect of the coming man. But it seems equally true that the coming man who shall resolve our problems will never content himself with a universe a-tilt, a universe in cascade, so to speak; the craving for permanence in some form cannot be jauntily evaded. Is there any known mind which foreshadows the desired combination so clearly as Emerson's? Who has felt more profoundly the evanescence and evasiveness of things? He not only admits the fact cordially; he triumphs in the instability of the universe. In this endless novelty, this perpetual flux, he finds the authentic evidence of the divine power; as in the Gospel narrative the god is revealed by his power to tread the waves. The life of religion is proved by its transformations, and skepticism, as the agent or condition of these vitalizing changes, is its generous and beneficent support. Yet Emerson was quite as firm in his insistence on a single unalterable reality as in his refusal to believe that any aspect or estimate of that reality could be final.

The dualism that underlies Emerson's philosophy could hardly be better put, and the kind of synthesis, or reconciliation, in which Emerson floated is admirably expressed. So far we follow Mr. Firkins heartily; but we are not so entirely satisfied in his belief that this synthesis anticipates the final solution of the troublesome problems of life. After all, does not the power of religion for ma-

ture minds depend on its feeling for evil? How otherwise, in fact, shall religion meet those harder questions of experience when its aid is most needed? And in like manner does not the power of philosophy as the *dux vitæ* depend on its acquaintance with the scope and difficulties of skepticism? Both religion and philosophy would seem, therefore, to rest not only on a statement of the dualism of good and evil, knowledge and ignorance, but on a realization of the full meaning and gravity, practical and intellectual, of this dualism. Now Emerson certainly recognizes the dualism of experience, but it may be a question whether he realizes its full meaning and tremendous seriousness. He accepts it a trifle too jauntily; is reconciled to its existence with no apparent pang; is sometimes too ready to wave aside its consequences, as if a statement of the fact were an escape from its terrible perplexities. We know what Carlyle meant when he rebuked Emerson for his inability to see the hand of the devil in human life. Hence it is that Emerson often loses value for men in proportion to their maturity and experience. He is preëminently the poet of religion and philosophy for the young; but as one grows older one is inclined to turn from him, in more serious moods, to those sages who have supplemented insight with a firmer grasp of the darker lessons of history.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

There is a striking if superficial resemblance between this book and the "Boon" volume, which, in spite of his protestations, we were attributing to Mr. Wells the other day. Boon will be recalled as a sort of hapless philosopher, groping for an ideal scheme of things, and continually rebuffed by experience. His story is lightly pieced together by one Bliss, a literary man whom Boon has appointed his executor. Here the same office is done for Benham under similar conditions, by a similar person, one White. Benham, like Boon, is a seeker, and like him dreams a dream of a future racial existence which shall supplant our little divisions of nation and class. But while Boon is a humorist, and so always half-despairing of his quest, Benham is the pure enthusiast, ready to sacrifice everything to the pursuit of his vision. He sees the hope of the race in the development and dominance of a true aristocracy, and his "research magnificent" is a quest for the formula of the aristocrat. He finds it to his own satisfaction: ". . . There is no honor or pride for a man until he refers his life to ends and purposes beyond himself. An aristocrat must be loyal. So it has ever been; but a modern aristocrat must also be lucid; there it is that one has at once the demand for kingship and the repudiation of all existing states and kings. In this manner he had come to his idea of a great world republic that must replace the little warring kingdoms of the present, to the conception of an unseen kingship ruling the whole globe, to his King Invisible, who is the Lord of Truth, and all sane loyalty." . . . "But," says White, "on one side your aristocracy means revolution. It becomes a political conspiracy." "Manifestly," Benham admits. "An open conspiracy. It denies the king upon the stamps and the flag upon the wall. It is the continual proclamation of the Republic of Mankind."

So much for the Research as a mental adventure; we have also here what we did not have in the Boon volume, the story of a man. Benham is shown in all his important human contacts. Three figures stand out among them: his mother, Prothero, his intimate friend, and Amanda, his wife. The mother is a Wellsian figure, a charming empty-headed little woman, who, in Benham's boyhood, has eloped with one man, and, being divorced on his account, has married another. The wages of sin have not been paid. Her lover has left her a fortune, and her second husband is a far better match than her first. Nor is there the social penalty. Of course, she does not understand Benham. Prothero does. Prothero, the gross Cambridge Don, with the flexible brain, and, somehow, the good heart. The chance by which Benham becomes responsible for his death is one of the ironies of the story. As for Amanda, she is even more purely Wellsian than the mother—near kin to Ann Veronica and other predecessors. After a single amour with a woman older than he, Benham has met and precipitately wed this Amanda; beautiful, passionate, and quick of wit, but shallow and worldly at heart. The moment when Benham realizes that she cannot help the Research is the moment of their separation. He leaves her in London to become another man's mistress while he fares upon the quest. For Benham the end comes as the result of a foolhardy protest against the brutality of war—a protest which takes the form of exposing his own body to the fire he wills to stop. A sublime ass—a new Quixote—such as no one could have chronicled with so affectionate and fruitful a ridicule as the author of "Mr. Polly."

Eltham House. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.

There has never been doubt about the sources of Mrs. Ward's novels. She has always written with a purpose; her stories have always been more or less obviously "problem" stories. The harrowing personal situation, religious, moral, or social, is her special field. In this latest instance she chooses one of the perennial situations—that of the couple who have come together by way of elopement and the divorce courts, and must meet the world thereafter on its own terms. Those terms vary with differences of place and time. One variation of the kind is really Mrs. Ward's theme. The famous story of the Hollands had been brought fresh to her mind, and she found herself wondering "what would have happened to Lord and Lady Holland if they had walked in—with their story—upon the London world of to-day—or, rather, yesterday." The question lingered, and finally took more concrete form: "Reproduce all Lord Holland's advantages and more, a hundred years later, and what could an ambitious man in a similar position do with them? Could he fight it through? And if not, how would the failure react on the woman?"

So come into being—into black and white at least—Alec Wing and his Caroline. Alec is eldest son of a peer of immense wealth and independent life. He has health, beauty, talent, and a natural power over men. His brilliant record at Oxford is expected to fulfil itself in politics. As a boy he has looked forward to winning the highest honors, and his road to them seems most promising, till he meets and appropriates Lady Caroline Marsworth. For him she presently leaves her two adored children as well as her dull husband. Marsworth divorces her, Alec marries her, and they return to London to make what they can out of life. Wing has no serious misgivings. He is used to having the world at his feet, and fancies it to be a liberated world. Even a century before, though Lady Holland had incurred the formal social stigma, Lord Holland had paid no penalty at all. How, in an age of feminism and of free speculation as to the worth of the marriage relation, should Alec Wing, with his talents, his magnetism, his father's wealth, his ambition, expect to fail? How he does fail, and how hapless Caroline pays for his failure, is the substance of the story. Eltham House, that magnificent London palace turned over to the young pair by Lord Wing, is to become a sort of centre and salon; but its triumph is a *tour de force* on Lady Caroline's part; it has no sound social basis, and, in the end, is able to effect nothing towards the career of the adored Alec, now Lord Wing. The rigid Dissenting influence in politics is too strong for him. When he fails in his attempt to buy a place in the Government, and flings off alone out of England to work off his rancor—which is so plainly in part a rancor towards Caroline—our opinion of him is merely confirmed. The chief weakness in Mrs. Ward's situation is that her male protagonist is merely an obstinate weakling. Strip him of his rank, his beauty, his wealth, and there is nothing left. To bring it out fairly, she should have shown a strong man and a strong woman in the situation. Poor Caroline does not lack elements of strength; but Mrs. Ward, after the fashion of all but the greatest novelists, cracks her up to be considerably more than she *shows* her to be. Very likely she may have had all this loveliness, and charm, and intellect: but we have to take her inventor's word for it. Yet we feel that poor Caroline, or the problem in which she is involved, deserved something better than, as it were, the quick Camilling process which conveniently and emotionally removes her from the scene.

The Prairie Wife. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

This is an analysis of a woman's soul, brought from the comfort and pampered existence of cosmopolitan society to hand-grips with the gaunt actuality of the bare Northwest, told with delicate, often merciless, psychology. Of plot there is next to none, but the diary-form which is used lends itself to a plasticity of character-drawing that holds the interest to the end. This sort of book is made or spoiled in the handling. It is either very good or very bad. With it all —the wide-eyed, half-eager, half-timorous self-growth of the woman-soul—there is a splendid, stirring picture of the great Northwest, the wheat country of British Columbia. On a limited canvas, and with surprisingly few strokes of his brush, Mr. Stringer manages to sketch in all the typical characters —the health-seeking Oxonian, the Scotch-Irish, the Scandinavian immigrant—the social intercourse, such as it is, the moulding of diverse types, and the brooding spell of the wide spaces.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The Collected Papers of John Westlake on Public International Law. Edited by L. Oppenheim. Cambridge University Press. $5.50 net.

The Relation of International Law to the Law of England and of the United States. By Cyril M. Picciotto. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.75 net.

Professor Westlake has no tolerance for the idea that international law should be treated as an esoteric branch of study. On the other hand, in his introductory lecture as Whewell professor in the University of Cambridge, he declared that international law was "no more a subject for specialists than home politics are," and he invited to his lectures not only law students and those fitting themselves for diplomatic careers, but all members of the University. Every educated man, in his opinion, ought to follow writers and lecturers on this theme with intelligent appreciation, for all "ought to become interested participators in the international career and tasks which lie before the United Kingdom." Probably no one at the present time is disposed to take issue with Professor Westlake on this point. What are the settled rules of international law, applicable to the present relations of belligerent States? What are the principles to be applied to the novel problems raised by aeroplanes and submarines? What States are violating these rules and principles? What ought neutral Powers to do in the present confused situation? Such are typical questions presenting themselves over and over again to every intelligent citizen of every nation.

While none of these questions is specifically answered in the collected papers of Professor Westlake, the reader will find in them much to aid him in solving various problems presented by the great war. If he applies Professor Westlake's canons of international conduct, he will not hesitate to condemn Teutonic treatment of Belgium and Belgian towns, of the Lusitania and the Arabic, as contrary to the settled usages of international law, and in violation of the modern tendency to improvement in the laws of war. That treatment is justified only by the doctrine that national necessity shall always have precedence over humanity—a doctrine which Professor Westlake abhorred and which he believed modern states were discarding. But our author's canons will not lend themselves to partisan service. They will lead the reader to condemn the Allies' policy of commercial blockade and to question the wisdom of their contraband lists. It is true that the American reader in adopting such views would find himself condemning also former American practices.

Had Westlake been living when the present conflict began, there can be no doubt that his influence would have been thrown against resorting to commercial blockade. Nothing, he declared, had endangered British naval supremacy so much as blockades. They had produced three armed neutralities; and he prophesied that "in any war towards which two or three great maritime Powers should feel as neutrals, commercial blockades would bring down the indignation of those Powers" on Britain's head, and that the United States would not respect them. Westlake's influence might not have availed to save the Allies from their attempt to starve the Teutons, but it would have been powerful. No writer on international law has displayed a happier combination of profound knowledge, sound sense, and fascinating style than is found in these pages. There is no uncertainty either in thought or in expression. His exposition is always luminous, and he deals with controverted topics in a thoroughly judicial manner.

Professor Westlake's view that international law is a part of the law of the land is subjected to careful scrutiny by Mr. Picciotto in his Whewell Scholarship Dissertation. He inquires separately into the relations of international law to the prize law, the statutory law, and the common law of England and the United States, and reaches a conclusion quite at variance with that of Westlake. In his opinion, a rule of customary international law can be considered a part of the common law of a nation only if it has received the assent of that nation. Such a rule can be set aside at any time by an Act of Parliament. When it is so superseded, ordinary courts must ignore it and apply the statutory rule. That a prize court is similarly bound, is Mr. Picciotto's opinion, though he admits that there are judicial deliverances opposed to his view. Whether an Order in Council which is in conflict with customary international law will be enforced by a prize court at the expense of that law, he is in doubt, but believes that if the conflict is too great for reconciliation, the rule of international law will prevail. This is quite in accordance with Sir Edward Grey's note of July 31 to Ambassador Page. After quoting from a decision of Lord Stowell's that his observation and experience attest the general conformity of Orders in Council to the principles of unwritten international law, the note declares that "it is open to any citizen of the United States, whose claim is before the prize court, to contend that any Order in Council which may affect his claim is inconsistent with the principles of international law, and is therefore not binding upon the court. If the prize court declines to accept his contentions, and if, after such a decision has been upheld by the judicial committee of his Majesty's Privy Council, the Government of the United States considers that there is serious ground for holding that the decision is incorrect and infringes the rights of their citizens, it is open to them to claim that it should be subjected to review by an international tribunal."

Here is distinct recognition of the doctrine that international law, as interpreted by an international tribunal, overrules Orders in Council as interpreted by national courts. Mr. Picciotto will do well to note this declaration of the British Government in subsequent editions of his essay.

VOLUMES ON SOUTH AMERICA.

Selling Latin America: A Problem in International Salesmanship. By William E. Aughinbaugh. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2 net.

A Guide to South America. By W. A. Hirst. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The Argentine in the Twentieth Century. By Albert B. Martinez and Maurice Lewandowski. Translated by Bernard Miall from the French of the third edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Dr. Aughinbaugh wrote his book, we are told in a highly eulogistic preface by Mr. Maurice Switzer, only under protest and after the repeated urgings of his friends. His reluctance to tell what he knows about the South American market shows itself, unfortunately, in the published volume. He does not approach his subject in the first half of the book, which consists of summary descriptions of the different countries, and of which most could readily have been compiled by a competent secretary in any good public library. The remainder of the book is of much higher value. In chapters on business methods and organization, on trade regulations and commercial policy, the author gives the fruit of a varied experience as a salesman in South America, with contributions on many topics outside the field indicated by the title. Dr. Aughinbaugh is a doctor of medicine and a master of laws, a close observer, and an agreeable narrator of the incidents which his many travels have brought to his attention. Whether his book or any book of the kind, can effect a reform

in the careless methods of American exporters is doubtful. The man cited by him, who was seeking a market for snow ploughs in Brazil, is not of the kind to be diverted from his quest by any printed admonitions. Men of business, like others, learn best by personal experience. The author's catalogue of foolish and entertaining errors in the practice and policy of salesmanship shows at least how rich is the fund of experience already accumulated. To him who seriously wants to learn, the author offers much sensible and practical advice on placing orders, on packing and routing goods, on advertising, on the protection of trade-marks, on the proper methods of conforming to (or evading) vexatious commercial restrictions. The latter part of the book will interest many readers who have no thought of entering the South American market.

Hirst's "Guide," which was ready for the press a year ago, but which was delayed in publication by the outbreak of the war and the military duties falling on the author as an officer of the Yorkshire Hussars, is a welcome addition to the general guide-books on South America. The author has travelled extensively, has read widely, and has supplemented the information which he has himself acquired by much that he has obtained from consular officials. Any one who intends to make a tour in South America will certainly consult Hirst's new book, and will take it with him as a handbook, even if he does not discard Hale's "Practical Guide" and the little book published by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. An introductory chapter suggests plans for a tour of the Continent, discusses the expense, describes the general conditions of travel, and gives sensible advice on preparations for the trip. Ten chapters following take up the countries of South America in alphabetical order, and another chapter is interpolated on the Panama Canal, though the book does not pretend to cover Central America in general, or the West Indies. Rough sketch maps in black and white are provided for the separate countries. Each chapter begins with a general description, geographical, historical, political, and industrial, of the country to which it is devoted. The remainder of the book is arranged on the plan made familiar by the guides of Murray and Baedecker, giving the information desired by travellers under the heads of routes and towns, and closing with a list of books for reading and reference.

"The Argentine in the Twentieth Century" is a standard book on the most important of the South American countries, written by Martinez, an Under Secretary of State of the Republic, in collaboration with Lewandowski, a representative of one of the great French banks. It was published in an English translation in 1911, and the present edition appears to be merely a reissue without change; the title-page announces that it has been "revised and brought up to date," but the statistics, which form a very important part of the book, include no figures since 1909.

Notes

Hilaire Belloc's "High Lights of the French Revolution" will be published shortly by the Century Company.

Harper & Bros. announce for publication early this month William Dean Howells's "Years of My Youth" and two novels, "The Bachelors," by William Dana Orcutt, and "Jan: A Dog and a Romance," by A. J. Dawson.

Henry Holt & Co. have made arrangements to publish "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by Walter Lippman.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Co. announces for immediate publication "Woman and Home," by Orison S. Marden, and "Land Credits, the Farmer's Friend," by Dick T. Morgan.

The Macmillan Company announces the forthcoming publication of "The Kingdom of the Winding Road," by Cornelia Meigs; "The Pilgrim Kings," by Thomas Walsh; "Six French Poets," by Amy Lowell, and "Rivers to the Sea," by Sara Teasdale.

The following volumes are included in E. P. Dutton's list of forthcoming publications: "Katrinka," by Helen E. Haskell; "The Loneliness of Christ," by Robert Keable; "The Political Economy of War," by F. W. Hirst; "Eve Dorre," by Emily Viele Strother; "Unknown Russia," by Alan Lethbridge; "Simple Art Applied to Hand Work," by H. A. Rankin and F. H. Brown (in a new series entitled Practical Books).

The following list of books is announced for publication by George H. Doran Co. on October 23: "The World's Highway," by Norman Angell; "The Bronze Eagle," by Baroness Orczy; "Kings, Queens, and Pawns," by Mary Roberts Reinhart; "Ten Degrees Backward," by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler; "Vagrant Memories," by William Winter; "Jolly Jaunts with Jim," by Charles Hanson Towne; "The Folly of the Three Wise Men," by Edgar Whitaker Work.

October 16 is the date of publication of the following volumes from the press of Houghton Mifflin Co.: "The Fortunes of Garin," by Mary Johnston; "Life and Letters of John Hay," by William Roscoe Thayer; "Buddhist Art in Its Relation to Buddhist Ideals," by M. Anesaki; "A Hilltop on the Marne," by Mildred Aldrich; "The Fall of Tsing-tau," by Jefferson Jones; "More Jonathan Papers," by Elizabeth Woodbridge; "The Log of a Non-Combatant," by Horace Green; "The Normans in European History," by Charles H. Haskins, and a limited edition in the Riverside Press of Montaigne's "Essay on Friendship."

This month's publication by the house of Putnam will include: "A Rogue by Compulsion: An Affair of the Secret Service," by Victor Bridges; "The Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort, 1807-1843," edited with an introduction by George S. Hellman; "The Ethics of Confucius," with commentary by Miles Menander Dawson; "Belgium Neutral and Loyal: The War of 1914," by Emile Waxweiler; "Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and the Destiny of the Adamic Race," by Fabre d'Olivet, translated by Nayán Louise Redfield; "Know Your Own Mind," by William Glover. As representative of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce the publication of "An Introduction to Applied Mechanics," by Ewart S. Andrews, and "Miscellanea Evangelica (Christ's Miracles of Feeding)," by Edwin A. Abbott.

The Japanese Alps, a little known part of the country, where village life has remained unchanged for a thousand years, are described by the Rev. W. Weston in the *Geographical Journal* for September. Much light is thrown upon the life of the pygmies of Central African forests by Mr. C. Christy. The gradual development of the instrumental side of geographical science, beginning with the compass, is admirably shown by Sir Clements R. Markham. Among other things, he proved how groundless is the claim, made as recently as at Lisbon in 1907 by the Kaiser himself, that Portuguese discoveries could not have been made without the aid of German science.

Mr. Owen Wister's little book, "The Pentecost of Calamity" (Macmillan; 50 cents), is an eloquent presentation of the author's reflections on the war. Like most bits of eloquence, it is persuasive through the skilful suggestion of mood rather than by force of argument. The author manages to convey to his reader very vividly three impressions: admiration for the peaceful and well-ordered Germany of ante-belium days, detestation of Germany's long-prepared and malignant assault on the democratic nations of western Europe, sorrow over the moral failure of America in not protesting officially against the invasion of Belgium. In Mr. Wister's opinion, the world is now so unified that an attack on liberty in Europe is an attack on American freedom. The guilt of Germany is assumed, as if it were too gross and palpable for debate. The only form of argument used is to convict the Germans out of their own mouths. The climax of naïve self-betrayal is reached in the remark of the German Ambassador as he was being escorted away from England: "My future is broken. I was sent to watch England and tell my Emperor the right moment for him to strike, when England's internal disturbances would make it impossible for her to fight us. I told him the moment had come." If this startling confession, which Mr. Wister attributes to Prince Lichnowsky on page 93, is authentic, it deserves to be better known.

A former Chaplain to the Forces, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, has published a collection of anecdotes of the British troops in Flanders, under the title "The British Soldier: His Courage and Humor" (London: Fisher Unwin; 3s. 6d. net). The stories, of which there is an infinite variety, are culled from a number of different sources, the note books of soldiers and their letters home, the official reports, the descriptions of newspaper correspondents at the front—or as near to it as newspaper correspondents have been allowed to come—but the chief merit of the volume, as the author modestly claims for it, is as a compilation of extracts from the letters of Mr. Thomas Atkins himself. We are grateful to the author for selecting with a sparing hand passages descriptive of the horrors of the present struggle. These we are sated

with, and it is a relief to find them in this volume only as a rule in connection with some deed of simple courage or to point the contrast in an anecdote illustrative of the humor of the British soldier. That quality is happily unfailing and finds illustration on most of Mr. Hardy's pages. The following strikes us as rather typical: "He was a wounded soldier who was travelling in a train. At a point on the line where it ran parallel with the road he saw a brand-new Territorial battalion marching up to the front. He stuck his bandaged head out of the door and yelled, 'Are you dahn'earted?' The Terriers, from the colonel to the smallest drummer, shouted, 'No-o-oh!' The wounded man replied, 'Well, you —— soon will be when you get in those trenches.'"

Longmans, Green & Co. have done well to issue in their Pocket Library a new edition of Prof. J. W. Mackail's felicitous prose translations of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics. For the present edition the translation has been modified "so far as was necessary to bring it into accordance with what at present may be regarded as the standard text of Virgil, that of Sir A. Hirtzel in the Oxford Classical Texts." No commendation is necessary of Professor Mackail's graceful translations which have already served as patterns of their art for many generations of students and which, in the present inexpensive and convenient format, will be appreciated by readers, whether Latinists or not, who love Virgil and the lore of the soil.

Among the extensive Muriana, ready or projected, is "Letters to a Friend" (Houghton Mifflin; $3 net), consisting of the letters written to Mrs. Ezra S. Carr—"dear Mrs. Mother Carr"—in the years 1866-1879. These letters, scant and often trifling as they are, hardly merited publication in a separate volume, especially since the relatively few significant passages could easily have been made public in the authorized biography. It must be said, however, that this little book, redolent of Muir's astonishingly energetic and enthusiastic personality, affords very pleasant entertainment to a languid reader; and of course friends of Muir will rejoice at its publication. The letters were written "in the third heaven of the Sierras" that this incurable mountaineer loved so passionately, mainly in the years when he was "observing ice" there. "In dreams I read blurred sheets of glacial writing, or follow lines of cleavage, or struggle with the difficulties of some extraordinary rock-form." An interesting letter, dated October 8, 1872, tells of his finding "a living glacier." Always he is rapturous in his praise of the beauties of nature, beauties "filled with warm God," "so equal in glory, so ocean-like, that to choose one place above another is like drawing dividing lines in the sky." "I will fuse in spirit skies." Characteristic of this indomitable Scot is the moonlight night among the spouts of Upper Yosemite Falls, in the course of which he is struck with a mass of water. "Suddenly I was darkened; down came a section of the outside tissue composed of spent comets. I crouched low, holding my breath, and, anchored to some angular flakes of rocks, took my baptism with moderately good faith. When I dared to look up after the swaying column admitted light, I pounced behind a piece of ice which was wedged tight in the wall, and I no longer feared being washed off." The volume is very attractively printed.

According to the late Professor Bartoli, "il Cristianesimo fece il Medioevo"; and, if there is some exaggeration in the statement, there is more of truth. One of the chief causes which conduced to the dissolution of the Empire was, as Mr. Cotterill admits, the marvellous growth and final triumph of Christianity, and it can hardly be denied that the attitude of the early church towards the old learning was eminently calculated to reduce mankind to a condition of intellectual imbecility. The desire of the Kingdom of Heaven had become the master motive of the Christian Fathers, and, if their intellectual processes were still pagan, pagan learning was frowned upon because the knowledge which would save and perfect was the only knowledge worth having. In the Saturnian age of ignorance which resulted, the statement of St. Paul that "God hath made foolish the wisdom of this world" was regarded for all practical purposes as a dogma of the faith, until, in the tenth century, an Apostolic Legate was not ashamed to declare in the name of the Church that, from the beginning, God had chosen the simple and unlearned to confound the wisdom of the world, and that the vicars of St. Peter and their disciples "needed not to be fattened at the trough of Plato or Virgil or Terence or any other such philosophic swine." The universe narrowed and closed upon the mediæval man till the seen became infinitely little, the unseen infinitely great, and both of them equally real and certain. It is with the history of Italy during this period of Cimmerian night that Mr. H. B. Cotterill deals in his "Mediæval Italy During a Thousand Years (305-1313)" (London: Harrap; 7s. 6d. net). The book belongs to the Great Nations series to which many capable authorities are contributing. It has already produced "Ancient Greece," "Republican Rome," and "Wales," and should form a valuable addition to the libraries of those readers who prefer to absorb their knowledge in a popular form. Authorities are rarely cited, but, judging from Mr. Cotterill's contribution, the general accuracy of the series leaves little to be desired. Only in the two chapters which he devotes to the Italian Republics does he fail to maintain a high level of excellence. The subject is, of course, a difficult one, but materials exist for a far more satisfactory account of the communes than Mr. Cotterill has been able to give us.

The volume is divided into five parts, and to each of these parts is prefixed a short account of the political events of the period under consideration. These "historical outlines," together with various tables and lists, enable the reader to arrange in chronological order the contents of the rest of the chapters, in which the author sketches with a freer hand certain interesting episodes and personalities. These, with the addition of subsidiary chapters, dealing with architecture, art, religion, and literature, make up a really useful book which, if written primarily for the "general reader," will be hardly less welcome to the serious student. Mr. Cotterill is to be congratulated on a very meritorious piece of work. In conclusion, we venture to call his attention to a passage on page 467, line 18. Personally, the reviewer is of opinion that "S. Miniato" should there be substituted for "Pisa," since the fact that Pier della Vigna committed suicide in S. Miniato seems to him to have been definitely established by Prof. G. Rondoni in his learned article in the *Rivista Stor. It.*, vol v. (1888), pp. 38 ff: "La rocca di S. Miniato al Tedesco e la morte di P. d. V." However, the earlier authorities are undoubtedly with Mr. Cotterill, and, as a student of Dante of over forty years' standing, his opinion is worthy of every consideration.

Mark Rutherford's "Last Pages from a Journal," edited by his wife (Oxford University Press), is a worthy supplement to the reflections, often so exquisitely written and so subtly philosophic, which he himself chose for the "Pages from a Journal" and "More Pages from a Journal." Mrs. White confesses to having selected from his notebooks with a sparing hand, inasmuch as her husband had taken great pains in his earlier volumes to reshape his intimate jottings for the press, and to eradicate from them their personal element. It is to be wished that she had been more liberal, for the peculiar charm of this posthumous volume is exactly in its revelation of Mark Rutherford's musing but robust, sanguine but self-controlled, temperament. "Never try to say anything remarkable," runs one entry: "it is sure to be wrong"—and this quietness characterizes all his utterances. But many of the notes let us into the heart of a man who was at bottom a radical, checked by sober reflection and sobering experience, a believer in moral ideas but a hater of the worn dogmas that clothe them, a meliorist but one who knew how slowly must come enduring reforms. One side of his nature is expressed in a note made late in life: "The public evils which weigh upon us most heavily are so formless, so universally penetrating, that it seems hopeless to combat them. Luther had a definite foe. He believed that if he could overthrow the Papacy the world would be regenerated. Happy prophet! What can we do against omnipresent dishonesty, moral skepticism, and modern political methods?" But the very next entry exhibits his sympathy for mercurial temperaments, remarking that to some people the world is never fixed, and "the sky, fields, human beings, philosophy, religion, are fluent and consequently always new: this temper has its delights and its glory." And the succeeding page shows his reasoned faith in the possibilities of change. "We should always be on the watch to see if the common course of life cannot be improved. Custom blinds us to such a degree that we go on day after day doing the stupidest things, though the right way is close at hand." Most of the reflections, however, are of an abstractly ethical or philosophic cast. We learn of his belief that in our time religion grows from morals rather than *vice versa*, springing of itself from a character pure and healthy; we see his contempt for people whose "principles are chucked into them by chance," but who stand by them obstinately; and his emphasis on the social aspect of life comes to the fore in such a declaration as that no view is worth a happy hour with a friend, or is compensation for a drop of bile in the wrong place.

The volume is rounded by a number of essays and narrative sketches, either written during Mark Rutherford's last years or then revised. The essays are in general literary; they show no particular acuteness, but they reveal Mark Rutherford's special liking for a number of authors—notably for the writings of Milton and Wordsworth, and for the personalities of Johnson and Bunyan. His

narratives are of a piece with the chronicles of Tanner's Lane, and, while not striking in any creative way, have the modest veracity and thoughtful characterization of his novels. The impression of monotony given by his longer pieces of fiction is not noticeable in them. One autobiographical fragment of some note is the paper entitled "George Eliot as I Knew Her."

No more interesting or dramatic story of railway building is to be found anywhere than that of China's six thousand miles of line, constructed in an atmosphere of diplomatic intrigue that has displayed at its worst the selfishness and greed of the predatory nations. We do not readily associate the railway with this land of mystery, in which the principal means of transportation of passengers are "the sedan chair, the mule litter, the cart, horses, mules, and donkeys," and of commodities, "barrows, pack horses, mules, donkeys, camels, and for short distances oxen." It does not surprise us to learn from "Railway Problems in China," by Mongton Chih-Hsu (Longmans; $1.50), that when the first railway was completed in 1876, with a two-and-one-half-foot gauge, and a locomotive was put on the rails, contrary to an agreement that only animals should be used as motive power, vigorous protests were made by the imperilled community. When a laborer was actually run over and killed, the concession was cancelled and the rails and the rolling stock were shipped to the Island of Formosa.

Up to the war with Japan in 1894 little was accomplished, although modern transportation as an institution was officially recognized by the Government in 1884, when, in its war with France, it became convinced of the military value of the railway. But with the Japanese victory ten years later, and the necessity of raising money by loans to satisfy the Japanese indemnity, there began that disgraceful exploitation of China's resources which has as yet no ending. Before this, no railway concession had been granted to a foreigner. From that time on, for the next ten years, there was a series of humiliating bargains, in which concessions, spheres of influence, and the alienation of sovereign powers were the usual terms. A railway loan was a political problem involving all the intricacies of international diplomacy. It is no wonder that a Boxer rebellion resulted. Beginning with the Russo-Japanese war and extending to the present time, there are evident a stirring of native enterprise and a determination that the Government shall exercise greater control over foreign loans. A distinct movement towards Government ownership and operation is at work, but its realization is hampered by lack of funds and by conflicts of jurisdiction between the provincial and the central authorities. Dr. Hsu has told his story vividly and well, giving his main attention to the international situation, but describing in detail the various railway undertakings, completed and projected. He finds China's greatest menace in the aggressive policy of Russia and of Japan. Apparently China's only real friend in whom she has entire confidence is the United States. This monograph should be read by those who would inform themselves on the various methods of political exploitation, masquerading in the pious garb of "commercial expansion." As railway projects, the lines of China can have but little interest. This is evident when we consider that China, with nearly twice our area and over four times our population, has a railway mileage which, all told, is only about one-fortieth of our own. The commercial surface has as yet scarcely been scratched.

Popular studies of the Græco-Roman world in the time of Christ appear to be in great demand. One of the most recent of them, emanating from the pen of Prof. S. Angus, of the University of Sydney, is entitled "The Environment of Early Christianity" (Scribner; 75 cents net), and forms the latest volume in the excellent series known as Studies in Theology. The purpose of the book is "to survey the ancient world in which Christianity was first planted, and to present a brief account of the genius and achievements of the three great peoples to whom the Gospel was first offered." In keeping with this purpose, the author discusses the new era which began with Alexander the Great, the social, moral, and religious conditions of the Græco-Roman period, the characteristics of the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman, closing with an estimate of Hellenistic Greek—a subject in which the author is perfectly at home—and an intimation that "Christianity is the synthesis of and the authority for the truths proclaimed by all systems." A serviceable bibliography is appended. Dr. Angus has not only read his sources, but has reflected upon them, with the result that the reader has at his disposal an uncommonly good book.

Two recent publications of the University of Chicago Press, namely, "The Bixby Gospels" and "The Freer Gospels," contain collations by Prof. E. J. Goodspeed of two Greek manuscripts of the Gospels which are in the possession, respectively, of Mr. W. K. Bixby, of St. Louis, and Mr. C. L. Freer, of Detroit. The Freer manuscript has already been made accessible to scholars by Prof. H. A. Sanders, who published both a facsimile edition of this fifth- or fourth-century uncial and a collation of its text based on the Oxford (1880) edition of the Textus Receptus. The independent collation of Dr. Goodspeed is made on the basis of the text of Westcott and Hort. The Bixby manuscript, a cursive probably of the eleventh century, is less important, its text being in general "very close to that of Stephanus." The collation is based on the Lloyd-Sanday edition of the Received Text.

In "Nelson's Legacy" (Scribner; $4.50), Frank Danby gives a well-considered account of the extraordinary career of the charming adventuress who was the mother of children by Capt. Willett Payne, by Sir Henry Featherstonehaugh, and by Lord Nelson, and who is known to history as Lady Hamilton. The author knows how to make up appropriate imaginary conversations which accord well with what is known from authentic sources of the character of Lady Hamilton and her companions. With commendable moderation details are omitted which might offend the susceptibilities of those to whom truth is less grateful than delicacy. Lady Hamilton's life, as it is told here, is something in the nature of a homily upon the evanescent nature of fortune won by means inconsistent with virtue. The charm which she exercised over Romney is fitly recalled by the reproduction of several of his portraits of her.

Science

SURGERY IN WAR.

A Surgeon in Belgium. By H. S. Souttar, Assistant Surgeon, West London Hospital, late Surgeon-in-Chief, Belgium Field Hospital. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

This book is a vivid portrayal of the effect of invasion on the cities, villages, and the inhabitants of Belgium. It gives the impression of having been written at white heat. While of tragic interest to the general reader, it should be especially recommended to those American surgeons who contemplate service in a base or field hospital:

> A surgeon is required who can deal with desperate emergencies and pull impossible cases out of the fire—a young man who does not believe in the impossible, and who can adapt himself to conditions of work that would make an older man shudder, and a man who will never believe what he is told until he has seen it for himself. For the conditions of work at the front are utterly different from those of civil practice, and it is impossible for any man after many years of regular routine to adapt himself to such changed environment. The long experience of the older man will be of far more use at the base, and he will have plenty of difficulties to contend with there.
>
> I have often been told that there is no opening for skilled surgery at the front. In my opinion there is room for the highest skill that the profession can produce.

Dr. Souttar, like every other surgeon who has been on duty in the war zone, reports that the battle with infection is the fiercest battle that is being waged by the medical men at the front. He adds that his most efficient treatment of infected wounds was exposure to the air; the open-air treatment being usually attended by improvement not only of the lesion, but in the general condition of the patient. The most difficult cases were fractured thighs, infected as they were invariably, and complicated by the loss of bone, deleted by the high-power missile which caused the wound. He used Lane's method of fixation of simple fractures, replacing the missing bones by long steel plates attached to the remaining bones by steel screws. He states that, in his opinion, it is folly to remove a bullet from any wound unless it interferes with some important structure. Spinal anæsthesia was employed for abdominal cases, and chloroform as the general inhalation anæsthetic, the latter being well borne by the abstemious Belgians.

Lack of professional jealousy, eager helpfulness on the part of all classes, a general exemplification of *noblesse oblige*, are among the good products of war—a tale which is told in each chapter of this book.

The tremendous labors which confront the surgeon in Belgian hospitals, and we may well believe practically everywhere where the fighting is intense, are demonstrated by the fact that in five weeks at Furnes, as Dr.

Souttar reports, one thousand cases were cared for in one hundred beds.

As to the future of Belgium, Dr. Souttar says:

The problem of the children of Belgium will be one of the most serious to be faced when the war is over. There will be a great number of orphans, while many more will be simply lost. They must not be adopted in England, for to them Belgium will look for her future population. There could be few finer ways in which we could show our gratitude to the people of Belgium than by establishing colonies over there where they could be brought up in their own country, to be its future citizens. It would form a bond between the two countries such as no treaty could ever establish, and Belgium would never forget the country which had been foster-mother to her children.

One suggestion made by Dr. Souttar might well be considered by every large city—the need for a base hospital to which patients could be transferred for convalescence after their first treatment "at the front"—that is, in the wards of the city hospital. "I wonder," he says, "how long it will be before each of the great London hospitals has its own base down in the country, with its own motor ambulances and its own ambulance coaches to carry its patients in comfort by rail to surroundings where they could recover as can never be possible in the middle of the London slums. And as to getting the staff to look after it, there would probably be a waiting-list for the week-ends!"

Dr. Souttar has drawn conclusions from his experiences "as a surgeon, as a Briton, and as I hope a civilized man." We have quoted some of his conclusions in two of these capacities; it would not be fair, therefore, to close the book without the concluding paragraph, which seems to exemplify his point of view as a patriotic Briton:

This war is not of our choosing, and we shall never ask for peace. The sword has been thrust into our hands by a power beyond our own to defend from a relentless foe the flag which has been handed down to us unsullied through the ages, and to preserve for the world the freedom which is the proudest birthright of our race. When it is sheathed, the freedom of the world from the tyranny of man will have been secured.

Prof. William Watson, secretary of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences since 1884, and an authority on technical education, who died on September 30, was born in Nantucket, Mass., January 19, 1834, the son of William and Mary Macy Watson. He graduated from the engineering department of Harvard in 1857, and then became a member of the Harvard faculty as instructor in differential and integral calculus at the Scientific School, where he remained until 1859. After studying at the University of Jena, where he received the degree of Ph.D., he went to Paris and took a course at the Ecole Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées. Returning to this country, he lectured at Harvard from 1863 to 1864. During his stay in Europe he collected information on technical education which was made the basis of a scheme of organization of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in which he was professor of mechanical engineering and descriptive geometry from 1865 to 1873. In that year Professor Watson was United States Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition, and in 1878 he was a member of the international jury of the Paris Exposition. The same year he was elected honorary president of the Paris Congress of Architects and vice-president of the International Congress of Hygiene. He was also honorary president of the engineering section of the French Association for the Advancement of Science in 1878, 1881, 1883, and 1889, and in the last year he served also as vice-president of the International Congress of Construction. He was secretary of the World's Columbian Water Commerce Congress in 1893. Professor Watson was a member of many American and foreign scientific societies, and was the author of a number of scientific and mathematical works.

Drama and Music

MODERN VIENNA.

Three Plays by Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

The three plays by Arthur Schnitzler, "The Lonely Way," "Intermezzo," and "The Countess Mizzie," which constitute a recent volume in the Modern Drama series, edited by Edwin Björkman, have qualities which make them well worth the reading. The English translation, though somewhat awkward and artificial in places, reflects enough of the spirit and manner of the original to show the uncommon literary merit of the dialogue, the keen sense of characterization possessed by the author, and his intimate acquaintance with that particular phase of modern society which he so minutely, skilfully, and often brilliantly depicts. In an interesting but not very judicious preface Mr. Björkman intimates that the true value of Schnitzler's art can only be fully appreciated by those conversant with the atmosphere and spirit of modern Vienna. That is as it may be. Certainly the personages introduced by the dramatist bear all the external attributes of veracity. They act and talk naturally, in accordance with their presumed stations, and frequently with a pleasant disregard of what are ordinarily supposed to be theatrical necessities. To this extent they are realistic, but they are selected types—of a kind to be found in all metropolitan communities, but not specially characteristic of them—and, in the aggregate, form eccentric groups which cannot be accepted as fairly representative of life in its broader and general aspects. The philosophy which most of them follow is abominably selfish, shallow, immoral, and materialistic, and although it is possible to enjoy and admire the naturalness, veracity, variety, and imaginativeness of their discourse, it is difficult to feel much concern in their fate. Dramatically, the plays are weak, not so much because they are deficient in plot or action, as because there is so little in them to excite honest human interest.

"The Lonely Way" is infinitely the finest work of the three. In many ways it is a masterly composition and, from one point of view, it enforces a potent and tragic lesson. Actually, the play is a tragedy, although written mainly in the mood of comedy, of which the illustration, if not the theme, is the emptiness and hopeless loneliness of lives devoted wholly to self-indulgence, without regard to the welfare or sufferings of others. Both the principal characters, Julian Fichtner, the artist, and Stephan von Sala, the dilettante poet and explorer, are egoists of the completest kind. Prosperous, accomplished, popular, both have recognized in self-gratification the ruling principle of their existence. The former sacrificed love, faith, and honor to his artistic ambition and passion for freedom, the other abjured every tie of love or friendship rather than compromise the irresponsible liberty he enjoyed. In purchasing their own exemption from care, both brought disgrace and sufferings to others, and, in the end, found themselves utterly alone, barred from the human sympathy and communion which they had consistently denied. Fichtner, in middle age, yearning for the love of an illegitimate son, disgracefully foisted upon an unconscious foster-father, is bluntly told by the youth that he has forfeited all paternal rights and esteem, while Sala, after coolly proposing concubinage to a woman (daughter of a trusting friend) who has confessed her love, commits suicide when he hears that she has drowned herself. The two men are finely and consistently drawn—each is a distinct, vital, and brilliant study—and logically and fitly reap the crop of their own sowing. They might supply the backbone of a very strong sociological drama. But they are intellectual fictions rather than human beings, for all their external verity, and they move among personages who belong in the same category. Professor Wegrat, who confides utterly in the wife who has grossly deceived him, and ignorantly accepts as his own the child of his intimate friend, is the most human of the lot; but even in him the indifference to everything but his scholastic duties is an unsympathetic trait. In behalf of the wife there is nothing, or very little, to be said in the way of excuse or exoneration. The dreamy love-sick daughter is an abnormal creature, invented for the part she is to play. Neatly as the puppets move in their appointed grooves, their very assemblage in one group suggests their invention for a special purpose, and, for all their realism, prevents their acceptance as living realities or true examples of normal conditions. Nowhere is there any hint that they are exhibited with moral or satirical intent. They are presented as actualities fairly representative of the daily human comedy in Vienna. A more reasonable assumption is that they were conceived in a fit of materialistic pessimism. That

there is a measure of truth in the fiction and a sound moral for those capable of extracting it, is indisputable, but the prevailing spirit is one of hard, glittering, intellectual cynicism, altogether unwholesome and uninspiring.

"Intermezzo," much lighter in substance and quality than "The Lonely Way," is an exceedingly clever study of the artistic temperament, in which morality plays no part. It is exaggerated, but of its essential verity, as a bit of possible experience in stage life, nobody familiar with the subject would have much doubt. Some of the psychology, especially in the case of the woman, may be open to question, but the whole piece is brilliantly written, contains a number of effective situations, and shows an intimate acquaintance not only with the conditions existing in the musical world, but with human nature in general. It is marked by a pervasive cynicism, but is by no means destitute of genuine emotion. Of this latter quality there is scarcely any trace in "The Countess Mizzie," in which cynicism reigns supreme. In this one-act play the heroine, a supposed spinster of nearly forty, carrying on an intrigue with her music teacher, is suddenly informed by Prince Egon, an old lover, now a widower, that he has reared and adopted their illegitimate son, whom she had supposed to be dead. She receives the youth without the least surprise or emotion, summarily dismisses her professor (of whom the Prince knows nothing) and has apparently made up her mind to marry her original seducer, and play the part of stepmother, when the curtain falls. Incidentally she gives a hearty welcome to her father's mistress, who is about to marry, and thanks her for the kindness she has shown to her parent. The sole merit of the story lies in the manner of its relation. In all three plays the characters speak and act as if totally unconscious of the finer instincts and principles upon which the foundations of any civilized society must rest. With scarcely an exception, they personify an immoral selfishness thinly disguised by a veneer of modern culture. Such drama, however clever, is not precious. The more brilliant it is, indeed, the more pernicious it is likely to prove. J. RANKEN TOWSE.

"THE NEW YORK IDEA."

Miss Grace George, who last week initiated her programme of a repertory company at the Playhouse, was wise in her first choice of play. Mr. Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea," in which, as our readers will remember, Mrs. Fiske appeared nine years ago, has sparkle and depends for its success largely upon the acting. This furnishes a combination with which any competent company might well be content. The piece is not farce, which puts supreme emphasis upon sheer situation; it is farce comedy of the sort which allows ample opportunity for the depiction of manners. When the divorced Mrs. Karslake, by her unconventionality, sets on edge the household of her divorced fiancé, Judge Philip Phillimore, the fun is got not so much from thought of the disarrangement caused in a solid family that regularly reads the *Evening Post*, as from watching its various effects upon individual members. This is manifestly a comedy of manners, and though artificial, and thus, strictly speaking, incredible, is scarcely more so than certain dashing dramas of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Indeed, as the play was presented by Miss George and her company there was a suggestion of luxurious make-believe.

The New York "idea," at the hands of Mr. Mitchell, is, of course, the easy road to divorce upon which fashionable society is supposed to tread by preference. Only, in the particular instance which provides the main situation, the divorce is premature, since both parties to it, as it transpires, have continued to love each other all the while, even though the wife, having decided to entrust herself to a "second sober choice," just escapes marrying another. The author has preferred to treat this situation briskly instead of attempting a subtle psychological study of unwitting love, though he naturally stresses the theme in the last act, when the lovers are brought together. On the whole, the play is a clever adaptation to American conditions of a kind of play which is as old as Wycherley and on occasion as brilliant as "She Stoops to Conquer."

The level of acting in this company was surprisingly even. Miss George gave a sound performance in the part of Cynthia Karslake; she was free from the mannerisms which have spoiled much otherwise skilful acting of late, and she brought out in rich measure the tantalizing charm of the author's conception. It was only towards the close of the final act—and for this the author was largely to blame—that the spell of her performance was broken. As Philip, Lumsden Hare had a rôle for which he was well fitted—a rôle in which a dignified appearance counts for quite as much as acting. Besides these two, the company includes Conway Tearle, Ernest Lawford, Mary Nash, and Albert Reed, all of whom deserve commendation. F.

"THE PRINCESS PAT."

Hopes of a revival of the almost lost art of light opera, flattered last year by "The Lilac Domino," are further raised by the production at the Cort Theatre of "The Princess Pat." Victor Herbert's music is pleasing, full of color, and cleverly orchestrated; the book of Henry Blossom is not to be highly commended for any sparkling wit, but at least the story, though ancient, which is no drawback, is coherent and clearly told; the lyrics are not without some bearing on the plot, are occasionally clever, and are written in accordance with the elementary rules of prosody. A Neapolitan love song and a love duet in the second act and an Irish song in the third are musically so much above the average of the so-called light opera of Broadway that one is tempted by them, in the enthusiasm of relief, to exaggerate the merits of the production as a whole.

"The Princess Pat" is not by any means Gilbert and Sullivan come back to delight the world, but it differs from legitimate comic opera not in kind, as do most musical productions, but only in degree. Even that difference is minimized, so far as is possible, by the selection of the best cast that has been gathered together for a musical play in many seasons. Miss Eleanor Painter, who made a striking success last year in "The Lilac Domino," may justly be regarded as the hope of American light opera. Her voice, not strong, but perfectly trained and of delightful timbre, ideally meets the requirements of this type of production, and in addition she is a clever actress, is exceedingly pretty, and dances gracefully. In her acting this year the present critic seemed to notice, with regret, a hint of the sophistication of the popular prima donna replacing the absolute simplicity and lack of self-consciousness which was so delightful a feature of her performance in "The Lilac Domino" last season. Miss Eva Fallon, who played an important part on extremely short notice, gave a performance that was a good deal more than merely creditable. In Joseph R. Lertora, an American Italian, the management has found an operatic hero who not only possesses a high baritone voice of unusual quality, but knows how to act and makes a manly lover. The comedy is distributed among a number of parts. Alexander Clark, as Si Perkins, plays the rôle of a village sheriff in the manner that convention attributes to such a character. Al Shean is amusing as Anthony Schmalz, a *nouveau riche* of pronounced German origin, who, in alluding to an Italian rival, remarks that he hates "these foreigners." The genuine comedian of the play is, however, Sam B. Hardy, who, in the part of an adventurer, is constantly entertaining and obtains his effects quietly and by means of entirely legitimate comedy. To Mr. Hardy's performance may be attributed a good deal of the success of the piece, which is beyond comparison the best comic opera seen in New York this season, and is likely so to continue. S. W.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford is a clever writer, and she has put some excellent literary work into her three-act play, "A Woman Alone" (Scribner). This is a revised and amplified version of the piece which had some experimental performances in London some time ago. The theme, as the title implies, is the rights of women and the relations of the sexes, and the two sides of the question are argued, with no little dialectical skill, by the husband and wife, who are protagonists. The moral enforced is that in the long run nature is likely to prove more potent than theories or argument. As drama the parable would have been much more convincing if the contestants had been of less antipodal types. Each, of course, in his or her respective ways, is a paragon, and both are madly in love with each other. Richard Bowden, the husband, is an intellectual conservative, a shrewd observer and close student, with a hatred of publicity and all 'isms, a bit of a misanthrope, and a profound believer in the old-fashioned woman, the goddess of the home and the mother of good men. Blanche, his wife, with whom he fell in love at first sight, is a brilliant creature, raised in Vienna, amid the fine discussions of literary, artistic, and political salons, who entertains the most advanced ideas concerning woman's place in the activities of the world. She starts a salon in London, fills it with politicians, writers, artists, actors, visionaries—the whole "ambubaiarum collegia"—and drives her retiring, contemplative husband almost frantic with her continual exhortations to him to do something or

be somebody. A serious quarrel (an admirably written scene) ensues when he insists upon her leading a life more in accordance with his ideas, and he finally decides to leave her —without any legal form of separation—to go her own way, while he goes his. For a year or two, both loving, they remain apart, he writing a great book, and she striving to fill the void in her heart by engaging in all sorts of unproductive activities. But presently her old admirers and flatterers find a new idol. She grows lonely, and the sight of the happiness of a friend, an exultant young wife and mother, makes her utterly miserable. So she begs her husband to take her back on any terms, and he, loving her more than ever, and ready to grant her wider liberty, is only too glad to fold her again in his arms. The story is very well told, but is too evidently devised for the support of a particular thesis to carry much significance with it. Both consistency and probability are severely strained in the original mutual fascination of the couple, their quarrel, their conduct during separation, and their blissful reunion. The literary quality of the play, however, is of a decidedly superior order, and few persons would dispute the truth of the general proposition that, for the sake of true love, women, and men also, would willingly sacrifice much. But then, on the other hand, true love does not demand sacrifices, it makes them.

Among the musical entertainments to be given this season under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences are five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; five by the New York Symphony Orchestra; three chamber-music concerts by the Kneisel Quartet; song recitals by Schumann-Heink, Kitty Cheatham, David Bispham, Paul Althouse, George Harris, Julia Culp, Melba; violin and piano recitals by Kreisler, Elman, Spalding, Josef Hofmann, Percy Grainger, Mme. Laginska, and Ernest Schelling.

The genuine Japanese Madama Butterfly, Tamaki Minra, who appeared successfully in London in Puccini's opera not long ago, made her American début last week in Chicago. She will also be heard in New York and Boston as a member of the Boston Opera Company.

Among the soloists engaged to appear in Boston with its Symphony Orchestra are Farrar, Melba, Paderewski, Kreisler, Rosenthal, Harold Bauer, Ruth Deyo, and Ernest Schelling. The manager of these concerts, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, announces that after this season subscription tickets will not be sold at auction, subscribers being allowed to retain their seats from year to year, as is the case with other orchestral organizations.

New works by American composers, including Walter Damrosch himself, are to be a prominent feature of the New York Symphony Society's concerts to be given this season in Aeolian Hall, under his direction. The novelties of Damrosch will be selections from his incidental music to "Medea" and "Iphigenia in Aulis," which he composed for the performances of those Greek plays at the University of California. The other American composers represented are John Alden Carpenter, Victor Kolar, David Stanley Smith, and Daniel Gregory Mason.

The seventy-fourth season of the Philharmonic Society of New York opens in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, October 28; the next day marks the first of the Society's regular Friday afternoon series. The Philharmonic announces, as usual, twelve Thursday evenings, sixteen Friday afternoons, four Saturday evenings, and twelve Sunday afternoons in Carnegie Hall, and two concerts for young people in Aeolian Hall. A Bach-Beethoven Festival has been arranged for the month of January, at which the Philharmonic will be assisted by the Oratorio Society of New York, Louis Koemmenich, conductor. The two organizations will coöperate in productions of the Bach "Magnificat" and the Beethoven Ninth Symphony. The performances of the Festival are included in the regular Thursday evening, Friday afternoon, and Sunday afternoon series of the Society, and the "Magnificat" and Ninth Symphony will also form one of the programmes of the Brooklyn concerts. The list of Philharmonic soloists contains the names of almost all the great visiting artists, among them: Fritz Kreisler, Arrigo Serato, Francis Macmillan, Maximilian Pilzer, Yolanda Mero, Harold Bauer, Ernest Hutcheson, Ernest Schelling, Percy Grainger, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Pablo Casals, Leo Schulz, and Beatrice Harrison. There are also Olive Fremstad, Elisabeth Van Endert, Melanie Kurt, Julia Culp, and Emmy Destinn.

Finance

THE SPECULATION ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

A week in which, with speculation on the Stock Exchange running wild and the "outside public" buying without restraint at the top of a violent advance, transactions have averaged 1,500,000 shares in each full business day, as against a usual average of less than half a million, would be a notable landmark in itself. This record has been exceeded on several previous occasions—by the 8,400,000 shares of the second week of November, 1908, for instance, the 10,500,000 shares of the third week of August, 1906, and the 15,400,000 of the week ending May 4, 1901—when sales on the single day of April 30 rose to 3,200,000 shares. But the frantic violence of this week's speculation, the furious alternate advances and declines, and the obvious fact that the speculative outside public has been the dominant influence, led old hands on the Stock Exchange to agree that nothing quite like it had been witnessed since the enormous speculation of 1901.

There are several particular resemblances to that episode. One is the fact that Wall Street itself, on both occasions, believed the "boom" already to have gone too far; tried to check it, and yet was swept along with the torrent. The tales in the newspapers this week, of huge speculative winnings by barbers, dressmakers, and trust accounts established for people's babies, exactly duplicate the similar publications of the final week of April, 1901. The physical exhaustion of the office forces of Wall Street commission houses, which led to the suggestion this week of a special Stock Exchange holiday so as to enable them to catch up with their office work, was a reminder of the time when, on Saturday, April 27, 1901, an arbitrary holiday of this sort was actually declared.

Such parallels make the question interesting to the new Wall Street generation, How did the famous speculation end in 1901? That "bull market" really reached its climax when professional Wall Street, well before the end of April, began to fear the consequences, and tried to extricate itself. This happened when the outside public was at its highest pitch of mania; with the result (as in this present week) of violent alternate upward and downward movements, in a single day, of 5 or 10 points apiece. On the 9th of May, when Northern Pacific stock was accidentally cornered, the whole market took sudden fright —it had been looking everywhere for trouble—and stocks broke 25 to 30 points within an hour.

The "outside public" was an enormous loser; it withdrew, sober and wiser. The "boom" itself was over for nearly a year. Yet it was far from easy, at the height of the mania of 1901, and it has not been easy on this occasion, to predict the immediate fortunes of a stock market in which such influences have prevailed. Especially at times when bank reserves are overflowing, and the precautionary signals of a tightening money market are therefore lacking, the naming of the exact moment when the ship will go ashore is impossible. It will often plunge along with triumphant immunity, for days and weeks after the pilot has been thrown over by the excited crew. Still signs of another sort have multiplied that the end of this infatuated business cannot be very far away. Sober capitalists withdrew from the market weeks ago; last week witnessed the manœuvres of professional Wall Street operators to withdraw.

As is usual on such occasions, their withdrawal is not characterized by visible and general liquidation. On the contrary, the invariable programme is to bid up one set of stocks with sudden violence while selling heavily in another group. The process alternates with great rapidity; it naturally causes the utmost confusion in the course of prices; but it serves to conceal from the excited mob of outside speculators just what is really going on, and the end of the whole performance always takes them in complete surprise. These are the axioms in the history of all such episodes, and every man of experience and observation knows what stage in the progress towards the reckoning was reached last week. Sometimes the end comes because of sudden and disconcerting news; sometimes because of a single occurrence in the market which frightens because it is not understood. Sometimes a market of the sort seems to topple over purely of its own weight. As to all this, we shall presently see what we shall see.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Allen, E. S. The House of Gladness. Phila.: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25 net.
Bank, W. D. Treasure. Doran. $1.25 net.
Cather, W. S. The Song of the Lark. Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.
Cody, H. A. If Any Man Sin. Doran. $1.25 net.
Dreiser, T. The Genius. Lane. $1.50 net.
Lutz, G. L. H. The Obsession of Victoria Gracen. Lippincott.
Moffat, E. S. Hearts Steadfast. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Peattie, E. W. Lotta Embury's Career. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Sidgwick, E. Duke Jones. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35 net.
Walton, G. L. Peg Along. Lippincott.
Whiting, R. R. The Judgment of Jane. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Wylie, I. A. R. The Temple of Dawn. Doran. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Berle, A. A. The School in the Home. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Duncan, N. Australian Byways. Harper. $1.75 net.
Ellis, H. Affirmations. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Kobbe, G. Modern Women. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Machen, A. The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War. Putnam. 75 cents.
Rhodes, H. In Vacation America. Harper. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Soares, T. G. The Social Institutions and Ideals of the Bible. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Strickland, F. L. Foundations of Christian Belief. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cushing, H. A. Voting Trusts. Macmillan.
Guide to the Law and Legal Literature of Spain. Washington: Government Printing Office.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bland, J. O. P. Germany's Violation of the Laws of War 1914-15. Putnam. $2 net.
Falls, C. Rudyard Kipling. Mitchell Kennerley.
Fish, C. R. American Diplomacy. Holt. $2.75 net.
Snider, D. J. Goethe's Life-Poem. St. Louis, Mo.: Sigma Pub. Co.
Sprague, F. M. Made in Germany. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

TRAVEL.

Comstock, S. Old Roads from the Heart of New York. Putnam. $2.50 net.

POETRY.

Chesterton, G. K. Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.
Conkling, G. H. Afternoon of April. Houghton Mifflin.
Don Marquis. Dreams and Dust. Harper. $1.20 net.
Stray Gold. A Rambler's Clean-Up. By R. G. T. St. Paul, Minn.: St. Paul Book & Stationery Co.

SCIENCE.

Caldwell, O. W., Eikenberry, W. L., and Pieper, C. J. A Laboratory Manual for Work in General Science. Ginn. 50 cents.
Moore, F. G. Porta Latina. A Reading Method. Boston: Ginn.
Pusey, W. A. Syphilis as a Modern Problem. American Medical Association.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Chaloner, J. A. The Serpent of Old Nile. North Carolina: Palmetto Press. 50 cents.
Dickinson, T. H. The Case of American Drama. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

ART.

Bragdon, C. Projective Ornament. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press.

JUVENILE.

Brown, A. F. Kisington Town. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Burton, C. P. Camp Bob's Hill. Holt. $1.25 net.
Ludlum, W. The Scissors Book. Putnam. $1 net.
Miller, O. T. The Children's Book of Birds. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Giese, W. F. Alarcon's Novelas Cortas. Ginn. 75 cents net.

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PUBLISHED BY **THE PAGE COMPANY** 53 BEACON ST. BOSTON

THE NATION PRESS, Inc.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1915.

Summary of the News

The situation in the Balkans has undergone no fundamental change since the dispatch of the Russian ultimatum to Bulgaria and the resignation of M. Venizelos, which we recorded last week. A defiant reply, the substance of which was contained in dispatches of October 8, was returned to the ultimatum by Bulgaria, and the Ministers of the Entente Powers left Sofia last week. An element of humor is introduced in a grim situation by the attitude of the Bulgarian Minister in London who remains at his post, complacently declaring that his country has no quarrel with England.

In Greece M. Zaimis has accepted the Premiership and has formed a coalition Ministry in which he will be his own Foreign Minister. Included in the Ministry are four other Premiers. At the first meeting of the Chamber since the formation of the new Ministry, on Monday, M. Zaimis declared that the policy of the Government would for the present be one of "armed neutrality." M. Venizelos said that his party would support the Government so long as there was no departure from the policy of the late Government which had been endorsed by the Chamber, but indicated his conviction that the question was not whether Greece should enter the war in aid of Servia, but only when she should enter it. After the speeches of the two leaders, the Chamber adjourned until next Monday.

The interpretation of the present anomalous situation would seem to be, therefore, that Greece's attitude will be one of "benevolent" neutrality towards the Allies and that no attempt will be made to interfere with the landing of French and British troops at Salonica and their transport by the Salonica-Nish railway into Servia. Public opinion in Greece, which, when the Cabinet crisis occurred last week, seemed to be strongly on the side of Venizelos, appears during succeeding days to have changed and to favor the efforts of the Germanophile King to keep his country from active hostilities with the Teutonic Empires.

The commencement of the long-expected Austro-German invasion of Servia, across the Save, the Danube, and the Drina, was announced in dispatches of October 8. Belgrade was occupied by the left wing of the Teutonic forces, after fierce fighting by the Servian rear-guard, on October 9, and the passage of the Danube has been made secure. News of the capture of Semendria came on Tuesday. As we write, the Servians continue to resist the passage of the Save and Drina, but it is not considered probable that a serious stand will be attempted north of the defensive line of the mountain range near Kraguyevatz. Dispatches on Tuesday reported that Bulgarian troops had also crossed the Servian frontier on the previous day and had begun an attack near Kniashevatz, twenty-five miles northeast of Nish.

The attitude of Rumania continues doubtful. Dispatches from Rome record pro-Ally demonstrations in Bucharest, and news received on Tuesday from the same source is to the effect that M. Bratiano, the Rumanian Premier, has given the Italian Government to understand that Rumania, although maintaining neutrality for the present, intends in her own good time to enter the war on the side of the Allies.

In England the unfavorable turn of events in the Balkans has been received by the section of the press controlled by Lord Northcliffe with the usual clamorous squealing for a scapegoat. This time it is the Foreign Office, headed by Sir Edward Grey, that is bitterly assailed, apparently on the ground that he did not feel in a position to promise to Bulgaria territorial acquisitions which were not his to offer.

The engagement of President Wilson to Mrs. Norman Galt, of Washington, was announced in the morning papers of October 7. On the same date was published President Wilson's statement that he would vote for the woman suffrage amendment in New Jersey on October 19.

Announcement was made by Secretary Lansing, on October 9, that the members of the Pan-American Conference on Mexico had unanimously decided in favor of the recognition of the faction led by Carranza as the *de facto* Government in Mexico. Before this decision was reached, it was stated, certain definite assurances as to the future had been obtained from Carranza. The formal sanction of President Wilson to the plan was accorded on Monday.

Secretary Lansing, on Saturday of last week, gave out the statement that the note to Great Britain on interferences with neutral commerce was completed and would go forward shortly, without waiting for the arrival of Mr. Skinner, Consul-General in London, who has been summoned to Washington to discuss the trade situation. The note, it is understood, was in President Wilson's hands for final consideration at the beginning of this week. Reports that the recall of Mr. Skinner had been requested by the British authorities have been officially denied.

The text of a memorandum prepared by the British Government on the detention and confiscation of cargoes of meats and meat products consigned by Chicago packers to Scandinavian countries, was published in Tuesday's papers. The British Government points out that these shipments were not seized under the Order in Council, but as conditional contraband, and declares that it has in its possession documentary evidence, so strong as to amount to certainty, that the shipments were made to neutral countries with the intention on the part of the packers of having them delivered in Germany.

The naval manœuvres, which ended on Sunday morning, resulted in the victory of the hostile "Red" fleet, which gained command of the sea over the Atlantic battleship fleet, and would have been free to enter Delaware Bay and attack Philadelphia.

As a result of the continuance of slides in the Panama Canal, Major-Gen. Goethals announced on Monday that the reopening of the canal, which had been tentatively set by Col. Harding for November 1, would be indefinitely postponed. It was announced on October 6 that Gen. Goethals had withdrawn his resignation as Governor of the Canal Zone and would continue in active charge until the work of clearing the canal should be completed.

The general elections in Norway were held on Monday, for the first time under the act of 1913, which extended the suffrage to all women, regardless of the amount of their income tax.

The appointment, announced on Monday, of M. Khvostoff, formerly leader of the Right in the Russian Duma, to the Ministry of the Interior, is interesting from the fact that M. Khvostoff is the first member of the Duma to have been included in a Russian Ministry.

German submarines have continued relatively quiescent. Since we wrote last week four British ships and one Greek vessel, the latter in the Mediterranean by an Austrian submarine, have been reported sunk. Retaliatory measures have apparently been taken by British submarines, coöperating with the Russian fleet, in the Baltic. In the last ten days the sinking of three German vessels by this means has been recorded. Opportunity to escape was afforded to the crews.

In France and Flanders the positions gained by the French and British troops in the recent offensive have been consolidated and some further progress is reported, notably by the French in the Champagne district, where the important positions of Tahure and the Butte de Tahure, constituting a point of support for the German second line, were captured last week. In Poland and Galicia the Austro-German offensive appears everywhere to have been brought to a standstill, and dispatches from Petrograd on Tuesday announced the beginning of an offensive by the Russians on the Stripa River, where the Austro-German lines had been pierced and a number of prisoners and guns captured.

In a speech on the Armenian atrocities in the House of Lords, on October 6, Viscount Bryce made the statement that the figure of 800,000 Armenians destroyed since May was "quite a possible number." Dispatches from Rome of October 10 stated that Pope Benedict had interceded with the Sultan of Turkey on behalf of the Armenians. Unwilling to allow such an opportunity for self-revelation to go unheeded, Count von Reventlow last week contributed an article to the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, in which he expressed the conviction that the Armenians had received just about the treatment they deserved, and the earnest hope that the German Government would not attempt to interfere with the domestic affairs of its ally. Perhaps as a result of this indiscretion, news was received on Monday that the *Tageszeitung* had again been suspended.

The Week

In that brief passage of President Wilson's speech to the Daughters of the American Revolution in which he touched upon the nature of our neutrality, he pointed out, though in few words, no less than three distinct aspects of our attitude. He recognized the part that is played by emotional sympathy, by intellectual judgment, and by the conception of our duty and opportunity as a nation. The country's neutrality does not, and should not, preclude the entertainment of "intense sympathies"; it does not, and should not, stand in the way of our "assessing the merits of the controversy"; but we are not to allow ourselves to be drawn into the quarrel, because America is pledged to "stand apart and maintain certain principles of action which are grounded in law and justice." And upon our fidelity to this duty depends, says the President, our ability to do a lasting service to the cause of peace:

> We are not trying to keep out of trouble, we are trying to preserve the foundations upon which peace can be rebuilt. Peace can be rebuilt only upon the ancient and accepted principles of international law, only upon those things which remind nations of their duties to each other, and, deeper than that, of their duties to mankind and to humanity.

In his deep feeling for what is here laid down is evidently to be found the key to the policy to which, in the face of all manner of discouragement, Mr. Wilson has so persistently adhered throughout the manifold difficulties of the past eight months.

The first comments of the German press on the complete backdown of the German Government in its controversy with the United States express incredulity and consternation. What, take the word of perfidious English officers against the affidavit of a brave German commander? Certain words in Ambassador Bernstorff's letter of disavowal are considered by the party of von Tirpitz as little better than an insult to German naval officers. Count Reventlow is naturally bursting with rage. He protests that the Government has consented to an act which "publicly brands the report and oath of the German commander and crew as inaccurate." Several newspapers refuse to believe the humiliating dispatches, and call upon the authorities at Berlin to issue a denial, or, at least, a reasonable explanation. All this was to have been expected. It shows, what was all along evident, that a very strong feeling existed in Germany against making any concession to the United States on the submarine issue. That the Kaiser finally decided to defy this public sentiment, and to come to terms with President Wilson, even if he had to eat his own words in the process, is plain proof of his anxiety to avoid a rupture with us. Incidentally, these angry outcries by the German press serve to heighten the American triumph.

Allied opinion will agree with part at least of what the Berlin *Tageblatt* says concerning the war in the Balkans:

> This is the beginning of the final triumph of German arms over the world. Our German General Staff knows that the nearest way to strike Germany's nearest enemy is not to capture Calais, but to hold the Dardanelles.

London will agree that through Calais certainly does not lie the nearest way to the heart of the British Empire. The events of a year have shown that. When the *Tageblatt* speaks of what the German General Staff knows, it implies a finality of knowledge which the facts do not justify. It took the Staff a year to find out about Calais, about which at the beginning the German press was as certain as it is now about the Dardanelles and Egypt. In the early summer there was the same metaphysical certainty that the war was to be ended in Russia. On both sides there has been much boasting and vainglory since the beginning of the war; but in the expression of German opinion there is a tone of what we have called metaphysical certainty, the conviction that in the nature of the universe whatever the German General Staff sets out to accomplish must be accomplished. This absolute confidence in final victory may yet be unshaken, but it is eminently unsafe to specify places and dates.

If the Government of Greece should in the end notify the Allies that the dispatch of their troops to Servia by way of Salonica is against its will, and a violation of neutral territory, a very serious question would be raised. The case would at a score of points fail to parallel the invasion of Belgium by a country that had specifically guaranteed the inviolability of her soil, yet there would be a clear breach of international law and of the Hague Conventions. This must be squarely admitted. Till recently, however, it is only fair to point out that the British and French authorities had every reason to suppose that they were acting with the consent of the Greek Government and the applause of the Greek people. Indeed, the railway from Salonica to Servia has long been permitted to transport military supplies. Even military expeditions must have gone that way, for by what other route could the British naval detachment, with its big guns, have reached Servia? Greece has steadily treated Servia as an ally whom it was her wish to aid in every way short of war, and to war itself by Servia's side, in case Bulgaria attacked her, the whole Greek nation seemed pledged. All these circumstances make a moral difference which none but the blind will not perceive. But, as we have said, the technical, legal case, as brought about by the shifts in the Government at Athens, is one that it would be awkward for the Allies to meet, if the present ministry should decide seriously to protest their actions.

It may be a great find that a semi-official organ of the German Government has made when it charges that the French Yellow Book suppressed the last two sentences of a dispatch sent by the British Ambassador at Petrograd to Sir Edward Grey on July 24, 1914; but why the find should be exploited in that quarter is a little difficult to see. The Ambassador stated that it seemed to him "as if France and Russia had decided on firm resistance, even if we refuse to join them." This does not appear to be calculated to add much strength to the prime contention of the Germans in the whole matter—the contention upon which their "Gott strafe England" and the hymn of hate are founded. If England was in a conspiracy with Russia and France to bring on the war, Ambassador Buchanan must have been in a singular state of ignorance for a man in his position when he thought it worth while to give his home Government information as to the probable purposes of Russia and France, in case England "refused to join them." But there is nothing new about this queer blindness to the logical effect of the "revelations" which the German authorities from time to time give to the world. The letters of Baron Greindl, Belgian Minister at Berlin, which were found at Brussels and have been so industriously exploited by the German Government, were warnings to the Belgian Government that it ought to take as much precaution against the danger of invasion by England or France as by Germany. Now all that this could possibly prove was that one Belgian diplomat suspected England and France of evil designs; and it never seems to cross the mind of Wilhelmstrasse that what it *disproves*, or goes far towards

disproving, is something infinitely more important. Is it likely that the Belgian Minister would be warning his Government against danger of invasion by England or France if Belgium had an understanding with either of these countries that she would connive at such invasion?

The *Kölnische Zeitung* describes as wilful lying the statements by Cromer and the Marquis of Crewe that German consular officials have connived at the Armenian atrocities. The British are trying to kick up a cloud of dust to cover their violation of Greece, that is all. But what has that paper to say of the cheering-on of the Turkish and Kurdish savages by an influential figure in the very German capital—Count von Reventlow? Surely, the neutral world will arrive at two conclusions: that the German people admit the occurrence of the atrocities, and that, whether ashamed or defiant, they admit also some responsibility for the acts of their allies. Even in the Count there is to be detected a note of bravado, as when he asserts the familiar argument, so hollow, whether brought forward by Georgians in defence of a lynching or by the Turks in defence of the extermination of a nation, that a people's internal acts are its own affair. A series of misdeeds like those in Armenia are the concern of the whole world, as the protest of Ambassador Morgenthau, the utterances of the Scandinavian press, and the letter of the Pope amply testify. In the sensitiveness of the German people lies our hope that their Government may act.

The publication of a British Government "White Paper" has just shown Sir Edward Grey in a new rôle—that of benefactor of the enslaved laborers of Portuguese West Africa. The record of reforms achieved is most creditable. In late 1913 he proposed to Lisbon the appointment of a Consul-General for Angola, who should oversee the Consulates already established there; and he invited the Portuguese Government to afford this man and his subordinates facilities for acquainting themselves with the contracting for laborers, the conditions of work on the plantations, and the manner in which the men were repatriated when their contracts expired. Previous attempts at reform had been paralyzed by the efforts of planters, whose defence was that the natives preferred slavery to freedom, and that English interference was prompted by a desire to gobble up the impoverished holdings. But Sir Edward Grey's direct representations resulted in the necessary Portuguese action, and there is ample evidence that involuntary servitude is fast being ended. In 1910 only four imported laborers had been repatriated; in 1913 there were 2,071, and in the first five months of 1914 1,821. In 1912 the average amount paid each laborer for the season's work was under eighteen shillings, and in the first five months of 1914 it was twelve and a half pounds. Brutality has been checked, and the ravages of the sleeping sickness lessened. The work of the British Government and its agents, aided by the Anti-Slavery Society, promises well for the future of the natives of all southern Africa.

To the person who reads the war dispatches in the light of the war maps in his newspaper, the absence of a scale of distances is the cause of much darkness. The same two-column-width will one day represent twenty miles in the Champagne, and the next day four hundred miles in Russia. It is well, therefore, to bring the Balkan theatre of war into some general perspective. The presumptive limit of military operations lies within a parallelogram about 375 miles long, measuring east and west from the Black Sea to the interior of Servia, and 250 miles wide, measuring north and south from the Danube to the Greek frontier in Macedonia. The length of our parallelogram is about equal to the distance from Berlin to Warsaw, and its width is perhaps fifty miles greater than the distance from Budapest to Belgrade. The diagonal, measuring from Belgrade to Constantinople across country, is about 500 miles, or about the distance from Berlin to Antwerp. It is, therefore, apparent from the first that, in view of the possible number of troops brought into the field on either side, the lines must be much more thinly held than in France or Russia, or else that there will be no attempt to form unbroken lines, like those which stretch from the North Sea to Switzerland and from the Baltic to the Dniester, but that operations will take on the older form of free manœuvres, with rapid shifting of fronts, flanking and encircling movements, dramatic advances and retreats.

The Balkan terrain is mountainous country and poor in railways. From Belgrade the great Constantinople trunk line runs south up the valley of the Morava to Nish, which is the present Servian capital. At Nish the line bifurcates, one branch continuing south down the valley of the Vardar, through Vranya and Uskub to Salonica, the other turning southeast and running through Sofia, Philippopolis, and Adrianople to Constantinople. The two hostile Balkan capitals, Nish and Sofia, are at no great distance from each other, less than a hundred miles across country, a little more by rail. The line to Salonica comes very close to the Bulgarian frontier at Vranya, where it is less than twenty miles from Bulgarian territory. Near this point, in all probability, the Bulgarian army will make its attempt to cut the line on which Servia depends for her supplies. But the maintenance of railway connection is fully as important for the Teutonic invaders. The heavy guns, which constitute so important a factor of the German strength, could scarcely be brought into play in the difficult country. For defensive purposes the Serbs and the Allies will have an advantage in the mountainous country, but in a campaign where footwork is to count for a great deal, the notable marching qualities of the German soldier must be taken into account.

The extent of the work of the Bureaus of Information about prisoners of war in Europe surpasses all precedents. In 1870, the Berlin Bureau answered but 60,000 inquiries in all. The present Bureau at Berlin, with its registration of the rank, service division, and place of confinement of many more than a million prisoners, has been brought to an astonishing perfection by Count Schwerin. Nearly a thousand letters of inquiry are received daily, and it is his boast that every one, whether French, Russian, English, Servian, Montenegrin, Italian, Belgian, or Japanese, is answered within twenty-four or at most forty-eight hours. A catalogue contains a list of the dead, so far as names and facts are ascertainable. The British Bureau employs over fifty persons for the same work. In all cases, information is sent not merely concerning enemy dead, sick, and wounded, as the Geneva Convention stipulates, but concerning the unwounded prisoners and the civilians interned. It is indicated by the British report that inquirers after the dead are not merely informed as to the fact: an attempt is made to put them into communication with some one who saw the soldier in question fall, and thus are often discovered "personal details which are highly valued by relatives and friends."

Little dabs of praise for President Wilson seem to form the running accompaniment of ex-Secretary Bryan's lectures. From some hill-town in Pennsylvania we are told that he feels like heartily congratulating the

President on the success of his dealings with Germany. Out in southern Illinois he stops long enough to remind his audience that they ought to thank their lucky stars that they have a peace-loving President. And now from Georgia we are informed that Mr. Bryan is "much gratified" at President Wilson's coming out in favor of woman suffrage. Incidentally, the ex-Secretary gives other people cause for much gratification by his announcement that his plans for the future "do not include the holding of any office." But what is the explanation of Mr. Bryan's eagerness to be always saying handsome things of Mr. Wilson? His own generous and noble nature—perhaps. Even so, it is a pretty good proof of skilful political management on the President's part. To have broken with a powerful politician in a way to win the applause of the country, while allowing the other to put himself in the wrong; and then to leave that politician in a position and a mood which impel him to sing the President's praises—all this is not so bad a piece of work for a mere professor who knew nothing about politics!

On the one hand, remarks Senator Borah, we have President Wilson with a solid Democracy and a growing general popularity; on the other, we have the Republicans getting ready for an internal shindy. He did not openly predict a quarrelsome division; but the prediction was implicit in his fear that the Republican party would not "do the wise thing" and adopt a liberal platform.

Our ultra-conservative friends who assume that the liberal sentiment in this country has been dying out, or that the pendulum is swinging back, are greatly in error. Those who hold that opinion have not been out among those who cast votes; and so far as I am concerned, I feel more deeply interested in the liberal campaign of 1916 than I did in that of 1912, because I feel that the issues have become more vital.

The question is whether Senator Borah is not raising a bogey. As if in answer comes a résumé of the first issue of *Prosperity, The Republican National Magazine*, with articles by Mann, Herrick, and Fairbanks jostling others by the treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Company, of Boston, the president of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, and the vice-president of the United States Potters' Association, lately rebuked by Secretary Redfield. The principal contributions are devoted to the Underwood tariff and to the consequent despair that "fills the air," the destruction that threatens "farm and factory interests, miner, and magnate." It is evidently not amiss for Borah to issue a warning that the Western farmer and miner will desire more liberal issues than that of the gloom-filled air.

It is not to be supposed that the Secretary of the Treasury would have come out for the retention of the duties on sugar without the President's approval. Hence we may expect that the Administration will urge Congress to repeal the section of the tariff bill making sugar free next year. This tariff tax can be defended as one for revenue. It actually produces a large revenue. Fifty millions a year, or thereabouts, are not to be sneezed at by a Treasury with a big deficit. This fact will doubtless be the great argument used with Congress. It can retrace its steps with good grace on the plea that the war has so dislocated our fiscal programme that we must now keep our hands on a tax which, in 1913, it was believed that we could dispense with. Of course, there will be "incidental" advantages, of a political sort, of which not much will be said, but which will nevertheless be potent in many minds. For example, the keeping of the sugar duties will almost surely make an end of the Progressive party in Louisiana. All those rays of hope which the Colonel lately saw in that State, portending a break in the solid South, will vanish.

Last year Joseph Walker was the Progressive candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. Now he has written a letter to Samuel W. McCall announcing his withdrawal from the Progressives and his adherence to the Republicans. "Many of the leaders of the Progressive party," he confesses, "have privately or publicly admitted the futility of further attempts to establish a new party. . . . Further fighting obviously means, not the success of the Progressive party, but merely the defeat of the Republican party." Mr. Walker polled only 32,000 votes last year against McCall's 199,000, and yet Walsh was reëlected Governor, polling more votes than he or any other candidate had received since 1911. Evidently, the break-up of the Progressives will not necessarily mean the triumph of the Republicans, as, indeed, the tendency of Massachusetts voters to elect a capable Democrat Governor now and then had indicated in advance. The Progressive Convention alternately cheered and jeered the name of Charles Sumner Bird, whose position in the campaign no one seems quite to know, but in the end voted a resolution of "love and sympathy for our former leader." Disappointment was expressed over a telegram from George W. Perkins, urging that the Progressives make no fight in the State this year, but concentrate upon 1916. They seem to be concentrating already in the enemy's camp.

Shortly the Federal law for the protection of migratory birds is to be brought before the United States Supreme Court, the Federal Court of eastern Arkansas having declared it unconstitutional. The case to be tried concerns three wild ducks which a hunter shot out of season as a deliberate test. That the law may withstand the assault every lover of wild life and every true sportsman must ardently wish. In the two years that it has been in force, reports from Federal game wardens show the increase in water fowl to be from ten to several hundred per cent., according to locality; while migratory land birds have also benefited. Wild fowl formerly ran a gantlet of fire from Louisiana to Maine. Ninety-one organizations, representing thirty-eight States, have joined under the National Association of Audubon Societies in a brief supporting the right of the Government to enact such a law. They declare that it is impossible for the several States to enforce their joint rights, that migratory birds are of great assistance in destroying the insect foes of crops and forests, that Congress has power to protect the agency which preserves the property of the United States from destruction, and, finally, that migratory birds are the property of the nation.

The gift by Jacob H. Schiff of $500,000 to Barnard for a students' hall is one of the largest the college has received. But one exceeded it—that of $1,200,000 made over ten years ago for Milbank Hall and Quadrangle. The list of benefactions to Barnard, indeed, is very short in comparison with that boasted by Columbia. The gifts for Brinckerhoff and Fiske Halls amounted to $150,000 each, the Carpentier Fund for general endowment to $250,000, the Rockefeller gift to the same amount, and the anonymous gift for Brooks Hall, the Gibbes gift, and the Kennedy gift to not much more than half a million taken together. Alumnæ of women's colleges are obviously unable to raise large sums, and the comparative youth of Barnard has made her task harder than that of established sister institutions. The twenty-fifth anniversary celebration last spring made evident the pressing needs of Barnard. A college that has done so much for the higher education of the women of New York city richly deserves generous treatment.

A GREAT CONTROVERSY ENDED.

There are two ways of belittling a diplomatic success of the first order such as President Wilson's Administration has won in the controversy with Germany. One is to assert that the result is good but the method of reaching it wrong. Able Republican editors have already been at work along this line. They grudgingly admit the achievement, but say that it could have been earlier and more satisfactorily attained if the President had not stubbornly refused to take their advice. But they really know well that the people will not listen to this sort of thing. Imagine able editors saying in the next Presidential campaign: "Men and brethren, this is all very fine, but we could have done it better." The able editors would only get themselves laughed at consumedly.

The other way of trying to whittle down the great triumph of our Government is to seek to go behind the record of Germany's complete yielding to the United States, and to discover secret motives. Thus it is said that the German Government gave up its lawless submarine warfare only when it had no submarines left with which to wage it. Otherwise, it never would have backed down before an American demand unaccompanied by a display of force. Still other hidden springs of Germany's surrender are suggested. She hopes soon for peace, and has her eye on recovery of her American trade. She knows also that, after the war, she will have to come here for money. Thus she is seeking to maintain friendly relations with us purely for selfish ulterior purposes; and merely for the sake of these reversed her submarine policy. She apparently ate humble pie, but was really thinking of the whole course-dinner which she might in that way enable herself to eat later. It was not the President's resolute stand that did the business, but Germany's own self-interest.

Now, plain people have a trenchant way of dealing with this kind of special pleading in abatement. They call it nonsense. The big thing stands there for everybody to see. As Secretary Lansing remarks, while refusing to talk, the German Ambassador's letter speaks for itself. The Administration, with characteristic and welcome modesty, is not doing any horn-blowing, but it does not need to. The country is not so stupid as not to know what has been done. And its answer to the minimizing gentlemen who point out the elements in the case that lie beneath the surface, and who affirm that Germany did only what she had a good selfish reason for doing, will be that President Wilson took all these matters into the account. If able editors see them after the event, he saw them before it. When they told him that he could not possibly do anything with the German Government except by the argument of pike and gun, he quietly persisted in his course because he thought of all these considerations which come to them only as after-thoughts. And he can certainly afford to smile at feeble efforts to detract from a diplomatic victory which is now complete.

Why may we confidently say that the great controversy is ended? The final German note deals only with the case of the Arabic. What about the Lusitania? What about other ships and other claims? Clearly, they are all implicitly covered by the concessions in the matter of the Arabic. That is to say, in law, in logic, and in practical effect, the German Government has assented to the entire contention of President Wilson. The expressions used by Ambassador Bernstorff in the instance of the Arabic are such as to prove the giving up of the very last point. Germany will pay the indemnity which a month ago she said was out of the question. But if so for the American lives lost on the Arabic, *a fortiori* for the Americans murdered on the Lusitania. Supposing the matter were left to arbitration: Germany would not have a leg to stand on. All that American counsel would have to do would be to read to the tribunal Germany's official admissions. She concedes that the sinking of merchant vessels by her submarines was both lawless and inhuman. What could the most prejudiced court of arbitration do after that but proceed to assess the damages which Germany must pay? The cause is finished. The crisis is over.

If the final solution has required great courage and inflexible determination on the part of President Wilson, it is only fair to bear in mind that the German Government, too, had to be bold and firm. It had not only to confess itself mistaken, and openly to repudiate its own Admiralty: it had also to face a strong and bitter public opinion at home. There can be no doubt that the news of the surrender at Washington will cause much heart-burning throughout Germany. It will take all the authority of the Government, all the severity of censorship, to prevent sharp criticism. This popular German sentiment has all along been one of the great obstacles to a peaceful settlement of the submarine controversy. Those who, from the time of the sinking of the Lusitania, feared war between the United States and Germany, feared it mainly because it seemed impossible that a proud and militarily intoxicated country like Germany could retreat in a diplomatic dispute. But she has now done it in the fullest manner. The President has had his way. Through good report and through ill he has held his steady course; and now he has the intense satisfaction not only of having been able to keep his country out of war, but of having made its stand for neutral rights, for international law, and for elementary humanity, brilliantly successful. It is needless to lavish laudation upon Mr. Wilson. The facts, the record, the things known of all men, praise him more eloquently than could any words.

BRIGHTER DAYS FOR MEXICO.

On October 7, 1910, Porfirio Diaz, having bestowed upon himself a new Presidential term of six years, felt secure enough to release from prison his rival for the Presidency, Francisco Madero. Five years later, almost to a day, our Government, acting in conjunction with the principal South American republics, announced the forthcoming recognition of Venustiano Carranza and the approaching end of an era of civil war which has brought upon the Mexican people sufferings probably as bitter as the war-ridden nations of Europe have undergone. We cannot speak with certainty of the future, but the signs point clearly to the termination of a painful period of transition, the establishment in Mexico, not merely of order, but of a new order. Despite the vicissitudes of the last five years, the trend of events has been moving towards one conclusion. The Mexico that will emerge from the bloody test cannot be the Mexico of Don Porfirio. When affairs were in their most chaotic stage, when no one could say with certainty whether the destinies of the republic were ultimately to be shaped by Villa, by Carranza, by Zapata, it was still plain that the old ideas were done for. The counter-revolution of Huerta and Felix Diaz had failed. All the men in the field were struggling for reform and reconstruction. It simply remained to determine who the one man should be.

Carranza is, first, the result of a long and severe process of elimination. Were Pancho Villa in the same military position which Carranza holds to-day, it is possible that the sanction of the Pan-American Governments

would have been bestowed on him. But it would be wrong to descry in the triumph of Carranza the mere operations of good fortune. In Carranza are most completely exemplified the qualities necessary for the establishment of a new order which should not be an impossible break with the old. By antecedents, by training, by culture, he represents enough of the old Mexico to make no such startling transition as would have marked the advent of Pancho Villa to the Presidency. The new order must bring a new life for the submerged classes, but the process of reconstruction must inevitably be the work of the class experienced in government; and Carranza comes from that class. His personality has shown the toughness essential in a severe struggle for the survival of the fittest. The dangers of a military despotism, which many people have regarded as the only form of government possible in Mexico, are lessened under a civilian who has shown a talent for keeping his generals under control. The rumors of mutiny by Obregon, Gonzales, and other Constitutional leaders are fabrications from Villa's press agency.

It is true also that recognition for Carranza has come as a result of the united efforts of the American republics. Our own Government has not merely coöperated with the "A B C" nations; it is likely that our attitude has been influenced by the wishes and opinions of the Latin-American Governments. Racially and by political experience they are better qualified than we to understand forces and personalities in Mexico. It used to be said that the representatives of Argentina, Chili, and Brazil were hostile to Carranza because their own political institutions were dominated by that Cientifico element against which the revolution of Madero was directed. All the more reason why their ultimate approval of Carranza should be accepted as evidence that Carranza is the only man possible. Working hand in hand with the nations of South America, our own Government reduces to a minimum the suspicion with which Latin America regards the motives of the United States, the natural fear of weak nations. Some justification for that fear could be found in the vociferations of our allied imperialist and big-business interests, the people who favor a speedy solution of problems in a neighboring republic by the simple process of going in and "taking" things. The participation of the South American republics is not only a guarantee to the Mexican people; it is a pledge imposed on ourselves and a check upon the jingo within our gates.

The problems which still confront the Mexican people are heavy. For some time to come the bands of Villa and Zapata will continue to make trouble, though an unmistakable expression of our good-will and, specifically, an embargo on the importation of arms into Mexico, would speedily discourage the guerrilla leaders and their financial backers. After the war there is a vast mass of social legislation to be put through, and this will bring friction. Even before that, the financial upbuilding of the nation must be undertaken. The Mexican people has a heavy bill of foreign indemnities to meet. But they can be met if the Pan-American Governments see to it that only the just debts of foreigners are exacted. The natural resources of Mexico are very great. The people, under a just system of taxation, can afford the interest on a very heavy loan for the payment of indemnities, the rebuilding of railways, and the beginnings of a system of land distribution among the people. While this necessary work is being carried on by Carranza, critics of his Administration in and out of Mexico are undoubtedly in the position of pointing to the failure of the democratic movement which Madero set on foot. Don Porfirio is gone, but Don Venustiano, another "strong man," is in his place. It is on a smaller scale the French Revolution ending in Napoleon. But if Carranza can do for the Mexican people what Napoleon did for the French people, he will be justified. It was the error and crime of Porfirio Diaz that, while he gave Mexico order, he did not concern himself with laying a foundation for the national life.

Looking back over the policy of our own Government during these five years of turmoil, it is only too easy to point out errors, inconsistencies, disappointments. The only answer, and a sufficient answer, is that the men in charge at Washington did their best according to their lights. We were compelled to show our sympathy with the liberal forces of Mexico while leaving untouched the sovereignty of the Mexican people. In the expedition to Vera Cruz this anomaly was at its sharpest. Yet underlying was the feeling that this country could not tolerate the triumph of a Huerta. The American people were under no burden of official propriety. Their sympathies with the struggle of the Mexican people for liberty were unmistakable. Looking back over these five years we cannot but feel a great pride in the faithfulness of our people to a fine sentiment. We had much provocation. But in spite of the injuries inflicted on American interests, in spite of the loss of American lives, in spite of affronts to our national dignity, the democratic instincts, the moral sense of a great nation, and the spirit of fair play have spoken out unmistakably for giving the people of Mexico a chance.

THE METHOD OF ZIGZAG.

The phrase is Burke's. In the second of his "Letters on a Regicide Peace" he wrote of the fanatics who go "straight forward and openly," and contrasted them with "the politicians" who prefer "the surer mode of zigzag." It is a difference which has since appeared a thousand times in public affairs; and is as visible to-day in the United States as it ever was in France. In many of the questions now confronting the American people, we have to reckon both with the men of passionate convictions who desire to press on in a right line to their goal, and with those actually in office, or desirous of getting there, whose instinct it is to temporize and compromise, to go slowly if they can and to move tortuously if they are forced to move at all. Our experience has amply demonstrated the fact that when some large issue fairly gets into politics, progress with it is usually attained only by the mode of zigzag.

Take the matter of national "preparedness," of which we have been hearing so much. It has now got into politics. President Wilson, whose political acumen nobody worth listening to will now deny, has quietly annexed the issue. He has proclaimed himself in favor of "very adequate" preparation, "not for war, but for defence." On hearing of this, a great many people heaved a sigh of relief. The thing was settled. The President had committed his Administration and his party to "preparedness," and now all troubled folk could dismiss the affair from their minds and sleep in peace. What these persons did not perceive was that the question had merely been removed, for the time being, from the hands of the fanatics, and taken charge of by the politicians. More definitely, the President had seen to it that the issue of preparedness could not be used to injure his Administration. He had dished the Whigs. But that this proves that the whole matter will now be dealt with in a swift and determined manner will be believed only by those who know little of politics.

Wendell Phillips used to tell a story of the building of the first railway between Petrograd and Moscow. The engineers brought large-scale plans to the Czar, show-

ing how the route followed the sinuosities of the country. But the Czar laid a ruler on the map, drew a straight line between the two cities, and said: "Make me a railway like that." Now, we have plenty of czars of preparedness in this country who desire to do that kind of thing. There are the experts who would, if they could, put an American garrison in the planet Mars, and build coast-defences against the sweet influences of the Pleiades. There are the doctrinaires who would take their bill and sit down quickly and write, 3,000,000 soldiers, 300 battleships, and have the whole done instanter. But they will learn something after they are compelled to walk long in the zigzag paths of politics. For example, there is a renewed report that the Secretary of War and the President will strongly urge the abolition of useless army posts, so that the money saved in that way can be spent upon real military needs. But what a lot of zigzagging the local politicians will do before anything of the kind is permitted! And what an amount of moving in any line but a straight one will Congress and the newspapers and the press do when it comes to translating the large and genial terms of preparedness into those of cold cash! A bond issue of $500,000,000? The income tax doubled or trebled, and extended down to those having no more than $1,000 a year? Why, Congress and the country will be full of zigzags, when it comes to that.

This is always the way with big new questions thrust upon a democracy; and the advocates of preparedness need expect no special dispensation to save their projects from such a fate. There will be speeches and bills in heaps; political discussions and manœuvres without end; but short of some startling development or sudden threat now unforeseen, there is no reason to believe that Congress can be got to do anything in this business except in piecemeal and patchwork fashion. Who is to draw up the programme? Who to decide, or to persuade Congress to believe, what is "adequate" preparedness? If the whole problem may be radically altered by the course and end of the war in Europe, how can it be expected that Congress will not insist upon waiting before making a definite and irrevocable plunge? Such questions as these should not be left out of the reckoning of those who wish to weigh coolly the chances of future action. Just now we are comforting ourselves with words. "Preparedness" is blessed with power to soothe many an anxious breast. And many are relying upon the obvious sentiment throughout most parts of the country in favor of doing something. This sentiment is partly manufactured, partly genuine and sincere, but in either case is highly vague. It is, at present, just the sort of feeling which politicians like to deal with. They try to make sure that it cannot be used to hurt them, and they encourage those moved by it to expect great work by them when the time comes. But between all such coddling, with vague promises, and actual performance, there is a great gulf fixed. Across it the fanatics of preparedness may hope to throw a bridge as straight as the Czar's ruler; but we warn them that the politicians will seek to find every kind of rail-fence route, to the side and backwards, and north by south.

ARE WE GIVING GENEROUSLY?

About a month ago there appeared in the *Nation* a letter of very unusual character, entitled "A Word to the Moderately Rich." The writer defined that class, to which he stated that he himself belongs, as comprising persons with an income of $10,000 to $25,000 a year. "With millions suffering for food and care in Belgium, Servia, and Poland," he said, "I doubt if there is a single one of us in the whole United States who has taken the situation sufficiently to heart to make any appreciable sacrifice to help relieve it. By an appreciable sacrifice, I mean any real curtailment of our pleasure at all comparable to that involved in the giving of half a dollar by a laboring man or woman." The great majority of all of us, including himself, he declared, "have been acting like hogs."

Whether the epithet which, in his contrition, the writer applied to himself and his fellows is too harsh or not, is a question on which opinions will differ; but there is no room for question as to the fundamental fact—the fact that, considerable as has been the amount sent by our well-to-do classes for the relief of the appalling suffering in Europe, the number of cases in which the contribution has been so large as to impose upon the giver any real sacrifice is so small as to be negligible. It is pleasant to record that at least two persons have been so struck with the appeal as to have sent to the *Nation* their subscriptions of $2,000 each, in accordance with the writer's conditions; and it is to be hoped that his list of ten will be completed.

We are convinced, however, that if nothing but "hoggishness" stood in the way, there would flow into the coffers of the various admirable relief agencies a sum many times as great as that which America has thus far given. Inertia and want of imagination are the great obstacles. In some sense, it is true, these may themselves be interpreted as indications of "hoggishness"; if one were less in the habit of thinking of one's self and one's nearest concerns, and more in the habit of vividly realizing the needs of others, one would have less inertia and more imagination. One would see that there would be infinitely more satisfaction in the consciousness that a hundred homeless families were succored from misery and despair than there could possibly be in the acquisition of the latest type of automobile. But that is not the way in which we are in the habit of thinking of the matter. Most of us simply feel that the little we should do if we did our best would make so slight impression upon the total mass of wretchedness and destitution that it is hardly worth while to do anything. The reasoning is natural, but it is false.

There is one service that such a letter as that from which we have been quoting ought to be peculiarly effective in performing. In the early days of the appeal for the Belgians, a year ago, one heard a good deal of the plea that "charity begins at home," that there was danger of our own poor suffering by diversion of humane gifts to the war-stricken people on the other side of the Atlantic. With this plea we have never had a particle of patience. From persons who, in the enjoyment of every comfort and of many luxuries, can think of no other way to meet such a call of unparalleled tragedy and distress as arose from the devastation of Belgium except by cutting off their usual dole of charity at home, we ask and expect nothing. If you are unwilling at your own expense to give more in this year of wrath and desolation than you give when all's well with the world, if your help to the sufferers in Belgium, or Servia, or Poland, is to be imposed as a sacrifice upon the poor whom you have been in the habit of helping more or less at home, by all means let your charity stop where it begins, at home. But it is a monstrous idea that under no circumstances shall a man trench upon what he has been accustomed to devote to his own spendings or his own savings, and that any new call for his aid, however tragic, however overwhelming and urgent, must be met, if met at all, at the expense of the little fund which in ordinary times he devotes to charitable purposes. In point of fact, we are convinced that out of the several millions of dollars

that have gone to the relief of the war-plagued peoples of Europe, only a very insignificant amount has been derived from so ignoble a source. It has been a large sum, as such things are usually measured, though it has been far too little in view of the occasion; but, big or little, it has represented, we are sure, real generosity and not a robbing of the poor at home to give to the desolated abroad.

It is in the personal service of hundreds of devoted men and women that our country has shown the genuineness of its sympathy and its humanity. The physicians who crossed the ocean to risk their lives in the midst of war and pestilence, the nurses who have ministered to and succored the wounded, and last but far from least the men who have devoted their great ability and tireless energy to the vitally important work of organizing and directing works of charity and relief—for these representatives of what is best in America no words of praise can be too high. It will never be possible to estimate the good that has been accomplished by Mr. Hoover, the head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, under whose direction difficulties almost inconceivable have been overcome; and the work of Mr. Bates, of the Belgian Relief Committee in New York city, has been of a similarly admirable nature. The devotion of the expert skill of these men gives one a peculiar thrill of pleasure. And when they tell us—as does Mr. Hoover in his recent report on the work of the Commission—that there is imperative need of a continued flow of help, if the women and children and helpless men that have been rescued are to be kept alive through the dark days still to come, shall the rest of us begrudge the trivial sacrifice of a few dollars, to back up the splendid labor which is *their* contribution to the good work?

INDIANA'S SENTIMENTAL BARD.

Hoosierdom made its annual sentimental journey to the capital on Thursday of last week to burn incense before the altar of its greatest poet. It was a successful occasion. Everybody who came was full of sentiment, and by banquet-time the air was thick with it. In so favoring an atmosphere, it is not surprising that a village blacksmith, surpassing the one commemorated in Longfellow's lines, who was content to allow some one else to write him up, fell into verse. The silver horseshoe that constituted his offering to the shrine in Lockerbie Street was accompanied with the couplet:

> Hang your neckties in this shoe,
> It's hand-made and made for you.

This evidence that Indiana's poetic virility is in no danger of decay was one of the most inspiring features of the celebration. But its most distinctive element was the nation-wide interest that it has aroused. Part of that interest is mere curiosity, part of it perhaps a good-natured envy, and part of it a genuine response to the sentiment that was unloosed in a flood in intoxicated Indianapolis.

One thing that is clear is that Indiana is honoring, not a mere poet, but Indiana's poet. It is just possible that if you caught a Hoosier off his guard, he would admit to you in confidence that Burns or Tennyson was in some ways greater than Riley. But what did Burns or Tennyson ever do for Indiana? Now, what James Whitcomb Riley has done for Indiana is simply beyond computation. It is not so much that he has helped in putting Indiana on the map. He has rendered a sweeter service in making Hoosierdom conscious of her own pretty, careless, pathetic little ways. In the glow of his poetic fire, her limitations become resources, her faults are transformed into charms with which you can no more quarrel than you could quarrel with a kitten that insisted upon playing with you when you thought you wanted to work; and her virtues are elevated into qualities for which the rest of the world has hitherto waited in vain. By referring to Hoosierdom as "her" we do not mean to suggest that Riley's verses deal mainly with woman's feelings and activities; on the contrary, one gets the impression that boys constitute the chief part of Riley's commonwealth, with men coming not very far behind. But in his handling of these men and boys, the poet is unmistakably feminine. That is, he presents them as they appear to the fond eyes of mothers, sisters, and grandmothers, or to their own eyes in retrospective and pensive mood.

In a word, Riley is Indiana's minstrel, and it does not matter whether what he writes is poetry or doggerel, or floats uncertainly in the twilight zone between. You may not think the Stars and Stripes beautiful, or find "The Star-Spangled Banner" inspiring in either words or music, but patriotism demands that you honor them for the sake of the sentiment behind them. So with Riley. Not his verses, but his sentiments, carry him into the Hoosier's heart.

> An Indianian no more than anybody else
> really wishes himself
> back to Griggsby's Station—
> Back where we ust to be so happy and so
> pore!

But it is easy for him to fancy that he does, and besides, Griggsby's Station is in Hoosierland and so must be a heavenly sort of place. Any lingering doubt about its delights is dissipated by the imprimatur of Hoosierland's poet. The wheel has come full circle. At first the minstrel was listened to because of his praises of a land flowing with milk and honey. Now the land is seen to be fair because the minstrel calls it so, and every fresh breath of laudation inhaled raises land, people, and poet—all of them together—a notch higher in their joint imagination.

> But not all of Riley's rhyming about
> The Hoosier Folk-Child—all unsung—
> Unlettered all of mind and tongue;
> Unmastered, unmolested—made
> Most wholly frank and unafraid;
> Untaught of any school—unvexed
> Of law or creed—all unperplexed—
> Unsermoned, ay, and undefiled,
> An all imperfect-perfect child—
> A type which (Heaven forgive us!) you
> And I do tardy honor to.

—not all this would have sufficed to win him admiring readers in places far removed from Hoosierdom. In Indiana, one of the numbers on the programme arranged for the proper celebration of Riley Day in the schools consists of a "Paper, or speech: 'Why We Celebrate This Day.' (The value of the poet; the value of our poet.) See the poem 'They Had No Poet and So They Died' [Anonymous] . . . " But the rest of the country remains strangely careless of the fate in store for the people who lack a rhymester. Why, then, the Riley cult outside of Indiana? Well, it must be admitted that others than Hoosiers are susceptible to sentimental appeals. The most patriotic Hoosier, one can safely aver, would have no reason for limiting the universality of the confession:

> *Lord!*—we all know we're as common as sin!

The main cause for Riley's popularity in distant parts, however, is undoubtedly his verses about children. And surely here sentiment is to be excused, and tear-and-smile poetry forgiven. One is tempted to make the sentimental observation that the divinity of childhood is thus shown to be proof against anything. But this circumstance should not lead us into confusing appeals to our feelings with the demands of art. Riley and Eugene Field have handled the same ore. In Field's hands only was it apt to turn into pure gold.

Foreign Correspondence

ENGLISH PAMPHLETS ON THE WAR—THE SUPERNATURAL HOST IN THE RETREAT FROM MONS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, September 21.

The elder Disraeli once wrote: "Wherever pamphlets abound, there is freedom; and therefore we have been a nation of pamphleteers." A moment's reflection on the course of English history seems to bear out the truth of, at any rate, the second limb of this sentence. Every political, religious, or social crisis has been marked by the outcrop of hosts of brochures, tracts, and broadsides, vehemently championing one side or other of the subject in dispute. Without going back to the era before the invention of printing, we can all recall, without effort, the propagandist tractates of the Reformation; the innumerable pamphlets of the days of the Civil War, Commonwealth, and Restoration, and the extraordinary series of political pamphlets published in the days of Queen Anne. Even when the spread of newspapers and magazines offered easier and more effectual channels of publicity, the pamphlet did not lose its vogue, and the nineteenth century is prolific in controversies carried on with this weapon, of which it may be enough to mention those connected with the Corn Laws and Chartism, and Cardinal Newman's "Tracts for the Times." The great struggle of to-day offers no exception to the general rule. Never, within living memory, have such piles of pamphlets and booklets been seen in our bookshops; and the enormous quantities sold testify that they have been read as well as published. The Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations publishes a selected list of over 300 pamphlets connected with the war, defining pamphlets by a rough-and-ready rule of price (6d. and under). This list, naturally, does not contain many of the publications of such societies as the Union of Democratic Control (though it does catalogue some of the productions of the "Fatherland Corporation" of New York); and no doubt the pacifists, premature and otherwise, could marshal nearly as long a line. In fact, the number of brochures published in connection with the war may probably run into the thousands. The names attached to many of these pamphlets are a voucher for their quality. The list of to-day cannot boast of a Milton or a Swift, an Addison or a Steele, a Burke or a Defoe, a John Knox or a Thomas Paine, a Shelley or a Wordsworth; but it at least includes many men of light and leading, such as Lord Bryce and Henry James, Gilbert Murray and Lowes Dickinson, Frederic Harrison and Sir Frederick Pollock, Maurice Hewlett and Anthony Hope, Sir A. Conan Doyle and Sir William Osler. The Oxford Pamphlets, published by the Clarendon Press and now numbering nearly 100, present a body of sound, unprejudiced, and scholarly work that cannot easily be overvalued. If we include the pamphlets that we are reading by men of other countries, the list is further adorned by such names as Henri Bergson, Paul Sabatier, and Charles Eliot. Enough has been said to show that, in giving up books for pamphlets, we are not necessarily debasing our literary currency. And it may be incidentally noted that, while the market for large new books not connected with the war is now somewhat circumscribed, the publishers who issue standard works and own good copyrights have no great reason to assume that the war has destroyed the taste for solid reading.

The causes and issues of the war naturally form the burden of the great bulk of the pamphlets. The policies of the Allies and their opponents, the responsibility for the war, the sociology and psychology of the conflicting nations, the science and methods of war, the economics and financing of the mammoth struggle, the prospects for the future, the possible terms of peace, the effects of the war on the status of women, the experiences and psychology of the individual soldier, the attitude, rights, and duties of neutral countries, the relations of the British Dominions to the war, the question of conquered colonies, Belgium and the significance of small states, the church and the war, and the actual military and naval operations represent only a few of the different aspects under which the all-engrossing subject has been discussed. Interest has been quickened in all that throws light on the history and character of our enemies and our allies; and this has been particularly marked in the case of Russia, not only in the shape of books and pamphlets about that country (*e. g.*, "Russia's Gift to the World," a twopenny brochure by J. W. Mackail), but also in the form of numerous translations from Russian literature. The outburst of pamphlets by the so-called "pacifists" (though there are few of us who would object to that label, if used in an ultimate sense) is very natural, very characterisic, and in many ways very laudable. And yet the question may well be asked whether these pacifists are not, for the moment, practically the only militarists, since the form of peace which they are willing to promote or accept would infallibly mean a world of armed camps for generations to come. The great mistake into which they almost all inevitably drift is to write as if there were really no great moral difference between one side and the other. All wagers of war are so intrinsically wicked that it is futile to try to make distinctions between them. Such, at least, is the suggestion to my mind of various utterances by men whom I should, temperamentally, like to agree with, such as Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. Bertrand Russell, Mr. E. D. Morel, and perhaps even Mr. Lowes Dickinson. Take, for instance, these sentences from an article contributed by Mr. Bertrand Russell to the *International Review:* "This war is trivial; for all its vastness no great principle is at stake, no great human purpose is involved on either side. The supposed ideal ends for which it is being fought are merely part of the myth." I imagine that some of these pamphleteers are inclined to welcome the charge of "bad citizenship" as a halo of martyrdom, and console themselves with the reflection that the Early Christians were "bad citizens" of the Roman Empire.

In striking contrast to these publications of the pacifists are such pamphlets as "How Can War Ever Be Right?" by Prof. Gilbert Murray, and "To Them that Say Peace, Peace, When There Is No Peace," by Miss Isabel Fry, member of a well-known Quaker family. These writers have at least as much predisposition towards peace on earth and good-will to men, as the strongest of the Pacifists; but they have come, through agony and bloody sweat, to a very different conviction as to the incumbent duty of the moment.

The pamphlets approaching the subject of the war from the point of view of religion and the church are by no means the least interesting of the heap. They represent all shades of opinion, from the most literal interpretation of turning the other cheek down to the unhesitating belief that this war is a stage of "the eternal and irrepressible conflict between the forces of Ormuzd and those of Ahriman, between darkness and light, between good and evil, between God and Baal, between love and lust, between Christ and Cæsar" ("Christ or Kaiser," by Paul Tyner, in the Victory Series of threepenny booklets). Many of the writers, of course, argue that the facts, nay the very existence, of the struggle demonstrate more clearly than ever that there is no God, or at least no omnipotent and infinitely benevolent Deity.

At the opposite pole from this reinvigorated atheism there has taken place a most extraordinary recrudescence of the belief in magic, miracle, and the direct intervention of the supernatural. The most striking instance of this is the story of the saints or angels who are reported to have appeared to the British soldiers in the retreat from Mons, and saved them from inevitable disaster by the exercise of some supernatural influence on the overwhelming masses of the pursuing Germans. This story has appeared with varying details, in innumerable newspapers and magazines. You are constantly meeting people who believe in it implicitly, and can tell you all about it at second or third hand. A lieutenant-colonel of some eminence has testified that he and four other officers, as well as a large number of men, saw phantom horsemen riding on each side of the retreating column. A private soldier has made an affidavit that he "saw a vision of angels with his own eyes," though unfortunately his C. O. has shown that this witness did not reach France till after the retreat was over. Hot controversies have been waged about it by letters to the press. The pulpit has also been busy, and leading divines both of the church and of non-conformity have apparently accepted the mystical appearances as proven fact. And then came a little booklet by Mr. Arthur Machen (now in its second edition of 50,000 and readable in several different languages), tracing the genesis of the whole legend from an imaginary sketch he contributed, about a year ago, to a London evening paper. This sketch ("The Bowmen") he reprints as it appeared. To most of us this demonstration is conclusive; but there are still people who cling to their belief, just as there are others who cannot be convinced that huge bodies of Russian troops did not pass through England in August, 1914. Mr. Harold Begbie, for instance, is very angry indeed with Mr. Machen for what he considers "a most lamentable failure upon his part to realize the acuteness of human suffering, and the intense eagerness for consolation, which are now lying at the heart of English existence." This sentence appears in a rejoinder to Mr. Machen, issued by Mr. Begbie in the form of another little book, entitled "On the Side of the Angels," the object of which is to prove that there is evidence enough to show that the story of St. George with his white steed and his celestial bowmen (converted, in later versions of the tale, into angels) did not originate in Mr. Machen's sketch. He even goes so far as to suggest that Mr. Machen's literary effort may have been a telepathic reproduction of something that actually happened. In any case, more robust Christians than Mr. Begbie fail to see

why their faith or hope or spiritual consolation should stand or fall with the truth of the reported miracle.

There is no room, and it would be an invidious task, to single out individual pamphlets of special significance from the huge selected pile before me. Mr. Henry James is, however, so unexpected a passenger in this galère that I cannot forbear mentioning the striking little tribute he has paid to England in the leaflet called "The Question of the Mind." It ends with the characteristic passage: "The mind was so drenched with the character, in opposition to the examples in which the character was drenched with the mind, that all one could at the very best feel (though goodness knew indeed it quite sufficed!) was that the value finally run to earth was a value which would do for everything"—the interpretation of which I take to be that England has shown an unsuspected but very efficient fund of strength and resource. Another very striking pamphlet is "The True Pastime," by Mr. Alexander Gray. This is substantially an epitome of "Der deutsche Chauvinismus," a little book by Otfried Nippold, a German professor, published in 1913. Professor Nippold's object was to impress his countrymen with the danger to the peace of Europe involved in the chauvinistic utterances of German newspapers, societies, and prominent individuals. He gives the text of no fewer than 127 of these; and this list, along with Herr Nippold's own remarks, gives Mr. Gray the material for a very significant and arresting brochure. Another recent tractate that Americans might (and should) read with interest is "The Neutrality of the United States," by Prof. J. Shield Nicholson. This opens by explaining that our disappointment over the fact that the sympathy of the United States has not found a more forcible expression in our favor, is largely due to a want of appreciation of the difference between national interests and national sympathies. It closes with something approaching a demonstration that the real ulterior interests of the United States are not (to say the least) incompatible with sympathy for England and her allies.

No less than a million books (chiefly sevenpenny novels) and magazines have been distributed to the soldiers in the camps and trenches by the Camps Library alone; and there are other organizations doing the same kind of work. It is impossible to say how many of them belong to the category of pamphlet; but within the last week or two a new series of pamphlets has been produced expressly for the use of the army and navy. These so-called "Times Broadsheets" consist of "a selection of the best passages, grave and gay, from English verse and prose, printed on fly-leaves or broadsheets," suitable for enclosure in letters and sold for 1d. per set of six. Those already published range from selections from the Bible and Shakespeare to "Bob Acres's Duel" and "Mr. Mantalini at Breakfast," and furnish a most tempting bill of fare to those whose taste or circumstances demand a diet of titbits. The sale of the first series of these broadsheets reached the figure of one million within a week.

In conclusion, it may be noted that the British Government has not disdained to issue penny booklets on such topics as "Why We Must Save, and How"; but possibly this sort of thing may be done even better by the French Government, whose "Livres roses pour la jeunesse" (1d. each) form a quite admirable channel for putting the real issues of the war before the rising generation. Let us hope that the efforts of the "German Bureau for the Enlightenment of Foreign Countries" (*e. g.*, in its "A Dozen of English Sins Against International Law") may be less successful.

VATICAN NOTES—M. LATAPIE'S INTERVIEW—THE POPE AND THE BELLIGERENT POWERS.

By HOMER EDMISTON.

Rome, September 17.

As a consequence of the now famous interview with Benedict XV, by M. Latapie on June 13, which was mentioned in the *Nation's* Summary of the News of July 1, I was afraid I should have to take back all I had written about the Pope's generally benevolent disposition towards the Allies. It will be remembered that this Latapie is a correspondent of the *Liberté*, a Clerical newspaper of Paris, and that among the other strange utterances which he attributed to the Pope were the assertions that the blockade, which has for its object the starving of Germany and Austria, is no more humane than the sinking of the Lusitania; that, as regards the destruction of Louvain and of the cathedral of Rheims, the German apology that the inhabitants of Louvain fired on the German troops and that there was a military watch-tower on the roof of the cathedral, must be borne in mind; and that, to a question in regard to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, he could only reply that this had happened during the reign of his predecessor.

These statements were not disavowed so soon, nor at first so completely, as the Allies and their sympathizers had hoped, though it afterwards became known that the reason for this was the absence of the Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri. As soon as he returned, which was just a week after the first publication of the interview, he gave an audience to a representative of the *Corriere d'Italia*, a liberalizing Clerical journal of Rome, in which he asserted that Latapie had not in a single point faithfully reproduced, while in some instances he had completely falsified, the Holy Father's meaning. He cited, for example, the Pope's saying, according to Latapie, that he had had a letter from von Bissing, the German Governor of Belgium, containing the assurance that the Germans had committed no act of violence against the Church or its ministers. Cardinal Gasparri said that no such communication, direct or indirect, had ever been received in the Vatican. He also denied the absurd reply to the question about the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, that it all happened in the reign of Pius X, and reproached Latapie for not keeping his promise to submit the text of the interview to the Secretary of State before publication.

But the incident did not end here. On June 28, M. Fernand Laudet, editor of the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, of Paris, and formerly secretary to the French Embassy to the Vatican, had an audience with the Pope in which he was assured that the Sovereign Pontiff loved with a constant affection the "eldest daughter of the Church," and that his neutrality was far from meaning indifference. Laudet also reported him as having said—and his statement met with no subsequent correction or denial—that, although every one knew that the Germans had been guilty of atrocious conduct, it was too much to expect the Pope to condemn explicitly what he knew but vaguely. And about two weeks later Dr. Van den Heuvel, Belgian Minister to the Holy See, not satisfied with Cardinal Gasparri's denials as published in the *Corriere d'Italia*, sent him a memorandum asking for a more definite statement on certain points. Gasparri's reply was given in part to the press, and gave complete satisfaction to the Belgian Minister and to the Allies generally.

"Concerning the question of the neutrality of Belgium," his Eminence wrote, "I am bound to assure you in the most positive manner that the Holy Father did not make the reply which M. Latapie has ventured to invent for his article. The fact of this matter is the following: The Chancellor of the German Empire, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, declared in open Parliament on the 4th of August, 1914, that Germany by invading Belgium violated its neutrality in a manner contrary to the law of nations. Whereas, therefore, in this present conflict, one side usually accuses and the other denies, and for this reason the Holy See, being unable to verify the facts, finds it impossible to pronounce a judgment, in this case the German Chancellor himself admitted that by the invasion of Belgium a violation of neutrality was committed in disregard of international law, in spite of his attempt to justify it by military necessity." As to the maltreatment of Cardinal Mercier and other Belgian ecclesiastics, the Secretary of State averred that, while it was not true that Mercier had, strictly speaking, been put under arrest, he had been interfered with in the exercise of his ministry, whereupon the Holy See had promptly, by diplomatic means, secured the restoration of his liberties; and that after the shooting of the Belgian priests, the destruction of Louvain, and similar barbarities, it had solemnly protested, at the same time doing its utmost to alleviate the condition of the suffering populations.

Finally, the Pope himself has lately sent a letter, published on August 17, to Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Rheims, in which he says: "It has been a pleasure and a consolation to us to learn that the commotion produced in France by a newspaper article that has had too wide a publicity, which represented neither our thoughts nor our sentiments, and of which some passages were entirely fictitious, has subsided, that uneasy suspicions have been dispelled, and that peace has been restored to anxious hearts."

Nothing more need be said about this incident except that, curiously enough, the editors of the *Liberté* thought they were doing the Papacy a service by publishing the interview. Their notion was, as appeared from a statement in their issue of June 24, that, owing to the lack of a French diplomatic representative at the Vatican, the Austrian and German Ambassadors could make what statements they chose without fear of contradiction. The object of the publication was to create another argument for the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, and this preoccupation may partly account for the slight accuracy with which the interview was reported.

A significant utterance occurred in the Pope's invocation for peace on the first anniversary of the outbreak of the war. After noticing the historical fact that "nations do not die, but, if humiliated and oppressed, bear unquietly the yoke imposed upon them, while

conspiring for the recovery of their liberties, and hand down from generation to generation a gloomy heritage of hate and vengeance," he goes on to ask, "Why not from now on consider with a clear conscience the rights and just aspirations of nationalities? Why not in a willing spirit begin a direct or indirect exchange of views in order to take account, as far as possible, of those rights and those aspirations, and thus make an end of this terrible conflict, as has already happened in similar cases?" Thus, without mentioning names, the reproof strikes in very high quarters, while it is perhaps worth noting that "just aspirations of nationalities" was precisely the phrase used by the Italian Prime Minister Salandra in setting forth the reasons why his country took part in the war.

In my letter to the *Nation* of December 10, 1914, I had occasion to allude to Pius X's reform of the Roman congregations. "One of the most notable of these changes," I then wrote, "and the one that has perhaps commended itself the least, was the enormously increased importance of the Congregation of the Consistory, which became invested with the nomination of bishops. Before that time the suggestion of candidates for vacant sees, and the collection of information concerning them, was the duty of an officer called Uditore di Sua Santità, who was a titular archbishop residing at the Papal court. This office, naturally left vacant under Pius X, will probably be restored by Pope Benedict."*

This office has indeed been restored in the person of Mgr. Nicolò Marini, Secretary of the Tribunal of the Segnatura, which is the Papal Court of Cassation, made famous by Raphael's frescoes in the room of the Vatican in which it formerly was held. It should be observed that the Court itself was restored by the reform of Pius X, to which I have alluded, and that anciently its Secretary was always Uditore di Sua Santità, or Uditore Santissimo. His function was originally a purely legal one, and it was only by degrees that he came to have the other duty of adviser to the Pope in the nomination of bishops. With the extinction of the Tribunal of the Segnatura, the office remained for this latter purpose alone, and was continued by all the Popes up to Pius X. Benedict XV has for the present invested Mgr. Marini with only the legal attributions of his office, but there is little doubt that he will soon take the nomination of bishops from the Congregation of the Consistory and restore it to the Uditore.

Of the late Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, it may be recalled that after the death of Leo XIII he was considered the most likely candidate for the Papacy after Rampolla. The poor showing he actually made in the Conclave is attributed largely to the injudicious zeal of his friends. Personal jealousies and antipathies are rife in the Roman Curia, and the Cardinals of the Curia were tired of Vannutelli's candidacy before the first ballot was taken.

The diplomatic mission lately sent by Benedict XV to Switzerland had a double object. In the first place, the Vatican feels the need of corresponding more easily and securely with the nunziatures and episcopates of the belligerent Powers; and, secondly, the mission is intended to render effective the Papal initiative for the maintenance of the invalid prisoners sent by the various warring states into Swiss territory. It should be observed that the Italian Government made no objection to the sending and maintenance of this mission.

In regard to the prevalent rumor of an early Consistory, I have good authority for saying that none is likely before November, and that if it takes place then it will probably be private, and will not be signalized by the nomination of either foreign or Italian Cardinals.

*See also my letter to the *Nation* of January 7, 1915.

UNITED STATES OF EUROPE—POOLING THE ISSUES.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 25.

The United States of Europe was a favorite dream of Revolutionists of 1848. Not more than the lifetime of a man has passed and long ago the dream faded utterly. Now the disunion of states has broken out worse than ever before. Perhaps the salutary reaction from excess of evil may bring about a revival of the dream and its fulfilment in part.

President Eliot, looking forward from the start, pointed to the extension of the Federal system as a safeguard when war should be over. Last Sunday, John Hodge, Labor member of the House of Commons, spoke to French Socialists of the many things that matter here and now. And these "militants of the Federation of the Seine," as they style themselves, answered with pregnant resolves:

"We hail the grandeur of the military and civil effort of the English nation and its labor class to help France and martyred Belgium repel the invader;

"We affirm the full and entire solidarity of the French proletariat and the English proletariat in the impious war let loose on the world by German Imperialism;

"We declare that we are decided to struggle with our own and other allied nations until German militarism and imperialism have been reduced to impotence and until there are realized the conditions of a just and durable peace which, without annexation or conquest, shall assure the independence of all nations and make possible, in democracy and fraternity, the constitution of the United States of Europe."

Deputy Cachin, of the French Parliament, in the name of his constituents of the Socialist Federation, added that the united action of the two proletariats would outlast the war and grow. In our days of democracy, proletariats and states are one and the same. Dr. Vaillant, also a Deputy, was presiding. He was in at the beginning of the old Internationale. He recalled his first acquaintance with the Englishman who was now interpreting, Adolph Smith, during the storms of the Commune. From the French interpretation, I retranslate a few words of plain-speaking Labor-member Hodge, setting forth his idea that a union of states and peoples is already going on:

"I am a pacifist, but I am not disposed to let myself be crushed by my enemies. They attack me, I defend myself. And, defending ourselves, all civilization rises up together against the menace of barbarism. We do not wish a premature peace, but an entire peace —not conquest, but the liberation of all oppressed peoples. If it must be, my Socialist friends and I will accept compulsory conscription." Then the order of the day was voted with unanimous acclaim, "Affirming the union of English and French proletariats and their resolution to keep on to the very end."

So history repeats itself. Those who forced the issue of secession on our own United States brought about the emancipation of slaves which they most wished to avoid. Those who have planned to profit by the disunion of Europe are welding together against themselves United States of Europe.

It is not Labor Federationists alone who welcome the coming change. At Como, on Friday of this same week, Signor Luzzatti, who is *bourgeois* enough to have set the Italian State on its financial feet in the past, spoke to the French delegates of the Congress for an Economic Entente words prophetic of the future:

"There are moments in history that create new moral forces, moments of great emancipations when peoples give themselves up to sacrifice and death and cast off all their dross and clothe with sunlight splendor whatever is purest and most heroic in their soul. Such moments of grandeur we also know. This war has for its mission to secure the independence of nations, the liberty of nations that are oppressed. But, colleagues of France, before we leave, allow your old friend to offer a counsel which may work as efficaciously in your country as in ours.

"Only lately, German newspapers expressed the cruel hope that our rivalries in the Mediterranean would be for ever the smouldering centre of enmities. We ought here to take the solemn engagement that France and Italy, united with England, have the duty to persist in these beginnings of Mediterranean concord, which are destined to give new splendor to civilization and to traffic new force. France and Italy and England hold like property in the Mediterranean, each with fullest independence occupying herself with the part which interests her in this sea of fate. To this living truth we have given today consciousness more substantial by our conference. Besides the Economic Entente, our international committee shall keep watch assiduously and strike without pity those who try to renew those Mediterranean dissensions which have always spoiled everything. We shall meet again in Paris, we shall meet again in Brussels freed."

In the great days of Transcendentalism, Alcott, who was mainly a talker, defended himself. "Let an idea loose and it will take care of itself!" The Federal idea—United States—had been a care to so many in the past that it was all but given over. Perhaps henceforth it, too, will take care of itself, having been let loose anew by the logic of events.

European peoples are being prepared for it and for the common-sense union of classes which is needed beforehand. Soldier laborers have discovered that their *bourgeois* officer is a *chic type*—and he that they are worthy comrades. French soldiers and British soldiers, since they have been dying together, have learned that they like each other living. Kitchener combines policies with Joffre and Joffre talks momentously with Cadorna. When war is over, public opinion among all these allied peoples will be ready-made to keep on together.

United we stand, divided we fall—

I remember seeing this copybook line embroidered on a prize counterpane at some country fair during our Civil War. It was commonplace and it served a better turn

than finer drawn verse. So it is now that war has burned into the consciousness of one-half—perhaps, before it is over, of two-thirds—of Europe the same truism, trite no longer.

Putting aside what may be but one more dream of the ages, consider what is likely to be the outcome of all this in concrete reality. What shall this union of European States be?

Socialists fondly work into it what is left of their Internationale, with Republics everywhere. Signor Luzzatti, whose finance has always been matter of fact, does not look further forward than to a "Mediterranean union." It is not the first time he has tried his hand at pooling international issues. Not long before the war, he proposed a pool of the world's gold—a much more surprising and difficult proposition than the pooling of economic issues which is now foreseen.

It is the very division of war which is forcing men's minds towards this continued union. Prussian militarism was fed up on German success in trade, to which nearly all nations had been made tributary. Against this, these would-be United States of Europe have now to take their stand. It is like the early American hunger and thirst for Independence:

> (Your Highness knows our homely word.)
> Millions for self-government,
> But for tribute never a cent.

Poor psychologists as the Germans have shown themselves to be, their practical business men are alive to the danger. This week, too, their responsible delegates have met to consider how best to secure a revival of their trade—when war shall be over—with now belligerent nations. The *Russkovoïe Slowo* has this from a neutral:

"At Berlin and Cologne and Leipzig, there are organized unions to encourage an economic *rapprochement* with Russia. Herr Schumacher, director of the *Fremden Verkehr*, of Leipzig, said to me: 'You are wrong to be astonished at our preparations. We cannot live without Russia nor Russia without us. Peace is indispensable. Do you believe Germany capable of accepting bloody sacrifices endlessly? I am persuaded that peace will be made sooner than Europe thinks. It is true Russia has rejected proudly our offers of peace; but she is also persuaded that we cannot be crushed. Perhaps President Wilson, though he threatens us, will play the part of Intermediary.'"

So those who tried to crush others to create a hegemony for themselves have come to this—"Our enemies are persuaded we cannot be crushed!"—and at once begin pleading for a union of states. On the other side of the great gulf dug by their war, we have an honest endeavor to continue in peace the union of the Allies, including the "friendly" nations if they wish to join. This union must take the form of an Economic Entente, which must also embrace labor and emigration, and, owing to the dovetailing of national debts, must include a Financial Entente as well.

It is too soon to surmise what may be the part of the United States of America in all this. Americans are apt to ask suspiciously: "Does that mean we shall have Congress putting through another tariff bill?" No, but it does mean that we shall have no end of new commercial treaties to make.

The New Movement in Poetry

THE SELF-EXPOSURE OF A REACTIONARY CRITIC OF THE IMAGISTES.

By O. W. FIRKINS.

English prosody records the story of three notable revolts—the revolt against parity of line-lengths which reverts to the Middle Ages, the revolt against rnyme which slightly antedates Elizabeth, and the revolt against parity of feet which is scarcely older than the last century. The culmination and combination of these three revolts has declared itself in the unequal line-lengths and the variable feet of the rhymeless prosody of the imagistes. The attempt of prose to put on regularity has met half-way the attempt of poetry to cast it off, and the tendencies have coalesced in a movement to which the example of France has added definite theory and artistic prestige. The philosophic basis that underlies the more typical (not the exclusive) verse-form favored by the imagistes may be briefly stated at the outset of this notice.

I.

Consciousness is a variable, an incessant variable, and the rhythmical expression of its meaning can be confided only to an instrument as supple and versatile as consciousness itself. To say that a given line must be cast in iambic pentameter because iambic pentameter is the metre of the foregoing line or of the body of lines that constitutes the poem, is the culmination of fatuity. The only reason for using that metre anywhere is its relevance to the impetus and import of the specific line or phrase. The correspondence of expression to feeling is no longer the correspondence of tract to tract or block to block; it is the correspondence of particle to particle. No order is to be tolerated that obstructs for a pulse-beat the instant and absolute response of the momentary expression to the momentary thought. Fixed rhythm is routine; fixed rhythm is dogmatism: its relation to the independence of the specific phrase is the relation of militarism to individuality. The philosophic basis of imagiste prosody is consistent, definite, and striking; it is the abolition of the collective order in the interest of the absolute enfranchisement and complete though passing ascendency of each fleeting unit in the individual consciousness:

> Let Hercules himself do what he may,
> The cat will mew.

Objection from certain quarters is imaginable even to these finalitics, and I propose to divert my readers with the reply that a defender of use and wont might make to propositions which their own better judgment will perceive at once to be incontestable. Poetry, this reactionary might say, is variation, but variation on a ground of permanencc. Passion, of which lyric verse is the scion and the image, while sometimes disorderly in relation to law or morals, is itself a principle of cohesion, order, even of discipline, in relation to the mere vagabondage of a disengaged and desultory consciousness. In spite of the scope it gives to superficial and transitory variation, passion in the form of love, of patriotism, even of avarice, synthetizes and compacts the life; the spray may fall in "wayward indolence," but the billows, even of the storm, are rhythmic. It might be said that the element of permanence in passion found its proper correlate and symbol in the regularity of an unswerving metre, while the element of change was amply taken care of in the variations of pause, inflection, quality, and speed which are to metre what the play of expression is to the lasting substance and unshifting profile of the face. Poetry springs out of the wish to say a particular kind of thing, and therefore the option of saying all kinds of things at any time, however precious in itself, is not relevant to poetry.

II.

I have a certain pleasure in imagining that this conservative, whose foreseen discomfiture imparts a certain pathos to his courage, might go on to tempt fate by the ensuing specifications.

The variations in metre are related to its permanencies as the ivy is related to the stone wall which it overruns and lightly envelops. The wall is stupid in its tedious regularity: the grace, the expression, the spontaneity, of the object are traceable to the roaming shoots and flying tendrils of the lawless and capricious vine. But remove the wall, let the ivy fall sprawling and prostrate, and the grace and expression vanish in the collapse of the soulless structure which their airiness and playfulness had mocked. Deviations in metre are parasitic; they feed on the norm which they violate. Take a stanza from "La Belle Dame Sans Merci":

> I met a lady in the meads,
> Full beautiful—a faery's child,
> Her hair was long, her foot was light,
> And her eyes were wild.

Any competent ear will decide unhesitatingly that nine-tenths of the beauty of this inimitable stanza lies in the irregular anapæst, "And her eyes" (licentiously substituted for the normal iambus) with the glamorous suggestions it artfully elicits from the elvish long vowels in "eyes" and "wild." Now let the reader make two experiments. To understand the witchery of the deviation, let him first normalize the metre by substituting "Her eyes" for "And her eyes." The disenchantment is intolerable. "The sedge is withered from the lake, and no birds sing." But if, further, he wishes to realize the dependence of irregularity on the norm for all its power and seduction, let him revise again; let him smuggle in a single contraband anapæst into the line preceding the fourth, and watch the light and color fade out of the beautiful phrase whose fortunate eccentricity he has just admired.

> I met a lady in the meads,
> Full beautiful—a faery's child,

Her hair was long, and her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

The reason for the loss of power is unmistakable. Up to the moment of aberration, Keats wrote the stanza in undeviating and unimpeachable iambics, and thus built up, fortified, consolidated, a clear-cut expectation against which the impact and rebound of that unforeseen anapæst defined itself with incomparable force. An imagiste version would differ from the last form only in admitting still further regularities; thus:

In the fields, full beautiful, a faery's child
I met her;
Her hair was long and her foot was lightsome,
And her eyes were wild.

The misadventure of the imagistes lies in the fact that in extending deviation they have annihilated the one point which makes deviation influential or even perceptible—the basis of defined expectation. The variations have consumed the standard; the transgressors have repealed the law. Where all expectation is vague, all unexpectedness is vapid. Meet a libertine in a convent or a priest in a bagnio, and interest is actively aroused; meet either in a street-car, and the encounter is pointless.

III.

I am sure that all my readers will share my disapproval of the headstrong, almost arrogant, bearing of this champion of yesterday, a fault always regrettable in one who argues the wrong side of a case with his betters and doubly offensive when employed against the unaggressive and self-doubting imagists. I understand that he still invites disaster by wishing to assail his opponents on the score of imaginative expression, a point on which the position of the imagistes is impregnable, since it is evident that the rejection of uniformity in metre leaves them free to devote their entire strength to the elaboration of the correspondence between feeling and form.

By imaginative expression (he may be supposed to continue) are meant such adumbrations of reality as we have in Shakespeare's "high and giddy mast," "churlish chiding of the winter's wind," and "sunken wreck and sumless treasuries." Let us show the defencelessness of imagism even in its citadel by setting down a highly imaginative passage, first as Keats wrote it, secondly in a prose, and thirdly in an imagistic, version.

KEATS:

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth.

PROSE:

O for a beaker full of the warm Southland, full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene or Falernian or Chian, with a purple-stainèd mouth and with beaded bubbles winking at the brim of the chalice!

IMAGISTE:

O for a beaker
Full of the warm South, full of the true, the blushful
Hippocrene with beaded bubbles winking
At the brim, and purple-stainèd
Mouth beloved by the lips of Olympians.

Now observe one fact. The prose version has lost not only the metrical structure which a true prose could not conscientiously retain, but, keeping intact every phrase that made the poetry delectable, it has watched the charm expire in the wake of the withdrawing metre. The effect in the imagiste version is similar, though the effacement is a trifle less complete. The ground of this phenomenon is not obscure. Between Keats and the reader there existed an understanding which told the reader when and how long to pause, where to quicken or retard the voice, where to expand or attenuate the syllable. That understanding is known as iambic pentameter (with trimeters sparingly interspersed). The reader is too dull to find the imaginative effects for himself in the jungle of prose or the network of imagism, but he is not too dull to find the rhythm, and the matter is so carefully ordered that, in finding the rhythm, he stumbles inadvertently upon the effects. "Follow my road," says Keats, "and you shall see the obelisks and the porticoes." In the prose and imagiste versions, the understanding is revoked; the road is wholly or nearly obliterated, and, though the obelisks and porticos still dot the Campagna, the guideless reader never comes within their range.

The theory of imagism breeds forecasts of incisive and picturesque variety, of darts and sallies, of clashes perhaps and bickerings, such as one dramatizes in some Genoese or Florentine market-place in the bright turbulence of the receding Middle Ages. But the truth is that a metre of this kind cannot be multiplex for the same reason that a liquid cannot be supple; it is not firm enough. The psychology of the transaction is pointed. The cautious reader is afraid of these disparate and dissentient lines. He interposes, therefore, the cushion of a long, ceremonious pause; the movement becomes leisurely and calm; and, by a curious and pungent paradox, the incarnation of the versatile is entrapped by a phase of monotony. An air of dissipation and evanescence is the fitting Nemesis of a rhythm in which repetition and climax make no provision for the storage of metrical effects. Take Mr. Aldington's

O blue flower of the evening
You have touched my face,
With your leaves of silver.

Never was so quiet an innovation made the subject of so clamorous an outcry; the gong has advertised the reed.

There is no reason for disputing the legitimacy of this versification on its own ground. In its proper task of gently laving the imagination, of spraying the consciousness with its dainty syringe, there is no occasion for denying its rights or disputing its capacities. It has a right to its own modest place in a tolerant and balanced commonwealth; its mistake was to unfurl the banner of revolution.

IV.

I must own that I have listened to this invective with diminishing forbearance. The insolence of this upstart in palming off his own travesty of Keats as *imagiste poetry* is trying even to my veteran patience, and should debar him from the honor of refutation at the hands of any self-respecting imagiste. The only atonement I can make to the persons whose time he has ruthlessly squandered is to invite their participation in the spectacle of the speedy completion of his self-disgrace.

The psychology of imagism (I again dramatize the opinions of our adversary) contains matter of undoubted interest. Not the least conspicuous of its traits is the supineness or passivity of the attitude which the faithful assume in relation to the overshadowing or incumbent universe. They have the air of patients, of people under treatment; they *undergo* the things which other men observe or contemplate. In watching the shadows of the clouds, the long, still grass, or "the rose and white colour of the smooth flagstones," they remind us of persons taking a medicated bath. A polite inquiry as to their health and spirits seems the appropriate sequel to their emergence from the ordeal.

Another point of interest is the extraordinary detachment and solitude of the beings subjected to this curious regimen. The loneliness in which they dwell is almost polar; they are exiles who have actually accomplished the traditionally impossible feat of fleeing from themselves. One feels the futility of ransacking city directories or parish registries or voting lists in quest of an evidence of sonship or fatherhood or citizenship or occupation on the part of these landless and homeless men. They are not substances in their own right; they are receivers of sensation, leaves of a scratch-blank torn out by Nature for the hasty jotting of a casual memorandum. The man has vanished; what is left is a retina.

But this is only half the story. The solitude above described is not restricted to the observer; the object likewise is a drifting, homeless, expatriated thing. It is destitute alike of a place in a charter globe and a function in a civilized order. It has no history, no prospects, no causes, no sequels, no associations, no cognates, no allies. As the man is abridged into mere vision, the object contracts into pure visibility.

The results of this double shrinkage are peculiar. In this convergence of the power to see with the faculty of being seen, we have an encounter as strange and fantastic as the inosculation of two mouths from which the bodies on either side have been supernaturally detached. We do not get emotions: an emotion is part of a rich contexture and varied aggregate called life. We do not even get things: a thing is a part of a concerted whole and complex fabric called a cosmos. What we do get is the sensation that holds these opposites together, and a sensation in

the absence of its cognates is about as significant as a hyphen still visible in a parchment from which the words it linked have been hopelessly effaced. One recalls the teaching of those contemporary philosophers who place the core of reality in the flux to the depression or subordination on either side of the cosmic aggregate and the human personality.

The want of self-direction, of story, evolution, climax, in the typical poems of the group allies itself naturally with the foregoing traits. The reservation implied in "typical poems" is imperative. Justice to the delicate talents of which Miss Amy Lowell and Mr. Ezra Pound have been in some respects the thriftless and impolitic custodians exacts the confession that there are phases of their work in which the recession of the imagiste ideal gives space and freedom for the cult of better things. Miss Lowell, indeed, expressly declines to be included by any school; the inclusiveness is all the other way. With all due candor in the allowing of exceptions, it may nevertheless be said that the failure of imagiste poems to "arrive" seems ominous of the destiny of their creators. What the poetry lacks is *reference*. In the adaptation of consciousness to ends, if evolution be correct in its seizure of their psychology, the barnacle or the polypus might give lessons to the aimless imagistes. The difference between the Wordsworthian and Emersonian brand of contemplation and that which flourishes in their circle is the difference between a gaze and a stare. They have intentness without intention: fixedness without clear choice. They furnish roadway but no route, or, as Richard Burton pointedly remarked, a sentence without a predicate. Their concision is the proper accompaniment of the stress they lay on the self-enclosing, self-sufficing flake or globule of experience. Consciousness resolves itself into a succession of insulated, needle-like punctures which approximation or articulation would but dull.

Let me take advantage of the pause for breath which his own violence forces upon our perspiring opponent to remark that his patronage of Miss Lowell and Mr. Pound has the merit of achieving the same level of taste as that displayed by the remainder of his diatribe. The imagistes can readily understand, moreover, that, in the trim little reticule of his spinsterly universe, he should see only anarchy in any finer order which might threaten to displace the immemorial relations of the card-case and the smelling-bottle. But, by all means, let him proceed with his philippic.

V.

It is sometimes thought (so the conservative may be presumed to continue) that the imagistes are distinguished for concreteness. Now, it is quite true that when one turns to the "Irradiations" of Mr. John Gould Fletcher, for example, one finds, in lazy and florid abundance, picture-words, mention of fountains, houses, grasses, trees, and especially of clouds, for which, as the most unattached and disengaged of natural objects, Mr. Fletcher cannot repress a fraternal tenderness.* But let us not be misled. The concrete, as a literary virtue, is not primarily the material, the sensible, the objective. A rock, a star, a lyre, a cataract, do not, except incidentally and indirectly, owe their command of our sympathies to the bare power of evoking reactions in a series of ocular envelopes or auditory canals. Their power lies in their freightage of association, in their tactical position at the focus of converging experience, in the number and vigor of the occasions in which they have crossed and recrossed the palpitating thoroughfares of life. It is not in its *material*, but in its *historical*, aspect that the empire of the imagination is remitted to the concrete. A babe's formless scrawl on one side of a scrap of yellowed paper is as concrete, in the technical sense, as the seal of Cavour or the autograph of Leopardi on the other; but sense-impressions are poetically valuable only in the measure of their power to procreate or re-create experience. The divination of etymology teaches us that the concrete is "grown together" with the fibre and substance of authentic life, while estrangement from the normal interests of mankind is suggested in the very texture of the word "abstract."

Now, it is this segregation from the normal activities and sensibilities of life—just identified with the essence of abstraction—which stamps the psychology of the typical imagiste. The concrete as a means of tapping our reservoirs, of subsidizing the present from the accumulations of the past, is clearly useless to writers whose object is to give to each new experience an Adamitic simplicity and independence. Hence the singular association of profusion and vacuity in their performance. The concrete, in their rhapsodies, is the mirage that spans the desert.

There is one possibility which cannot fairly be left out of the reckoning by any impartial judge, or even any upright assailant of the new school. They might respond to the foregoing strictures in a fashion parallel to Napoleon's "Je suis ancêtre." They might assert the plenitude of their relation to vital and rational experience, declaring at the same time that that relation was not hereditary but ancestral, that they renounce indebtedness to the past to become the creditors of the future. May they not be breaking into new fields whose so-called abnormality is only the biting comment of destiny on the rawness and barbarism of contemporary man? To this we may reply by a supposition. A Spanish muleteer looking over the shoulder of Averroës, while that scholar perused an epistle in Arabic, would have no right to conclude that the contents was unexciting because his ignorance was baffled by the script. But the face of man is legible even when his writing is obscure. If the reading was unattended by smile or frown, the curled lip, or the kindling eye, if the language of emotion in which all men are scholars were replaced by a dull composure or an unmeaning stare, even the muleteer would be justified in concluding that the letter had no message for the heart. It is their own impassivity that convicts the imagistes.

VI.

A question akin to the problem of concreteness must be dismissed with a still briefer answer. Are these writers realistic? There appears to be some modest evidence for the affirmative. Miss Lowell's neighbor is fat and has a bald head: Mr. Hueffer's "eight driblets of water" gurgle and drain out of "eight leaden pipes" in a ball which is itself encircled by exactly "eight lead and copper bands." Mr. Fletcher, when he tires momentarily of watching "the crimson peonies explode in the humid gardens of his soul," recruits himself by an inventory of the "straw, chaff, old bottles, broken crates" that litter the sands. The hopefulness which these symptoms must arouse in all true votaries of modernity is a little belied by a view of the product of the school in the aggregate. Pulverize life and grind imagism in a mortar, and similarities will undoubtedly be found in the resultant dust-grains. But realism is a question not so much of the *material* as of the *order* of life, and were the identities in matter much more frequent than they really are, the abrogation of the natural order would quash the claims of the imagistes to any share in the assets or liabilities of genuine realism. Again, the ground of realism is community of experience. A world in which all men's universes were totally dissimilar would afford no foothold for realism, however punctilious might be each man's transcript of the data furnished by his insular experience. Not the veritable merely, but the verisimilar and the verifiable, is demanded by the realistic principle. The very danger of that movement is found in its temptation to fall back upon the primitive in its quest of the universal. It follows that a school which aims to isolate rather than combine, which reserves its enthusiasms for the peculiar, the unshared, the remote, the inaccessible, has no standing in the realistic court. If the imagistes had profited by the example as much as they have rejoiced in the encouragement of Miss Harriet Monroe, they might have learned how readily a humane and catholic responsiveness to the varied amplitude of life may blend itself with receptiveness to radical ideas, and even with a taste for experiments in metre.

VII.

In conclusion, certain strong analogies between the form and the contents of imagism must be lightly touched. The small, particular unit dominates the versification; the brief, concentrated impression governs the experience. As imagism rejects continuous rhythm, which is the assertion of the control of the whole over the parts in prosody, so it rejects structure, which is the assertion of the same control in rhetoric. The metre is standardless and the thought is undirect-

Irradiations: Sand and Spray. By John Gould Fletcher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

ed. As vast theoretic command of variety in the prosody does not preclude its capture by monotony in practice, so the claim of universal freedom for the thought is found compatible with great, practical restrictions in the domains both of treatment and of matter. Metre and substance are like in their freedom to do anything, and their wish to do little. As imaginative power is denied to versification which strains every nerve in the pursuit of expressiveness, so imaginative clearness is vainly sought in a treatment which advertises its stress on the concrete and the pictorial.

My power of comment on this crude invective is merged in thankfulness for its cessation. So consummate an exhibitor of his own follies robs his critics of their opportunity.

Notes from the Capital

GOVERNOR OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD.

Before we get through with the various projects for raising additional revenue, now under consideration by the Administration, we shall probably hear more than heretofore of one of the few men in Washington who can accomplish a large quantity of important work with so little noise in the process that we well-nigh overlook their connection with it. Just at present he is paying close attention to another class of financial problems, for he is Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and was chosen for that position because the system under which the Board operates is not only rather intricate, but still in its experimental stage, and a man was needed at its head who combined knowledge and experience with uncommon resourcefulness. His name is Charles Sumner Hamlin, and he hails, as one might guess from this fact, from the old Bay State. He was one of the little group of young men of spirit and antecedents whom Grover Cleveland inspired with a desire to take a turn in the public service; and in 1893, when he had been only ten years out of college, he was called to become an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Carlisle.

It is characteristic of Hamlin's methodical ways that, having been consulted almost continually during the framing of the Federal Reserve act, he should have put in his spare hours preparing a card index covering every feature, large or small, of that measure, so that to-day he holds the eel of banking by the tail. The same trait manifested itself at the outset of his political career, when, knowing that public speaking would have to be one of his weapons, but that he had an insufficient voice and would be thrown into a blue funk by heckling, he put himself at the disposal of the Massachusetts Democratic State Committee with the express stipulation that they would send him to speak, not in large cities and to fine audiences, but at the remoter points where only from ten to one hundred persons could be counted on at a meeting. That is the sort of audience that puts an orator's powers to the supreme test, as every one who has any experience at campaigning will testify. Hamlin met his ordeal manfully, and with profitable results. His voice is not yet mighty, but it is trained to the highest efficiency that nature will permit, and quizzing interruptions have ceased to terrify him.

The tariff has been a special hobby of Hamlin's from the day of his graduation at Harvard. Of course he is a reformer, and President Cleveland's message of 1887 sounded for him the very keynote of pure Democracy. His enthusiasm for its subject-matter, moreover, was heightened by the circumstance that its author was conciously courting political ruin in listening to the dictates of conscience rather than the whispers of expediency, for there was a strong strain of hero-worship in Hamlin. Incidentally to his study of the tariff as a revenue-producer, which took on fresh energy thereafter, he was able to bring his ingenuity to bear upon the question of how to make the collection of Federal taxes most workable, and did it with so much effect that the Republican Senate leader, Nelson W. Aldrich, needing a collaborator on an administrative bill, took this robust young Democrat into partnership for the job, ignoring his party affiliations for the sake of his special knowledge and capacity. But a yet greater compliment awaited him; for the High Priest of Protection, President McKinley, having observed his management of affairs as one of Cleveland's Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, gave him an urgent, though vain, invitation to remain in office.

All of which indicates that Hamlin has tact. He has, and affability, a comely face, good taste in dress, a knowledge of the piano, and a fair singing voice besides. With this equipment, it is not strange that he is a social favorite, and accomplishes diplomatically what he might never attain by a colorless discussion. How far he carries the graces of polite intercourse is illustrated by an incident of his Treasury days in Cleveland's time. A man with flowing side-whiskers entered the Assistant Secretary's office one morning without the customary ushering by the messenger posted at the door. His broad brow, the iron gray of his hair, the sweep of his black frock coat, and his air of being at home anywhere, marked him, in Hamlin's eyes, as unquestionably a distinguished member of the Canadian Ministry who had been for some time expected in Washington for a conference on international issues. Hamlin cut short a letter he was dictating, and advanced with hand outstretched, a most effusive smile, and cordiality enveloping him like a cloud, to greet his guest, who, being stone deaf, found it difficult to respond to these flattering overtures in appropriate terms. But he did understand the virtue of brevity in explaining one's errand in a Government department. He was the official clock-winder of the Treasury, and he had called to make sure that the timepiece on Hamlin's mantel was running right!

The Governor of the Reserve Board must often bless the stars that blinked upon his christening. To bear about the surname of a noted Vice-President, linked with both names of a majestic Senator, must keep before him a pretty stiff ideal to live up to; but how would he have liked it if his sponsors in baptism had taken a fancy to perpetuate in him one or more of the names his Revolutionary ancestor, Major Eleazer Hamlin, bestowed on four sons: Europe, Asia, Africa, and America? TATTLER.

Varieties of Realism

By H. W. BOYNTON.

Breaking-Point. By Michael Artzibashef. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Genius. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Co.

The Song of the Lark. By Willa S. Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

It is the fashion just now to discredit the word "realism" as a shabby counter of speech possessing little or no intrinsic value. In so far as it confounds reality with mere detail, truth with fact for fact's sake, it is contemptible enough. But such confusion may as readily stultify any other term, "veritism" or what not, which we may try to substitute for it; and a term we need. That airy nothing to which the poet gives a local habitation and a name thereby becomes an embodiment of reality; and so may the "slice of life" in the hands of a creative artist. In most novels of high merit, as in other works of art, both processes are involved. But they remain distinct processes; when in a given work one or the other conspicuously prevails, it is convenient to use such labels as "romantic" or "realistic."

These three novels belong pretty clearly to the second order. They are all strongly bound to fact, though in different ways. In "Sanine" M. Artzibashef conveys an impression of a force often morbid and brutal, but still a force. "Breaking-Point" is a disheartening example of that frantic and unfruitful pessimism to which the Russian realist has so often descended. This nightmare of lust and despair and death is the more dreadful because of the intellectual energy relentlessly devoted to its weaving. The persons themselves, a galley of lost souls, harrow us because, despite their manias, their vices, their paltriness of conduct, we cannot quite turn away from them as inhuman. And their humanity is not that of piteous ignorance. They think, they philosophize, their minds torment them with the consciousness of their own enormity. And the upshot of the thinking is that life has no distinguishable meaning, and the sooner one is rid of it the better.

The scene is laid in a provincial village among the Steppes, remote, forlorn, shrouded in dust. It has its wretched little society, its handful of merchants and manufacturers, its garrison which is a grave for military ambition. There are also a few attendant figures, Tchish the tutor, old Arnoldi the physician, and an unexplained exile or two from the larger world, of whom young Dchenieff the painter is chiefly important. A perilous place: there are warnings from the outset: "It is in such a gray hamlet," reads the first page, "rather than among blossoming trees, sun-lit mountain peaks, the azure of the sky, or in the midst of cities, that those terrible thoughts must be born which later enter the world to creep across her face like the pale portentous ghost of death." The dwellers in this fated spot

have been going on through the years like dingy mechanisms, to all appearance, but each under his own strain of boredom: finding momentary relief now and then in drink, or sex, or games, but unconsciously approaching the "breaking-point" which in the end is to be signalized by a very orgy of self-destruction. The author declares in the beginning that he does not hold them responsible: "The human will is incapable of changing in any minute detail what Life has ordained." Puppets, then, are these, but puppets tortured by self-consciousness and the phantom of volition. Gleams of fine feeling they have—old Arnoldi, with his belated and hopeless passion for a dying woman; Ryskoff, with his devotion to poor Nelly: they are only gleams. Steadily the victims march towards those final pages along which their dead bodies are to be strewn thicker than the last-act corpses of a tragedy of blood. Among these gloomy figures Dchenieff the artist maintains his bad eminence in the affairs of love. Nelly, Genitchka, Lisa—so runs the pitiful list of his victims—dust in his mouth. "I don't believe anybody does believe in anything," he cries before he shoots himself: "either God, or the devil, or humanity, or in ideals of beauty and truth. And nobody cares for life, nobody loves Nature or mankind."

Requiescat Dchenieff! He has lived under a heavy handicap, for was he not an artist, of that celebrated tribe born without backbones and seldom achieving them? At least he lived long enough to see himself for what he was. We may rightly prefer him to Mr. Dreiser's "genius," who, reduced from the multitudinous facts in which his author envelops him, is a bounder pure and simple, a genius by sheer assertion. Often as, in the course of these seven hundred closely printed pages, we are assured of Eugene Witla's brilliant mind and charming manner; there is nothing that he says or does which enlightens or fascinates us in the smallest degree. If a duller fellow ever lived in a book, we have never met him. As for his character of Lothario, it would be hard to imagine a practitioner of more primitive methods: he is a drummer in a frock coat, a Don Juan of the streets. On the whole, his morals are less distressing than his manners, since he is supposed to be a gentleman, or as near as we can get to it in America. His father, to be sure, is a sewing-machine agent in an Illinois town; but his author believes him to have outgrown that, early in his career. The course of that career we cannot here trace in detail—it has been done by Mr. Dreiser, Heaven knows! Eugene Witla has an early knack at drawing. While still a boy he goes to Chicago, and presently becomes staff artist on a minor newspaper. His editors and associates tell him how remarkable he is and urge him to find something bigger in New York. He consents, and has not been in New York long when he wins fame as painter of a series of city scenes. He is hailed as a genius, and his road to success appears secure. But in the meantime (after, and contingent with, several amours) he has married, and his sexual life saps his powers. He becomes a neurasthenic, can do no work, and as a last resort becomes a manual laborer at 15 cents an hour. A year or two later he is able to draw again, and finds a position with an advertising "firm"; one step leads to another, and in no time at all he is in control of a great publishing business at a salary of $25,000. Unluckily, he always has an amour or two in hand, and presently one of them threatens a scandal, and makes him neglect his business; so he loses the job. His wife dies in giving birth to a daughter (all recent records in obstetrical data are here broken). We leave him sentimentally dallying with Christian Science, mysticism, fatherhood, and art. "What a sweet welter life is," he murmurs, as for the last time he runs his hand through his hair, "how tender, how grim, how like a colorful symphony." Welter is the word for such life as is here painted—and romantic welter, that is the funny thing. Stripped of their patiently amassed and chiefly meaningless details, these pages give a record of the paltry business and sex adventures of a common little hero of amatory romance. Far enough this from the sincere realism of a "Sister Carrie" or a "Jennie Gerhardt," in which Mr. Dreiser was working upon his own last.

If one were to ask me for an example of sound and creative realism, I could suggest nothing better, among all the attempts which have been made within recent years, than Miss Cather's new story. "O Pioneers!" was a book of uncommon sincerity and power. This strikes even deeper, and will, we think, carry farther. One episode—Thea's three weeks' relation with Fred—will attract more attention from a certain class of readers than all the rest of the story. It is novel in fiction rather than in fact, and has here, convention to the contrary, the place which such episodes have so frequently in real life: it *is* an episode, important, but not determining or even focal.

In this book Miss Cather also has attempted that most dangerous of feats—to trace the genesis of genius. How many prima donnas alive have recent novelists alleged in vain! They were either merely pretty women forced to pretend that they were the idols of two continents, or viragos under the same compulsion. The roots of genius, its growth as a creative force (as against a factor of public "stunts")—how often have they been successfully studied in literature? Thea Kronborg we believe in. She triumphantly refutes the legend of the invertebrate artist. She becomes a great singer not only because she is born with the gift, but because she has the strength to develop it. And (the distinctive idea in the book) that strength of hers is rooted in the soil. To Moonstone, the little Colorado town in which her childish life had once appeared so limited—to her mother, her Mexican friends, poor old Wunst—to the place itself, the ground upon which it stood, the air it breathed, Kronborg the great singer was to trace back the stream of her powers, as to an only possible source. "Nearly all my dreams, except those about breaking down on the stage, or missing trains, are about Moonstone," she says to her old friend Dr. Archie. "You tell me the old house has been pulled down, but it stands in my mind, every stick and timber. . . . That's the house I rest in when I'm tired. . . ."

And these people of Miss Cather's!—not an artificial or strained figure among them—Thea's mother, her rather disagreeable family, Archie, Fred Ottenburg, Harsanyi the pianist, Bowers the time-serving singing teacher—they are all actual persons of our acquaintance; and they all have their natural places in the action, quiet as it is. It is a story of something better than suggestiveness and charm—a thing finished, sound, and noble.

Correspondence.

THE HAITIAN PROTECTORATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Ten years ago Mr. Roosevelt, with his characteristic high-handedness, quite without the advice and consent of the Senate, and without any adequate public discussion, established a financial Protectorate over Santo Domingo. A Democratic Administration is now engaged in a similar enterprise in Haiti, and as before, makes its arrangement by a sort of autocratic "Order in Council," as Prussia might do, and without taking the time to wait for the slightest constitutional debate or vote in the Senate. We have now on our hands a miniature war in Haiti, and are requiring our soldiers to shoot the natives of the island, who suppose themselves to be defending their country against invasion. What conduct could be more undemocratic and "un-American"!

Have we not here under way one of those silent trains of precedents which, as history shows, like a great tidal drift, may alter and revolutionize the character of a Government? Grant, if you will, that the course of our Government, however arbitrary and wilful it is, may be beneficent; suppose, also, that we may be sure, as we are not now sure, that this action is free of any sinister and selfish commercial interests, or any taint of contempt for a colored people; the fact remains that we are entering upon a line of conduct, fraught with momentous possibilities, involving the chances of vast extension and great expense, of continual friction within a given Protectorate and of collision with foreign Powers, without the slightest thought on the part of the American people and without information to guide our way.

What is the nature of a Protectorate? Sir John Macdonnell aptly says in the Encyclopædia Britannica in the summary of his answer to this question: "The fact is that, in the case of protectorates over uncivilized or semi-civilized countries, a development is inevitable: control quickly hardens into conquest and international law more and more takes account of this fact." Do we really wish to take over one state after another by any form of ultimate conquest? Is it not really a very effective form of control, when you annex the Treasury and Custom Houses

of a state, and keep battleships in its harbors to suppress insurrection?

If we ought to do this sort of thing, on what ground are we doing it? Is it by reason of our benevolence? Is it because we have done so handsomely at home in securing our people in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" that a duty is imposed upon us, after the Prussian scheme, to extend our system over other people, and even to be prepared to kill them if they resent our control?

Do we not here touch close to great issues, far more important to our destiny and the welfare of mankind than most of the questions (including the tariff), on which our old parties are supposed to be divided? Thus, it will be said that we must be tax-collectors in West India Island and other states "for the sake of the Monroe Doctrine." But the deeper question follows: What is the Monroe Doctrine to-day? Who can tell us what it means, and what it involves, and why we must bow down to it like an idol? Is it an instrument of national safety, or, rather, a point of rather perilous friction? Is it in any way philanthropic, or is it not a counsel of selfishness, and very unwise selfishness at that? Is it for the good of the people of America, or rather for the benefit of certain exploiting interests? Do the people of the A B C Powers desire it? Is it not fairly outgrown, and is it not now time frankly to put an end to it? We seem to need wise and disinterested public men to advise us. Never was there a time when a just and humane national policy was so needful.

Is it not, then, time to remonstrate with a government which in a typical instance of such moment as the case of Haiti is seen drifting in the wake of Mr. Roosevelt's most dubious conduct, opportunist and yet arbitrary, while the people are at sea as regards any knowledge of what policy in its dealings with neighboring nations the United States ought to follow, and on what rational grounds our policy is based? With one kind of policy we are likely to be handicapped for an unknown period with increasing military expense and with the arrogant behavior which calls for armies. Do we desire the policy of a "Great Power"? On the other hand, we could adopt a policy which would put us in the lead of the world in the terms of humane civilization. If we reason and think and discuss we can have the latter. If we and those who guide our affairs at Washington merely drift, as we are drifting at present, how can we help the direful consequences of our negligence? CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., September 30.

UNFAIRNESS AND BIAS OF WILSON, HIS CABINET, AND OTHER PRO-ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: After glancing over your correspondence column, I cannot refrain from hurriedly writing down a few incoherent thoughts in reference to "standing by the President and presenting the case of the other side."

It is doubtless true that we should stand by the President and his Cabinet, especially so at this critical time; but our doing so does not blind us who are fair, honest, and just from criticising deliberate acts and expressions of unfairness to a people who are entitled to at least equal consideration. The old saying that a dog knows whether he has been kicked at or stumbled over is quite true with the Germans. Every open-minded American knows that Wilson and his Cabinet have been as favorable to England as they dare be—even before this great war. Time and space will not permit of details were it necessary; fair Americans are convinced of this fact; and pro-English cannot and will not be convinced. Their minds are closed to all arguments, if any were needed for demonstration. If you please just one concrete instance, the billion-dollar loan, the blockade of lawful American commerce. Reverse this situation and Wilson would consider these to be unfriendly and unneutral.

Doubtless many have heard the remark that the other side has never presented its case—has never had a convincing argument. The other side thought that the plain statement was all that was necessary in the first instance; later, however, discovered that it was presenting its case to the lonely winds of the desert of Sahara so far as its material purpose was concerned; for it discovered that the audience through bias, passion, and prejudice had the characteristics of those who have ears and hear not.

J. A. BAER.

Milwaukee, Wis., October 6.

THE EARLY WRITINGS OF WALT WHITMAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In collecting materials for a study of the early life and writings of Walt Whitman I have unearthed a considerable mass of new material. May I have space in your columns to enumerate some of the more important of these fugitive pieces, with the hope that any of your readers who may have knowledge of others will be good enough to let the existence of such writings, whether in verse or in prose, be known?

In the *Democratic Review* for March, 1842, Whitman published, over the pen name of "John Quod," a Dickensesque story called "The Burglars." In November of the same year this magazine presented a novelette in seven chapters designed to aid the propaganda for the abolition of capital punishment. It was entitled "Harry Blake; A Story of Circumstantial Evidence, founded on fact." The same *nom de plume* is used. Later Whitman reprinted the story as a serial in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. The *American Review* for November, 1845, contains "Tear Down and Build Over Again," a brief essay on the destruction of historic buildings in New York. Two poems appeared in the *Eagle* during Whitman's editorship; first, a descriptive poem in conventional form called "The Play-Ground"; and second, an "Ode—to be sung on Fort Greene; 4th of July, 1846." The former of these appeared in the issue of June 1, and the latter in that of July 2, 1846. The second volume (January-June, 1848) of the *Union Magazine* has "The Shadow and the Light of a Young Man's Soul," a sketch evidently reflecting Whitman's experience as a boy school-teacher on Long Island. I have also discovered what I believe to be the earliest extant portrait of Whitman, which shows him as a well-dressed, black-haired school-teacher beside the schoolhouse in which he taught. Of other writings which appeared from Whitman's pen in the New Orleans *Daily Crescent*, in 1848, I have written in the current number of the *Yale Review*.

I particularly desire to see a copy of the *Long Islander*, published by Whitman at Huntington, L. I., in 1838-9, and of the Brooklyn *Daily Freeman*, published, off and on, in 1848 and 1849.

R. EMORY HOLLOWAY.

Adelphi College, Brooklyn, October 5.

THE JUBILEE "NATION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: May I be allowed to add my small voice to the chorus of praise that has greeted the fiftieth anniversary of the *Nation*?

My father, Gen. J. D. Cox, was an intimate friend and sincere admirer of its editors and a frequent contributor to its columns from the earliest numbers until his death in 1900. The voluminous correspondence between him and Mr. Garrison is an illuminating record of the impact of two great minds, often differing in opinions and tastes, but always rejoicing in one another. Among my own treasures are two of Mr. Garrison's letters to my father, one relating to an article which I wrote at the ripe age of seventeen and which my father sent to Mr. Garrison for criticism, and the other on the occasion of my marriage. I might be said to have been "brought up" on the *Nation*, and it has always stood to me for all that is highest and best in journalism. It has followed us in all our many wanderings, and by sharing it with fellow-exiles of many nationalities, we have left other admirers and "constant readers" in remote and out-of-the-way corners of the world. Since the European war began, I know of no other journal to compare with it on either side of the Atlantic.

It is not only the men of America who owe to the *Nation* their broader and saner political outlook and their keener appreciation of the best in literature and art, the women, also, have many of them been formed in its fine school, and one of these gratefully acknowledges her debt. HOPE COX POPE.

Montevideo, Uruguay, September 14.

DEMOCRACY AND THE UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: The case of Scott Nearing at the University of Pennsylvania, the summary dismissal of Professor Brewster by the University of Colorado, and the wholesale removal of teachers by the University of Utah bring painfully to mind the problem of the university. There are few other problems of more transcendent importance to us if we are to make this country more of a democracy. One of the great causes of the present German madness is the suppression of free teaching in all their great universities. In this way almost all of the articulate classes in that country were brought into unanimous support of the "might" theory of government.

It is the might theory of social control that underlies the actions of the trustees of the universities whose teachers have been so severely disciplined in recent months. All unknown to the great body of the American people the authorities of many of our greater training schools have come to claim for themselves and through themselves for the community the same directing powers which made all Germany a unit behind the Kaiser. It is a subtle process. Personal interests, the sense of class superiority, and the

natural fears of radical popular movements all conspire to make successful business men and representatives of the greater religious denominations distrust teachers and other leaders who claim for themselves the right to speak their minds freely on social and religious questions.

It has always been thus in this country, and the denial of freedom of speech has always paralleled over-developments of conservative group interests. Notwithstanding the positive guarantees of the Federal Constitution, the Federalist party, when the radical influences of democracy threatened the existing social order, denied freedom of speech and imprisoned men for no other reason than that they criticised the social order, the dominant party, and its allies. Although Jefferson was one of the greatest protagonists of freedom of speech, and the Constitution of Virginia assured the right of free speech to every citizen, he, as rector of the University of Virginia, was compelled by the dominant religious influences of the time to dismiss the first and greatest professor engaged to teach in the new university. With shame and regret he did it, for the new teacher was not only one of the most learned men of his day, but a personal friend of the ex-President. He yielded against his better judgment; but had he not yielded, the funds for the University itself would have been denied him. The conservative forces of Virginia society had gained control, and the exponents of these forces could not easily be denied their wants.

It was Thomas Cooper, the co-worker of Priestly and the discoverer of hydrogen, who was thus prevented from teaching chemistry in Virginia. But in South Carolina the love of learning was stronger at that time than the fear of democracy, and the trustees of the State University made Cooper president a year later, 1820. But fourteen years afterward, when religious orthodoxy became the rule in that community and owners of plantations began to fear the dangers of free speech, Cooper was dismissed at the age of seventy-six, although it must be said that the aged scientist was still employed by the State, which desired to avoid the appearance of turning an old man out to die.

These facts are cited to show how much more powerful is public opinion, when directed by the well-to-do and the conservative leaders of society, than is any State or national guarantee of individual rights. Between 1840 and 1860 no college teacher in the South could proclaim disagreeable doctrines and hold his position. There, as in modern Germany, the masterful property interests had gained complete control of the machinery of the common life and legal declarations gave way. The result for the South was not unlike what is certain to be the fate of Germany, for one can hardly imagine that the whole world is to become indoctrinated with the theory of might.

Since the end of the Civil War the masterful elements of Northern society have been uniting the more closely as they have become more powerful. The freedom of speech which the Republican party demanded in 1856 is now denied by the leaders of that party, and it is the same with the Democratic party, in so far as the representatives of great wealth affiliate with its organization. This means that the same sort of social power is now seeking to regulate the affairs of our common life which regulated so effectively the life of the old South and which speaks so powerfully from the battlefields of Europe.

Do we mean to say now that our university teaching shall be free, that all scientific men, all historians shall really enjoy the protection of State and national guarantees of freedom of speech? If there is an effective public opinion behind a demand like this, university teaching may become the most important thing in the country, for expert opinion in the social sciences does not accord with the views which are now the canons of action in many of our leading communities. College professors may not be capable of self-government, and I suspect that most men who have the responsibility of directing the affairs of our universities really think them not equal to this rather elemental task; but they think, nevertheless, that it is most unwise to leave the direction of national life in the hands of those whose personal interests run counter to those of the majority of the people.

Holding this view, their notion of a well-ordered society is that every social organization should supply at all times the means of correction necessary to prevent its running "amuck." Who is in a better position to supply the corrective than the trained man of the university? He is, as a rule, not well-to-do; yet he is not, as Bismarck asserted, a member of the proletariat. The college professor loves the truth as much as others, and he understands better than most how difficult it is to know the truth, to ascertain what are the facts of a given situation; and his opinion, if invited and respected till a better be found, would doubtless become a valuable social asset.

The problem is to mobilize under existing circumstances the university forces. While some teachers "go off half-cocked," and some, doubtless, undermine in their classrooms the respect of the young for some of the conventions of modern life, the great majority are cautious, sober, and thoughtful, desirous of improving the conditions of life for all and not too snobbish to favor a real democracy in this country. But how can the teacher aid the public if his calling is to be regarded as closely akin to that of the mendicant, if the trustees of the institution in which he works treat him with a good-natured contempt, if the great class which the trustees represent look upon him as an inferior, and if the president of the university is to enjoy two, three, or four times the income of the scientific discoverer? The young are always imitative. How shall the rising generation be led to examine the facts of life fairly if their teachers are only "hired men"?

Not that it is any disgrace to be a hired man, but that we are all taught to think so. It is not going to be an easy task to make the university specialist a great social asset if we have already made up our minds that he is only a purveyor of certain information necessary to make one a fit member of "good society." Even in Germany the professor is more than that. He is an instrument of the Government in the conquest of the world.

Until we attempt to revolutionize the opinion of well-to-do people, of business men, for business men direct the life of the country, we might as well cease to revile the crude trustees in Pennsylvania and Colorado for removing teachers who criticise their way of doing things. Trustees may have too much power, but the public has given that power. Whether a university be directed by State authorities, by a religious denomination, or by a self-perpetuating board, the result is the same, and the same kind of men are found on all governing boards, that is, they believe in the methods and in the ideals of successful business men.

Is a great banker or a rich meat-packer peculiarly qualified for determining what shall be taught in universities, who shall be engaged as teachers, and whether the constitutional guarantees of free teaching shall be suspended? Is not such a one disqualified by the very processes of his mind, by his innate fear of change, to determine these most important of social functions? A governing board of a university should perhaps not have the authority to determine these questions. A group of teachers might be better qualified to exercise some of the powers in question, though this raises the difficulty of a self-perpetuating group.

If college professors are not to be allowed to decide what shall be taught, who shall teach, and when teachers become unfit for their important task, might it not be possible to have some professors on the boards of control, some business men, some representative of the so-called radical forces of our society? What might it not have been worth to Germany to-day to have had Karl Marx, Lassalle, and Liebknecht members of university faculties or even members of the Imperial Council? They represented the interests, feelings, and prejudices of the masses of toilers in Germany. Their voices were worth more to the Government than that of the Kaiser himself, or at least they might have become of more worth.

But are we going to remedy these things? How shall we bring a generation of success-worshippers to the point of recognizing the need of change? It was impossible to bring the dominant element of the South to entertain any suggestion that their system was not the best in the world. The makers of industrial America are equally impervious to-day. They give employment to university professors, they must see to it that no effectively revolutionary teaching is allowed. To put professors on boards of control would be to many trustees the same thing as to put the laborer in the place of his master; and to make radical social leaders participants in the control of higher education would be like the suggestion in 1850 that an Abolitionist be made a member of the board of control of the University of Virginia. Yet that was just the thing Southern universities needed in 1850.

Of course, there is always the possibility that the people of moderate means may establish institutions for their children, and that a class of independently trained leaders may thus come into existence. This was the way Princeton began, the way of the Middle States and Southern up-country in the founding of their many "log colleges," and it is the way of earnest religious denominations of to-day; but the character of the modern university, with its necessarily expensive libraries and laboratories, makes this very difficult and less likely than formerly to produce the desired social results. The need is, therefore, a responsive university, a university whose professors are social in outlook, whose president longs to coöperate with all classes, but not "von oben herab," and whose trustees respond to the aspirations of Socialism itself.

What all need to understand is that the university, regardless of the sources of income or support, belongs to the people; and some practical recognition of this is neces-

sary if the country is to be spared another social crystallization like that of the old South. Young men are trained for public service, not for self-realization, least of all for the mere enjoyment of the literatures and the learning of the past. And, if young men are educated for the common good, they must not be educated, as was the policy of the Jesuits, away from the people.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

University of Chicago, September 10.

"PREPAREDNESS" AND A TELUGU TALE, ALSO AN ANCIENT "PACIFIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suppose that I am almost the only American professor who has not written to some paper a letter on the war. It is no excuse that I am in retirement, for I am not only supposed to be master of my time, but I should probably have escaped the risk of the unkind criticism on the part of the authorities that I might better have devoted my labors to the more immediate purposes of my professorship.

It is not my intention at this late date to break my silence and inform my fellow-countrymen of my personal opinions on the questions of the day, but in the course of the desultory reading for which a retired professor may be charitably forgiven, I happened upon a document which proves that the problems with which we are wrestling were not unknown in former times and in other lands. The document in question is contained in a little book, "Folk-lore of the Telugus, a Collection of forty-two highly amusing and Instructive Tales," by G. R. Subrumiah Pantulu, Madras, no date. The ninth story (p. 21) is entitled "The Washerman Minister," and, although it would perhaps have been more apropos three months ago, I trust it is still not altogether untimely. The story is as follows:

"The King of Kalinga had a washerman who used to wash his clothes exceedingly well and bring and give them to him daily. One day, the King was exceedingly pleased with the scrupulously clean manner in which the clothes were brought to him and promised the washerman to grant any one prayer he might make. The washerman looked at the King and said that he was most anxious to become the King's Minister, and requested the King to bestow the post on him. The King did so, dispensing with the services of his old Minister, who had served him for a very long time.

"It came to pass that, not long afterwards, a certain other King, having heard of the weakness of the washerman Minister, raised a huge army and gave battle. His master having heard of what had come to pass, called upon the new Minister to muster his forces, to which he replied that, as he had already made the necessary preparations, there was no cause to fear the enemy. The King fully believed in this statement, but was sorely disappointed, for not long afterwards the city was bombarded by the hostile armies. The King sent at once to the Minister, told him of what had happened, and inquired of him as to the arrangements he had made.

"The Minister responded: 'There is nothing to fear in what has come to pass. But I find that the task of ruling a kingdom is a big affair, and while I was thinking of how best to rid ourselves of this difficulty, the enemy chanced to enter and blockade the city. Let them, therefore, undergo the perils of governing the kingdom. As for me, I used to wash the clothes of about a hundred families in this city, but since my elevation to the Ministership I have had to give up my calling. I will now, therefore, resume it, and give you one-half the work and reserve the other half for myself; the calling being no trouble to me. On these considerations I have made no preparations for war.'

"The King was very much grieved when he heard this, but thought the result to be the natural punishment of linking himself to a fool."

In this connection I may say that I think I have discovered the earliest reference in literature to the "Professional Pacifist." It occurs in Ovid's lament over his dead parrot (*Amores*, ii, 6), which he characterizes as follows:

non tu fera bella mouebas;
garrulus et placidæ pacis amator eras.

T. F. C.

Ithaca, N. Y., September 22.

SOME MORE NEOLOGISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our language grows apace. In evidence I submit a few words which strike my fancy.

(1.) In Horace Annesley Vachell's "Quinneys," Posy, the up-to-date girl, says to her mother, a Victorian survival: "I'm jolly glad that I'm a twencenter."

(2.) Rupert Hughes, in "The Barge of Dreams," in the chapter which describes the hero's experience in watching his young wife on the stage, speaks of one of the hero's neighbors, a stout *bourgeoise*, as the "gumstress."

Will you not agree with me that "twencenter" and "gumstress" for "a person of the twentieth century" and "a woman who chews gum," not to overlook the male "gumster," as specimens of condensation, leave nothing to be desired? H.

October 4.

"WHILST" AND "WHILE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Englishmen almost invariably write "whilst" and Americans "while." Yet Jonathan Swift preferred the latter. In a letter to Thomas Beach, April 12, 1735, he says, "I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem." In the long list we find, "for whilst, put while." When Thomas Sheridan published his edition of Swift in 1784, he made the following protest in his preface, which was retained by John Nichols in the edition of 1808. "As the living speech has never engaged our attention, the whole being employed about the written language, many barbarous words of uncouth sounds are still retained, notwithstanding there are others of the same import, more pleasing to the ear. Such as"—and then in parallel brackets he gives "whilst, amongst, betwixt, amidst," for "while, among, between, amid." John Nichols added a footnote to the word "whilst": "See this barbarism corrected by Swift himself," and then he calls attention to the letter mentioned above.

I have never heard the word "whilst" in oral speech—but I think it is all but universal in contemporary English books.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Seven Gables, Lake Huron, September 27.

Book Notes and Byways

ROBERT BRIDGES.

A JAPANESE IMPRESSSION OF THE POET LAUREATE.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

A motor car ran up the gradually heaving country road through the pitch-dark silence of late night from Oxford, carrying us, Robert Bridges, his daughter (whose clear gentle voice was like that of Bridges's beloved Silver Thames, shady with birch and beech and odorous pine), and myself, toward Boar's Hill; I smiled in my innermost heart musing that my own children at home when they grew older would feel proud their father once sat close as a sardine in a can by the Poet Laureate who has sung, to use Dr. Warren's lines:

Such song in England's flowering day
Made merry England brave,
From Honied Chaucer shrewdly gay
To Wither blithely grave.

Only I wished that it were daytime to make me sure that Bridges's love of the country was well responded to by the beauty of the surroundings of his choice. When the car reached his house, my mind was filled by the graceful lines of his Invitation to the Country:

And country life I praise,
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways;
She will not leave her love
To mix with men, her art
Is all to strive above
The crowd, or stand apart.

The large entrance hall or vestibule, quite new to me as I had hitherto only experience of city dwellings, hugely pleased me, as its spaciousness at once suggested the rich hospitality of a country gentleman; how often I had heard that Englishmen show their very best in the country. Mrs. Bridges, who greeted me heartily at the door, conducted me into the sitting room whose generous fire would, as she said, warm me up before going to bed upstairs. The little room where I was soon taken by Bridges, as the night was already advanced, gave me the most tender impression by the candle lights; the hospitable consideration I fully perceived in the hot water on the washing stand and, above all, in the foot-warmer secretly buried in the soft bed. I had brought a copy of Robert Bridges's poems in the Oxford edition with me, whose pages I opened by the soft lights; what a sweet chivalrous soul with lyrical joy and rapture, I thought, this author of the "Growth of Love" and "Shorter Poems" has hidden under his seemingly uncouth, rugged personality. He was, I could not help thinking, personally a rough diamond before it was handed over to the hand of city jewellers; his stoic severity and even cynical resignation should be taken, I thought, for a mantle which always protects him from running carelessly. As in his personality, his beloved art is a kind most conscientious, tender, and true in heart; I was glad that my acquaintance with his rare personality made me well understand what he said about the "art that most I loved, but little used." He is unique and even original (who says he lacks originality?) since he has written what the others forgot when their songs were finished; I was very happy to

read, before I blew the light out, many times over, the following lyric:

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.
I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

When I awoke on the morrow, I observed nature through the window of the room where, as Robert Bridges wrote,

Hale winter, half resigning ere he go,
Doth to his heiress show
His kingdom fair.

The birds sang; the leafless trees in the wood were softly wrapped by the gray morning mists which made them appear even more attractive than with their green leaves in the season. I was congratulating myself on seeing Bridges's country beautiful even in winter, when I was called by the Poet Laureate and asked if I liked to take a hot morning bath. After my bath, I soon appeared before the breakfast table where the simple but wholesome food was prepared; Bridges took me, when our breakfast was over, into his own house of study or sanctuary, independently built as a sort of annex to the principal house (a long passage or arcade between them), where, to use Whitman's phrase, Bridges would loaf and invite his own soul; the first thing in this spacious studio which attracted my immediate attention was a large old-fashioned fireplace where many huge logs had been piled. Bridges lighted them; the fire went up, making a tremendous voice. There was a grand piano at one corner to remind me that the Poet Laureate, unlike most poets, was a cultivated musician: two sides of the walls at least were covered by the range of his chosen books which I was afraid to touch only to expose my own ignorance. By the most luxurious fire we sat, I listening to his enthusiastic talk on English prosody; he all the time fluttered, while talking, the pages of a copy of Milton's poems. Somebody's lines of greeting in the *Oxford Magazine* came to my mind:

O eagle-eyed, knowing the lofty music
That Milton also knew,
To-day the heart of the land with thee rejoices,
Hearing, far from the murmur of city voices,
Thy magic known to few.

Bridges dwelt at length on a certain letter addressed to the Editor of the *Times* in connection with Bridges's Christmas Song (1913), speaking of the poem as a revival of a dead ancient art; he laughed good-naturedly over people's want of knowledge on the art which was, while looking old superficially, decidedly new. I thought that the technique itself in his case was the very living spirit; by that I mean that he alone holds a rare genius to make the form aspire to the spirit. I thought that he did not fully and clearly express it, when he said that the form alone was poetry as humanity never has changed since the beginning; in his dignity of being a technician, I dare say, he has enough reverence towards the spirit. By this time, you will know that we were already in the garden commanding a mighty view over the valley where, if it were Christmas Eve, you would see the realization of Bridges's following lines:

The constellated sounds ran sprinkling on earth's floor
As the dark vault above with stars was spangled o'er.

The Poet Laureate, I thought, had every reason of satisfaction with this Christmas Song printed in the *Times* by the King's command; while walking in the garden, he talked on the poem and explained even with the pictures of a bell and its ropes the following lines:

Blessed be their founders (said I) and our country folk
Who are singing for Christ in the belfries to-night
With arms lifted to clutch the rattling ropes that race
Into the dark above and the mad romping din.

Then he showed me all the stretches of his garden; when I saw a little sequestered corner, one of the stories I had heard (how many stories about Robert Bridges I have heard since I came to England!) came to my thought, that he had exclaimed offhand to a visitor, after conducting him to a place where Bridges was pleased to hide himself from the people of his hatred, that he would find him there when he came again. "It's a newspaper story," he said when I asked him of its truth. And he gleefully told me how he had baffled and fooled all the reporters on the day of appointment, who utterly failed to find out his hidden place. He is a hater of publicity. And he said: "I never deny in press even when anything wrong is told of me."

We soon started towards Oxford on foot, now over the meadow, then crossing the fences or by the stream; he talked on many things, of poetry and the laureateship which had for some years its sad decline. Robert Bridges exclaimed: "The King knows I will never do anything foolish." I was happy to think that the Laureateship is going to shine grandly in the sun.

Literature

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.

Societal Evolution. By Albert Galloway Keller. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Social Problem. By Charles A. Ellwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Professor Keller, of Yale, is a sociologist who has something definite to say, and in his hands sociology becomes something more than a string of borrowings and platitudes. That society has arisen through a process of "evolution" has long been a commonplace for sociologists—though a commonplace which they have often found it necessary to illustrate and enforce by lengthy and minute elaborations of the obvious. But when Professor Keller speaks of the evolution of society he means by it something that is neither vague nor obvious, and his arguments concerning it are something more than general analogies. In brief, his thesis is that societal evolution is in a very exact sense a continuation of biological evolution. This means more than may at first appear. Society, for Professor Keller, has not merely had a story of increasing complexity; its changes have been due to exactly the same causes which account for biological evolution. These causes, according to the author's analysis, are four: namely, variation, selection, transmission, and adaptation. As we shall see later on, it is a question whether this biological analysis is justified. However that may be, Professor Keller takes it over from biology into the study of society, and the remainder of his book is devoted to the application of these four factors to societal evolution.

The changes to be traced in both animal and human evolution are due to methods of escaping the fatal sweep of natural selection. In the case of animals these methods consist of structural modifications, while with man they are to be seen in mental and social adaptations. These social changes which the environment forces upon men living in groups are crystallized into the institutions and ideas, the "folkways" and "mores" by which society controls its members. And the operation of the four dominant factors of biological evolution enumerated above continue to act in a perfectly real and not merely analogous sense in the development of these forms of social control.

It is not difficult for Professor Keller to demonstrate the importance of the first of these four factors—variation—in the folkways; and a single chapter suffices for the illustration of the subject. Variation reduces ultimately to the mental reaction of the individual. But selection is a more complex and also a more distinctively social process. It is society, not the individual, which selects out from the mass of incipient folkways those which are to survive and to be adopted as "mores," or consciously approved customs. And its action in so doing is usually of a quite automatic nature. "To bring about any selection at all there is need of conflict as between variations. In the case of the folkways this contest, plainly enough, cannot take place as between ideas. The real struggle is between the adherents or exponents of the mores in question, and it is through the issue of that struggle that a given set of mores is carried forward towards universality or consigned to oblivion." Thus it is a truly biological "struggle for existence" that, in the primitive stages of society, determines societal selection. "But as the mores develop and civilization advances, the nature of the test becomes decreasingly severe, eliminative, and decisive. Not only are the sanctions of life and death displaced, but even where they still remain, their incidence is often determined by the mind of man rather than by the elemental forces of nature." Thus political and then economic subjection take the place of annihilation, and the mores of the victorious or powerful class are "selected" through the force of prestige and imitation.

Is there such a thing as rational selection? Though not so extreme in his views as Sumner, to whom he is indebted for his general point of view, Professor Keller is very chary of allowing any considerable influence to the teaching and preaching and leading of individual reformers. The "leading classes" can, indeed, do a little—especially through legislation; but their influence is extremely limited. "Rational selection can come about only to a slight degree as the result of the dominance of any single class or sub-group, let alone individual. So-

cietal selection is too massive a phenomenon to take its origin elsewhere than in masses of men: it is due to the largely unconscious contortions of the whole social body."

But this does not mean that societal selection is and always must be irrational. Individual initiative, indeed, can do little; but there is one large group of interests in dealing with which society itself (not merely its leaders) may be trusted to "select" its customs and institutions rationally. These interests are those that have to do directly with physical nature and with the survival and economic welfare of the group. For here competitive folkways are subjected to very definite tests, and the same evolutionary factor that gave the bird its wings will force society to make rational choice. Hence the primacy in social progress of the economic forces. The moral, religious, artistic, and intellectual forces of society are all secondary, and their development is dominated by the "maintenance-mores." "All the way down the scale, each special group of mores is conditioned as to selection within it by the nature of the wider generic group of which it is a part, until at the bottom all the wider groups are determined as to their form by the maintenance-mores—which themselves reflect the nature of the struggle in societal self-maintenance, the form of this struggle being itself determined by natural conditions. Thus societal evolution runs back ever to natural evolution."

It is a question whether Professor Keller has here proved as much as he seems to believe. One might conceivably admit that the maintenance-mores offered the best opportunity for the injection of reason into the evolution of society, and yet refuse to acknowledge that they had been the dominant factor in this evolution. Professor Keller seems to put more into his conclusion than he gets out of his premises. Nor can it be said that he has by any means demonstrated that only through the maintenance-mores can reason be largely introduced into societal evolution. One might challenge Professor Keller's reading of history and insist that the purely spiritual factors—such as education, religion, the dissemination of ideals—have had a much greater share in guiding the development of the civilized races than one might suppose from reading "Societal Evolution." Particularly is this true of religion. Professor Keller, of course, does not deny the influence of religion, but religion seems to mean to him chiefly the fear of ghosts. But when one considers the influence exerted upon society by Buddha, Mohammed, the Hebrew prophets, and Jesus, one feels that here there is something else than ghost-fear, and one is likely to conclude that there is some other factor of importance in the development of civilization besides the maintenance-mores.

But to return to the argument of the book. Variation and selection having been shown to be in principle identical in organic and societal evolution, the rest of Professor Keller's task is relatively simple. Imitation or "tradition" so obviously corresponds to organic heredity that the chapter on Transmission offers no difficulties. Finally, "adaptation" is treated in three chapters in which the attempt is made to show, by examples from primitive, frontier, and highly civilized societies, that all sorts of human institutions are ultimately to be explained as adaptations to environment. These three chapters, with their illustrative material, are persuasive; yet one may question whether they add as much to the value of the book as they detract by confusing the issue. For confuse it they certainly do. The four chapters on selection (which form the body of the work) are meant to show that in societal evolution, just as in organic, survival is determined by adaptation. It is adaptation that guides selection. It is therefore somewhat disconcerting, after having been persuaded that the whole of societal evolution may be accounted for by variation, selection, and transmission, to find a fourth factor of explanation on one's hands with nothing left for it to explain. The origin of this difficulty is to be traced to Professor Keller's analysis of *organic* evolution into four factors, when three are quite sufficient; after which the application of a mistaken biological formula to societal evolution was natural, though unfortunate. The true relation of these factors, as expressed by Professor Keller in a personal letter to the reviewer, is that "variation, selection, and transmission work out to produce adaptation; and you get a better conception of adaptation if you emerge from the workshop, so to speak, and take a look at the product."

As the reader of this review will quickly see, Professor Keller is a loyal disciple of the late Professor Sumner; and while at times he softens down some of his master's extreme views, he is open in general to the same type of criticism as his predecessor. But whether one agree or not with Professor Keller's conclusions, one can hardly fail to recognize that he has made a real contribution to the study of society, and has demonstrated (what some of us had begun to doubt) that there is such a subject as sociology—or at least "societology."

Professor Ellwood's problem, unlike that of Professor Keller, is not the evolution of society as such, but the particular way in which society can now be made to evolve in desirable directions. That Professor Ellwood regards this as a practical question, a question about which something may be done, indicates at once that he takes a radically different view of societal evolution from that of Professor Keller. The physical and economic factors, in his view, play a relatively subordinate rôle.

"When men ascribe the origin of ideas to various influences in the environment, they forget the part played by human instincts, by the creative imagination, and by constructive reasoning. They forget, in other words, that the mind of man is self-active and needs no compulsion from without. They have committed the fallacy of accepting as a theory of human nature a passive psychology which is utterly discredited by science to-day. Thus economic determinism, or any other materialistic theory of human progress, is without scientific foundation." Civilization "is, in large measure, the substitution of a 'subjective environment' of ideas and ideals for the objective environment of material objects; and cultural evolution is possible only through the continuity of this subjective environment, that is, through the continuity of ideas and social values. *Civilization*, in other words, *is at bottom the creation and transmission of ideal values by which men regulate their conduct.*" "We mean, in other words, that the ideas and ideals of our present civilization have had a life-history of their own, not to be understood from the study of material conditions alone; and that it is the conflict between inharmonious traditions and ideals in our culture on the one hand, and the lack of adaptation of our ideas and ideals to the present conditions of life on the other, which has produced the modern social problem."

As the last part of this quotation shows, Professor Ellwood does not overlook "the present conditions of life," whether geographical, physiological, or economic, as having important bearings on the development of society; but he regards these conditions as capable of being handled and directed through the application of the conscious reason of individuals. Not only is a direct attack beginning to be made upon the evils of waste and of disease through deliberate efforts for conservation and public hygiene (in all of which Professor Keller doubtless would heartily agree); but various evil conditions which are not directly connected with the "maintenance-mores" may, in Professor Ellwood's opinion, be remedied by a concerted effort on the part of the intelligent and altruistic members of society through the education of the young and the inculcation among them of the ideals of service and unselfishness. This, he insists, is not an unreasonable expectation. For the three roots of individual character are heredity, the general social environment, and personal education. By a conservative application of the principles of eugenics, criminality, weak-mindedness, and other undesirable characteristics might be considerably reduced; while the social environment and the personal education of the next generation are what we make them.

Unfortunately, Professor Ellwood does not stop to consider who "*we*" are—"we" who make the social environment—nor to face squarely the fact that to change the social environment society itself must be changed. Truly, *if* we should bring about a proper social environment, we might expect all sorts of good things of the next generation; but the production of a proper social environment is exactly the problem to be solved. And from some of the pages of Professor Ellwood's book one gets the impression that he regards this as fairly easy to do if we should only inculcate the ideals of social service in our schools and else-

where. For any such sanguine view of the social problem Professor Keller's book is a needful antidote.

In short, the two books under review supplement each other fairly well just through their disagreements. It is quite true, on the one hand, that societal selection is "too massive a phenomenon" to be quickly or easily determined by the preaching of individuals. Yet, on the other hand, the faith that individuals can do something, and by concerted effort perhaps much, is the precondition of every endeavor for social improvement. We are more likely to make progress if society's leaders believe profoundly in the power of ideals than if they are persuaded to leave things to the "largely unconscious contortions of the whole social body."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Story of Julia Page. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This appears to be an attempt on Mrs. Norris's part to escape, or to advance, from the fiction of emotional domesticity with which she has been so successful. It is to her credit that she has not been content to go on indefinitely with stories of the type of "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"—stories excellent in their kind, but a trifle monotonous in motive. A mother is worth more than a clubwoman, and it is better to be happy than to be rich: Mrs. Norris freshly emphasized these truths, but she could not keep on doing it freshly: nobody could. It is not surprising that she should now be trying a different kind of thing; but the kind of thing itself is surprising. This purports to be the life-story of a girl of the people, told with that minuteness of detail and attention to observed fact which we label realism. It sets out, and progresses well towards the end of the first of its two parts, as a story of the same general order as the "Sister Carrie" of Mr. Dreiser, the "Clark's Field" of Mr. Herrick, or, more closely, the "Rise of Jennie Cushing" of Mrs. Watts.

Julia Page, like Jennie Cushing, is of the most unpromising origin, the vulgar child of vulgar people, but, like her, almost as a child determines to make the most of herself, to become a lady. Up to the moment when Julia runs out of her grandfather's house, purse in hand, after her jailbird uncle, the narrative strikes us as natural and authentic. But at this point hastily Mrs. Norris trumps up a coincidence which is as improbable as any ever invented—and which changes forever the whole course of Julia's life. Thereafter it is as if, having once succumbed to her romantic habit, the story-teller were unable to control her hand. Suddenly, without the slightest hint of warning, at the end of the first part, when Julia has fairly made herself over and been rewarded with the confessed love of a gentleman—all at once, from a cloudless sky, falls the alleged fact that our Julia has a "past." Julia herself hurls it at her betrothed. He believes it: we do not. Either it was an afterthought with Mrs. Norris, or she has grossly misrepresented her heroine. Nowhere during the many recorded dialogues between herself and Mark Rosenthal, extending over a period of years—dialogues in which he persistently urges marriage—is there a hint that she has been his girl-mistress. Yet the whole of the second part is built upon this preposterous supposition; is, in fact, a long and tiresome account of the inability of Julia's husband to forget the fact he has supposably forgiven before their marriage. The affair becomes more and more sentimental and unreal as the pages turn. In short, the book is neither a human document nor a poetic representation. The conclusion is nominal: Jim is supposed to have really forgiven and forgotten at last; but we see no reason for supposing that the cherished spectre will not rise again in due season. If he only had the sense to see that nothing of the kind can possibly have happened, that Julia's creator has made her slander herself! But, then, there would have been no Part II.

Pegeen. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. New York: The Century Co.

Aunt Jane. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Our authors are, as it were, professional purveyors of good cheer. In "Pegeen" Mrs. Brainerd applies the hand of use to materials well tested by time. Here is another of these wonder-children who, to go by recent American fiction, are rightly at the helm of society. The other day it was Michael O'Halloran, the newsboy who filled a city with sunshine, and lectured all sorts of people on their duty. To-day it is Pegeen, the drunkard's child, special luminary of a countryside, whose smile will never come off, and who is qualified to lecture even an O'Halloran. Her special function is "seeing to" people, which means getting them under the influence of her hand and smile. The protégé who figures chiefly is a (rich) painter with a broken heart, who has attempted to be a hermit in the wilderness—vainly, for Pegeen promptly undertakes to see to him. Several rustic characters have their places in the slight action which follows. But it is not a tale of low life, or even of rural life. The hero is our (rich) artist friend, and the heroine another importation from the city, known chiefly as the Smiling Lady. She is engaged to Another; but it is clear from the outset that this is only the necessary obstacle in the course of true love. The Other (very rich) is too old for the Smiling Lady, and, most magnanimous, he withdraws pleasantly in due season, and leaves everybody happy and hopeful and neighborly and loving and smiling indefatigably. Pegeen, we gather, is now to "see to" the retiring fiancée. It is striking merit in a tale of this sort that it escape silliness, as, unless under a very literal eye, this tale does.

So also, on the whole, does "Aunt Jane," though it steers very near the edge, in more than one particular. Here is the gospel of determined sunshine again. The scene is a hospital of which Aunt Jane, leading lady-optimist, is matron. Thither comes a millionaire, but for his good looks drawn to pattern—hard, self-centred, and lonely. His wife is dead, and his only son a wanderer. Under a cold surface he hides a yearning for affection; like all millionaires, he is persuaded that nobody cares for him, but for his money. It is a great surprise to him to find that he must obey the hospital rules, but of course he has to, and we enjoy the always comic spectacle of a man worth millions of money knuckling under to a plump woman in a cap and a doctor whose clothes do not fit. But Aunt Jane is not an ordinary plump woman. She is the homely philosopheress who has so flourished in fiction since the apparition of Mrs. Wiggs. She emanates good cheer and common-sense. She is never in a hurry or a worry. She has an occult influence over her hospital and her patients. When things go wrong, Aunt Jane makes a point of being most exceeding calm: "And then, somehow, through the hospital would run a quiet, steadying force that seemed to hold them in place and use them for its ends; and they would be conscious, as they worked, of being bigger than they had guessed." She has also a power of willing, or wishing, fellow-beings back from the gates of death. So does she rescue the millionaire after his operation. But her greater service is to rescue him from himself. Gradually, under her tutelage, he discovers that it is pleasant to be friendly, to help other people, and possible to be cared for by them. It turns out that his son is fond of him, and that his nurse (who is, we believe, red-haired, like an extraordinary number of nurses in recent fiction) is just the wife for that son. There are also some fellow-patients whom he learns to befriend, and a new wing to be given the hospital when he leaves it. The point at which the story becomes strained and very nearly silly is the foisting upon good, plump, middle-aged Aunt Jane of a double romance. The millionaire and the shabby surgeon become rivals for her hand, the latter winning, as it were, by a neck.

Around Old Chester. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Two of the seven tales here collected have been printed separately in book form: "An Encore" and "The Voice." They typically embody the author's sound humor, her affectionate optimism, her insistence upon the right thing as against the merely accepted thing—above all, the quaint, kind atmosphere of that "Old Chester" of her youth in which her imagination works most fruitfully. More specifically, these qualities are at their best in the beloved figure of Dr. Lavendar, which reappears in most of these tales. The chilly analyst might find that Mrs. Deland has only a few situations. One of them rep-

resents Dr. Lavendar upholding the spirit as opposed to the letter of the law. Sometimes it is an accepted moral law, such as that one must always tell the whole truth (illustrated in the older tale, "Good for the Soul"), or a point of honor, such as that one must never cheat at a game, illustrated here in "The Third Volume," or a sentimental convention, such as that one's first duty is towards one's parents ("Sally"), or towards one's children ("An Encore"). Oddly enough, there is one convention of this sort which goes almost unchallenged—that of sacrifice. It is challenged in "Sally," because her lover's happiness, as well as her own, is at stake. But in tales like "An Exceeding High Mountain" among the earlier stories, or like "Turn About" and "Miss Clara's Perseus," it is fairly held up for admiration. In these two instances sacrifice is at its most fatuous. Young "G. G." marries an absurd widow because she has understood him to be proposing for her hand instead of that of her niece (shades of Mrs. Malaprop!). Good Oliver Ormsby marries a bore, because it is the only way to rid his beloved's house of her. Sometimes again, it is a question of the letter of the civil law which is braved. Dr. Lavendar is an accomplice in the destruction of the will in "The Harvest of Fear," as he was the principal in a similar act in "The Note."

As to situations, also, one may find Mrs. Deland's range curiously small. Prim youth and gallant age are a contrast she loves to point. Young "G. G." in "Turn About," young Paul in "The Third Volume," young Cyrus in "An Encore," are solemn prigs all; gayety and charm and courage are the property of their elders. So her older women have usually more attractiveness, as well as infinitely more sense than her youthful heroines, who are for the most part painfully shrinking, modest, Victorian. But all this is mere matter for curiosity. Old Chester is as real as Cranford; Dr. Lavendar—as real as the Vicar of Wakefield—is one of the few living American figures in American fiction; and both have the representative quality, the universal quality, which is to be found only in work absolutely true to time and place and character as the artist has known them.

Little Miss Grouch. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

An amusing little comedy of the sea, with farcical episodes, and a plentiful supply of American humor. Some of the best families and largest fortunes in New York are involved, to begin with, which places us in the most favorable atmosphere for current romance. Little Miss Grouch is daughter of "Hurry-Up" Wayne, a self-made man of millions, whose father came over in the steerage, and who now, like most American self-made men of fiction, is an ardent social climber. He has betrothed his daughter Cecily to one Van Dam, whose name describes his pretensions. Cecily runs away, and on board the Clan Macgregor, bound for England, encounters and, in the military sense, engages with the young American humorist, who gives his name as Sanders Daddieskink, and whose real name is Smith, but with a Forsyth before it, which proves him to be of the most ancient and aristocratic lineage. There is a very spirited action, assisted by wireless messages, a partly disabled ship, and a general readiness on the part of all hands to see and hear only what their author wishes them to see and hear. Van Dam is grotesquely represented aboard by a female cousin and vulgarian: he himself, it turns out, is an usurper of the name. In the end Alexander Forsyth Smith, otherwise Daddleskink, otherwise the Tyro—but the reader knows what happens in the end.

THE JURISPRUDENCE OF WAR.

War: Its Conduct and Legal Results. By T. Baty and J. H. Morgan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

This is an admirable book, well written and wisely planned. On perhaps the most difficult subject in the whole province of jurisprudence it is yet so clear and free from technicalities as to be intelligible to the general reader, while its copious use of cases and documents renders it of utility also to the specialist in this field. To say that its discussion of the commercial aspect of international law is by Mr. Baty is sufficient to proclaim for it a special authority; while the discussion of the result of war on the English Constitution by Professor Morgan is distinguished at once by a refreshing vigor and freedom from conventional restraint.

It is worth while noting some of the points raised by the learned authors. Professor Morgan holds that possibly the withholding of the English food supply might be considered illegal, because though it is no longer an offence under statutory or common law, "it continues to maintain a place, although a somewhat uncertain place, in the law of contract or tort." Theoretically, this may be true; but we may well doubt whether the courts would enforce the breaking-up of a combination to corner, let us say, the supply of wheat because it was in restraint of trade and against public policy. Cases of this nature have been sufficiently rare in Great Britain. That of Maxim-Nordenfeldt v. Nordenfeldt seems to show the favorable attitude of the courts to the principles termed for convenience Benthamite. Lord Bowen, in the famous Mogul case, would not pronounce, held, indeed, that it was *ultra vires* for the courts to pronounce, on the distinction between fair and unfair competition. In the event of such a case arising now we doubt whether that "uncertain place" would be maintained.

We are very glad to have the definite condemnation by Professor Morgan—and the opinion is concurred in by Mr. Baty—of the English press regulations. As he points out, they make it possible to construe anything—whether leader, military criticism, or political controversy—as a serious offence. What this may mean is seen from the fact that when the London *Jewish Times* published (in wholly innocent error) a statement as to the district visited in a recent Zeppelin raid, the paper was at once suppressed. It is more serious that the decision of what is "directly or indirectly" useful to the enemy should be left to the verdict of a court-martial. History is not very lenient in her judgment of the intelligence of military censorship. How inconceivably stupid that censorship has been the episode of the Audacious and bungling at Neuve Chapelle made distressingly clear. When there already exists a sufficiently wide law of seditious libel, it seems a work of dangerous supererogation thus to supersede the rule of law.

We agree most heartily with Professor Morgan that the Defence of the Realm Act is the most dangerous invasion of public liberties in three centuries. An Englishman may be sentenced to death without trial by jury for a crime which is still punishable in common law by the severest penalties known to that law. Citizens can be compelled to answer any question on any subject that an officer holding a major's commission thinks fit to ask. Houses can be entered without leave or warrant. Compulsory change of residence can be enforced. We may, if we will, justify this on the ground of *raison d'état*, but the older way was to leave the courts to pronounce on the justifiability of the military methods. That may be less summary than the new jurisdiction; assuredly it is also more consonant with political freedom.

One of the great difficulties after this war will be the discovery of sufficient sanctions for international law. How difficult that will be Professor Morgan has made abundantly clear by his skilful juxtaposition of the Hague Conventions and the opinions of the German war-book. When an authority like von Clausewitz can call the legal usages of war "hardly worth mentioning," when the Kriegsbuch can solemnly write that the "reckless application" of certain severities which Germany herself has agreed to condemn may be in accordance with humanitarianism, we can only throw up our hands in despair.

On one point we may permit ourselves a criticism. "The principal advance made by international law," write the authors wisely, consists "in treating war primarily as an act of hostility between states rather than individuals." That is well said. It is, of course, tantamount to the recognition of the reality of the person of the state, and the refusal to identify its personality with that of its members. A state, in fact, is somewhat more than the sum of its parts. Why, then, should a footnote suggest that the "general proposition cannot be accepted unreservedly"? Surely, half the difficulty of mutual understanding consists in the refusal to accept the distinction between the personality of the state and that of the individual. We think Germany nothing more than all the

Germans, and so we condemn them all. John Bull has slain his tens of thousands by being identified no less with Bow than with Belgravia. Here was the line of true advance—the throwing overboard of the *persona ficta*—and we could wish that Professor Morgan and Mr. Baty had helped in the weighting of the coffin.

We could wish that Professor Morgan, further, had been less generous to those who interpret laxly the regulation of Hague Convention (No. 42) dealing with occupation. Deeply as we respect the opinion of Professors Holland and Oppenheim, to argue that a flying column can establish occupation is really unthinkable. If a troopship of Uhlans landed at Scarborough and dashed across to London, that would surely not be occupation. We should not consider the resistance of the people as treason to constituted authority. Yet this is in effect what the view of Professor Holland maintains. There will continue to be no respect in certain quarters for international law if such latitude of interpretation is to be tolerated.

For Mr. Baty's chapters on the relation of war to commerce we have nothing but praise. He seems to us to have dealt most admirably with the tortuous and debatable problems raised by the existence of foreign corporations. Sometimes we think he treats a problem a little too cavalierly, as when he says that a Trust cannot have a nationality because it is "an ideal conception." Maitland's articles on "Trust and Corporation" might have warned him that the chief invention of English lawyers ought not to be dismissed so lightly. But it is churlish to criticise where there is so much that is wholly excellent. Particularly interesting is the treatment of blockade.

The volume is enriched by a hundred pages of appendices containing the various documents issued by the British Government since the beginning of the war. They add very materially to the value of the book.

FROM THE CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism. By Henry C. Day, S.J. With a Preface by His Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.80 net.

Father Day's book has the special merit of clearness in the presentation of the subject-matter. This is due at least in part to the sharpness of his definitions and the exactness of his terminology—matters in which modern argumentation, in English at least, leaves as a rule much to be desired. Writers of our day might with profit learn something from the old scholastics in this respect. However intricate their argument, however fine their distinctions might be, they left no reasonable ground for misapprehension of their meaning. Nor does Father Day. Here, for example, is a typical case of proper distinction and accurate terminology: He is speaking of the object of the state. "For this reason its end is described as being the common as opposed to the public good. To understand the force of this discrimination or distinction of meaning the following consideration should be borne in mind: Society or the state being a moral body and existing only by its component parts, is incapable of having its end in itself or of enjoying any good independently of its members. Its only true end consists in the social good accruing to all its members. Now, this is precisely what is meant by the common good, for it represents the sum total of advantages arising from association, and consequently attaching to all members of society. This common good can never be opposed to the real good of individuals, nor can it differ from it in kind. It is properly its crowning perfection. The public good is something very different. It consists in the well-being of the collective body as a whole, and can exist even when the good of individuals is sacrificed. The public good is attained when the nation is prosperous; the common good only when the people are happy. The public good can survive under oppression; the common good can exist only in an atmosphere of justice and freedom" (p. 248).

This is a fair sample of the author's method. Whether one agree or not with what he says, it is a great advantage to have it said in this way.

Naturally, one cannot very well hope to summarize in a few lines the substance of Father Day's book and condense into a few phrases the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church on politics and economics. But by keeping in mind the fundamental postulates of the church, it is not difficult to follow their application to particular cases and understand just why the church approves or condemns. In her eyes, man is not the latest known term in an infinite and inscrutable evolutionary series inextricably tangled in the toils of an iron determinism, but a genuine and immortal self-determining personality, created by God to a destiny of unspeakable importance, the character of which he himself of his own free will may determine in his life upon earth. Subject to the consequences of original sin, but redeemed by Divine act, and equipped with all the necessary means of salvation, he yet must work out that salvation in fear and trembling. Church and State have for their sole earthly object the assistance of man in this task; whatever helps him in this is, for the church, good, whatever hinders is bad. That is the supreme test which the church applies in all human activities, and it is, therefore, the test which Father Day applies to the economic and political questions treated in his book.

The criticisms of the various forms of democracy and of Socialism are along lines more or less familiar to students of these matters, but are better expressed than in many of the other Catholic polemics on these matters. It is in the last four chapters (xvi to xix) wherein the author lays down the doctrine regarding the origin and constitution of society, the rights and duties of the state, land, labor, and capital that most interest will probably lie for the non-Catholic reader.

MATTER AND METAPHYSICS.

The Limitations of Science. By Louis Trenchard More. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

To the student of philosophy who has learned from the natural scientists that to be a "metaphysician" is to be little better than an astrologer, it is highly interesting to find a scientist distributing this epithet broadcast among his brethren. Professor More applies the term not only to Einstein, for his principle of relativity; to Lorentz and Sir Joseph Larmor, for their corpuscular theories of matter, but to Lord Kelvin, for his mechanical models; to Helmholtz, for his vortex-rings, if not also to Dalton, for his theory of atoms. Descartes, of course, is the father of them all. It seems, indeed, that none are exempt from the taint of metaphysics who will not subscribe to the Newtonian mechanics as containing all that is necessary for scientific salvation—with the single addition of the law of conservation of energy.

"The Limitations of Science" suffers somewhat in systematic, if not here and there in consistent, presentation from the fact that it is a compilation of articles published in periodicals. It is, however, a stimulating book, and incidentally an informing book, for those who wish to get a clear idea of the recent and rather startling developments of physical science. Mr. More is evidently equipped with the broader scholarship necessary for that criticism of science of which, he rightly holds, we stand so much in need (though why a philosophically enlightened scientist should come nearer the point than a scientifically enlightened philosopher is not made finally clear). He writes in a clean, running style which makes his book enjoyable as well as "readable." And if he has missed the metaphysical beam in his own eye, he is not wrong about the motes in the eyes of his colleagues.

Mr. More's position may be epitomized by saying that he believes in laws and despises hypotheses; that he is in favor of matter, suspicious of energy, and hostile both to ether and to atoms. According to him, the scientist is confronted with an objective order of "phenomena." His sole function is then to derive by the abstractive method (which seems not to differ from the conventional inductive method) the laws embodied in these phenomena. It is not his business to explain the laws, certainly not to indulge in speculative hypotheses about realities underlying phenomena. Apparently, in Mr. More's view, hypotheses have not even a working or an auxiliary value, though in certain cases he appears to concede, reluctantly, a "temporary" value. It seems, however, that none of the phenomena of light owe their discovery to either the corpuscular or the undulatory theory, while from the fact that

latter-day science has shown the atom to be not indecomposable, he concludes (not quite logically) that chemical discovery could just as well have dispensed with the atomic theory.

The scientist who observes the proper limitations of scientific procedure finds that all of his laws can be safely expressed in terms of the conception of matter. The introduction of ether has resulted only in a mass of contradictions; and even energy, though apparently indispensable, shows a pronounced tendency "to subtilize objective facts into metaphysical ideas." But we are not to conclude from this that Mr. More is a materialist. Following the traditional distinction between reason and faith, he assigns separate fields to science, on the one side, and to ethics and religion on the other, and forbids either to adopt the methods of the other. In particular, he denies that science can deal with human life.

Now, if Mr. More means only that, in the general economy of human thought, it is important that science should retain its traditional distinction of solidity—and therefore that science should be cautious about engaging in theoretical speculation—there will be many, scientists and metaphysicians alike, to agree with him; and he is clearly right in holding that, as compared with matter, the conceptions of energy and of ether embody "dangerous tendencies." To romantic minds, both in and out of the circles of science, it seems that force, however blind and stupid, is somehow nobler than matter, while a rarer stuff is more spiritual than a denser stuff. Yet when the logical solidity of matter, as represented by the absoluteness of mass, is once called into question, *e. g.*, by the theory of relativity, "metaphysics" is no sufficient answer. The question is, How do science and metaphysics differ? And what accounts for the superior validity of science? Among the several answers to this question given by Mr. More, the answer to which he evidently pins his faith is this: scientific conceptions and laws are nothing more than formulæ to describe the sequence of phenomena, while metaphysical hypotheses pretend to deal with realities beyond phenomena. If this is the case, it would seem that, as a formula for facts, ether might be allowed to stand beside matter. But in point of fact Mr. More is not content with the formula-theory. On page 115 he tells us that we have no knowledge unless we believe in "something that has a continuous existence however changed in appearance"; in other words, metaphysics is permissible if it postulates nothing but matter. And in the end it seems that the real reason for an unyielding loyalty to matter is that under this conception science has grown and prospered. Upon nearly every page of the book we are informed of the *advantages* of matter. It seems, therefore, to be a pragmatic metaphysics that determines the limitations of science.

Nor would it be altogether difficult to prove that a metaphysical hypothesis underlies the objective phenomena—and here the metaphysics of matter. When I say that the surroundings in which I now write, a few miles from the Atlantic Coast, are objective phenomena, and that the vision of motoring in California, which comes to me the next moment, is not an objective phenomenon, part of the reason for refusing the name, at least to one or the other, lies in the assumption that, if both are to be objective phenomena, some three thousand miles of matter and four days of travel must intervene. If matter is derived from phenomena, it is none the less true that phenomena are derived from matter.

The truth is that to eliminate metaphysics from thought is about as feasible as to eliminate respiration from life. From the primitive magic of "The Golden Bough" to Spinoza's "Ethics" and Kant's "Critique" objective fact and metaphysical theory are linked everywhere hand in hand. Those who trouble the waters of our thinking are not the metaphysicians, but the unconscious metaphysicians. Mr. More has done well to expose the metaphysics of recent scientific speculation. There remains, however, the greater problem of the metaphysics of sober science.

RUSSIA IN ASIA.

Russian Expansion on the Pacific—1641-1850. By F. A. Golder. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co. $5.

The author explains in his preface that he wished originally to study the history of Siberia only in connection with the main subject of Alaska and its history. The secondary material on Siberia is, however, unsatisfactory; it was necessary to go to source material, and thus "what was planned as the background became the principal part." The writer gives a detailed, documented account of the gradual penetration of Russian power across Asia to the Pacific, of the various expeditions of explorers and traders. The picture is not always pleasant, because of the "cruelty and deceit practiced on the natives." The conflict with the natives was constant, and was further intensified by the struggle against the climate and for food and supplies. "But cannon and powder proved themselves superior to bows and arrows." In this expansion Russia came into conflict with China. Chinese opposition, and the assistance given to the natives by China, made the struggle still more bitter. All this interesting history is described in great detail, the official reports of the explorers themselves often being cited in extensive quotations.

The difficulties of the task which Russia had undertaken must account in some measure for the fact that little was done to "civilize the natives" until a date later than that covered by the author. It is clear that Russia was intent on development of trade primarily; but she had other objects as well. Peter the Great gave instructions for the expedition, which was to determine whether Asia and America were united, in the words: "Now that the country is in no danger from enemies, we should strive to win for her glory along the lines of the arts and sciences." The Russian explorations made valuable contributions to knowledge, and at a great price. Of Bering's second expedition, "only a few of those who enlisted survived the years of hard labor, privation, cold and suffering. Even those who lived to return to the scenes of their childhood were so broken in health that the joy of living was nearly gone."

In conclusion the author points out that "one is struck by the crudeness, by the lack of well-laid plans at times, and by the tremendous amount of misdirected energy on the part of Russia." But a few lines further on he adds: "It is this strenuous struggle against savage man and wild nature that makes the story of Russian expansion so thrilling and fascinating."

In a work based on documents in a foreign language, the question of finding proper terms to render the idea of the original is one of great difficulty. The reviewer does not believe that the Russian word "slujiloi" (p. 72), as it was used at that time, can be translated "servant." This is particularly important, as the writer puts considerable emphasis on the very idea which his translation here implies. The word would seem to mean rather "servant of the state," which is quite different. The writer gives a facsimile of a Russian document, and an accompanying translation; this same word occurs in the original Russian, but here is omitted in the translation. In this same translation there is another mistake, which is, it is true, of no real importance, but which should not be allowed to pass in a book of this kind. The Russian text reads "on these islands," and not "on one of these islands" (p. 282). In the bibliography, where one is justified in demanding absolute accuracy in a book of this standard, there are several misprints and even mistakes. The Russian titles are transliterated, and a translation added. The reader unacquainted with Russian must rely on these translations for a judgment on the character of the book cited. "Accounts of Nartov about Peter the Great" is translated, "Narratives about Peter the Great," and the name Nartov is misspelled. Finally, there is no excuse for translating the title "Journal of the Ministry of Public Instruction" as "Journal of Enlightenment."

The question of transliterating Russian words is always bothersome, there being almost as many systems of transliteration as there are writers, but our author uses several systems, often transliterating the same Russian letters differently within the same page. Sometimes he transliterates the Russian *v* by the English *v*, which is the natural and correct method; at other times, for some unexplained reason, he uses the German *w*. As a result, the word "woewod," which is constantly occurring, is not only painful, but is misleading unless one is aware of the habit, still so prevalent, of transliterating Russian through the German.

Notes

There is a fairly vivid picture of the Irish dramatist, John Millington Synge, in a thin volume by John Masefield, containing recollections and biographical notes (Macmillan; $1). The writer's impressions are based upon a close if somewhat casual friendship, that began in 1903 and lasted until Synge's death in 1909. Such a friendship was characteristic of the gifted Irishman, whose strange, fascinating personality attracted many but revealed itself charily to a few so-called intimates. Synge was essentially a lonely genius throughout his roving life among primitive or sophisticated types, always preferring to let others talk, while he successfully remained the ever-ardent spectator and the occasional listener. Meeting him for the first time in a room full of London literary folk, Mr. Masefield recalls the air of detachment that Synge maintained unaffectedly towards the coterie for which he was supposed to play the part of lion. Except for the "kindling eye," Mr. Masefield detected no great interest in the talk or the people. Yet later, when their acquaintance ripened into the close but impersonal Synge type of friendship, Mr. Masefield was agreeably surprised to find the elusive Irishman possessed of an unusually keen idea of each personality present on that occasion. This cuttle-fish attitude Synge likewise observed when travelling among the simple folk of the Irish countryside, or when sojourning among his beloved peasants on the Aran Islands.

While preparing his favorite book on the Islanders Synge closely identified himself with their simple pursuits and pleasures. Mr. Masefield remarks that they liked Synge, but were a little puzzled by him. "He was an unassertive, unassuming man, with a genius for being inconspicuous. He has told us that his usual method in a poor man's cabin was to make them forget that he was there, but in Aran on these visits he always tried to add to the fun, and to his personal prestige, with conjuring tricks, fiddling, piping, taking photographs, etc. Some of the Islanders were much attached to him. I suppose that their main impression was that he was a linguist who had committed a crime somewhere, and had come to hide." Between Paris and the Aran Islands Synge spent the best years of his short literary life. Fresh from the Latin Quarter, where he had been writing poetry and criticism of the French Symbolists, Synge, on the advice of his friend, W. B. Yeats, went to the primitive life of the Islands, and the countryside of Ireland, to refresh his eye and brain. It was to the Islands that he continually returned with increasing enthusiasm, with some newly acquired accomplishment like juggling, or playing the penny whistle, or new jigs on his fiddle for their dances. Except for occasional trips to cities where his plays were being produced he devoted himself to his peasant friends and their Island life where he successfully shed the mantle of loneliness that shrouded him from the eyes of the literary coteries of London, Paris, or Dublin. It has elsewhere been stated that he expressed a naïve preference over his plays for his book on this rough, dour, and primitive community.

Prof. Henry Jones Ford's book, "The Natural History of the State. An Introduction to Political Science" (Princeton University Press; $1 net), is a suggestive attempt to construct, from a study of such facts or reasonable implications of biology, anthropology, and philology as relate to the origin of man, a scientific theory of the origin and nature of the state. Briefly stated, the theory affirms that the state is as properly to be regarded an organism as is any form of animal life; that it has its origin in the formation of communities among animals earlier than man; and that such communities, of which the "undivided commune" of Howitt is the primordial type, subordinated individuals to the general good, and developed, by processes of social adaptation, particular social institutions. Government, "a primary organ of the state," antedates the transition from animal to man. The individual, accordingly, is a derivative rather than an original; the state is absolute in its relation to the individual units; and different types of government develop according to the conditions and needs of different environments. Similarly, rights have their source in the state, and liberty consists in individual adjustment to the standards of right which emanate from the state, rather than in freedom from obligation or social conformity. "The test of value in any institution is primarily not the advantage of the individual but the advantage of society" (p. 177).

Professor Ford's statements of fact regarding the "ascent of man" are, apparently, in full accord with the teachings of contemporary science. His theory of the state, however, suggests some far-reaching questions of social philosophy. What becomes, for example, of the philosophical notion of free will? If man is the product of society, which in turn is contemporary in origin with, and approximate in organic character to, the physical organisms of biology or anthropology, have we not here a kind of sociological fatalism or determinism, of which the individual is, according to the point of view, either the product or the victim, but whose processes neither he nor any numerable mass of his fellows can control? If rights spring from society, and represent the surviving results of the struggle for adaptation to environment, is not the conclusion inevitable that, in the large sense, whatever is is right? How, for instance, on this basis, are we to condemn war? and is there any longer a place for religion as either an individual or a social guide, save perhaps as a mystical recognition of an unknown God? Moreover, if "individual life enlarges by participation in a larger life, ascends by incorporation in a higher life" (p. 177), what will be the nature of the family when society, which to-day subordinates the individual more thoroughly than ever, shall have attained that relatively perfect solidarity which would appear to be its ultimate goal as well as its primary characteristic? We venture to hope that Professor Ford has it in mind to follow up his extremely suggestive study with another devoted to expounding some of the possible social consequences of his theory.

Of the innumerable books occasioned by the present war, one of the most neutral comes from the Oxford University Press. It is "An Anthology of Patriotic Prose" (2s. net), selected by Frederick Page. The jingoes get a hearing in this modest volume—only to be laughed out of court. Patriotism in war is the alpha and omega of the compilation only in the sense that all the rest of the alphabet comes in between. The patriotism of England naturally bulks large, but it does not exclude expressions from other countries and from many varying points of view. Indeed, seventy-seven authors are drawn upon. Plato is heard. Camden and Selden and Stow and Lucy Hutchinson speak. Nor are Belloc and Chesterton allowed to remain silent. Parson Wilbur discourses in his inimitable Yankee style. Even Goethe raises his voice, but chiefly to declare that he had "often felt a bitter pain at the thought that the German people, so honorable as individuals, should be so miserable as a whole." To one who consults it in the quiet of the study the volume will furnish from many another writer a choice expression of that patriotic sentiment now so conspicuous in our so-called civilized world.

Two volumes issued simultaneously complete the Pittsburgh Survey, and give us a full work in sociological research comparable only to Booth's panoramic analysis of the people of London. "The Pittsburgh District: Civic Frontage" (Russell Sage Foundation; $2.50) is of major practical interest, for it covers the investigation into governmental charities, housing and factory inspection, health administration, the courts, schools, and playgrounds, taxation, and opportunities for city-planning. Writers, including E. T. Devine, Robert Woods, Charles A. Robinson, and Emily W. Dinwiddie, present in addition articles and notes bringing out the specific changes for good connected with the Survey, and revealing the importance of the civic revolution now under way in the Pennsylvania city. The improvements listed include a reorganization of the tax and school systems, the enactment of adequate housing laws, the work of a Morals Efficiency Commission, the adoption of industrial relief plans, and the rapid development of safety engineering, for all of which the Survey pointed the need.

The companion volume, "Wage-Earning Pittsburgh" ($2.50), is a study of the population by races. Native Pittsburghers trace the genesis of the community—the slow yielding of the old small-town institutions, the bitter social injustices of the period of transition, the recent awakening of reform. We have estimates of the new immigration by a Welshman of the anthracite region and a Bohemian who is interested in the betterment of the Slav-Americans, the impression made on a Russian engineer by a sect of eastern Europe transplanted to the bituminous field, and a negro's commentary on the influx of his own race. There is a study of crime by an expert from New York city, as well as studies of labor organization, of industrial management, of child waste, and of maladministration in the Department of Labor. An attempt has been made not only to preserve the validity of the reports as handed in at the time of investigation, but to make a record of the steps since taken to ameliorate conditions. This and the ill-defined bounds of the topics assigned to several of the writers in each volume, has led to a certain amount of repetition. The illustrations represent a distinct improvement over the four volumes previously issued, some being in color.

Dr. R. M. Haig's "History of the General Property Tax in Illinois" (Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Studies) is a carefully written history of taxation in that State since territorial days. It yields the usual cumulative testimony to the ineffectiveness of the property tax under local administration in the United States. Nor is the story brightened by any changes for the better, such as a number of neighboring States have introduced in recent years. Illinois has been singularly indifferent to the lessons afforded by States, like Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Kansas, that have made notable advances within a decade, largely as the result of centralized administration. Efforts for reform in Illinois are now directed towards securing a constitutional amendment that will free the hands of the Legislature and towards the establishment of a competent State Tax Commission. Dr. Haig has done his work very well; but in treating of the taxation of personal property is inclined to lay too much stress upon the difficulties inherent in the problem, and not enough upon the administrative and other conditions which would have made any other tax work about as badly as the general property tax has worked.

Robert R. McCormick's "With the Russian Army" (Macmillan; $2) devotes less than fifty small pages, out of a total of more than three hundred, to actual observations on the Russian front; and these are of a very mild kind in no way superior to the mass of material that finds its way into the columns of newspapers. The rest of the book is given up to two subjects—the distinguished Russians whom the author met and the history of the Russian army and of the campaigns which Mr. McCormick did not see but which were described to him by Russian officers. As the son of a former Ambassador to Petrograd the writer was honored with an invitation to come to Russia and see for himself. He met the Czar—the interview being somewhat overelaborate in its account of the furniture in the imperial antechamber—the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Chief of Staff, and generals without number. But in spite of these opportunities he has brought back, as indicated, little matter of value. Where the writer depends on second-hand information, he shows no particular critical judgment. Of the early campaigns he accepts the Russian version without question. A moving-picture operator accompanied Mr. McCormick, the only one so privileged, we are told, and we are inclined to think the pictures will prove more informative than the text.

Mr. A. A. Milne, the author of "Happy Days" (Doran; $1.25), who is now fighting and, let us hope, jesting in the English trenches, says, in his Foreword, that he offers this selection from his contributions to *Punch* "as a sample of that *Punch* humor (and perhaps, therefore, British humor) which Americans so often profess not to understand." If our tired business man were asked to explain his distaste for *Punch* humor, he would probably dismiss the question with some monosyllable. Pinned down to it, he would discover an impression of British official humor as lacking in that flash and gusto which we so readily acknowledge in our own—as, on the whole, a system of labored facetiousness. Now, the thing treasonous American admirers of *Punch* find to say for it is that it has somehow produced a good deal of permanent literature, while our own official humorous publications have done next to nothing worth preserving. Nevertheless, we can but admit that the British humorist "on his job," in the act of convulsing an empire, is frequently heavy-handed. And this is felt with special force when, as in the present volume, the sledgehammer beats steadily through some hundreds of pages unrelieved by a gleam of sobriety. Not that Mr. Milne and his confrères are really frivolous. There is not a little solid and trustworthy satire beneath the jollities of this book. It is, in fact, for one who is sufficiently Anglicized in taste to be willing to take his humor somewhat seriously, a book to be taken with enjoyment—in small doses.

"Nationalization of Railways in Japan" (Longmans, Green; $1.25), by Toshiharu Watarai, traces the history of railway development in the island empire from the opening of the first road, a Government undertaking in 1872, down to the present, when the total length is about 5,600 miles, only 577 miles being privately owned. Much the larger portion of the Government railways was acquired by purchase on terms which the author regards as over-generous to the owners. Various reasons for nationalization are reviewed—economic, political, military—but the cause is found in the desire for expansion in 1906, stimulated by victory over the Russians. Financial results of Government operation have not thus far been unfavorable, but there is increasing difficulty in raising funds as demands arise for the building of unprofitable extensions. There appears to have been no marked reduction of rates since nationalization became the settled policy, the Government preferring to operate the roads on private business principles and avoid the unpopular policy of drawing upon public funds for additions and improvements. It is apparently the author's idea that private railway building should be encouraged at least to the extent of permitting private capital to build the new and speculative lines. There is a full discussion of the financial procedure concerned with Government purchase and the systems of freight and passenger rates are discussed in detail. But one observes with regret the omission of the vital questions which face a country like ours in such an undertaking—questions of wages, labor efficiency, administrative efficiency, and the like. As a matter of fact, however, there is little to be learned by the United States from the experience of a tiny monarchy like Japan, with less mileage in the entire country than is contained in many of our individual railway systems. Socialists will derive little comfort from the author's pronouncement that the age-long subjection of the Japanese people to the influences of Buddhism and Confucianism, and the feudal system, drove out any individualistic aspirations and reduced the economic life of the nation to a low level, and so prepared the ground in which the disease of state socialism spread rapidly. The fact that this dissertation was completed under the guidance of the Columbia faculty should be sufficient guarantee as to the accuracy of the basic material. It is somewhat ungracious to comment on the English style of a foreign writer, yet the fact that in many places it is quite impossible to tell what the author means by what he says, would suggest that those who receive thanks in the preface for assistance in translation might well have remained anonymous.

Harald Höffding's "Modern Philosophers" (translated by Alfred G. Mason; Macmillan; $1.40), is designed in a measure to supplement his "History of Modern Philosophy" and to follow the course of philosophical thought from the point (for him, about 1880), where it can be no longer treated as history. The book consists of lectures upon Wundt, Bradley, Fouillée, Avenarius, Guyau, Nietzsche, Eucken, James, and Bergson (among others), the greatest amount of space being given to Nietzsche and Bergson. As Höffding remarks, recent philosophy is even more difficult to classify, or to treat impersonally, than the historical systems. What it chiefly suggests is that "the more profoundly one studies philosophy, the more one comes to realize how little worth are the wonted rubrics." Those who desire a bird's-eye view of recent philosophy will find the book a valuable source of information; we know of nothing else that quite serves the purpose. The treatment, however, strikes one as somewhat casual and sketchy, and too narrowly influenced by private interests. James is treated exclusively as a philosopher of religion. The deference accorded to Avenarius and to Eucken seems hardly justified by the text. New realism and Anglo-American pragmatism (except for passing references in connection with James) are wholly ignored. We have not the original text before us—whether Danish or German, is not stated—but the author's syntax could not possibly be so bad as that of his translator.

It is to be hoped that Prof. A. L. Bowley will bring down to a later date the lectures which he delivered at the London School of Economics and Political Science in January and February, 1915, and which have been issued to the public by the Cambridge University Press (Putnam), under the title of "The Effect of the War on the External Trade of the United Kingdom." The professor of statistics in the University of London in these lectures made an exhaustive analysis of the monthly statistics of the United Kingdom from 1906 to 1914. So much has happened since December, 1914, that these tables and diagrams have now hardly more than an historic value. Professor Bowley's analysis will, however, be found of no small value when the economic history of the war is finally compiled. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note how the outlook impressed this trained observer in the opening months of 1915. It was not then necessary, he thought, to assume that Great Britain was becoming a debtor instead of a creditor nation, and that it was realizing investments abroad to pay for imports; yet there could not be any great margin at the existing levels of trade. Up to that time the great part of the reduction of exports could be attributed to the cessation of new external investment. The apparent near equality of the values of imports in January, 1914, and January, 1915, was due to the inflation of freights, mainly payable to British owners. Professor Bowley's prophetic insight is attested by the following: "The first sign of difficulty will, of course, be shown by a movement against us of the foreign exchanges and a pressure to export gold."

Prof. Walter E. Clark, of the College of the City of New York, undertook a difficult task in "The Cost of Living," published by McClurg in the National Social Science series.

The causes and effects of rising prices are complex and obscure; the speculations regarding them have given rise to many misunderstandings and fallacies. To cover the subject in a little book that sells for half a dollar, in such fashion as to win the interest of the general reader, and deserve the respect of the professional economist, is no small achievement, and this the author has accomplished. It is quite unusual to find so much sense and substance in so small a volume. Brief chapters indicate the facts to be explained and the chief economic principles involved; the body of the book discusses in detail the causes that have been proposed to account for the rise in prices; and concluding chapters take up the effects and the possible remedies. Professor Clark finds the great cause of rising prices in the increased output of gold, and shows how the upward movement stimulates counteracting influences which may be expected to check it in the course of time. He is opposed to specific measures, such as Fisher's "compensated dollar," aimed directly against changes in the level of prices.

That there was a great deal of charm in the pen that the late Sister Nivedita (Margaret Noble) wielded in behalf of India is now in evidence for those accustomed only to her vitriolic studies of Anglo-Indian statesmanship. Collected into an attractive volume, "Footfalls of Indian History" (Longmans; $2 net), these discerning papers invite because of their success in capturing that charm of interpretation made classic by Pater. With a keen and observing mind, Margaret Noble's warm, Celtic imagination has illuminated all the mystery and revery of Indian thought and temperament, and these delightful excursions into the archæology and history of the spacious periods of India's past should prove welcome to those students of art and history who will appreciate an informal yet careful treatment of topics only just unfolding to western scholarship. While there is, due to predisposition, much that is controversial in Sister Nivedita's various readings and theories, many of which are now modified by recent research, yet her theme is brilliantly maintained—that India is, and always has been a synthesis. "No Indian province has lived unto itself, pursuing its own development, following its own path, going its own way unchallenged and alone. On the contrary, the same tides have swept the land from end to end. A single impulse has bound province to province at the same period, in architecture, in religion, in ethnic striving." But while the question of the Græco-Roman influence, as evidenced by the famous sculptural remains of the so-called Gandharan school, is still a matter of controversy, Sister Nivedita's sweeping conclusions must remain in abeyance until archæological exploration in India and West Asia, now in its infancy, has yielded the evidence it so richly promises.

In this book we are taken by a passionate pilgrim to all the great shrines of India's past—to the site of Rajgir, its ancient Babylon; to the famous abbey of Ajanta, where the only remaining glory of India's pictorial art is fading away on the walls of the rock-cut chapels, and through the province of Behar, or ancient Magadha, sacred to the Buddhist world because of its memories of Gautama. In her study of the Ajanta caves the reader will find Sister Nivedita's scholarship and method at their best. If we except Mrs. Herringham's study of its frescoes, which it fittingly complements, we know of no other more illuminating exploration of Ajanta. In time, let us hope, the feet of the tourist and student will lead to the caves of Ajanta instead of to the burning-ghat at Benares; but this will not be possible if the Indian Government fails to take effective measures for preserving these precious frescoes. In her papers on the rich evidences of civilization as found in the various manifestations of Hinduism, Sister Nivedita's enthusiasm has led her to read the present too vividly in the light of past cultural attainments, a method that too often avails itself of the special plea. There is no reason, however, why this stimulating volume should not become, together with Miss Noble's classic, "The Web of Indian Life," a useful companion to the inevitable Baedeker in India.

For a succinct review of the modern influences at work in China, both prior to and after the sensational reign of the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi, the reader will find Adolph S. Waley's "The Re-Making of China" (Dutton; $1 net) admirably suited. The confusing rapidity with which events in the Celestial Empire began to move, when the new spirit made itself felt under the reactionary Manchu régime, makes this summary necessary. The vain and unfortunate Boxer movement was but an ineffectual weapon the Manchu used to stem the encroaching tide of western ideas; but the Boxer movement was vastly enlightening to all those patriotic officials who had the future of China at heart, and those who emerged from this harsh school helped to remake the democratic China of to-day. Always under obligation to the valuable work of J. O. P. Bland, Mr. Waley is especially illuminating in his estimates of these personalities and their individual reactions to the inevitable triumph of democracy. Chief among these are his studies of the two protagonists, the President Yuan Shi-Kai and the defeated leader of the revolutionaries, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. There is no doubt of the native ability and far-sighted policy of Yuan Shi-Khi, even though he was a protégé of the Empress Dowager. Mr. Waley's analysis of the motives that impelled this statesman to disavow his Manchu allegiance and espouse the cause of reform is convincing. Mr. Waley credits Yuan Shi-Kai with a high degree of loyalty and patriotism to his country throughout his spectacular career, and he attributes the President's triumph over Dr. Sun Yat-Sen to the awakening desire of young China to evolve a racial and national consciousness based upon the old economy, instead of a wholesale remodelling and adoption of strictly western principles, as urged by the revolutionary leader.

That Yuan Shi-Kai may yet prove a victim to his great ambition is a question broached by Mr. Waley. Yuan Shi-Kai once hoped to temporize by establishing a constitutional monarchy, while retaining the old Manchu dynasty, and his present attitude may yet prove to be a concession to the exigencies of an impossible situation. Yuan Shi-Kai, while at heart a conservative, is an adroit politician. When he failed to save the Manchu dynasty he really adopted wholesale reform, and thus successfully robbed Dr. Sun Yat-Sen and his party of their *raison d'être*. Will his strong, despotic power of to-day, backed by a laudable ambition, lead him to feel the right of founding a new dynasty? When the people of Shensi heard of his election to the Presidency they believed, according to Mr. Waley, that Yuan Shi-Kai was actually ascending the lost throne of the Manchus. Still, judging from his brilliant career, one feels that this clever administrator will scarcely become a victim to his ambition; Yuan Shi-Kai was too apt a pupil of the valuable experience won at the expense of his Manchu mistress. Mr. Waley's sketch of the unfortunate Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, and the collapse of his revolutionary party, is an interesting key to the real issue at present before young China. The fact that this self-sacrificing and devoted leader of new China failed to realize the need of preserving a strong, national integrity in the face of the irresistible western influx, is to be attributed to the intensity of his single aim and vision. Having set his people on the path to reform and progress, he should have seen that a reconstruction similar to that of Japan was desirable. Instead, it was a rival, Yuan Shi-Kai's able lieutenant, Kang Yu-Wei, who turned the tide with ideals derived from Japan, and placed the political future of Yuan Shi-Kai on a stable and popular basis. Whatever the future of his country, the name of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen is deeply engraved in the annals of modern China, and she may yet have further need of his devoted service.

It is a pity that a careless editor should have marred Maurice E. McLoughlin's interesting account of "Tennis as I Play It" (Doran; $2 net) by putting wrong captions on pictures and inaccurately describing others. To the expert the blunders are obvious, and mental corrections are made in two cases, but in another even the best of players will be puzzled to understand the position of racquet and ball in Mr. McLoughlin's service, when he is shown at the base line, racquet high in air, with the ball at least two feet above it, and the description says: "The ball has been struck and is seen leaving the camera's field." Nothing but a lobb or a sliced service could bring about the position indicated. Those who expect to learn how McLoughlin makes the strokes which have placed him in the front rank of lawn-tennis players of the world will be sadly disappointed. His advice as to what to do is good, but has been told many times by experts who have written on the game, but in no case does he explain the method of making the strokes. The chapter on dress is to the point, and court surfaces and the relative merits of clay, asphalt, concrete, wood, and turf are treated with knowledge, but without the imparting of any new information on the subject. In discussing the various American services, Mr. McLoughlin says much regarding the position of the body, and a little about the way the ball is hit. The expert who has worked over the twist services will understand, but hardly the novice. In fact, the book is one for experts only. As a textbook of the game it cannot be recommended. It is, however, interesting for its good descriptions of the methods of play and generalship of the leading experts, and its graphic tales of the way games have been pulled out of the fire. In this respect much pleasure may be obtained from the book.

Science

SCIENTIFIC WORK IN SWITZERLAND; CENTENARY OF THE SOCIETE HELVETIQUE DES SCIENCES NATURELLES.

GENEVA, September 18.

Surrounded by nations at war, the Swiss are doing what they can to keep alive an interest in science. The universities, however, have suffered from the decrease in the number of male students. As the armies of other nations have been successively mobilized, Russians, Servians, Bulgarians, Germans, French, Austrians, Greeks, and Turks, who formed a very large percentage of those studying in Switzerland, have been called away. Moreover, there have been unpleasant incidents in at least three of the universities, caused by friction between the Swiss and certain professors who are accused of open sympathy with one of the belligerent Powers. But the war does not seem to have checked the activity of the learned societies. Switzerland in general—Geneva in particular—has always been a favorite meeting place for international scientific assemblies. This year foreign nations have not been represented, but in spite of the distractions caused by the war, the annual conventions of Federal and cantonal scientific societies have been held without interruption.

The most important of these has been the centennial celebration at Geneva of the Société helvétique des Sciences naturelles, which took place in the second week of September. This is one of the oldest societies of the kind. Oken founded the German association of physicians and naturalists at Munich, in 1822; nine years later the British Association was organized, and shortly afterwards the Société géologique of France held its first meeting at Auvergne. The Swiss society, however, was founded in 1815, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, and its hundredth anniversary had to be observed in the midst of the present European conflict. The founder was a pharmacist of Geneva, named Henri Albert Gosse, who, with the collaboration of Samuel Wyttenbach, a pastor of Berne, conceived the plan of forming a body of men devoted to scientific research and drawn from the German as well as from the French cantons. The undertaking was successful, and the association through various commissions, and by individual effort, has made valuable contributions to mathematics, physics, chemistry, geology, and zoölogy. It has counted among its members men like Agassiz, Charpentier, Carl Vogt, de Saussure, and more humble but enthusiastic workers—woodsmen, guides, and simple travellers or dwellers in the mountains, who have often made observations and discoveries of considerable importance. The situation and nature of Swiss territory has given to certain aspects of the society's work special importance and interest. The works published by its members form a complete encyclopædia of the physical characteristics of the country. Glaciers, rivers, lakes, and meteorological problems like those concerning atmospheric conditions in the Alps have been, and are now being, carefully studied. For this reason certain papers read at the centennial meeting are of great value, particularly a remarkable memoir by Professor Mercanton, of Lausanne, on the great Rhône glacier, a subject to which he has given constant attention for forty years. According to him the glacier has a circulatory system. It collects and it distributes. It grows in volume by the process of collection; it diminishes by the process of dissipation. In twenty years it has gained 200 millions of cubic metres, while losing 150 millions. Observations as to its behavior have been made by fixed marks, poles planted in the ice, stones placed upon the surface. There is a fixed icy substratum upon which the upper layer descends at the rate of about five metres every year.

The society, apart from its special work, has been of value in promoting good feeling among the Swiss cantons with their various languages and sympathies. It was significant that its proceedings this year should have been opened by M. Motta, the president of the Confederation, who came from Berne accompanied by other officers of state. M. Motta is a native of the Italian canton Ticino. In his address he spoke of the results which men of science had achieved in consolidating the Helvetic union. He, as well as M. Pictet, the president of the society, maintained that Switzerland, by reason of its neutrality, had a work to do in the future, a work of reconciliation of men of science to one another, by healing the breaches made in the present war. M. Pictet said:

"The economic independence of Switzerland is an impossibility, but we should make every effort to traverse national crises. Moreover, we have a national duty. In the domain of science, all peoples are engaged in a common work. We should do all in our power to repair the bonds between nations, which have unhappily been severed by war."

In like manner, President Motta declared that in the second century of its existence the Swiss society should become "the scientific Red Cross to heal the distressing and mortal wounds which are now tormenting our feelings and dividing our intellects." While he made no direct reference to the German "Intellectuals," a passage near the close of his address was loudly applauded, in which he said: "All races have their virtues and their weaknesses, and to none of them has been vouchsafed by a decree of nature the government of the world. To set Latins against Germans, to make them irreconcilable enemies, is not only an evil undertaking contrary to the moral and political constitution of our country, but an attack on Christianity and on civilization." A. A.

Every handy book which treats of the plants met with in one's walks in the country should have a hearty welcome. In a pocket-volume Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews has brought together a short account of the more important trees and shrubs of the United States, and has, by means of his skilful pencil and brush, made it reasonably easy to identify most of them. The title of his treatise, "Field-Book of American Trees and Shrubs" (Putnam), is perhaps a little too wide, for America is a large continent. It may be rather difficult to distinguish some of the species here described, even with help of the excellent figures, but the amateur will not go far astray. The Field-Book is a useful companion to Mr. Mathews's earlier volume, "Field-Book of American Wild Flowers."

Drama

AN INGLORIOUS MILTON.

Armageddon. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

Mr. Stephen Phillips quotes two texts as the inspiration of his "Armageddon," which he describes as a modern epic drama. The first is a sentence from a speech by Mr. Asquith: "This war is not only a material, it is also a spiritual conflict"; the second is an utterance of the Poet Laureate: "This war is a war of Christ against the Devil." His exposition of them is a remarkable but strangely uneven work, in which high ideals, rare poetic imagination, and noble verse are marred by passages of crude melodramatic violence. It is in dealing with the material side of his subject, when he writes in prose, that passionate indignation, perfervid patriotism, and a too hasty generalization betray him into an intemperance which, in the circumstances, may be natural, but is undignified, inartistic, and injudicious. In his spiritual scenes he maintains himself consistently upon moral and poetic heights.

His thesis is that Satan, foiled in his design, originating in Eden, to win the world by craft, determined to achieve his end by substituting for guile the gospel of force, of might for right. He stakes his all upon the last throw of the dice. So the play opens, as it closes, with a conclave in Hell, where Satan, enthroned, is in council with his peers. Here the poetry is not unworthy of the Miltonic model. To Beelzebub, Moloch, Belial, and the rest Satan thus unfolds his plan:

Hurl we a massive fury on the world
With engines and artillery of Hell,
With wail of women and cities thundered down,
Until beneath the bellowing, blind world blow
Justice shall reel, Love, Pity, and Mankind
Shall build to Force, not Faith, temples afresh.

But it is necessary, he says, to use a mortal instrument, and therefore he rouses Attila from his "sanguinary sleep" and dismisses him to earth to "enter into him to whom I send thee as a house prepared." The allusion, of course, is obvious. The scene then shifts to Rheims, where the German general Trenck is carousing with his staff. After two or three incidents of sheer melodrama (in prose), improbable in the circumstances, and surely out of place in a piece of such literary and imaginative calibre, the Abbé of Rheims prays that his cathedral may be spared. He says:

You batter no mere mass of masonry,
You burn the body of an eternal soul.
They who did build so high they feared not time,
They feared not man, and now shall man erase
This thought unchanging in the drift of change;
This Prayer that ever rising still abides;

This Rally of the Soul on days of dross,
With windows rose-flushed from heroic dawns;
A vision frozen, stationary sigh,
Time worn, yet wearying t'ward eternity.

But Trenck, who has been drinking heavily, is obdurate. Savagely scoffing at the Abbé's plea, he delivers a harangue to his officers, in the course of which he declares:

World-Power is our furious journey's end;
Therefore all Pity, Scruple, Truth discard;
There is no truth but one; that we alone
Are destined for the lordship of the Earth!
Then come like wolves upon the villages
And visit wasted cities at sunset,
Like the lean lion roaming Babylon!
Be deaf then to the wail of women blind
To children's blood; the cause demands of you
That you shall lie and burn, betray and snare!
Remember Attila, grand ruthless Hun!

In this there is more of passion and prejudice than of poetic inspiration. Even the best of cases—and the poet could scarcely have a stronger one—is not helped by too hasty generalization. Moreover, the mention of Attila is somewhat confusing. Trenck was not the originator of the war, and there is no reason for supposing that it was he whom the ruthless Hun was commissioned to inhabit. The scene ends with the instant extinction, in the midst of the revelry, of the whole German company by the fumes of a turpinite shell, each man, in death, maintaining his last conscious attitude. This, doubtless, would constitute an effective tableau in the melodramatic theatre, but is perilously akin to tricky sensationalism. Mr. Phillips is at his best in an English orchard episode, where a mother and her destined daughter-in-law hear of the death of son and lover. Here the contrasted griefs of mother and betrothed are depicted with keen and delicate insight in some exquisite verse. The passage, too long for quotation, is a fine tribute to the noble spirit of bereaved and patriotic womanhood. The broad humor of a scene in a German press bureau is somewhat cheap and conventional, but there is much stirring poetry, intermingled with some much less worthy matter, in the scene laid in Cologne, supposed to have been captured by the Allies. The French and Belgian generals—it may be questioned whether the poet in his fervent Anglicanism represents them quite fairly—would exact eye for eye and tooth for tooth and lay Cologne Cathedral in ruins in expiation of Rheims, but are restrained by the British commander—who pleads that they are fighting for the great cause of freedom and liberty, not for revenge—until he hears that his only son has been killed and mutilated. Then he wavers, and asks time for reflection. In his absence the French general sees a vision of Joan of Arc, who converts him to the nobler spiritual view. She says:

Listen! The Powers of Darkness loosed this war;
They hurl cathedrals down, women profane,
Fear then, lest these shall tempt you to repay
Till you at last they whelm in their own darkness.
Have I not seen the very stars in Heaven
Flash all together at some splendid "No"?
And what is all the injury they have wrought?
What flame of body, or what woman's cry,
To the injury they do to their own souls?
Because they ruined Rheims, spare ye Cologne.

So rapine is foregone, and upon this note of mercy in triumph the play ends. In a brief epilogue in Hell Attila reports to Satan that he is encountering a new and strange influence, uncomprehended by him, more potent even than Force, and, as a soft light from above falls upon him, the Prince of Darkness cries, in a bold and striking paraphrase, "My Power, my Power, why art thou leaving me?" Upon the entire work the most obvious comment is that it but imperfectly realizes an ambitious conception. To the title of drama it has small claim. At most, it is a series of dramatic episodes. In much of the verse Mr. Phillips justifies his high repute as a poet, but the prose passages might easily have been written by a much lesser man.

J. Ranken Towse.

"THE TWO VIRTUES."

The absent-minded professor of "The Professor's Love Story" and of popular tradition has been enriched for purposes of the stage by passing through the mind of Bernard Shaw. The scholar of "Pygmalion," though outwardly naïve, is scarcely the ingenuous figure that scholars were once supposed to be. He is blended with the unconventional, direct-thinking creations in whom Shaw delights. He is no longer an object of good-natured satire, but a vehicle by which satire is carried into other camps. There is nothing quite so capable of momentarily staggering the universe as the straightforward question of a child, and no one has recently so succeeded in putting society to it to justify its foibles and inconsistencies as the queries of Shaw's speciously innocent heroes.

Mr. Alfred Sutro's Jeffery Panton is merely a faint reflection of "Pygmalion's" professor. The middle-aged brother of a lady of fashion, he has shut himself off from the world because of a desire to write a monumental history of historians. The original motive for his seclusion is of no real consequence, namely, the jilting he has received at the hands of a butterfly; and equally insignificant in the illumination of his character is the fact that for years he has kept his lady's portrait and other mementos of her in his study. This romantic moonshine furnishes only an arbitrary excuse for his secluded life; it jars with his subsequent indifference to emotional influences, and thus may be thought inartistic even in so trifling a play as "The Two Virtues." Be that as it may, the main situation is furnished by Panton's intellectual companionship with a Mrs. Guilford, a person of good birth but, through force of trying circumstances, possessing a past. Besought by his lady-love to intervene in an affair—harmless it transpires—of this woman and the former's husband, he refuses, until, made defiant by his sister's shock at thought of his approaching a woman unknown to him, he decides to do that very thing.

In the second act the friendship begins. For he discovers that Mrs. Guilford has great intelligence and, more important, a consuming interest in history. It is arranged that she shall come every day to help him at his work. The third act discloses the two with heads together over Mommsen and Froude. The heart so far is entirely in abeyance to the head, and would doubtless have remained so forever, had not his first love, Mrs. Jervoise, and his sister, Lady Milligan, broken the spell by their presence. Mrs. Jervoise, fancying that, still true to her, he is seeking out the other merely in her behalf, assures him that her husband's infatuation is at an end. But Lady Milligan, suspecting a more serious attachment, coldbloodedly rehearses the history of Mrs. Guilford, until the latter, become indignant, storms out and protests that she will never return. Panton is furious but perplexed. But the word "marriage," which his sister drops unfortunately, gives him the clue, and he rushes off to propose. It is not love, at least on his part, yet the final curtain goes down on the two in each others' arms.

Lacking smart lines, this play would have fallen flat, for there is nothing fundamental in the satire heaped upon fashionable society. Obviously only a person specially constituted can to advantage take such liberties with convention as are taken by Jeffery Panton. But Mr. Sutro's pen was sharp enough to create a character who for the moment actually does put milady in an amusing light, and this despite the sharpness of her own wits in fighting back.

Mr. E. H. Sothern, as Panton, turned the trick with such ease that many are wondering what he might do in other eccentric parts. We suspect that he would be highly successful in the important rôle, already referred to, in "Pygmalion." As Lady Milligan, Miss Haidee Wright gave a most enjoyable performance. Miss Pauline Whitson greatly overdid the part of Mrs. Jervoise, and Miss Charlotte Walker was a rather disappointing Mrs. Guilford. F.

"THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN."

Mr. Louis K. Anspacher's new play at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre both interested and perplexed its audience. They were interested because "The Unchastened Woman" is rather different from any American drama of recent times, even in these days when so much is made of novelty. It pretends to be a thoughtful play, and does indeed go through the motions of thinking. But the spectators were also perplexed, because it has no direct message, is indeed a jumble of half-articulate messages. One suspects that the author has been reading Strindberg and has been captivated by one or another of his heartless women. Caroline Knolys, wife of Hubert Knolys, a wealthy New Yorker, and herself possessed of a fortune, is chaste only because she is passionless. But she enjoys the excitement of exercising her power over men, and not least her advantage over her husband, whom she refuses to divorce, even though he has been unfaithful to her. Their life together is the hell of bickering in which she most delights.

In this central situation alone Strindberg would have found ample material for a clear-cut drama. But Mr. Anspacher, less despairing of womankind than the Swede, de-

sired to contrast his heroine with a stable, full-hearted woman, and this necessitated a plot so complicated as to dull the artificial lustre of the main theme. We need not recount the story, which in simple outline would betray, more than the play actually does, the reliance upon coincidence and other crude artifices. The main defect is apparent enough in the crucial situation. These protagonists, for all their pretensions, lack the intellect to make them really interesting. Strindberg, warped though his outlook on life was, contrived nevertheless to send momentary shudders through his audience at thought of the horrid possibilities of married life. To gauge the calibre of Mr. Anspacher's Caroline Knolys, one has merely to imagine in the part an actress of established intellectual capacities. She could have found herself attracted by numerous openings and confounded by their shallowness. This must be taken in account in judging the performance of Miss Emily Stevens, whose acting was greatly impaired by meaningless giggles and shrugs. In general the play was competently presented, though Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, as Hubert, might improve his work by disciplining his facial expressions and avoiding the little trick of clapping his hands behind him. The cast includes R. Hassard Short, Christine Norman, Willette Kershaw, Isabel Richards, and Louis Bennison. F.

"THE BARGAIN."

"A Modern Shylock," the original title of Herman Scheffauer's new play which was produced last week at the Comedy Theatre, had at least the merit of conveying some idea of what the piece was about, and it is difficult to assign any reason not absolutely childish for the change. There are, however, more serious grounds for quarrel with Mr. Scheffauer's drama than the choice of a title. The promise of the first act, which is well written and introduces a situation and an array of characters that seem capable of developing distinct interest, is not fulfilled. One is tempted to the verbal flippancy of saying of the rest of the play that it is "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark omitted; this is not quite accurate, but it is accurate to say that it is "The Auctioneer" without Mr. David Warfield. "The Auctioneer" is a very poor play made interesting by the superlative performance of a clever actor in a part written expressly for him; "The Bargain" is, as a play, but little better, and Louis Calvert, for all that he plays the part of the protagonist, Simon Lusskin, extremely well, has neither the opportunity nor, we think, the ability of David Warfield.

The initial situation is sufficiently interesting. Simon Lusskin, a worthy Hebrew pawnbroker of the East Side, has taken for his second wife Sarah, a woman but little older than the son and daughter, Sam and Rebecca (the latter part charmingly played by Miss Josephine Victor) of his first marriage. Simon, a Polish immigrant, is of the orthodox faith of his fathers; in his children, born in America, and in his young wife, there is the inevitable conflict between the new freedom and the old orthodoxy. Sam is in Wall Street paying to the dollar more reverence than to Jehovah; Rebecca is indulging in a clandestine love affair with an artistic Gentile; Sarah recites Shakespeare and is made restless and hysterical by histrionic ambitions. The motive of the play is obvious from the first: the old Jew, rigid and harsh in his orthodoxy, is to be left alone, and we are to see whether he will curse God and die or will accept his bereavement with Job-like resignation.

This is well enough for a beginning, but after the first act we never again get the sense of clashing wills and ideals. The tragedy of Job—and of Shylock—repeats itself, but it does not march, it saunters; there is no sense of cumulative fate, the loss of goods and children succeeded by sore boils and the mockery of friends. Sam steals a diamond necklace from his father and money from his employer; Rebecca is seduced by her Gentile lover and insists on marrying him. But we do not care whether Sam goes to prison or not, and Rebecca is obviously seduced only in order to give occasion for a scene between Simon and Sam's employer, who happens to be the father of Rebecca's lover, in which the Gentile, in consideration of the wrong done by his son, offers to overlook the peccancy of Sam—hence "The Bargain." As for Sarah, the young wife, who in the first act has promised to play an important part in the action, she peters out into nothing, only returning at the end from an unsuccessful attempt to be a great actress. Miss Dorothy Donnelly's efforts in this rôle, conveying the impression that she was about to dance before Herod, failed to atone for its inherent lack of interest. In the end, Simon curses neither God nor his Gentile son-in-law; nor does he rise to any Job-like heights of religious faith. Instead, he accepts a weak compromise, refusing, indeed, an Hebraic blessing, but apparently accepting the flabby doctrine that love transcends and excuses all and that since Rebecca and her Gentile are happily married the little matter of the seduction really doesn't matter. S. W.

Music

ENGLISH COMPOSERS AND SONGS.

Granville Bantock. By H. Orsmond Anderton. New York: John Lane. $1 net.

One Hundred Songs of England. Edited by Granville Bantock. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

In the opinion of the brilliant young Australian pianist and composer, Percy Grainger, the greatest of living composers, not only in England, but anywhere, is Frederick Delius. The greatest two in England are Edward Elgar and Granville Bantock, in the opinion of Orsmond Anderton, author of the latest addition to John Lane's series of Living Masters of Music. He eliminates Delius on the ground that he is "more Continental than English." Before taking up his subject proper, Mr. Anderton passes in brief review the other prominent modern composers of the British Isles, among them Elgar, Sullivan, Goring Thomas, Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford, Corder. He draws a parallel between Elgar and Bantock, who, he thinks, are in a true sense complementary, the former representing music in the abstract, while Bantock's has a pictorial quality, often tinged with Orientalism. Of his leaning towards realism an amusing instance was furnished by an early Miltonic overture called "Satan in Hell." At the rehearsal, after a fearful cacophonous passage, in which the players had got tangled up inextricably, Mackenzie, who conducted, exclaimed in despair, "Where are we now?" To which came the demure reply from the author, "In hell, sir."

This was an extreme case; but Bantock's sympathies were from the start with Wagner and Liszt, who were at that time the symbol of all that was daring and revolutionary in music. His start was made about 1884. His father, a famous surgeon, who had boldly defied Lister and his new methods, quite as stubbornly opposed his son's determination to become a musician, but finally had to yield; and young Bantock was allowed to become a student at the Royal Academy, where he made a thorough study of the orchestral instruments, in particular, under Frederick Corder. That ardent Wagnerite deepened the natural proclivities of his pupil, whose early works consequently reeked of Wagner. For a time he tried, like his idol, to write his own poems, but subsequently he left that to his wife and others. Like most young composers, he had his lean years, a favorite procedure being the buying of a huge cabbage and presenting it to his landlady with instructions to serve it in instalments as long as it lasted. To earn a few pennies he corrected examination papers by the hundred. He felt compelled, in the lean years, to accept offers to conduct cheap travelling opera companies, one of which, however, compensated him by providing a chance for a trip around the world. On returning, he began his more serious work both as composer and teacher, and also as conductor. In these two capacities he occupied some of the most important posts in England, and always his effort was chiefly in behalf of modern musicians, including those of his own country, who seemed to him unduly neglected in favor of foreigners. He could not see why, when the national picture galleries of foreign countries were competing for paintings by British artists, their musical colleagues should be ignored.

So far as Bantock is concerned, it must be admitted that his music has been surprisingly ignored in America, whereas the works of some of his colleagues, notably Elgar and Stanford, have received considerable attention. Mr. Anderton appends a list of Bantock's works which takes up eight of his 156 pages; and the more important of these songs and pieces are briefly described in the book. He speaks with particular enthusiasm of the Sappho songs, the symphonic poem on the subject of "Thalaba the Destroyer," and the *magnum opus*, "in which Bantock is most completely himself and unlike all others," the "Omar," which, unfortunately, is a work of such large proportions that parts of it are more likely to be performed than the whole. Of particular interest are the author's remarks on the pioneer work done by Bantock and Elgar in fostering a style of unaccompanied choral music which has become one of the

most remarkable artistic phenomena of our time. "A subtlety, delicacy, and force have been achieved which differentiate this music strongly from all that has gone before." Bantock was so smitten with enthusiasm over this style that he "went about proclaiming orchestral music to be no good, that it was played out, and that we must all henceforth write unaccompanied part-songs only."

These sudden enthusiasms were among Bantock's harmless foibles, at which his biographer likes to poke fun. Mr. Anderton has been for years an intimate friend of Bantock, with whom he travelled to Bayreuth, and for whom he once wrote a libretto; but when the composer saw no operatic opening for himself, he gave up the struggle and consoled himself with the reflection that opera anyway is, as an art-form, "an unsatisfactory hybrid."

Mr. Anderton has also supplied an introduction to Mr. Bantock's "One Hundred Songs of England," one of the latest volumes in Ditson's admirable Musicians' Library. In this introduction he discusses in some detail the reasons why the English have achieved less in music than in some of the other arts. They have done more, however, he contends, than they generally get credit for; English song is "analogous to the Shakespeare and the Herrick lyric, in poetry." The comments on the hundred English songs included in this volume were written by Mr. Bantock himself. They take up nearly sixty columns, and in erudition and sympathetic insight they are models of their kind. We know of no other publication which gives so satisfactory an idea of the spirit of English song (up to 1855) as this volume. It begins with the thirteenth century "Sumer is icumen in" and includes specimens by Byrd, Weelkes, Morley, Dowland, Gibbons, Purcell, Arne, Dibdin, Brahm, Bishop, and many others. Not a few of these songs, thus brought forward by Mr. Bantock, will no doubt soon find their way into our concert halls, in company with the favorite Continental products.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Walter Damrosch has chosen some interesting foreign novelties for the coming concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra; among them a new symphonic excerpt from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and two charming mood pictures by Delius, "Summer Night on the River" and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." Among the symphonies to be played this winter are Beethoven's Nos. 2 and 5, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Brahms's Nos. 3 and 4, Chausson's in B flat, Schubert's Symphony in C, Schumann's No. 4, Tchaikovsky's "Manfred." Among the plans of the Symphony Orchestra for this season will be a programme devoted to compositions by the great masters which have been inspired by the dramas of Shapespeare.

The Symphony Orchestra's season will comprise, as heretofore, eight Friday afternoon and sixteen Sunday afternoon concerts. At the opening pair, on October 22, 24, the soloist will be Mischa Elman. Other soloists already engaged are Frieda Hempel, Louise Homer, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Julia Culp, Fritz Kreisler, Harold Bauer, Pablo Casals, John Powell, Alexander Saslavsky, George Barrère, Josef Hofmann, Merle Alcock, and Percy Grainger.

In the thirty years following the death of Wagner (1883) the number of new operas produced in seventy-one German cities was 520. In the first of these decades there were only two big successes: Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" and Nessler's "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen." The most prolific of all composers was d'Albert, who wrote thirteen operas in twenty years. The number of seven operas was reached in the three decades by Brüll and Goldmark; six was the number attained by R. Strauss, Kienzl, Blech, Siegfried Wagner, Zoellner; five by Bungert, Kistler, Sommer; four by Humperdinck, Heuberger, Kaskel, Kaiser, Neitzel, Weingartner; three by Bittner, Kretzschmer, Reinecke, Ritter, Waltershausen. The number of composers who succeeded in getting only one of their operas performed was 213.

The first visit of the Boston Grand Opera Company to New York, occupying the two weeks beginning Monday, October 25, at the Lexington Theatre, will bring several attractive novelties, both in the répertoire of operas to be presented and in the ballets and divertissements to be offered in the same programme by Anna Pavlowa and her Imperial Ballet Russe. The engagement will open with Auber's "The Dumb Girl of Portici," more often presented under the title of "Masaniello" in Europe, although it has not been given in this country in twenty-five years. This work was a popular selection in the répertoire of a former generation, presented in the manner of the time, but in this revival it is given in a more modern guise, in conformity with the new artistic development, which includes mimo-dramatic and mimo-choregraphic opera. In this new form of art, which has become quite popular in Europe, the portrayals of pantomimists and dancers are as important in the dramatic action and the depiction of the story as are the vocal and instrumental portions of the performance. The one mute character, the title rôle, is assumed by Anna Pavlowa, while the other parts are taken by Giovanni Zenatello, Felice Lyne, and other vocal stars. Other interesting operas to be presented are "Madama Butterfly" with a real Japanese prima donna, Tamaki Miura, in the title rôle and Riccardo Martin as Pinkerton; "Carmen," with Maria Gay and Pavlowa, who will give added zest to the wonderful ballet music in this opera; "Otello," with Zenatello and Pavlowa; "Faust," with the complete ballet and Walpurgis Night (usually omitted); "Rigoletto," with Felice Lyne as Gilda, a part in which she made a sensation in London; "Pagliacci," "Coppelia," and others.

In spite of the difficulties attending the importation of music scores and parts from Germany and Austria, the Philharmonic Society of New York is able to announce for its Carnegie Hall concerts an unusual number of novelties. Mr. Stransky has obtained the rights to first production in America of Reger's new "Variations on a Theme by Mozart," and to Strauss's latest work, his "Alpine Symphony." Stransky will also produce with the Philharmonic Orchestra the symphonic poem, "Pelléas and Mélisande," by Schoenberg, for the first time in America. Among other novelties is the new piano concerto by the foremost of English composers, Delius, the piano part of which will be played by the Australian, Percy Grainger. Considerable space has been given in the Philharmonic programmes to American composers, among them MacDowell, Rubin Goldmark, Seth Bingham, David Stanley Smith, Cornelius Rubner, Edmund Severn, A. Walter Kramer, and Fritz Stahlberg. Some of these compositions will be played from manuscript. Mr. Stransky will also appear on the programmes as composer. Two of his symphonic songs will be rendered this season by Mme. Julia Culp.

Leopold Godowsky will make his first appearance in America this season at Aeolian Hall next Sunday afternoon. He will play Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," Brahms's Paganini variations, Chopin's sonata with the funeral march, a Liszt concert study, and "Au Bord d'une Source," and Godowsky's Symphonic Metamorphoses of a Strauss waltz, preceded by a Chopin étude (op. 10, No. 6), arranged for left hand alone.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has announced in Boston his purpose to play this year John Alden Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This work was on two different programmes of the Chicago Orchestra last year, and had an extraordinary success. It is said to be humorous music that really is humorous.

Finance

THE GREAT AMERICAN HARVESTS.

To the public at large, the central and spectacular feature of the Government's October report on the grain crops of the United States in 1915—the last advance estimate of the season—is undoubtedly the total indicated yield of wheat. This reaches and passes the interesting round figure of one billion bushels, whereas even last year's great crop stopped at 891,000,000, with the average of the past five years 686,000,000, and the largest yield on record prior to that period nearly a quarter of a billion bushels under the harvest figure now foreshadowed. The estimate on corn passes the three-billion-bushels mark for the second time in our history; the crop as indicated would be 354,000,000 bushels over that of 1914, and second only to that of 1912. The oats crop, like the wheat crop, will break all records in our history, exceeding by 100,000,000 bushels even the enormous yield of 1912. The country has never before equalled the present year's production of rye, or barley, or hay.

Taking the harvest of the six staple grain crops, the aggregate yield this year would be 5,843,265,000 bushels, as compared with 4,914,494,000 in the season of 1914, and with 5,552,087,000 even in the hitherto record-breaking season of 1912. As compared with what was considered the exceptionally brilliant grain year, 1906, the results for the present year would show for all six crops a total increase of nearly a thousand million bushels, or upwards of 20 per cent. That this should be among the possibilities, in a year when grain production in the outside

world is under such abnormally restrictive influences, is notable testimony to the power and natural resources of the United States.

Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been assumed that a harvest of such enormous magnitude would result in continuous lowering of grain prices; for, although large crops had long been foreshadowed, the actual Government estimates were much larger than expectations of the grain trade. It was, in fact, predicted, when the report was given out, that prices must decline. But the grain trade has looked on every successive Government report of the season in the same way, and a substantial body of opinion existed, in the face of these latest estimates, to the effect that even the very large crops now indicated had been sufficiently "discounted" by the previous decline of 75 cents a bushel in wheat and of 20 cents in corn, from the year's earlier high prices. It is very recently that prices have been down to the lowest of the season.

That this feeling was rather general, the wheat market itself has given evidence. Last week a movement of prices was under way, not wholly unlike that which was witnessed on the outbreak of war in Europe, fourteen months ago. In the four days preceding the publication of the crop report, wheat advanced 11 cents a bushel, making 16 cents' advance in thirty days. In great measure this was a matter of speculation; in the Chicago "wheat pit" the general spirit of speculation, which had already affected so strikingly the stock and cotton markets, seemed to be in the air. But the movement was not wholly a concerted policy of professional speculators.

With supplies of wheat on the farms admittedly very large, stocks in the city granaries, whence they can be delivered instantly to consumers, are unusually small—which usually means that the farmers have been unwilling to sell at the recent low prices. Until very lately, the argument for low prices as a result of our enormous harvest was that the rest of the wheat-producing world had also greatly increased its crops—every country being stimulated to plant more wheat than ever before, with an eye to the very high prices of last season and the European situation. And, in fact, our own wheat exports, during August and September, were considerably less than in the same months of 1914.

But in the past few weeks rather plain signs have come to hand that prospects of foreign crops were by no means of the best. A wet harvest on the European Continent supplemented the necessarily bad effects of war on the grain-growing industry. Russia and the Balkans seem to have an abundant crop, but the Balkan surplus is going to Austria-Hungary and Germany, where it does not compete with our grain exports, while Russia cannot ship, owing to blockade of her two ports. Even were the Dardanelles open, it is not believed that the usual shipments could be made, with present inadequate railway facilities in Russia.

Although Argentine acreage has been increased, drought has prevailed in that country, where the present season compares with May in this country. General and heavy rains are necessary for a crop. India is not now a factor in the grain trade, the surplus there having been badly overestimated. Australia has the promise of the largest crop on record, but as the Government has guaranteed farmers about $1 per bushel for their wheat, and with freight-rates to Europe about 50 cents per bushel and over, Australian wheat at best cannot be called cheap, in comparison with our present prices.

As to our own export business for the season—which will mainly be done in the next three months—exporters are divided in opinion. Some predict shipments fully up to last year's, their argument being that the outlook for foreign harvests has become more unfavorable of late, and that stocks are smaller than last year. But how much domestic wheat will be taken in the aggregate by Europe remains to be seen. It is perhaps impossible to export as much in the remaining nine months of the crop year as in the previous season; even the ocean tonnage is not considered to be available, when there is so much ground to be made up. Yet it remains to say that even in August value of the country's exports of grain far exceeded that in any other year except 1914.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Baxter J. P. The Greatest of Literary Problems. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Bughee, L. H. The Man Who Was Too Busy to Find the Child. Abingdon Press. 25 cents.
Delannoy, P. L'Université de Louvain. Paris: A. Picard.
Gauss, C. Through College on Nothing a Year. Scribner. $1 net.
Pedrick, K. F. The Practical Mystic, or How to Make Perfection Appear. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Sand, M. The History of the Harlequinade. 2 vols. Lippincott. $6 net.
The German Classics. Masterpieces of German Literature translated into English. Patrons' Edition. 20 volumes. New York: The German Publication Society.
Whiffen, T. The North-West Amazons. Duffield.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Burgess, J. W. The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Hall, H. J., and Buck, M. M. C. The Work of Our Hands. Moffat, Yard. $1.50 net.
Marden, O. S. Woman and Home. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Shaw, A. W. Some Problems in Market Distribution. Harvard University Press. $1 net.
Spingarn, A. B. Laws Relating to Sex Morality in New York City. Century.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

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Belloc, H. High Lights of the French Revolution. Century. $3 net.
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Gras, N. S. B. The Evolution of the English Corn Market. From the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Century. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Haworth, P. L. George Washington—Farmer. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.
Irving, W. Knickerbocker's History of New York. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Klein, A. F. The Diary of a French Army Chaplain. London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.
Lipson, E. An Introduction to the Economic History of England. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
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Putnam, G. H. Memories of a Publisher. 1865-1915. Putnam. $2 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1915.

Summary of the News

Ae we write, there is evcry lndlcation that the prescnt week may prove the most momentous onc in the fortunes of the Allies since Gen. Joffre rallied his forces at the Marnc. Rumors of dlssension in the Britlsh Cabinet and sevcre crlticlsm of the Government's dlplomacy in the Balkans culminated on Tucsday in the definite announcement that Sir Edward Carson, the Unlonist Attorney-General from Ulster, had resigned. For some days prevlous Sir Edward had ostentatlously absented himself from meetings of the Cabinct. Early comment on the withdrawal of the Attorney-General took thc view that the dissension in the Cabinet was not over the question of conscription, but over the Government's policy in thc Balkans. Further complications were added to the situation by the news on Tuesday of Mr. Asquith's illness.

Slmultaneously with the news of Slr Edward Carson's rcsignation came the announcement by the official press bureau that Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, thc British Commander-in-Chief in the Dardanelles, had been recalled to England "to report," and that Major-Gen. Sir Charles C. Monro had been appointed to succeed him. Rumors that the campaign in Gallipoli might bc abandoned and the troops transferred to the Balkans have been abroad for the past week and received additional currency through a suggestion that this course should be adopted, made by Lord Milner in the House of Lords on October 14. On the same day in the House of Commons Sir Edward Grey made a statement on the situation in the Balkans, giving a résumé of Allied diplomacy there during the war.

In France, also, a Cabinet crisis arising out of the Balkan situation has been narrowly averted. As a result of friction in the Cabinet over the foreign policy of the Allies, the resignation of M. Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, was announced to the Chamber of Deputies by Premier Viviani on October 13. M. Viviani himself has assumed the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in addition to the Presidency of the Council. A considerable amount of criticism was directed at the Government in the course of the debate, but the Ministry finally received a decisive vote of confidence—372 votes to 9—although many Deputies abstained from voting.

Events have moved rapidly in the Balkans. Diplomatic relations between England and Bulgaria were broken on October 13, and war was formally declared by Great Britain on October 15. On the same day a note was received by the British Government from Greece announcing her decision not to intervene in the war on behalf of Servia at present and setting forth the opinion that the treaty with Servia did not in the circumstances call for intervention by Greece. On October 12 Greece had presented the same contention in her reply to the Servian inquiry as to whether the Greek army was ready to operate against Bulgaria. The Greek excuse for repudiating the treaty with Servia is that it was meant to apply only to a purely Balkan struggle and not to a general conflagration. The Rumanian Cabinct also declared for neutrality on October 13.

M. Viviani, in the speech in the Chamber referrcd to above, announced that Russia would take part in the war against Bulgaria, and on October 15 he told the French Senate that Italy would also take part. So far neither Italy nor Russia has furnished troops for the Balkan campaign, but a formal declaration of war was made by both of these countries on Tuesday. Russian forces could only be sent to the field in two ways, through Rumania or by effecting a landing on the Bulgarian coast on the Black Sea. For the latter purpose it is not thought that Russia possesses sufficient transports. There were reports last week that Russia had asked Rumania to allow the dispatch of troops through her territory, but these reports have not been confirmed. A blockade by the Allied fleets of the Bulgarian coast on the Ægean was announced on October 16.

The Allied expedition that landed at Salonica has made progress, and on the quick success of this expedition, it is believed, depends not only the fate of Servia and more far-reaching results affecting British interests in Egypt and the Orient, but the solution of the political situation in Britain. As we write, the military situation appears, if anything, to favor the Allies. The progress of the Teutonic forces which have invaded Servia across the Save, the Danube, and the Drina continues to be slow, and obviously the Servian army has so far offered more stubborn resistance than was expected by the German General Staff. The Allied expedition from Salonica has crossed the Bulgarian frontier at a point just north of the Greek border, and has taken the fortified town of Strumitsa. On the other hand, Bulgarian troops have cut the Salonica-Nish line at Vranya. A second Allied expedition on Sunday or Monday effected a landing at Enos, on the Ægean Sea, at the frontier of Bulgaria and Turkey, and has seized the railway running east from Dedeaghatch (twelve miles away) to join the main line from Sofia to Constantinople. Dedeaghatch, a strongly fortified port, is therefore threatened both by land and sea.

The extent to which the German submarine campaign continues cannot be accurately gauged, since the official press bureau, in reporting the destruction of vessels, has adopted the practice of not always stating the agency. During the past week three British, one Swedish, and one Norwegian vessel have been reported sunk. News was received on Monday that the French steamship Amiral-Hamelin had been sunk without warning by an Austrian submarine in the Mediterranean, with the loss of seventy-one lives. On the same day Count Bernstorff gave out a statement that German submarines had recently sunk twenty-three vessels of the Allies, including four transports, in the Mediterranean. British submarines in the Baltic have continued a successful campaign. Official announcement was made in Petrograd on Sunday of the sinking of five German transports. Late last week a German destroyer and a torpedo boat were reported sunk. Recent dispatches have indicated that the activity of British submarines has virtually brought to an end traffic between Germany and Sweden in the Baltic.

Two more Zeppelin raids were made over London on the night of October 13-14. According to a long official report of the raid published on Monday, 127 persons were killed or injured, and "except for one chance shot the damage was exclusively on property not connected with the conduct of the war."

The text of the latest note on the Frye question to be sent by the United States to Germany was published in Tuesday's papers. The note, which is dated October 12, is in response to the German note of September 19.

Formal recognition of Carranza as head of the *de facto* government of Mexico was accorded by the United States and the South American republics which have participated in the Pan-American Peace Conference on Tuesday.

At a dinner of the Republic Club in New York on Monday night several speeches were made by prominent Republicans urging ex-Senator Root to accept the Republican nomination for President in 1916.

In the election in New Jersey on Tuesday the Woman Suffrage amendment was defeated by a heavy majority. Early returns yesterday showed an estimated plurality against the amendment of some 55,000.

President Wilson has definitely come out in favor of a considerable increase in preparation for national defence. The programme to be adopted by the Administration, it is stated, will involve an expenditure of close on a billion dollars and includes a large increase in ships and personnel of the navy and extensive reorganization of the army, with special attention to the creation of a reserve force. The President, it was announced this week, will outline his plans in an address at the Manhattan Club of New York on November 4.

Count Bernstorff on Monday announced that he had forwarded to Secretary Lansing affidavits of some American mulemen alleging that the British patrol vessel Baralong, while flying the American flag, had attacked a German submarine, and that the crew of the patrol had killed several of the German survivors when they were endeavoring to reach or had reached safety on the Nicosian, the vessel from which the incident was witnessed. As the use of a neutral flag as a *ruse de guerre* is legitimate, and as it is not the business of the United States to inquire into the good faith of the affidavits, the document has been put on file.

News came on Saturday that the American Embassy had notified the British Foreign Office of the execution by the German authorities in Brussels of Miss Edith Cavell, an English school teacher, after her conviction by court-martial on a charge of having assisted British and French soldiers and Belgians of military age to escape from Belgium. Sir Edward Grey has requested the American Government to investigate the case.

The Week

A witty American has said that the English are just now acting as if they were "bears on themselves." It is certain that the political squabbles and the Governmental differences of opinion and the violent press campaign, occurring as they have in the midst of a war which Englishmen have been told means life or death for their Empire, make a bad impression. They seem to imply a lack of unity, and even of patriotic determination, in the face of a great national crisis. But to conclude that this is true would be a mistake. If such manifestations were made in Germany, then, indeed, we might think that the foundations were breaking up. In English history, however, events such as we are now witnessing are familiar. In England, war is not permitted to still the strife of tongues. For bitterness and for recrimination, nothing that is passing now equals what took place at the time of the Crimean War. We Americans would do very much what the English are doing if we were engaged in a war going badly. We, too, would be crying out on our blundering Government, demanding scapegoats, and all that sort of thing. All this is in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. It has to be borne constantly in mind when trying to get a true measure of such political agitations as are now afflicting England.

Behind the whole undoubtedly lies the feeling that British ill success in the war has been due to mismanagement. This is believed to be partly military and partly diplomatic. But any fair consideration of the matter must take into account the enormous difficulties that had to be faced. In the whole question of foreign policy, for example, both military and diplomatic, it must be remembered that the British Government has not been free to play its own hand. It has had to consult with its allies. And if it is hard to make a Coalition Government run smoothly, to conduct a gigantic war through a Quadruple Entente is vastly harder. Long-range consultations are necessary. Different views have to be compared and reconciled. Conflicting interests have to be composed. All this takes a great deal of labor and a lot of time; and the misery of it is that, when a decision is finally reached, the situation may have so changed that the work has to be begun all over again. Under such conditions, the real wonder is, not that there have been so many delays and disappointments, but that there has been such marked and unbroken harmony, among Russia and France and Italy and England, and that together they have accomplished so much. All told, the political excitements in England are superficial—not to say a trifle artificial. They do not go to the heart of the English attitude or the English purpose. The members of the Government know that the reproaches now heaped upon them are only of the sort that were showered upon the Aberdeen Ministry in the '50's, upon Gladstone at the time of the Sudan campaign, and upon Salisbury and Chamberlain in the first months of the Boer War. These things will pass, and, so long as the strength and will of the English people continue bent to the great tasks laid upon them by the war, cannot materially affect the long result.

To what extent the departure of Théophile Delcassé from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is the sign of national dissatisfaction with his policies, to what extent it is the outcome of personal politics, we cannot say. We know that even in the midst of great national crises personal interests and ambitions persist. We have an example in England. Assaults upon Kitchener and the campaign for conscription have not been actuated by pure patriotism. The supposed personal ambitions of Lloyd George not so long ago agitated the English people. Factional politics could not ask for a better opportunity to drive home its attack than a situation like that which has developed in the Balkans. There the Allied diplomacy has unmistakably suffered a severe defeat, with corresponding loss of prestige for the responsible Ministers, whether it be a Delcassé or a Grey. Under any other interpretation the resignation of the Minister who has been correctly described as the co-author with Edward VII of the present anti-Teuton alliance, and as the architect of the French policy of colonial expansion which sharpened the perpetual conflict between France and Germany, might be taken as a sign of discontent among the French people with their present situation. But against Delcassé's departure we must put the decisive vote of confidence granted to the Viviani Ministry, and the overwhelming evidence from every quarter that there is no thought in France of crying quits until the great issue has been fought out.

The departure of Delcassé means the going of one of the nation's Elder Statesmen. For a people whose parliamentary life is supposed to undergo exceptionally violent fluctuations, France has made use of its veteran politicians to a greater extent than any other Government. If we take the English Cabinet, we find that many influential members are comparatively new men, of the generation after the Boer War. Balfour and Lansdowne alone go back to the nineteenth century, but their position is one of prestige rather than of direct influence. Asquith was Home Secretary as far back as 1892, but Lloyd George and Grey began their Ministerial careers in 1905. Bonar Law and Winston Churchill's growth are of a later date. New men are in power in Germany, in Russia. But Delcassé was a member of the national defence Ministry organized by Waldeck-Rousseau in the Dreyfus days of 1899. He had for colleagues then Millerand, who is now Minister of War, and Caillaux, whose departure from the Cabinet shortly before the outbreak of the war has apparently not destroyed his influence in Parliament. Perhaps it is no coincidence that the Opposition has concentrated its attacks against the veterans, Delcassé and Millerand. In times of national emergency there is a demand for new blood, new energy, new methods.

The sending of a formal letter of recognition to Carranza will bring at least to a pause a Mexican programme that has zigzagged along ever since President Wilson took the oath of office on March 4, 1913. President Wilson's own friends acknowledge that there have been many inconsistencies in the record, and they realize that it will be one of the grounds upon which the Wilson Administration will be attacked with the greatest effect.—[The New York Sun.

For I must assail something, then why not you? Apparently, that is to be the attitude of President Wilson's critics towards his Mexican policies. It is a position of little promise from the point of view either of practical politics or of broader national issues. The practical politician is the first to recognize that nothing succeeds like success, that we are a people of quick forgetters. Let Carranza reëstablish peace in Mexico, and we shall forget quickly enough the painful preliminaries. Let our difficulties with Mexico be settled, and few will care to think back whether the result has been attained by zigzag or by flank movement or by frontal attack. This is the practical side of it. On the moral side of the issue we do not envy the anti-Wilson orator who tries to make out a case against a policy dictated by a sincere regard for the strivings of the Mexican people towards a freer government, a policy which will have attained

its object without reproducing on this continent the war horrors of bleeding Europe.

One record has been gloriously broken by the United States, yet we do not perceive any popular jubilation over it. For the first time in peace the estimates to be submitted to Congress call for expenditures of $1,250,000,000. We have long hovered on the edge of being a billion-dollar country, but here we go over it at a bound, with a quarter of a billion added to set the high mark. To what the big increase is due is no secret. Almost the whole of it is accounted for by the new hundreds of millions to be spent on the army and navy. Thus the warm rhetoric of preparedness is translated into terms of cold cash. The alarmist orators will have to pay up. And we notify them now that, when they find their income tax doubled, or one levied upon them which they have not had to pay as yet, they must not go about the land complaining of the folly and imbecility of the Government.

Discussion back and forth of the question whether the Pacific Mail sold its ships because of the La Follette bill or for other reasons is bound to yield more heat than light. In the whole matter we need to seek the facts in a calm spirit, and to be moderate and cautious. Sweeping predictions that the Seamen's act will drive the American flag clean off the Pacific are to be listened to with a great deal of skepticism. We know that one San Francisco line—the Matson steamers—is preparing not only to stay in the business, but to enlarge its fleet. Last week the dispatches reported the letting of a contract for a $1,000,000 steamship, to be used by the Matsons in the Hawaiian trade. By so much, this bears out the assertion of Mr. Andrew Furuseth that some ship-owners on the Coast were not afraid of the Seamen's act. But that measure, nevertheless, is going to need overhauling by Congress. One of its chief aims was to bring foreign ships into our ports under the same regulations as American. An opinion has been given by the Attorney-General, however, that this cannot be done under the law. There we have one reason for revising the bill; and another is found in the provisions regarding the language used or understood by sailors. The legislation was plainly not well considered in all its parts. Changes are necessary, and Congress ought to make them.

The Federal Reserve Board has shown just the kind of judgment and competency that has been hoped for it, in declining to approve the recommendation that had been made by President Wilson, with the backing of Secretary McAdoo, for the establishment by the Federal Reserve banks of joint agencies in leading cities of South and Central America. A project of this kind presents obvious allurement; the idea of mobilizing vast financial power for the extension of trade in a region of expanding possibilities is on its face highly attractive. "The combined capital stock and resources of our Federal Reserve banks," said Secretary McAdoo in a report accompanying the President's letter, "utilized in this way for the extension and promotion of our foreign commerce, would give them unrivalled financial power." The Federal Reserve Board, however, sees, in the utilization of the combined funds of the Federal Reserve banks for "pioneer work" of this kind, a diversion of the resources of the system which, in view of the fluctuations of exchange and of other circumstances, would tend to impair the strength of the system. The Board also points out that in consequence of the restrictions under which the Federal Reserve banks are necessarily obliged to act, they would not be in a position to compete successfully with the independent banks or branch banks established by European nations in Latin-American countries. The Board's proposal that the Federal Reserve act be amended so as to permit *member* banks to coöperate for the purpose of jointly owning and operating foreign banks appears to meet the situation admirably, and has the concurrence of Secretary McAdoo.

No sober-minded man can read the full text of the speech which Secretary McAdoo made at Indianapolis, last week, without a feeling almost of dismay. It is one thing for the Secretary of the Treasury to launch a new scheme for putting the Government into the shipping business. If he believes in such a project, he is entitled to his opinion, and may publicly advocate the plan if he chooses. But from a responsible officer of the Government we have a right to expect, in so important a matter, a well-considered utterance. He ought to show signs of having studied the subject deeply, arrived at mature conclusions, and weighed his words carefully. But little or nothing of this is to be found in Mr. McAdoo's address. It is a slap-dash production of the kind which a Congressman, going off half-cocked, might have made, and we should have passed it by with a smile; but coming from the Secretary of the Treasury, and considered as outlining a policy of the Administration, it causes something like a sinking of the heart. For it is so filled with happy-thought suggestions, of the promoter order, dismisses so lightly difficulty after difficulty, and passes with such sublime unconsciousness from one inconsistency to another—all the while maintaining a tone of grandiose certainty—that it gives the distinct impression of Col. Sellers coming back to life and dropping jauntily into magnificent and infallible plans for Government shipping.

The purpose of the Cotton Futures act was to minimize speculative abuses in sales of cotton for future delivery by requiring the use of official grades, written contracts, and a system based on actual commercial values in making settlements, so that the market quotations would mirror accurately the value of spot cotton. To this end the adopted Lever bill authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to establish grades from time to time, and levied a tax of two cents a pound on all cotton not so sold. The rejected Smith form would have established grades, and have forbidden the use of the mails or telegraph lines for the transmission of quotations not complying with the regulations. Judge Hough's decision in the Federal District Court that the act is unconstitutional is based on the fact that it originated in the Senate, whereas the two-cent tax makes it one of the revenue measures that must come from the House. Whether the Smith law to prevent "gambling" in cotton would be held unconstitutional must remain unknown until the issue is brought before the courts on broader grounds—if it ever is.

The acquittal of Mayor Bell, of Indianapolis, of connection with any election frauds, which is taken as presaging the breakdown of the case against Taggart and others, had been foreseen. In Indianapolis the alleged poll-fraud conspiracies always wore a very different aspect from those of Terre Haute, where a frank plea of guilty was made by 89 out of 115 men arrested. A previous attempt—made in June, 1914—to press indictments against election officers in Indianapolis failed completely. But that something is wrong in Indiana's capital seems clear. In the last eighteen months three separate investigations by the grand jury have been held, and three sets of indictments brought in; and evidence has been

collected which, if not sufficient for the conviction of any one man, points strongly to the importation of voters by some agency, to the use of violence or threats, to tampering with election returns, and to repeating. As Indiana surveys the cases of corruption given publicity during the last year not only in the two cities named, but in Kokomo, Muncie, Newcastle, and Evansville, she must come to the conclusion that some sort of State housecleaning is necessary.

Reports of the extraction of potash on a commercially profitable basis from veins of alunite in Utah must be accepted with caution. Though Secretary Lane believes that permanent production from this source can be developed on a large scale, and announces the discovery of a new and simple process, the figures given out by the Department of the Interior indicate that the exploitation is still at an experimental stage. The possibility of obtaining potash from alunite has long been known, but it has heretofore been thought impossible to make use of the mineral, found as it is in remote sections of the country, in competition with the production from sylvite and carnallite at Strassfurt in Germany. Unless a cheap process of reduction can be perfected, the added cost of the long haul to Eastern and Southern markets would make it difficult to undersell the sea-shipped German potash. Everything depends upon the new methods announced by the Department. But in this activity, as well as in its encouragement of a greater use of the kelp of the Pacific for the making of potash, the Department deserves praise.

The rounding out of a hundred years of life is so rare as to make the occurrence notable when the centenarian is a leading citizen of one of our principal cities. On Sunday, at the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, the pastor of the church, of which Mr. W. W. Spence—a hundred years old on Monday—has been a member for seventy-three years and a ruling elder for sixty-seven years, well said:

> I question whether any of our younger men, however faithful, render a more valuable service to vital religion in this community than is effected Sunday after Sunday by the mere sight of that venerable figure slowly moving up the aisle to his accustomed place.

The impression of sheer personality, apart from any specific appeal for this or that cause, is a factor in life whose value we are too apt nowadays to forget. Mr. Spence has been a public-spirited citizen as well as one of Baltimore's leading financial men. His interest in the Johns Hopkins University was shown in many ways, and in a particularly effective way when, at more than fourscore, he made a stirring speech—as well as a generous subscription—at a meeting held to provide an emergency fund when the University became financially embarrassed. His love for his native Scotland was attested in a manner peculiarly acceptable to American sentiment by the gift of a colossal statue of William Wallace—a replica of the statue at Stirling—which stands in a commanding position in Druid Hill Park. But the note struck by the pastor of his church is that to which one responds most heartily. It is an inspiring sight, and one that makes life seem to have more substance and more value, to see a man at the age of a hundred going on serenely in the ways that he had marked out for himself in his youth, faithful to those things, great and small, which he cherished and found good when life was all before him.

Both by formal meeting, last spring, and the presentation of a sun-dial to the college this autumn, Harvard's class of 1918 has testified to appreciation of President Lowell's innovation of freshman dormitories. There are other signs of the success of the University's new policies in guiding the whole student body. A full college generation has passed since the authorities began to tighten up the elective system. As is, of course, true in other institutions, it is no longer possible for the student to treat each course as a unit, and to make up his schedule in a random way; his studies must be grouped. And the tendency of the student body a few years ago to choose too much history, government, economics, and allied subjects—studies representing the line of least resistance—has been checked in another way. Hereafter students of these departments will take a general examination in their subjects at the end of the four years' course; while there is a similar requirement as to final oral examinations in French and German. This final oxamination has so many merits in itself that it would seem that it might be much extended, after the Oxford plan.

British submarines in the Baltic have recently been accounting for German merchant ships to a degree comparable with the achievements of the German "blockade" of Great Britain. Formerly there was dissatisfaction in England with the supposed failure of the undersea boat to do its bit against Germany. It took some time for the public to recognize that the submarine cannot be sent against coast batteries or fenced-in harbors. In the North Sea there are no hostile ships, war or merchant, for the British submarine to strike at. It is different in the Baltic, which is the principal highway for such sustenance as Germany still draws from the outside. On the naval side it is apparent that if the British can get enough undersea boats into the Baltic, the German fleet may be held almost as closely to the eastern end of the Kiel Canal as to the North Sea end. It is a problem of getting the submarines through the difficult waters of the Scandinavian narrows. Once in the Baltic, the British boats can operate, of course, from Russian harbors. The signs indicate that they have already played their part in the defence of Riga. The Baltic offers the real challenge to British aggressiveness in submarine warfare. It may be harder for the boats to get into the land-locked sea than for the Germans to get out into the North Sea and the Atlantic, but once on the spot, the British boats can operate more easily than their opponents.

News of the victory of the Indian army under Gen. Nixon over the Turks at Kut-el-Amara, two-thirds of the distance from Basra to Bagdad, seems to have found most Englishmen ignorant that any force was attempting such a task. The London *Nation* speaks of the "gross lack of imagination which has deprived us of earlier news of . . . operations of the highest military and political interest." Apart from the romantic interest of a capture of the golden city of Haroun-al-Raschid, the taking of Bagdad would round out a British colonial policy that has been slowly taking shape for two decades and which contemplates control of fertile tracts in Arabistan, Luristan, and Mesopotamia. It would mean possessing the wheat fields of the Tigris and Euphrates, which will be of great value when Sir William Willcocks completes his work of irrigation, a firmer grip on the oil fields at Mohamera, and exploitation of the mineral wealth northeast of Bagdad. A successful campaign, moreover, would impress India with the safety of her bulwarks to the west, and would end with the British and Russians joining hands on a line reaching down from the Black Sea through Van, Nineveh, and Mosul to the deserts of Arabia. Returned missionaries from lower Mesopotamia speak of the work Great Britain has already done in improving Basra and other cities.

THE PRESIDENT AND PREPAREDNESS.

The announcement that President Wilson is shortly to make a statement explaining his reasons for adopting *in toto* the recommendations made by the authorities of the army and navy is most welcome, for there are many things about this lurch towards militarism that need explaining, lest the enterprise be regarded as largely a strategical move for the purpose of heading off Mr. Roosevelt and the Republicans. There are far deeper issues underlying this question of American "preparedness" than most people realize. Thus it is not a question affecting the United States alone. We cannot be definitely committed to a policy of steadily enlarging military and naval forces without its reacting upon Europe. The increase of the American fleet, even before the European war, was made an excuse by the German and British navalists to demand more sacrifices of their own people. Who knows but that this action by Mr. Wilson, if approved by Congress, may have a fateful and baleful effect upon the efforts to bring about universal European disarmament, which will surely be made at the conclusion of the war?

Certainly he is on the road to tie the hands of the United States and deprive it of its unexcelled moral position, from which it might use its influence at that hour to relieve the whole world of the crushing burden of armaments. When the German pacifists and Socialists, at that moment of reckoning and readjustment, cry disarm, will not their mouths be closed if the Chancellor or the Kaiser points to the United States arming in hot haste and adopting for the first time that vicious Continental institution, a five-year naval budget? There, they will say, is the freest of nations, and one of the richest. You see they have tried going on without militarism for over a century, and now they, too, find in it the "highest good." Moreover, this world of ours must at the conclusion of this frightful struggle abroad decide whether for generations it is to be reactionary, pressing down the masses not only by the staggering costs of this war, but by the burdens of new wars, or whether it is to be progressive and forward-looking. It is to the former possibility that Woodrow Wilson to-day seems bent on lending his own great influence and that of the United States. Surely, he must have some cogent, far-reaching, compelling reason to make him lean towards the side of force when he has just proved anew the moral power of the United States in his successful dealings with Germany.

But there are still other vital reasons why an explanation is due to the public from the President. Why can the United States not await the outcome of the war before moving to arm? It is admitted in Washington that the naval men are literally all at sea as to the lessons of the war in Europe; the British navy has had to meet new problems because of the German submarine. On land, too, the trench warfare has worked a revolution in fighting. But even the final verdict as to this the President does not await, nor the drawing of definite conclusions as to the extraordinary importance assumed by the field artillery. A year's wait could have injured us not at all.

Again, Congress should not hesitate to ask the President some searching questions, so far as the increase of the army is concerned, as to why he purposes to build further on the present inadequate and insufficient foundations. They cost, and continue to cost, enormous sums for which the public is entitled to receive a far better and more efficient army than it has. Why not, before the burden of taxation is heavily increased, and bonds are issued to cover the cost of current military expense, ask whether, by reforming radically our whole military service, vast sums could not be saved to devote to fresh extensions—if such there must be? What about those political forts that Secretary Stimson and so many others have loudly protested against as swallowing needless millions merely for the benefit of some politicians' fences? Are they to be left untouched by Woodrow Wilson? We cannot believe it—not if the President has given more than superficial thought to the matter. For if there is one branch of the Government service which more than any other needs scientific management of its expenditures, it is this one of the army.

Granting without question the cleverness of the political manœuvre by which the President has spiked the guns of his critics, we none the less feel that here was an issue so solemn and so full of the possibilities of evil that it should have been approached with the same complete detachment from partisanship which marked Mr. Wilson's admirable handling of the German issue. A temporary political gain—of what value is that when so much is at stake, when such profound moral issues underlie the whole? We are aware, of course, that those who would have us arm to the teeth are certain that we can embrace militarism and not be affected by its poison; just as the nation was so certain in 1898 that if we went into the business of colonizing we should do it altogether wisely and without walking into any of the pitfalls into which other colonizing nations have strayed. Time has shown differently; but that does not affect our superb confidence in military preparedness. But even this pales for the moment beside the question whether, in his new slogan of "America first," the President has not forgotten the fine note of his Philadelphia speech in which he correctly defined the real American motto as "Humanity first."

THE BALKAN PUZZLE.

In London and Paris the developments in the Balkans have plainly created a sense of bitter disappointment, with the suggestion here and there of something like panic. Critics of the Government in both capitals who are asking the reasons for the failure of Balkan diplomacy are not indulging in a mere bewailing of spilt milk; for the diplomatic and military situations are closely intertwined. Sir Edward Grey and Premier Viviani are at pains to explain the defection of Bulgaria, but the probable reason was stated some time ago in Berlin. It is the German armies that have supplied the logic which persuaded Czar Ferdinand to throw in his fortunes with the Central Powers. Bulgarian duplicity has gone only so far as to pretend that Sofia was hesitating when she had already made up her mind. But there can be little doubt that Bulgaria was all along prepared to go in on the winning side. One Balkan state has thus gone on record as believing in the ultimate victory of the Teutonic Powers. The question now arousing anxiety in London and Paris is whether the same argument may not operate in Greece. Lord Lansdowne has said in almost so many words that an attack by Greece is possible.

But Greece waging war on the Allies is as yet a development hard to imagine. The position of the Allied land forces would indeed be hazardous if the Greek army were to strike out in their rear, but it is a risk which Greece cannot afford to take. Whatever might be the ultimate outcome of the campaign, Greece, as the nation most exposed to the Allied naval forces, would suffer immediately. Her principal towns are seaports and open to bombardment. Even if we imagine the Piræus being secretly mined and fortified against an Allied attack, there are still Salonica, Patras, Corfu, at the

mercy of a hostile fleet. There is insular Greece—Crete and the Ægean islands—where the hopes of future expansion must lie; they would obviously be lost from the beginning. These facts must be taken in conjunction with the national public sentiment which inclines to the side of the Allies. It is not mere accident that Venizelos is on their side. He comes from Crete. He was the chief instrument in the annexation of that island, the first realization of the dream of a Greater Greece stretching across the Ægean to the coast of Asia Minor. If the test in the Balkans is now, as Berlin asserts, a test between land power and sea power, Greece belongs distinctly with the maritime nations. Such considerations render highly improbable the entrance of Athens on the Teutonic side, in spite of the difficulties arising from the present anomalous situation of a Government which refuses to live up to its treaty of alliance with Servia, yet permits its principal port to be used as a base for the succor of the Servian people.

Assuming the indefinite neutrality of Greece, the military situation in the Balkans presents itself somewhat as follows: On the side of the Central Powers there is the Austro-German army in Servia, which we may place at about 150,000 men. Servian estimates do not put it above that number, and the effect of the withdrawal of Germanic troops from the Russian front has been felt so immediately that a further thinning of the line in the east is not probable. Bulgaria's army may be estimated at a quarter of a million men. The Turkish forces in Europe cannot be more than 200,000. The Allies thus have some 650,000 men to deal with. Against this formidable display there are the Servians to the number of 150,000, if we consider the waste of previous campaigns and the ravages of disease, and the Anglo-French forces in the Dardanelles of about 200,000 men. The Allies would thus be outnumbered 2 to 1, and if we include the troops landed in Salonica, the odds against them must be at least 3 to 2. The Central Powers have the further advantage of forming a solid line. Bulgaria strikes hands with the Teutons in the north and the Turks in the south. The Allies, on the other hand, are broken in two, with a great gap between Gallipoli and the expeditionary force in Servia. More than that, the Gallipoli army is more than half of the entire Allied strength, which leaves less than one-half to face the onset of two-thirds of the Central armies.

This is the situation which Paris and London properly regard as grave. That it is not desperate is the teaching of the war up to the present. The strength of the defensive has so clearly been demonstrated that even if outnumbered three to two, the Allies should be able to stem the tide until the disparity in numbers is redressed. But here is where new doubts arise. If each of the Allies were to throw 50,000 men into the Balkans, the situation would be altered. Russia has promised to send men as soon as available, but Russia needs all the men she can raise, and the suggested landing in Bulgaria is full of difficulties. The Allies, however, might do without Russia. Italy might spare a hundred thousand men. The Anglo-French could make up the rest. But is the venture worth while? That is the question to the fore, especially in Paris. France needs her men. Unlike England, she is not at liberty to think of brilliant possibilities far away while her own territory is still in the hands of the invader. Even Italy might use her two or three army corps to advantage in the north against Austria. Hence there is talk in Paris and London of the possibility of giving up the Balkan campaign. It would mean a great loss of prestige. It would mean the abandonment of Servia. But the war might be won by a concentration in France and Belgium. Yet the indications are strong that as between the party that favors taking the losses in the Balkans and those who favor throwing in higher stakes, the latter will have their way.

FIFTY YEARS OF VASSAR.

The celebration at Vassar, marking the completion of a half-century of her existence, has not been wanting either in earnestness or in enthusiasm. New president and former president, and representatives of other institutions of learning, recognized in their addresses the importance of her work in the past, the significance of the work awaiting her in the future; and the great concourse of alumnæ attested that loyalty to alma mater which is characteristic of the American college graduate, male or female. The inevitable question of the aim of a college, the justification of its existence, was duly discussed; and the question of the limits of the elective system and of the claims of vocational as against cultural education received its share of attention. What we miss—trusting to the newspaper reports of the proceedings—is a certain note of jubilation which a vivid realization of what has happened in these fifty years in the field of the higher education of women would seem naturally to suggest. If it is a fault, it may well be classed as a "good fault"; it is certainly in striking contrast to the sort of self-glorification to which, in the earlier history of our country, we were far too prone when dwelling on national achievement in any direction. And yet it appears to argue a certain want of free-hearted enjoyment of what is in itself good and beautiful which, we suspect, is a by-product of the current worship of "service" as the exclusive object of all praiseworthy effort.

It may not be historically accurate to speak of Vassar as the first college for women; in these matters, as in questions of invention and of scientific discovery, there are almost always precursors, more or less important and approximating more or less nearly to the final achievement. But from the standpoint of a large survey, it is right to speak of the foundation of Vassar College not only as one of the chief events in the history of the opening of higher educational opportunities to women, the world over, but as distinctly marking the beginning of the era of the woman's college. Nothing that had been done before stood out as did this opening of a full-fledged college for women, one that not only pretended to a place coördinate with that of men's colleges, but was accorded that place in the general judgment and became familiar in that capacity to the general mind. Eighteen years before, Tennyson, in "The Princess," had set before the English-speaking world the vision of such a college:

> O I wish
> That I were some great princess, I would build
> Far off from men a college like a man's.
> And I would teach them all that men are taught.

But it had remained a vision, and it was reserved for an American brewer, instead of "some great princess," to realize the Tennysonian picture:

> Pretty were the sight
> If our old halls should change their sex, and flaunt
> With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
> And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

For a number of years, Vassar, as President Taylor said in his address, "stood alone in the popular estimate." And to any one who has felt a keen interest in the advance of the idea which Vassar did so much to establish the progress which that idea has made in the short space of fifty years must appear as one of the most remarkable developments of our time.

One has not to be an old man to recall the time when a young woman who was a college graduate was looked upon as a singular phenomenon. Now, in families in which it is regarded as a matter of course that the young men shall go to college, the sending of the young women to college is looked upon as just as normal and natural. The question of women's intellectual ability to pursue college studies has completely lapsed; nobody ever raises it nowadays. Indeed, the time is not distant—perhaps it is already here—when persons of the younger generation will have to be told as a mere matter of history that such doubts were ever entertained. But one does not have to go back anything like fifty years to remember the difficulty with which the opening of women's opportunities in university, as distinguished from college, work was attended. Gradually, but steadily, there has come recognition of the fact that there are women—comparatively few in number, it is true, but the same is true of men—who are gifted both with the intellectual power and the intellectual aspirations that go to the making of scholars and scientists, and that these should have the opportunity to develop their talents.

Not the least important aspect of the influence which has come from the founding of Vassar College, and of its successors at Northampton, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, and elsewhere, is that which has been exercised on the other side of the Atlantic. Girton and Newnham came well after Vassar, and the opening of the German universities to women was largely the result of the desire of American women to avail themselves of the opportunities of those great institutions. The kindness, the liberalism, or the appreciation of special worth, shown by one or another of the great German professors, was, as a rule, the entering wedge; later what had been a special exception became the rule. How entirely unfamiliar in Germany was the idea of the American women's college, even as lately as a score of years ago, may be illustrated by a little incident. A young German scholar of distinction had been appointed professor in one of the best of our women's colleges. A former colleague of his had heard of the appointment, and, speaking to an American visitor, expressed his surprise that such a man should have been willing to accept a position in a Höhere Töchterschule! When informed that the "Töchterschule" in question had standards of admission and instruction approximately the same as those of Harvard College, he was utterly amazed. In the field of women's education at least, America may say that she has been a leader.

DANA AND OUR LITERATURE OF THE SEA.

The centenary of the birth of Richard Henry Dana, observed this week in Cambridge, brings to memory a type of minor author which we are too prone to forget. Dana is part of the anti-slavery history of his time, and on that aspect of his life Moorfield Storey was asked to speak. He had a distinguished career in international law, which was dealt with by Joseph Choate. He was of robust personality, and Howells and others have amusingly recalled the gusto of his public life and of his stories of the West. But his claim to immortality is based upon his masterly depiction of sea-life; and as it constituted his single book, even those who have read it with the interest it always holds are likely to underestimate his literary prominence. Historically, this is considerable. His "Two Years Before the Mast" carried the American name farther and wider than any other work except that of Irving and Cooper during decades in which our writers were very generally despised. More than a half-century ago it was read in England as of the stuff of the classics. Intrinsically, his book will never lack discriminating applause, whether it flags in the popular esteem or not. William Clark Russell is said to have called this production of a youth the most memorable of all contributions to the literature of the sea, and readers of Jack London may remember a recent dictum of his that when Marryat and Cooper have gone to dust, still there will remain Dana.

There is a sound reason why Dana, unlike Herman Melville, Cooper, Nordhoff, London, and other of our writers of the sea, was a "one-book author." His "Two Years Before the Mast" was a masterpiece, not because Dana was an imaginative genius, but because he was able and sober—clear-sighted, hard-headed, and self-controlled, with a nervous style to put down what he felt. With his nineteen years he brought to his voyage a trained mind and a fresh vision for the graphic details about him. For all his sense of the value of concreteness, dialogue, movement, and climax, there is never suspicion that he draws the long bow—and there is evidence that he lacked any faculty for doing so. Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo" are the best examples of actual sea-experience embroidered by sentiment and imagination. And beyond doubt Dana was even less capable of telling an ingenious and crowded narrative, of the kind Marryat and Cooper wrote. His power of showing in photographic detail the hoisting of the hides, the tarring of the rigging, the holystoning of the deck, the sailors' off-hours' occupation of making spun-yarn, was intimately connected with the poise which kept him safely out of such episodes as the brutal flogging of his mates off San Diego, and which made a prolonged voyage with the roughest of men a tonic and nothing else to his character. His shrewdness made picturesque his descriptions of character, and the faithfulness of his chronicle did not prevent his seeing the high lights in a fight, a fandango, or a ship's race; but it is significant that he saw but one beautiful or romantic spot in California. He tells us in a postscript "twenty-four years after" that his book had been used as a guide by all the flood of forty-niners, and its business-like simplicity would justify such a use.

Would it be possible to add to our sea-literature a modern picture in the mode of "Two Years Before the Mast"? It could not be done; and in the fact that the seafaring conditions of Dana's time have utterly passed away will hereafter lie his book's chief attraction. He struck the sea at the moment when its speedy clippers, its domineering captains, its dashing voyages to lands all but unknown, its speculative elements, its grim-fisted but hard-working sailors, gave it its greatest glory. The dirty Tyne traders of Masefield, the oil-tankers, the steady-going liners, the slow and sober type of sailing ship, are nowhere beside the ships of the thirties. Vessels, at the behest of admiralty courts, trade congresses, and underwriters, are no longer built for a crack pace. Instead of a gambling on dare-devil ventures, profits are calculated to the fraction of a cent, and runs are controlled to a knot by cables reaching every port. Sea-writers lament that crews have become simply a class of manual laborers, and that peril and distance no longer lure boys from the farm and office to the ocean. On Dana's voyage the old tars talked with wonder of the *chro*-nometer, the *chre*-nometer, and the *the*-nometer in the captain's cabin; and the first not working well on a single trial, it was discarded for the old-fashioned dead-reckoning. The tar and slush, the hand-windlass and pea-jacket, are gone as far as are half of the very nau-

tical terms Dana uses, or as the pirate, with "a black hull, armed, and full of men, and showing no colors," which chased the Pilgrim a whole September day and night.

There is thus a certainty that our books of the sea must depend increasingly for interest and value upon character and plot; that they will be of the school of Conrad, Kipling, Russell, and London; and that Dana's narrative will maintain a fairly undisputed precedence not merely for its high literary merits, but because its subject-matter sets it apart. He could write but one such book, and a second could no more be written now than a second "Oregon Trail." A people not of seafaring character should recall with satisfaction that it is an American who is credited with it—that England once paid us the compliment of distributing a copy of an American book to every sailor of her fleet.

FASCINATING SCIENCE.

Probably none of the men who have labored to make natural science interesting has so combined passionate curiosity, endless patience, and life-long enthusiasm for an ideal with an instinct for literary form as did Henri Fabre. So fast has the reputation of his books grown in the last few years that it is hard to comprehend that, though his first important entomological work appeared in 1855, a half-century later he was all but unknown. The ten volumes of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" are a scientific series for which we have to go back to Buffon for a parallel. Yet not till after 1910 did the Institute crown them and the French Government grant him a pension. His early life was one of severe poverty; he endured constant snubs as a teacher and keeper of a museum at Avignon; and when rescued from his worst financial straits by John Stuart Mill, he went back to the life of a small agriculturist. Not even his casual services to Darwin brought him notice. His discovery we owe to Maeterlinck, himself author of an imitative life of the bee; and Maeterlinck's essay on "The Insects' Homer" was followed by a wave of international interest. Fabre's translator, A. T. De Mattos, doubts that the Anglo-Saxon world five years ago contained a thousand people who had heard Fabre's name, but since then a half-dozen of his books have sold in repeated editions, and new issues are still appearing.

The fascinating way in which Fabre depicted the life of the insects has been the admiration of naturalists; yet it was a natural result of the method in which he set out to observe that life. With the dryness of the schools he had no patience. He was constantly appealing to the intimacy with which he lived beside his insects to refute the critics who thought that a page that was read without fatigue could not be an expression of the truth. His impatience with literary dulness rose from his impatience with dull methods of observation. His colleagues ripped up an insect and turned it into an object of horror and pity, whereas he studied it alive and caused it to be admired; they labored in a dissecting-room, he under a blue sky; they subjected cell and protoplasm to chemical tests, he studied instinct in its farthest ramifications. Both methods are necessary, but his alone turns science into literature. "If I write for men of learning who will one day try to unravel the problem of the insect mind," he declared, "I write also, I write above all, for the youthful. I want to make them love the natural history that others make them hate; and that is why, while keeping strictly to the domain of truth, I avoid the scientific prose which too often, alas, seems borrowed from some Iroquois idiom." He made the discovery that the insect world is one of such strangeness, grotesqueness, and even terribleness that a close recital of the doings of its inhabitants revealed almost a new universe; and he was willing to give days and nights of acute inspection and quick comprehension to its weird occurrences. In volumes devoted, one after the other, to the Spider, the Fly, the Ant, the Bee, the Beetle and Weevil, the Wasp, the Grasshopper and Moth, and the Scorpion, he justified Darwin's praise of him as "the incomparable observer."

Readers of "Walden" will remember the description of the battle of the ants on the chip pile. The panorama which Fabre spreads out is a series of such engrossing pictures. We are introduced to the newborn blue-bottle fly, the pulsations of its forehead and eyes becoming the instrument of its deliverance as it pushes up through the rubbish; to the larva of the rose-chafer, which with legs on its belly always crawls on its back; to the praying mantis, the frightful aspect of which, in the "spectral attitude," deprives its victims of their power of movement; to the female scorpion, which devours the male in the act of mating. There is the heuscospis, which arms itself with horn and shield to slay its younger brothers and sisters in their cradle; the Tachytes and Ammophila, possessed of such anatomical knowledge that, as they wish to paralyze or kill their prey, they know exactly which nerve-centre to strike; the tarantula, her cave two perpendicular passages connected over a narrow ledge, on which she awaits her prey; the Eumenes, who makes of her stronghold a museum adorned with shells and translucent quartz. There is an account of such marvellous faculties as that of a species of wild bee which, housing its eggs in honey-pots cut from leaves, and working in darkness underground, knows precisely of what dimensions to cut the lid-disk so that it will fit in and yet not smother the eggs by sliding down on the honey. His retirement at Sérignan, near the home of that other venerable Provençal figure, Mistral, afforded him the leisure for his close and toilsome vigils beside his insects. His brief narrative of the slow progress of the scarab with its ball to its chosen retreat, its vicissitudes, its struggles with its rivals, and its eventual success, for example, is a concentration of the watching of weeks. In his chapters on the scorpion he himself tells us of how frequently he had himself roused at midnight to seize an opportune moment to watch its actions, and held his station till dawn. But it would be unjust to emphasize exclusively Fabre's observation, his scientific minuteness, and his powers of picturesque narration. He had an ingenuity in formulating hypotheses as great as the chemist's or physicist's, and he had an analytical mind which met successfully multifarious problems of environment, of anatomy, of the origin of species, and of instinct and intelligence.

The enthusiasm with which he labored was an animating force to which penury, misunderstanding, and obscurity were nothing. He was on the track of truth; he found, as he put it, every year "a few grains of sand on the shore," and that was reward enough. His life and monumental work are the most eloquent rebuke to the sort of pseudo-naturalist of which this country has seen so much in recent years—the nature fakers who, with something of Fabre's regard for interest, but none for accuracy, imposed spurious analogues to human society upon the animal world. While science always needs workers who must seem abstracted and dry to the layman, its more open aspects will require men like Fabre, who find in them a life so full and vivid that they cannot but write of it with vitality and glow.

Foreign Correspondence

THE BUDGET—READING IN ENGLAND IN WAR-TIME—GERMANISM IN RUSSIA.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, September 28.

The announcements of the Budget have been received with a cheerfulness that seems to indicate that the immediately necessary new taxes are not quite so bad as we feared. The criticisms have on the whole been very favorable, and the only innovation to which anything like a widespread resistance is threatened is the abolition of the halfpenny postal card—a comparatively trifling matter. Mr. McKenna is generally supposed to have found his niche at last, and there are not wanting veteran members of the House of Commons to declare that his Budget speech was the best they ever heard. An exception to the general feeling that the new burdens have been distributed with equity among the working, the middle, and the wealthy classes is found in the *New Statesman*, which describes the Budget as cruel and inadequate.

The daily reading matter of the British public at this moment may be roughly divided into two classes: that connected with the war and that of pure distraction. It is not only the soldier in the trenches who welcomes the story magazines, the sevenpenny novel, and such delightful extravaganza as Mr. H. G. Wells's "Bealby." Here and there, there may be a few superior persons who can forget the blood and rapine of their horizon by absorption in the tomes of classical and standard literature; but I imagine that most people find somewhat lighter material a surer, if temporary, anodyne. All forms of seriousness are too much akin to that terrible seriousness radiating from the fields of Flanders and the rugged hills of Gallipoli, and are something to be eschewed.

The reading connected directly or indirectly with the war is largely furnished by the daily and weekly press, letters from the front in type or MS., the official and diplomatic publications of the various European governments, and the hordes of pamphlets which formed the subject of my last letter to the *Nation*. Not a few longer books have, however, also been widely read—a fact deduced not merely from publishers' lists and favorable reviews, but from the records of actual sale, from seeing them in the hands of one's friends, and from hearing them discussed at dinner-tables and in clubs. Thus, in the early stages of the war, the names of Nietzsche, Treitzschke, Bernhardi, von Bülow, Clausewitz, Frobenius, Houston Chamberlain, Münsterberg, Usher, and Cramb were in everybody's mouth. More recently we have been reading such books as the graphic histories of the first stages of the war by John Buchan and Hilaire Belloc; "How Belgium Saved Europe," by Charles Sarolea; "The War and Democracy," by R. W. Seton-Watson and others; the "History of Twelve Days," by J. W. Headlam; "The Soul of the War," by Philip Gibbs; "When Blood is their Argument" and "Between St. Dennis and St. George," by Ford Madox Hueffer; "Ordeal by Battle," by F. S. Oliver; "The World in the Crucible," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Political Economy of War," by F. W. Hirst; "With the German Armies in the West," by Sven Hedin; "Nationality and the War," by Arnold Toynbee; several American works such as those by J. William White, J. M. Beck, Owen Wister, John Jay Chapman, Morton Prince, and C. W. Eliot; "Russia and Democracy," by G. de Wesselitsky, and "J'Accuse," by an anonymous German. The last has recently been noticed in the *Nation*.

M. G. de Wesselitsky's "Russia and Democracy" is a book of exceptional interest, being principally a study of the "peaceful penetration" of Russia by Germanism during the last two hundred years. His judgment on this penetration is indicated by the alternative title of his book—viz., "The German Canker in Russia." As a strong advocate of the policy of "Russia for the Russians," M. de Wesselitsky may occasionally strain a point in his endeavor to prove that Germanism has always and invariably been a malign influence in the Russian body; but he certainly marshals a great deal of evidence that is always plausible and often convincing. His attitude recalls that of an American friend of mine, who is able to look on the bright side of this war because he believes it has come just in time to check the baleful permeation of the world by Germanic ideas of private ethics, intellectual training, and international policy.

M. Wesselitsky begins his tale with Peter the Great, who marred his otherwise beneficent work by a "fatal separation of the new bureaucratic noblesse from the mass of the people, which permitted the domination of the Russian state by a foreign nationality." His account of the privileges granted to German individuals and institutions is really startling. The Court, diplomacy, the army, and the higher administration became, to a very large extent, the private preserve of the Germans. Such names and influences as Biron and Nesselrode (who never even learned to speak Russian) are typical. It may surprise my readers to know that the Russian Academy of Sciences, until quite recently, published its proceedings in German; and that its hostility to Russian scientists was so pronounced that when Mendeleëv came to Oxford to receive an honorary degree, he was able to state that the Russian Academy was the only one in Europe of which he was *not* a member. Gen. Yermolov, when asked by Alexander I what reward he wished for his services, replied: "Give me the rank of German, and the rest will follow of itself." The Lutheran Church was long practically the most privileged church in Russia. M. Wesselitsky thinks that many, if not most, of Russia's wars have been really carried on in the interests of Germany, and he notes that Germany knew how to get a big price for her neutrality in the Russo-Japanese War. He quotes Jentsch to the effect that Germany would find in Russia "an immense field for the activity of the surplus of her population, which would not be lost for the Fatherland as when it emigrates to America." Apropos of this sentence, however, M. Wesselitsky refers to the bill for the "Conservation of Germanic Nationality" (1911), and the allegation that hundreds of thousands of Germans in other countries have made "private" declarations of their indestructible German allegiance. This seems to him a matter that demands the serious attention of the United States; and the timeliness of this warning is accentuated by the evidence he brings forward that German Ambassadors in Petrograd have been implicated in the instigation of strikes and internal uprisings.

A SUBMERGED PEOPLE RISES—LETTS AND LITHUANIANS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 1.

"If you wish to hear from human lips some echo of what the language originally common to Indo-Europeans may have been, go and listen to Lithuanian peasants talking."

This is what Professor Meillet, of the Collège de France, says. It is also said these peasants understand simple phrases of Sanscrit propounded to them by other learned professors, because their own rude speech is still nearest to that ancient tongue. The idea of the man in the street that they speak some kind of Slav dialect because they hail from Russia is quite wrong. They and their language are arrested developments from before the time when Greeks and Romans set out on the ways of progress. And for the last thousand years and more they have lived under their present name in the bogland which has made outlandish reading through this war—in the basins of the Niemen and the Duna and where the Nareff and the Bug drain the marshes and down to Brest-Litovsky, which means Brest of the Lithuanians.

Here they have lived for ages, sometimes serfs and rarely masters, and of late "organized" for the few of them under Prussian governors and ruled for the immense majority of them by Russians. When no one hindered, which was rare, they have emigrated. They state that 500,000 of their race are in the United States; 300,000 are still in Eastern Prussia, which was their own "Borussia" of the old time, but name and land were long since taken from them; and in Russia and Poland there have been anywhere from 3,000,000, which is Prince Kropotkin's figure, to 7,000,000, which their own representatives now put forward.

These representatives have twice met in the last weeks. On the 3d and 4th of August, in a conference at Berne, Switzerland, they, too, demanded a place in the sun and their right to exist on dry and independent land. Here the representatives came from all the habitats of their race under whatever sun, to claim the right of their immemorial bogland.

In September's third week, the Letts, who are an offshoot of the Lithuanian race when the world was younger and still neighbors, held their own congress in Petrograd. They, too, decided not to abandon their homes for many and sad reasons of war. The whole story is worth telling in these days when all of us are learning new geographies with maps colored by emotions. A people that has kept its immemorial seat and language, its customs of blood and race unchanged through the ages when rights of men were not, demands, as a result of this war, that it shall henceforth be a nation also, with at least that independence which is called autonomy.

Let us begin with the Letts. They inhabit Courland and Livonia, where the German threat has been strongest. Like prehistoric human animals, their first impulse has been to flee before the invader. Some of them scurried away to the Volga, where the people rose up against them, mistaking them for the dreaded Germans, since these Letts speak no Russian. Those who got to the Ural and Siberia met the same ill-treatment—veritable "pogroms," a name which we wrongly are accustomed to limit to race riots against the Jews in Russia. The Lett congress at Petro-

grad picads with these frightened brothers not to leave their peaceful homes and villages until their representatives can find for them safe refuges in inner Russia, with sure return when the invader shall have been beaten back. It seems not to have struck the Lett imagination that life under German rule might be possible.

Among all these Letto-Lithuanian peoples evil traditions survive of the Teutonic knights who first brought the terror of the German name. They got a footing at Königsberg, whence they subjugated the surrounding Borussi who were good Lithuanians. These were exterminated in short order or swamped in the tide of German immigration, until somehow, in our day, Prussia—which originally was Borussia—heads the German name and fame. It was under pressure of the Teutonic Knights that all these Lett-Lithuanians took shelter in their boglands where the Prussians, who long since stole their name and lands, have now found them out. This time they hope not to have to flee permanently.

Next the Lithuanians fell under the Poles and became an intermittent part of their rackety kingdom. It is Russia's promise of autonomy for Poland to-day which has stirred these Lithuanians to ask as much for themselves. True, they have no modern memories of independence, but it would be the irony of human things if the Poles should now oppose them. Such things have happened within my own memory.

As a boy in the United States, I was taught to declaim speeches of Kossuth and I wore a Kossuth hat. All of us were afire with Hungarian freedom. Thirty years later, a dark-bearded, sallow-skinned representative of the Balkans knocked at my door in Paris and asked my help in the American press—to disclose how Kossuth's Magyars had used their independence to smother the rights of their subject Rumanians of Transylvania. He proffered copious documents, evidently prepared by the still nascent Government of the independent Rumanians, and, coughing behind his hand, insinuated that I might be decorated with the Star of Rumania if I chose to write in defence of those unemancipated Rumanians. I put aside the temptation of the Star and accepted the heap of documents, in which I found authentic and interesting material for publication—but the Rumanians of Transylvania are still under Hungary, and the war is only now looking to uniting them with independent Rumania.

The Lithuanians are resolved not to let the nations free the Poles while subjugating to them their own millions of men so different in blood and speech and manners and religion—and even in the lands they occupy. And they wish their brother Letts to be freed from their Baltic masters.

Of course, freedom and autonomy do not mean, either for Poles or Lithuanians, the constitution of more warring states; but they do mean town meetings and federalism respecting nationalities. And what can make a nation more than common race and speech and habits of living together? These Lithuanians only ask self-government from below up, which is democracy, and Tocqueville's remedy for modern ills, and safety from neighboring and more powerful nations, which implies the Federalism that is President Eliot's remedy in the present. In what they ask in their Conference of Berne and in their Congress of Petrograd, I find nothing more than that autonomy which we know by the name of home rule—nothing equivalent to a beginning even of disruption of the Russian Empire. And, by the way, Czar Nicholas II, who is "Autocrat of all the Russias," also signs himself Grand Duke of Lithuania and Prince of Livonia and Courland and various other districts of the bogland in question.

Songs are still sung by Russian Slavs, acknowledging gratefully that Lithuanians protected them against the Tatars. Under the Lithuanians, these protected Slavs had liberal home rule, as Professor Lubavsky, of the University of Moscow, now admits.

In any event, here we have a typical example of the political problems which ought to be settled by this war. It has not been a melting-pot of nationalities like the peaceful existence of the United States. Rather, it is the breaking up and precipitating down of separate elements from a previous conglomerate. It is Russia—if she wills—that will have the least difficulty in settling all these vague autonomies.

The California Expositions

By WILLIAM MACDONALD.

There is probably no city in America which would have been so likely to diffuse, through every part of a great international exposition, its own peculiar spirit, atmosphere, and color as the city of San Francisco. From the rough, buoyant days of the first gold-seekers, through all the years in which other wealth than gold has steadily come to the ascendant, San Francisco has remained, as it began, a place of distinction. Its great bay, one of the most superb in all the world; its steep hills opening to view the mountains and the sea; the semi-tropical vegetation of its gardens and parks; its parti-colored population drawn from the four quarters of the globe; its eager, venturesome business life, with the spending of money, quickly made; the long-time corruption of its politics, punctuated by the fervid oratory of the sand-lots or by short-lived spasms of reform; the mellowing tradition of its Spanish past, set with missions and priests and a Roman faith; the penetrating chill of its summer fogs and winds; the gorgeous sunsets of its Golden Gate: all these and more, recounted by writers, artists, travellers, or men of affairs, have combined to surround San Francisco with the halo of a city apart, a unique community of indefinable attractiveness, a place where life, and the people who lived it, were different.

Such externals, however, were, after all, only the setting. What gave San Francisco its charm, alike for the resident as for the casual visitor, was its pervading atmosphere of freedom. Accessible to the rest of the Union, for twenty years after the first influx of English-speaking population, only by mail-coach or pony express across the plains, or a tedious voyage of weeks by way of the Isthmus or Cape Horn, and still remote in important domains of thought and interest from some of the currents of American life, the men and women of the formative period were thrown back upon themselves. Largely free from conventional restraints, and with no dominating social caste to bring them to book, they ordered their lives as they pleased. Personal and corporate conduct, if it so be that open lawlessness and public scandal were avoided, was largely unrestrained. No one asked the newcomer who he was or what he had been: it sufficed to know the name by which he wished to be called and the kind of work he could do. It was a society in which liberty was often license, in which money counted for more than virtue, and in which the cup of pleasure was drunk and drained. What has only slowly been perceived, however, what for the older American East has as yet hardly been perceived at all, is that underneath this energetic pursuit of wealth, lavish expenditure, and moral relaxation lay a profound and strenuous concern for art, for music, for literature; for everything, in fact, which embodied intellectual interest or the spirit of beauty. Around the Bay of San Francisco has steadily grown up a distinctive and worthy literature. The annual plays of the Bohemian Club, quite apart from their romantic staging, embody some of the best dramatic and musical work done in the United States. Here, too, has developed a group of painters, sculptors, architects, illustrators, and designers whose work need not fear comparison with good work in similar fields anywhere. One knows but little of San Francisco who does not know its higher life, or who sees only its business "hustle," its open-handed spending, or its brilliant cafés.

Naturally, this higher life of the intellect and the imagination, like the society in which it is set, has been throughout somewhat a life of unconventionality and even of revolt. Doubtless beauty, in whatever form it is expressed, has its sure foundations and its immutable laws, but its forms have found acceptance, in the Pacific metropolis, rather because they were themselves beautiful than because they were sanctioned by time or tradition. The love of classical simplicity and nobleness which builds a Greek theatre at Berkeley is as sincere as is the passion for romance which develops the wonderful stage-setting of the Bohemian Club plays; but the Berkeley theatre is loved because it is an embodiment of beauty, not because it is Greek. And so with every other manifestation of beauty or of thought. The men and women who best typify the spirit of San Francisco have consciously sought, not simply orientation in world culture, but an adequate self-expression. Where historical forms have met the need, they have used historical forms; where such forms have failed to satisfy, they have freely worked out novel, or at least unusual, forms for themselves. For them, at least, the sea was not always purple; nor were the groves of olive, nor the rocks of marble, nor life itself an alternation of tragedy and comedy. To the keen light and prodigal wealth of color spread before them in the external world, life added the allurement and picturesqueness of romance; while

to color and romance was further added the resource of a free life out-of-doors. That the pursuit of self-expression has often been highly self-conscious, that the lines of effort have not always been successfully concealed, and that the result has sometimes been bizarre, San Francisco itself would be the first to admit; for nowhere in America have artists so deliberately lived heatedly in order that they might speak vividly; but the ultimate aim, at least, has been always clear.

I have made these preliminary observations because, unless the local characteristics which they briefly summarize are kept in mind, both the aim and the achievement of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition are almost certain to be misjudged. Of international expositions we have had a sufficiency, if not a surfeit; and there was unquestionably a widespread doubt whether another great show, especially in time of war, would or could be worth while. While, however, each previous exposition has had its distinctive features, all have possessed suggestive points in common. The occasion, broadly crossed by the demands and ambitions of local or national display, has been some anniversary which, though appealing to patriotism or to the historical sense, has stirred national pride rather than the imagination. The architecture of the vast and numerous buildings, when not an attempt to reproduce, in unfamiliar surroundings, the principles or forms of some familiar type, has represented a conscious effort to produce a novel structure, more or less elaborately decorated, assumed to be typical of a great international bazaar; while the exhibits, widely chosen and elaborately displayed, have aimed, as a rule, to give a comprehensive view of the progress of civilization, particularly in industrial directions.

At all of these points the San Francisco Exposition, taken as a whole, is different from its predecessors. Those who planned and executed it have had two aims—one practical and historical, the other symbolical. On its historical and practical side the Exposition commemorates and celebrates the opening of the Panama Canal. No event in American history has appealed so powerfully to the imagination of the Pacific Coast as the construction of this great waterway. Beyond its significance as a great scientific achievement or a commercial aid, the Canal stands as a triumph of man over nature, a new linking of the East and the West, a new step towards national unity, a new act of national expansion. Like the watershed that divides the streams in their courses, it marks off the old time from the new. And out of this appeal to the imagination sprang the symbolism. Here was to be displayed, not examples of all that the world had ever done, but the choicest of what it had accomplished during the decade in which the Canal was building, and the opening of the new time could be foreseen. Here were to be symbolized, in one vast but unified group of buildings, avenues, and gardens, the past, present, and future of San Francisco, of California, and of the New World. In and about a Tower of Jewels, a Court of Abundance, a Court of the Four Seasons, a Court of the Universe, or an Avenue of Nations were to be grouped memorials of all that had made the Pacific littoral what it was, and all that, in the new era here commemorated, should make it what it might be. Here, at gateways or fountains, on walls, cornices, friezes, tympani, or pinnacles, was to be read the story of the West: the Indian, the buccaneer, the friar, the gold-seeker, the farmer, the mechanic; the discoverer, the soldier, and the pioneer; the canoe, the prairie-schooner, and the locomotive; the wealth of forests, fields, and mines beckoning the workers of the East and South, of Asia and the islands of the sea. What of history was portrayed was to be accurate, of course, but it was to be history spiritualized, the everyday and commonplace made ideal. With their feet planted on the past, the designers of the Exposition nevertheless looked towards the future. The western confines of the New World were their standpoint, but their outlook was towards a newer world beyond the setting sun.

It is significant that the architecture which sought to embody this symbolical conception should have found its inspiration so largely in the Orient and the Moorish age of Spain. To California, simplicity in art would appear to make as scanty an appeal as does Stoicism in conduct or Puritanism in religion. What was sought, apparently, next to spaciousness and even vastness—an indispensable condition, perhaps, of any exposition architecture—was color and gorgeousness, a sensuous beauty at once mystical and commanding. If buildings and their setting could ever be made to produce an impression of limitless and voluptuous wealth, or frame the matter-of-fact achievements of man in rich and scintillating color, the Panama-Pacific Exposition attained that end. It was not barbaric, for it was distinctly harmonious, symmetrical, and carefully wrought; yet it was not pagan, for it was neither severe nor impersonal; and it was not Christian, for it spoke no self-denial. Pleasure, ease, imagination, self-expression, and, most of all, unconventional freedom and unbounded ambition, were its keynotes.

Whether such an ideal is in itself worthy, or whether, if it is, its working-out in the present instance is on the whole successful, are questions on which volumes might be written. Critics for whom the art of the classical world or of Christian Europe is the last word, or with whom historical evolution must needs proceed by slow and guarded steps, could not but be startled by the bold mixing of architectural types, the frank departure from hallowed precepts, and the prodigal overlay of decorative device. The symbolism of some of the frescoes, figures, and figure-groups seems at times far-fetched, and the brilliant Tower of Jewels is obviously too low. Studied attentively by aid of the printed descriptions, both the structures and their details may clearly be seen to embody the ideals which they are said to embody; but it is also clear that they might as easily, in some instances, typify something else, or even nothing very definite at all. Something, too, would depend upon the physical point of view, for the high ridge of houses which forms the background of the Exposition on the south is not beautiful, and upon that part of the surroundings one does well to turn one's back.

In some other respects the success attained is certainly noteworthy. At no previous American exposition has the entire group of buildings given so marked an impression of artistic unity. Not only were the exhibition buildings proper built, as has been said, with a central aim, but the national, State, and administrative structures were kept strictly in harmony with the general scheme. Whether in style, color, or position, no building has been allowed to obtrude. Everywhere, too, both within and without, there was a commendable absence of garish signs or advertisements. The unified color scheme, studiously worked out to accord with the characteristic lights, shadows, and atmospheric effects of the locality, was harmonious and impressive; while the electrical illumination at night turned grounds and buildings into a wonderland of beauty and gorgeousness. Nor should the remarkable floral scheme, with its succession of flowers from season to season, and its skilful use of masses of green to break the great wall spaces, fail of appreciative recognition.

In estimating the range and significance of the exhibits, one again must keep in mind the theory on which their acceptance was determined. With a few exceptions, and those mainly in the foreign art exhibits, nothing, as has been said, was intended to be shown which had not been discovered or invented, or the process or application of which had not been substantially developed, within the last decade. Like the architectural and artistic scheme of buildings and grounds, the things shown were to be the latest words, the newest thought, the edge of day for the new world. Those, accordingly, who looked for comprehensive displays of progress in industry, science, or art from early times were disappointed; the test of acceptance was to-day, what is being done now. The barest attempt at enumeration, however, even under these limitations, would be only a catalogue of ships. Speaking broadly, the predominant characteristic of the American exhibits was utility. The widely ramified uses of electricity, particularly for travel and communication and in domestic processes; the elaborate but economical processes of manufacture and mining; the endless variety of tools and instruments of precision; the control and transmission of steam and electrical power; the array of devices for facilitating business or insuring personal safety, were among the things which bulked largest in the exhibition halls. Not everything was insistently utilitarian, however. One of the striking impressions made by the industrial exhibits was the extent to which

objects of utility, notably textiles and articles of domestic use, were receiving artistic forms even where the cost was small. Some of the exhibits of pottery and gold and silver work were very rich, and there was a small but choice display of book-bindings and an alluring book-shop.

The Federal Government, though contributing largely to the collections, had no building of its own, but scattered its numerous departmental exhibits throughout the Exposition halls and grounds. Never has the scientific and educational work of the Government, and its widespread activities in agriculture, irrigation, public health and safety, and the protection and encouragement of industry and commerce, been so amply and instructively displayed. Here, as elsewhere, extensive use was made of pictures, charts, and models, the finest example of the last being a model of the Isthmus of Panama and the Canal. The anthropological exhibit was beyond praise. The educational exhibits proper, generously representative of State and city school systems, were an informing illustration of the diversified range and practical spirit of the modern school curriculum. Several religious sects prepared exhibits showing their material activities in missionary and educational lines, from tracts and pictures to railway chapel coaches; the enormous growth of organized philanthropy and schemes of social betterment was set forth in pictures, diagrams, and models; while for those whose spiritual longings, attuned to the dominant note of the whole Exposition, demanded ampler fields, there were literary offerings in Christian Science, theosophy, and "new thought" of several strains.

The war, as was to be expected, narrowed the range of foreign exhibits; nevertheless twenty-two foreign Governments were represented by buildings, Great Britain and Germany being the two most prominent exceptions, while thirty-one Governments altogether were represented either by buildings or by exhibits in the great departmental halls, or by both. As a whole, the foreign displays made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. Selection here, like comparison, can hardly be made without injustice, yet the most casual visitor could not fail to be struck by the exquisite beauty of the collection of fabrics, metal work, tapestries, and paintings sent by the Government of France, and housed in a building which reproduced the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur; the brilliant richness and variety of the Chinese and Japanese exhibits (the former, indeed, rather outshining the latter), both grouped in one of the main buildings; the solid industrial and commercial quality of the Netherlandish and Swedish offerings; or the economic and educational development shown in Argentina and Brazil. Germany, participating unofficially, caught the spirit of the Exposition with characteristic exactitude and thoroughness, sending a small but choice exhibit of its latest products in chemicals, dyestuffs, and photographic devices, and a specimen of mesothorium, one of the newest derivatives of radium, valued at $300,000. As a skilful advertisement of a country's resources, however, the admirably housed Canadian exhibit must receive the first place, as the crowds which thronged it eloquently testified. The State and Territorial buildings, twenty-eight in number, with Massachusetts holding the place of honor at the head of the Avenue of Nations, were for the most part used only as social centres; but California in addition assembled a display of fruits and flowers which was a veritable orgy of richness and color.

In the great wealth of musical offerings which the managers of the Exposition provided, the most significant was the visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. San Francisco has never lacked good musicians, nor orchestral and ensemble organizations; and it has also done something to develop the resources of the orchestra for performances out of doors. But its instrumental performers, however great their ability, must seek a living mainly in the cafés, where music of a popular or highly modern sort naturally holds the chief place. In the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the music-lovers of California had, for the first time on their own soil, an opportunity to hear the works of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and Haydn played as they should be played, and by artists whose interpretations could not but be accepted as authoritative. The generous recognition of what was, to most who heard it, a revelation of the beauties of classical music and of the possibilities of chaste and dignified rendering, augurs much for the future of musical art on the Pacific Coast.

Very many of the travellers who journeyed to San Francisco went on also to the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego; and the briefest survey of this year of Western splendor would be incomplete if it failed to pay honor to the beauty and enterprise which the latter exposition displayed. Like the Grand Cañon of Arizona and the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, something of the comparative impression depended upon which was seen first. Yet it may well be doubted if any one who, whether in memory or in mere chronological sequence, exchanged the fogs and winds of San Francisco for the warmth and brightness of San Diego, will fail to recall the latter with peculiar satisfaction and delight. Where the northern Exposition was vast and overpowering, the southern was compassed and friendly. Where the artists of the one sought and attained an eager, passionate brilliancy, those of the other strove, with equal success, for restfulness, devotion, and quiet charm. The one voiced exuberance and revolt; the other, while no less joyous, was delicate and self-contained. Nowhere has the Spanish mission architecture been employed so successfully on so large a scale; while the landscape gardening, thanks in part to the superior artistic possibilities of the site—a high mesa overlooking the "Harbor of the Sun"—was distinctly richer and more fascinating than that at San Francisco.

One's residual impression of a great exposition is likely to be compounded of two somewhat diverse elements: the probable effect of the display upon those who participated in it, and its significance as a kind of cross-section of national or international culture. Both directly and incidentally, I think, the effect in this instance may very possibly turn out to be considerable. For one thing, the transcontinental journey, to far the larger proportion of the thousands who made it, was little less than a new discovery of America. The traveller to whom the only beauty worth seeing had thus far been the Alps, or Norway, or Greece, touched elbows with those to whom New England, or Ohio, or Kentucky had been almost the only known world; and to all alike the plains, the deserts, and the mountains revealed their wonders. Thousands made the journey, in whole or in large part, by automobile, and learned to their surprise that there were good roads, good hotels, cultivated people, and imposing scenery beyond the Mississippi. The novel types of architecture, the richness of a semi-tropical vegetation, the possibilities of life in the open air, and the picturesque reminders of a Spanish civilization indefinitely old, were full of suggestiveness for a more prosaic and formal East, as were the free, gracious, and hearty social ways of a cosmopolitan community. The distinctly educational character of most of the exhibits, with their emphasis upon that which was newest or most highly perfected, made in itself a strong appeal. It was worth while to have given, to some hundreds of thousands of the American people, an enlarged vision of their own country and of the world's life and interests; for without vision the people perish.

The cultural significance is less easy to appraise with certitude. With notable exceptions like those of France and China, the exhibits at San Francisco gave an overwhelming impression of practicality: a practicality which was, indeed, enhancing in every direction the physical comfort of life, and developing on every hand the resources of nature for the betterment of man; but an overpowering practicality, nevertheless. Yet it was a practicality set in marvellous external beauty, and opening everywhere to the sun and the air. Whether the imagination which seized upon the occasion as marking the dividing line between an old America and a new, and strove to symbolize the concept by a daring union of Oriental and Occidental ideas, will turn out to have been well grounded in the facts and tendencies of our national life, only time can show. Certain it is, however, that the San Francisco Exposition, in the whole scheme of its planning as well as in the details of its execution, has been a challenge to old forms, old methods, old standards, and old faiths. In Burke's phrase, it is the dissidence of dissent. One would fain hope that it may prove, to those who conceived it, as fruitful an inspiration to more permanent achievement as it is certain to remain, for those who saw it, a gracious memory.

Notes from Two Capitals

BRITISH CABINET CANARDS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

LONDON, October 6.

From time to time, *à propos de bottes*, there is a rush of rumor of dissentients in the Cabinet, pointing to its early break-up. It is an old habit, more active when a Liberal Ministry is in power than when the Conservative Leaders dwell in Downing Street. It was in exceptional force during the short-lived, troubled Ministry of Lord Rosebery. From the outset rumor most consistently buzzed round the head of Sir William Harcourt. Talking to a friend at a time when reports of his resignation were prodigally circumstantial, he likened his position to that of Louis XVI, practically a prisoner in the Tuileries after his attempted escape from Paris. Suspicious crowds of citizens and citoyennes formed the patriotic and pleasing custom of spending the night in watch and ward round the palace, from time to time insisting that the hapless King should show himself in testimony that he was actually on the premises. He accordingly turned up at the open window wearing the red cap of Liberty, with royally assumed geniality remarking, "Me voilà mes enfants." "At all hours of day and night," said Sir William, "I am called up by a News Agency man or an importunate reporter with inquiry whether it is true that I have resigned. All I can say is 'me voilà.'"

Two years ago there was a sudden—evidently an organized—outburst of rumor of revolt in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet. It was reported that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, following the classical precedent of the lion and the unicorn, were fighting for the crown. It was assumed, as a matter of fact, that "Asquith was going," all that remained in doubt being issue of the struggle between his energetic young friends for reversion of the Premiership. The story had its day, ran its course, faded into the nothingness from which it emerged, and is probably forgotten by its inventors. Within the last fortnight another plot against the Premier has been discovered. Again Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill are at the bottom of it. This repetition is proof of the lack of fertility in the minds of the class of politicians who circulate these fables. There must, however, be some variety in other particulars. This is accordingly provided by the assertion that Mr. Asquith is to be "shouldered out" (the phrase used by one authority) "on the question of conscription." An active section of his colleagues in the Cabinet, led by the two who apparently are now working together, is determined to break up the Government, leaving out Mr. Asquith, an avowed believer in the efficacy of voluntary enlistment, in the process of reconstruction.

This is, of course, sheer nonsense. The Prime Minister is not the sort of man to be shouldered out of any position in which it suits his purpose and inclination to remain. If any body of conspirators, obscure or otherwise, are bent upon undertaking the job, they would do well to go into training by attempting to shoulder Dungeness off the mainland. Apart from his slowly gained, now complete supremacy in the House of Commons, his popularity in the country, and his authority in the Chancelleries of Europe, no Premier has been stronger in the personal affection of his colleagues. That enviable position has been further strengthened by accession of recruits from the Opposition benches in both houses. During the fiercest heat of battle round the question of tariff reform and home rule, Mr. Asquith's interposition in debate was suffered with a courtesy in marked contrast with the reception accorded to some of his colleagues. Once, it is true, he was refused a hearing by a small body of extreme advocates of Law and Order, who, upon occasion, did not even spare their own leaders. The outbreak was so promptly and sharply subdued that it was never repeated.

Between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith there has through all the chances and changes of party warfare existed esteem born of mutual admiration of supreme capacity. This feeling, long existent, has naturally grown in the intimate relations of service to the State. In degree, the same feeling towards the Prime Minister exists on the part of Lord Lansdowne and other of his colleagues in the late Government who patriotically responded to the invitation addressed thirty years ago by Lord Randolph Churchill to Lord Hartington and his followers in the disruption of the Liberal host on the Home Rule question to "Come over and help us." The suggestion—rather, the affirmation—made that dissension within the Cabinet has reached a stage at which a break-up is not only inevitable but near at hand, is a gross insult to the statesmen who have been publicly named not only as contemplating but as scheming for such an event.

It is quite possible, indeed presumable, that there may be difference of opinion in the Cabinet on the question of national service for the army and voluntary enlistment. Such diversity will be found among any average score of men. To assume that therefore a Cabinet recently constructed with the avowed purpose of presenting to the enemy a closer, stronger front of national union is on the verge of disintegration is more than an unintelligent blunder. It is an unpatriotic crime, calculated to spread throughout Germany more joy than would follow on the sinking of a sister ship to the Lusitania.

It is probable that had Mr. Asquith chanced to see a circumstantial rumor of which the Speaker, when his attention was called to it, declared his ignorance, he would regard it with some measure of wistfulness. That Ministers tenaciously cling to office and its emoluments is a conviction cherished in some quarters. It certainly finds no confirmation in fact. Lord Rosebery, in one of the epigrams that sparkle in his speech, put the true situation in a sentence. "There are," he said, "two happy days in the life of a Prime Minister. One is when he receives the seals of office at the hands of his Sovereign; the other, welcomed with greater effusion, is when he sets forth to return them." Mr. Asquith has, with one exception, exceeded the length of the term of Premiership served by predecessors. Nor has he throughout enjoyed the comparative ease of normal times. At the commencement of his seventh year of servitude he found himself faced by the duties and responsibilities of a war beside which Armageddon was a skirmish. It is natural that he should sometimes yearn for the release that, after long conflict, came to the Happy Warrior, "his helmet now a hive for bees." But, like Pitt, till his work is done he will not seek it.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

It is a long stride, perhaps, back to the first term of Grover Cleveland, but it must be taken by whoever would scan the career of Robert Marion La Follette as a national character; for it was then that strangers in the gallery of the House of Representatives, after picking out Carlisle and Morrison, "Pig-Iron" Kelley, and "Sunset" Cox, would inquire: "Who is the little man with the smooth, round face and the shoe-brush hair?" When told that he was "Bob" La Follette, a new man from Wisconsin, whose wife was his law-partner, they were satisfied with a mere second glance at him. Another item was added to his descriptive list in the Fifty-first Congress, for McKinley made large use of him in framing the tariff bill, which carried their party down at the next election; and for ten years thereafter he did not emerge from the wreckage but once, when his neighbors sent him as a delegate to a Republican National Convention. But he had not been idle, by any means, in the intervals of a fair professional practice; for in 1900 he was elected Governor, and thus received a chance to launch the popular government propaganda which in due course landed him in the United States Senate.

To call the roll of La Follette's traits as his contemporaries see them would be to exhaust the "f's" in any ordinary type-font. He is a free-lance, a firebrand, a fighter, a faddist, a fanatic, a fatuous fault-finder, according to the critic you press for an opinion; some go further and—but why carry the catalogue to its end? Suffice it to say, that wherever he is, you may count on finding something drastic on the day's programme. He put Wisconsin on the State Socialist map alongside of California. According to his theory, there is no good reason why the State should not dip its finger into every activity in which its people feel an interest, from free education to accident insurance; and his favorite tactics in controversy are to proclaim his thesis and discover a sinister cause for every bit of opposition it encounters. If the railways charge higher rates than he approves, they have been able to do it by buying lawmakers and newspapers wholesale. If abuses exist in the American merchant marine, knock it on the head with an act of Congress so radical that half the steamship companies would rather go out of business forthwith than attempt to comply with the requirements imposed. The logic of this remedy is simplicity itself: the fewer shipping companies, the fewer are the abuses complained of. If any one has the temerity to suggest that this is like burning down the barn to get rid of the rats, silence his treason on the spot by asking him how much the corporations paid him for airing such an opinion!

Jesting aside, La Follette is a strong man and a useful one—in his place. He belongs in the pioneer class, but resents not being counted among the successful constructives, forgetting that, though Lincoln is the supreme hero of our later history, it was the long-despised agitators who hewed through a hardened public conscience the trail which he developed into a highway of freedom for all mankind. Without the agitators we might never have had a Lincoln; and it is for men like La Follette to prepare the ground on which less fiery though not less patriotic followers can put the social order of the future upon a firm foundation. But, because he cannot wait for the clock of opportunity to sound

the hour, many of his best projects have been brought forward prematurely and cut short at an immature stage.

It is no discredit to him to say that the ambition of his life is to be President, or to prophesy with entire confidence that he will never attain it. Though we may pass over his ultra views and his tactless way of bludgeoning his adversaries, we cannot ignore the fact that no man of his personality has ever risen to the first place in the republic. We have had Presidents short and tall, fat and lean, straight and stooping, hairy and bald, elegant and clumsy, handsome and ugly, gay and serene, scholarly and scant of learning, sociable and undemonstrative. But we have never had one who meets all approaches with an air of suspicion, or whose mind is so chained to his hobbies that he takes them to bed with him and gives them the chief seats at his table. La Follette, with all his redoubtable pioneer qualities, is the kind of companion who soon wears you out. You cannot escape from his regenerative schemes or his vocabulary of anathema without raising an impassable barrier between yourself and him; but the man whom the American people are willing to trust with the Presidency must be one who, however sincere a reformer, is able to detach himself from his ideals now and then long enough to bring a fresh eye to bear upon them in perspective. Even so intense and unjudicial a person as Theodore Roosevelt has this faculty, thanks to his native sense of humor.

Like others of his temperament, La Follette has no conception of how to care for his physical well-being. He runs his nervous system to the last limit of endurance, and then suffers a reaction, during which he is not himself in any sense, is hardly able to eat or sleep, and can do only a fraction of his normal stint of work, and that pretty badly. It is of one of these periods—which are accountable for much of the antagonism he has aroused in the Senate—that the story is told of his being moved actually to tears when a new member came up to him with hand outstretched and a friendly word of appreciation of his latest speech. Imagine so emotional a collapse in the White House!

TATTLER.

Correspondence.

THE "NATION'S" WAR RELIEF FUND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: I presume that many persons who, while not in a position to follow the lead of "O.," the writer of "A Word to the Moderately Rich," were deeply impressed by his letter, would be glad to make such response as they can to his suggestion. Of the ten subscriptions he called for, of $2,000 each, for the relief of the terrible distress in Europe, it appears that three have now been received by the *Nation* and one by the New York *Evening Post*, which reprinted "O.'s" letter. I trust that more will shortly come in and the list be completed. But that result may perhaps be made more certain if persons acting in the same spirit but not able to subscribe so large an amount are permitted to join in the undertaking. May I ask you to accept my subscription of $200, to serve as the first of ten which shall jointly count as a subscription of $2,000? And of course the more tens of the same kind the better. F. F.

New York, October 17.

ANOTHER GERMAN "FIND."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* of October 14 (p. 448) it is stated that

> It may be a great find that a semi-official organ of the German Government has made when it charges that the French Yellow Book suppressed the last two sentences of a passage sent by the British Ambassador at Petrograd to Sir Edward Grey, on July 24, 1914; but why the find should be exploited in that quarter is a little difficult to see. The Ambassador stated that it seemed to him "as if France and Russia had decided on firm resistance, even if we refuse to join them."

There cannot be much of a "find" on the part of the German Government in this respect because in a pamphlet issued under the authority of "his Majesty's stationery office" in London in 1914, on page 14, there is the telegram mentioned above from the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg to Sir Edward Grey, the last paragraph of which reads:

> It seems to me, from the language used by French Ambassador, that, even if we decline to join them, France and Russia are determined to make a strong stand.

The language is somewhat different from that quoted in your editorial article, but in substance it is the same. It can scarcely be contended that there was any concealment in this Ambassadorial statement, since it appears, as I say, in a pamphlet issued by the English Government in 1914, and sold for the sum of ten cents.

SAMUEL A. BOYLE.

Philadelphia, October 15.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S "COCKED HAT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: If Mr. Wilson had read the Biglow Papers, he would probably not have written the letter in which he expressed the hope that Mr. Bryan might be knocked into a cocked hat. This is what Hosea Biglow has to say on the subject (p. 109—edition of 1892): "Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat was to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance for the cheef madgustracy." A. L. PINCOFFS.

New York, October 15.

ALOHA, THEN BANZAI!

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Wednesday, September 29, may be said to have marked the closing of an era in the transportation history of Honolulu. On that date the last steamer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company scheduled to call here, the S. S. Manchuria, sailed for San Francisco. With her departure transpacific shipping under the American flag via Hawaii terminated. The Mongolia, of the Pacific Mail Line, now in the Orient, will return to San Francisco direct from Yokohama by the Great Circle route.

The passing of the last ship of a great company was by no means unattended in Honolulu. A crowd of at least 1,000—described in the afternoon newspaper as an "immense throng"—gathered at the Alakea pier to bid a last good-by to ship, crew, and passengers. Flags of many nations waved from the dock, and Hawaiian leis of carnations, yellow ginger, and vari-colored crêpe papers were profusely scattered among officers and passengers. On the bridge with Capt. Andrew Dixon was a large wreath, on which was the inscription, "Aloha, 1915, After Sixty Years," the gift of the local Chamber of Commerce and promotion committee.

Mother Nature, as though to insure a favorable last impression for the "Paradise of the Pacific," provided a blue sky overhead, but in the air was that fine mist, blowing from clouds above mountain-tops afar, which here is called "liquid sunshine."

The Hawaiian Band, of native musicians—once the Royal Hawaiian Band—which has played at countless steamer sailings, was on the wharf. On the Manchuria were 124 German refugees, mostly women and children, and from respect to them "Die Wacht am Rhein" was played. The hackneyed strains of "Tipperary" and "On the Beach at Waikiki" were then employed to evoke a few more tears from other nationalities represented. As the last farewells were voiced and the handkerchief-waving began, the brown musicians played, with an intense fervency, the famous "Aloha Oe" (Farewell to Thee), which was followed by "Hawaii Ponoi," the unforgettable Hawaiian national anthem, and, finally, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Of the sobs that were "choked," of the sighs that were "stifled," of the lips that "quivered," as the big boat backed into the bay, little need be said. It is enough that the manifestations of deep regret were everywhere visible. A wrinkled old lei vender stared at a few wooden boxes and pieces of rubbish floating by the pier and muttered "Pau" (through). Many voiced their sentiments in such words as "Shame," "Crime," and "Awful mistake."

It is certain, too, that in some of those present the last deep siren of the Manchuria's whistle provoked thoughts, not of the glorious past of the American merchant marine on the Pacific; nor of the painful present, when the Stars and Stripes is sailing away to other seas; but of an ominous future when traffic to the Orient may be monopolized by lines called "Kaishas" and steamships called "Marus."

And, while the attention still lingers on the irony of circumstances which make it necessary for the little brown men of Nippon to transport our persons, our freights, and our mails, dispatches from the Orient arrive that portend the strengthening of Japanese control in the Pacific.

The *Osaka Shoshen Kaisha* announced, on September 30, that two new liners will be placed on the run between San Francisco and the Orient via Honolulu. These, the Panama Maru and the Seattle Maru, have a tonnage of 6,000 each. They were designed for the Puget Sound-Japan run. Freight rates will be $1 per ton higher than the rate which at present obtains.

On the same day the directors of the Mitsu Company gave out the information that they will operate tramp steamers from Yokohama and Kobe to Honolulu and San Francisco, carrying freight at an increase of $1.50 per ton.

At the same time the established line on the semi-tropical route—the Toyo Kisen Kaisha—is declared to have increased its fleet by the purchase of three liners, in addition to the Persia, which was recently secured from the Pacific Mail Company, making a fleet of eight. An increased freight rate is, of course, in order. A new T. K. K. dock will be built in San Francisco at once.

Apparently, the existent freight and passenger congestion on the Pacific is to be alleviated. Reports have been circulated concerning a Chinese line and a new American line. As yet no definite announcement has been made. Seemingly "banzais" are in order.

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

Honolulu, T. H., October 1.

EXTERMINATED ARMENIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At this time of awful crisis in the history of unhappy Armenia, we, the Committee of the Women's Armenian Relief Fund, feel impelled to appeal to all Christendom for sympathy with Armenia's matchless wrongs and for offers of help to her people. It is time surely that all civilized nations, especially all neutral nations, should protest in the name of humanity against the latest and most infamous crimes yet committed by Turkey upon her defenceless Armenian subjects.

The thick curtain of oblivion and silence which has enshrouded Armenia since Turkey declared war upon the Allies has been at last partially lifted and we have caught certain glimpses of unrecordable horrors; of systematically planned massacres of all Armenians in the Six Vilayets, involving the total extermination of the nation; of their deportation to desert regions where they must inevitably perish by starvation, and of the appropriation of their lands by Moslems.

All friends of the Armenian people must to-day be full of indignation, full of sorrow. We, old friends of the cause, must especially sorrow for the present ruthless shattering of all our plans and hopes and work. But we can do more than sorrow, we can and we do most solemnly protest, and we can and do hold Turkey and Germany responsible for this last and greatest crime upon humanity. To-day we send to every part of the world where Armenians have sought asylum our true, deep, fraternal sympathy, together with our vow that, so far as in us lies, individually or collectively, we will see to it that freedom, justice, and full political rights be insured to the Armenian nation in the final settlement which must follow the great European war.

Madeleine Cole,
Hon. Treasurer, the Women's Armenian Relief Fund.

Danehurst, Putney, England, September 30.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The tone of the so-called replies to my letter in the *Nation* of September 16 makes a rejoinder expedient. Mr. Bancroft cheerfully claims me as a catspaw and an unquestioning disciple. This I as cheerfully repudiate. Mr. Hart, in turn, accepts Mr. Bancroft's claim of me, and on his own score ascribes to me an expression as to ring and boss rule which I have never uttered or endorsed. He then lines me up in the detective squad to which he pays vigorous compliments.

My career as a detective has been brief, modest, and unconscious. Its one episode was an inquiry to the secretary of the Association asking for any documents which might show the official relation between the Association and the *American Historical Review*. I had no thought then, and do not now believe, that any of the officials desired to keep such data secret. The burden of the secretary's original and preliminary reply was as stated in my former letter to the *Nation*. Since then he has found and sent me three items which give some light, though not as much as could be wished. The first of these is a circular issued on October 1, 1898, by a committee of the Council notifying the members of the Association that at the approaching December meeting proposals would be considered for an official connection between the Association and the *Review*. The second is a note from the minutes of the Board of Editors, which, in lieu of the missing minutes of the Association, may be taken as recording the action of the December meeting. The third is an account of the transactions of that meeting, written by Mr. Hart, and published in *Book Reviews* for February, 1899. In the committee's circular the following are the passages pertinent to our discussion:

As standing for the historical scholarship of the country, the *Review* must have behind it some recognized organization which should have authority to determine its character and to which the editors should be responsible. After a most careful consideration it seemed to the editors, and to all whom they consulted, that the future success of the *Review* depended upon its adoption by the American Historical Association. As the general organization of those especially interested in history, both in the United States and Canada, the Association, by adopting the *Review*, would give it a standing and authorization not otherwise to be obtained. At the same time the relation of the *Review* to the Association as its official organ would at once remove the difficulty of a sufficient constituency and place the enterprise upon a permanent and secure foundation. On the other hand, it seemed a proper and suitable function for the Association to act as a sponsor for such a publication and to guarantee its success. In view of these considerations the Board of Editors presented to the Council of the Association a proposition for the adoption of the *Review*. After a full discussion at the meeting in Cleveland last December, it seemed to the Council that so important a question should be submitted to a general vote of the Association.

The note from the minutes of the Board of Editors recites that at the Association's meeting in December, 1898, the following arrangement, prepared by the Board, was adopted:

(1.) The Association to pay to the publishers $2 for each number. (2.) In return therefor a copy of the *Review* to be sent to each member. (3.) The Council to have the right to fill vacancies in the Board of Editors. (4.) This arrangement to be terminable at any time on one year's notice from the Association or from the publishers or from the Board of Editors.

Mr. Hart wrote in his contemporary account: "Perhaps the most important work of the meeting was the ratifying of an agreement drafted by the Council on one side, and upon the other by the editors of the *American Historical Review*." He then specified the terms of the agreement substantially as given in the preceding paragraph, and concluded with an interpretation of the agreement, as follows: "The result is that the *Review* will be continued on the same lines as before and in much the same hands. It does not become the organ of the Association, and is subject to no instructions, except through the process of replacing editors who may fail to satisfy the Council of the Association, as their terms expire."

Thus the Association's committee in charge of the business declared to the members before the event that the agreement formulated was to make the *Review* the Association's organ; while Mr. Hart, who was then one of the editors, asserted after the event that the same agreement when adopted left the *Review* in no sense the Association's organ. It may be, in spite of the contrary suggestions of the documents, that the terms of the agreement underwent a change between October and December. It may be, on the other hand, that the conflict of interpretations now active is but a revival of one which then prevailed.

Of all this the younger generation has grown up in ignorance. We have accepted the tradition of the ownership of the *Review* by the Association as a matter of course, and have been perhaps improperly startled at the contrary claim. But even if the question of ownership by the editors be conceded, for the occasion, the present problem of readjustment is changed only in its details. In such case, the editors are fully entitled to expend the funds of the *Review* at their discretion; and but two points remain to be noted. The first is that the editors would have done well to end the controversy at its inception last year by citing the documents and proving their ownership, if they could. The second is that if the editors are the owners and are accordingly in commercial relations with the Association, they ought not to be members of the Association's Executive Council. Interlocking directorates are nowadays deservedly unpopular. I for one shall be quite content if the *Review* be made indisputably the property of the Association, in which case the question of personnel may perhaps be somewhat easily settled, or if the *Review* be officially declared the property of the editors and the personnel of the Board be separated from that of the Association's Executive Council.

My original purpose in entering this discussion was to promote expedient changes in the spirit of the utmost good will. There is nothing but expediency, and perhaps a little propriety, involved; and there is no occasion whatever for epithets. If the discussion continues on the level of a dispute it will of itself defeat the end of expediency and will do positive harm to the Association whose improvement must be the common aim of us all. Let us forget one another's past indiscretions and pull together.

Ulrich B. Phillips.

Ann Arbor, October 12.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the charges made by the gentlemen who regard themselves as reformers in the affairs of the American Historical Association is one which asserts with considerable directness that the councillors of that Association and the editors of the *American Historical Review* have misappropriated both power and funds belonging of right to the American Historical Association. This being the case, one would suppose that these gentlemen would be specially scrupulous in the use of their own power and position, lest they appear to fall into the same sin that they castigate. Yet in a recent circular directed to certain "reformers" Dr. Dunbar Rowland, who is this year President of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, signs himself in his official position, thus tending to create an impression that the Mississippi Valley Historical Association has a right or interest in the affairs of the sister institution.

It is of course proper for Dr. Dunbar Rowland to express himself in any manner allowed among gentlemen; but for him to address the public or his allies in his official position in this matter appears to constitute a lack of taste grievous in a reformer.

Frederic L. Paxson.

Madison, Wis., October 10.

RUGGERO FAURO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To the list of the young men of letters who have fallen in the great European war, and who have been commemorated in your columns, I beg to add another name, that of Ruggero Fauro.

He was the author of a book on Triest which I reviewed with a number of others in

the *Nation* of April 29. When, in the preparation of this review, I called on him to discuss certain questions regarding Italia Irredenta, expecting to find in the author of such a book a man of mature years, I was astonished when I was received by a youth of barely twenty-three. In this, and the one other interview I had with him, I received a lasting impression of a mind of exceptional fineness and culture; of a character of which the enthusiasm was not a mere sentiment, but also the outgrowth of profound conviction; of the modesty and refinement of manners that best adorn such qualities; and of a strangely winning charm that now makes me mourn him as a friend.

He was born in Triest the 16th of February, 1892. After a preparation in the Liceo Dante of his native city he entered the University of Gratz, whence after a year, answering the call of the ancient Latin mother, he went to Rome in the spring of 1911, and at the University of Rome received his degree in letters, presenting a brilliant thesis on the poet Martial which will soon be published by his friends. The year of his going to Rome saw also the birth of the Nationalist party, to which he at once attached himself, and to whose journal, the *Idea Nazionale,* he was a constant contributor until the call to arms. In August, 1914, he was in Triest, but fled to Italy with an elder brother to avoid service, which to him would have been servitude, in an Austrian army.

When Italy declared war against Austria he at once enlisted as a volunteer common soldier, but with such uncommon qualities of mind and character, and having had a good military training as an Austrian recruit, he was soon promoted to a lieutenancy. At his own request he was transferred to the Alpine troops, went with them to the front, and in such worthy company, on the morning of September 14, fell in the foremost of a victorious charge.

O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti,
Haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert,
Cum tamen ingentes Rutulorum linquis acervos.

HOMER EDMISTON.

Milan, October 3.

"HOLDING BACK WHEAT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. James B. Latimer, in his article, "Holding Back Wheat" (*Nation,* September 16), offers, as a pertinent cause of the unusual activity among the farmers in stacking and holding their wheat off the market, the war and resulting prospective high prices. I, too, during the past sixty days have not only travelled, but have also stopped in "the richest part of the Nebraska winter wheat belt," and I can say without fear of successful contradiction that the prime reason for holding back wheat among the farmers is the fact that the entire season has been so wet that the wheat is not in a condition fit for threshing, and those even who have succeeded in getting their wheat threshed have not been able to market it, because the elevators are consistently refusing to take it in the condition in which it comes from the threshing machine. Even the few loads of grain which to my knowledge were taken were received at the elevator at a discount of from ten to fifteen cents per bushel below quotations for No. 2 grain. Nearly all Nebraskan grain will grade about No. 4 in quality, by reason of the excessive rainfall during the summer season. HOWARD O. COALE.

Tulare, Cal., September 23.

Literature

MATTER FOR STRIKING COMPARISONS.

The Industrial History of Modern England. By G. H. Perris. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

The author of this work belongs to the impressionist school. He gives us as much of himself as he does of his subject; but we like him none the less for that. Most of the great historians have had their preconceptions, and none of these are less likely to lead the world astray than those of Mr. Perris. He is a sentimentalist; in other words, a radical liberal. Yet he is widely read in his subject, discriminates nicely in presenting his facts, writes exceptionally good English, and aims to be perfectly fair. He contributes little that is new, but vitalizes much that is unknown to the general reader. His subject is one that is now commanding the attention of the whole world.

When George III came to the throne, England was far behind Western Europe in many of the elements of civilization. Country life was isolated and stagnant. The towns were ill-built, insanitary, and ill-governed. Transport and travel were hardly better than in the later Roman Empire. The industrial arts were little developed; coal, iron, and steel were known, but little used. Within two generations these conditions were transformed. The conjunction of three main factors was necessary to this radical transformation—surplus capital, surplus labor, a new market. We are too apt to ascribe the change to Kay and Arkwright, Watt and Stephenson. As a matter of fact, the inventors were the servants, not the masters, of the moving forces of the industrial revolution. Mr. Perris is undoubtedly right in saying that whenever the three major factors just mentioned come together, the lesser conditions, such as invention, better communications, and a favorable state policy, will appear. It is not impossible to imagine a conjunction of the three factors which would proceed amicably, regularly, with little pain, to the general advantage. But, declares our author, few if any of the great economic changes known to history answer to that description; and what began to happen at the end of the eighteenth century in England is as far as possible from deserving it. The tale of the last hundred years is the tale of expansion, not along a straight, smooth path, but by violent oscillations, involving larger and larger numbers of people, bringing pure gain to few, pure loss to many, a mingling of gain and loss, in which it is hard to strike a balance, to most.

Such is Mr. Perris's theme—clearly defined, essentially modern, romantic rather than classic. His development of it is skilful. From the great amount of illustrative material at his command he selects enough to enlighten but not enough to weary the reader. His omissions are occasionally significant, if you are master enough of the subject to note them, and captious enough to care for them.

At the beginning of the great war, in 1793, the army and navy counted together scarcely a hundred thousand men; before its close, England was maintaining nearly a million men under arms, probably a fifth of the entire adult population, and was carrying a burden of expenditure and debt for which previous history could afford no parallel. Our author speaks of Pitt as the man who had five times raised the taxes on spirits and tea, who had taxed glass till the windows were built up, who had taxed sugar and salt, timber, bricks, tiles, stone, and slate, hats and hair-powder, sea-insurance and convoys, horses and dogs, parcels by coach and canal, clocks and watches, newspapers and advertisements, houses and the servants in them, and who had failed only in his efforts to tax gloves and mittens, the registration of births and marriages, and the modest handmaiden of the middle class. "Never have the possibilities of tax-gathering been so luridly illustrated." The only merit of this finance, in Mr. Perris's judgment, was that it hit everybody; "and Pitt's progressive income tax covers a multitude of sins." In May, 1803, England declared war against France, and there was no more peace till Waterloo. In 1806 Napoleon issued the "Berlin decrees"; at the opening of 1807 Great Britain replied with the "Orders in Council"; the latter eventuated in war with the United States in 1812.

In such circumstances was modern British industrialism born. The times were, in essentials, so much like our own that we instinctively turn to them for light on the future. During those years mankind underwent a great change, perhaps the greatest in all history. It began to lose its immobility. Henceforth men would no longer be isolated units in productive activity, but would work in large aggregates and thus gain for labor a constantly increasing power of political and economic bargaining. A year ago, like a thief in the night, came to pass a political situation throughout the world even more momentous than that occasioned by the rise of the first Napoleon, the economic consequences of which are likely to surpass in importance anything witnessed in the last hundred years at least. How close in many particulars is the resemblance of these days to those—in the increase in the number of men in arms, in the growth of the national debt, in the rise in taxation! Mr. Perris completed the work before us just prior to the outbreak of the present war, but, quite unconscious of what he was doing, has given us material for striking a balance for ourselves between these times and those of the Napoleonic wars.

Naturally we turn with eagerness to the description of the years following the declaration of peace. A melancholy account it is. People were astounded that peace did not bring immediate prosperity with it. They

would have been still more astounded, says Mr. Perris, if they could have looked forward over the next thirty years. It is difficult, he adds, even now to imagine the utter exhaustion and derangement produced by twenty years of warfare coinciding with radical economic reform. It must be remembered, however, in comparing those days with these, that much of the misery then rampant may be traced to circumstances which have had no counterpart in recent years—radical transformation in the methods of production, a favored agriculture, a vicious tariff, enclosure of the commons, suspension of specie payments in 1797 and resumption after the war, imperfect means of transportation and communication, decline in the world production of both gold and silver, to mention only a few things at random.

Though the present war has given a rare timeliness to Mr. Perris's account of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the most permanently valuable portion of his work is that comprised in the last two chapters, entitled The Awakening and The New Age. In the one he treats of the change in the popular mind from the notion of *laissez-faire* to that of state action for the protection of workers and the community at large; in the other, of the social legislation since 1906. These two chapters embrace innovations fully as great and far-reaching as any of the last century, and perhaps as great as any in the whole social and industrial experience of Great Britain. In the space at the reviewer's command it would be impossible to recapitulate them with any satisfaction to the reader. They come at the end of a feast already over-bountiful, like the best wine that is brought out last.

CURRENT FICTION.

Duke Jones. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

In "Promise" and "Le Gentleman" Miss Sidgwick took her place on even terms with the most promising of her contemporaries, Messrs. Walpole, Cannan, Mackenzie, and Onions. In her work, as in theirs, the influence of that slightly older school, headed by Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy, was patent. Youth was her theme, youth insurgent, or unfailingly dominant: prevailing in love and in art. And for all her election of poise and aplomb, of an intellect detached and a humor extra dry, sensibility was what gave color to her atmosphere. She is as quiveringly alive to suffering as Charlotte Brontë was—as eager in the quest of an ever-eluding happiness. Unluckily, she is slave to a mode already passing, a style allusive, finicking, beside which the nervous Brontëan structure appears fairly massive. After Meredith and James, we ought perhaps to stop asking that the men and women of fiction be permitted to speak as men and women might, and not as their authors do. Miss Sidgwick's dialogue is so relentlessly brilliant, her Ingestres and Shovells are so unanimously witty and subtle, that it is a relief indeed to fall back upon the faithful inarticulate Jones. We are not sure that he is any more real than Charles Shovell or Sir Claude Ashwin, but we have a strong feeling that he is more accurately reported. All these clever people are a good foil for him, at all events; and perhaps that was the main thing Miss Sidgwick was "after."

For Marmaduke Jones is a negation of the genius, or brilliant talent, or social perfection, with which Miss Sidgwick is commonly preoccupied. Reduced to bare terms, he is that ancient prop of romance, nature's nobleman—who, by virtue of his rarity, is at least as good as any other nobleman. All of these elect and clever people are to be beaten at their own vaunted game of gentleness and fineness and knightly service by Jones, the insufficiently born, the homely, the dull of speech. Just what there is about him to attract the interest of our young pair, the Shovells, in their honeymoon hour, is not made quite clear: unless it is his reverent if undisguised admiration of the young bride. At all events, he is there, at her elbow, and is there to fall a selfless, devoted victim to her bridal charm. For her sake he gives his life to hapless Lisette—Lisette, whose youthful glory has, in spite of Jones, been so meaninglessly thrown away. She has been casually "betrayed," and the blow, despite her superb health of body and hopeful shallowness of mind, has gone home. Miss Sidgwick's summing-up of the cause of her death, a year or two after she has reached apparent harbor as the wife of the good Jones, is characteristic in its delicate conclusiveness: "Howsoever it may be, Goldsmith, a man of genius and of heart, though sadly out of Honoria's period, came nearer to the final truth of Lisette than Honoria and her up-to-date authorities. She died for want of that little personal genius of hers, that had been so ruthlessly snatched away."

Some Women and Timothy. By H. B. Somerville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Timothy is not a guttersnipe charming the ladies, or a yokel Lothario, as one might guess from the title. He is an English lord of quixotic temper, poor but not fortune-hunting, susceptible but not a rake. Being jilted, he has fled to Canada with his broken heart. After two years he returns heart-whole and unconsciously ready for further adventure. He finds his younger brother entangled with a young widow from whom he is trying to free himself, but who holds him to his promise of marriage by means of the usual machinery of letters. Timothy offers to decoy her away, and during the process falls in love with her on his own account. The events which follow are of whimsical and not too preposterous sort. The widow frees the brother, but refuses Timothy, and thereafter shows herself a lady of the most fastidious delicacy. Various other women complicate the situation, particularly the one who has jilted him (and whose married happiness he now secures), and a maiden aunt of extreme wealth and bad manners (who ponies up satisfactorily in the end). The latter plays the traditional part of the dowager by trying to buy off the widow. Not unimportant links in the bond which is gradually formed between Timothy and his lady are a boy and a dog and a white kitten, whose function it is to bring out the lovable aspects of the pair, to their mutual edification.

Marie Tarnowska. By A. Vivanti Chartres. With an Introductory Letter by L. M. Bossu Bossi, of the University of Genoa. New York: The Century Co.

Mrs. Chartres is poet, playwright, and novelist, in three languages. "Who's Who" records that she published in 1912 "Le Roman de Maria Tarnowska." Nowhere, either in the three-fold introduction to the present work or in the long circular of information given out by the publisher, is there any suggestion as to the relation of the two books. The present narrative purports to to be not a romance, but a confession. Mrs. Chartres visited the Countess Marie in the penitentiary at Trani, and learned her story from her own lips, and was thereupon "moved by the puissant impulse of art, which takes no heed of learned theory or ethical code, to narrate in these pages the profound impression made upon me by that tragic personality, by the story of that broken life." However, it appears that Professor Bossi suggested the possibility of the book, to begin with, his interest in the Countess Marie being based upon the conviction that her career was determined by "morbid physical condition" rather than by depravity.

This fact is not brought out, or even clearly indicated, in the present narrative. It is, in her handling, a bit of literature rather than that bare "human document" which she has perhaps intended to produce. From the beginning her touch is emotional and fanciful. She reads the Countess's prison note-book: "Alas . . . in what school of horror had she learned the lesson traced on these pages by her slim, white hand—the fair patrician hand which had known the weight of many jewels, the thrill of many caresses, and was now held fast in the merciless grip of captivity." This is the court-memoir tone, the tone of sentimental admiration for a charming sinner, rather than of commiseration for a sick wretch—and it is the tone which prevails throughout this rendering of Marie Tarnowska's erotic or sordid or criminal experiences.

At seventeen she ran away with a handsome and vicious Russian nobleman, who married but debauched her. She was not fitted for maternity, and after the birth of her second child her health broke. Ill-used by her husband, she came into entangled relations with several other men. She became the mistress of one of them, a poor man, engaged herself to a second, a rich man, and conspired with the first lover to egg on a third lover to kill the second, who was as good and generous as he was rich.

Thus, in 1907, the death of Count Paul Kamarowsky was accomplished. Letters and telegrams were found: Kamarowsky had willed everything to the Countess Marie. She and her confederate were found guilty of inciting to murder and duly sentenced, the Countess to eight years' imprisonment. She has recently been pardoned to become a nurse in a Russian war hospital. Thus would seem to be disposed of the "appropriate medical treatment" by which Professor Bossi planned to restore her, on her release from prison, "to the complete sanity of moral well-being." In this book, certainly, she is not a pathological case, but a sensational subject for fiction.

AN UNREPENTANT CONSERVATIVE.

Subjects of the Day. By Earl Curzon of Kedleston. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

It has been the habit of English statesmen to turn from the cares of politics to the pursuit of a gentler art. From Sir Francis Bacon and that Thomas Smith to whom England was a commonwealth the line is long and it is honorable. Halifax and Montague have places there. When Sir William Temple could tear himself away from the building of diplomatic alliances and the fascinating dangers of cabinet-making he could write winningly of gardens. Bolingbroke and Burke are among the greatest of English publicists. Macaulay is still the most widely read of essayists. When Mr. Gladstone was not in the House of Commons he was defending the unity of Homer, or—and here he was no mean scholar—editing with loving care the works of Bishop Butler. Disraeli's novels are still the best picture of the society of their time. In our own day Mr. Birrell's delicately facile pen has added a new word to the English language. Lord Morley and Lord Bryce are probably the most distinguished of living English men of letters. Lord Haldane is among the most profound as Mr. Balfour is among the most whimsical of contemporary philosophers. Mr. Churchill has written one of the half-dozen best biographies in the language. Lord Rosebery is the modern arbiter of literary elegance. Here, truly, is a splendid tradition.

Lord Curzon has just published an interesting volume in which the same attitude of mind is manifest. There have been collected a number of his speeches on India, the Empire, domestic affairs, on contemporaries who were his friends, which show an astonishing variety of powers and breadth of interest. The book is welcome not so much for the intrinsic merit of its contents—Lord Curzon would be the first to admit that this must be largely ephemeral—as for the valuable indication it gives of an attitude to political affairs which is of especial importance if only because of its increasing rarity.

Lord Curzon is the leader of that section of English statesmen who may without injustice be called unrepentant Conservatives. They view novelty with distrust; change is the original sin. He is foremost in asserting, despite the lesson of 1861, that the Lords can touch money bills; he led that pathetic charge of the Die-Hards against the famous budget of 1909. It was "immoral," and "unsound"; taxation, he urges, cannot mitigate the consequences of poverty. The bill must mean plunder of and danger to property. In fact, Lord Curzon uses with skill and eloquence the same type of argument that was used against the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Corn Laws in 1846. He presents the complete gospel of the inherent rights of a traditional nobility.

Not less characteristic is his attitude to his Indian career. He was sent out to India to govern, and govern he did. There is no hint of a conception of India as a unity, as a country that may one day hope for the priceless boon of self-government—an ideal always implicit in Lord Morley's speeches. Lord Curzon is a believer in the child-nation theory and is firmly convinced of the virtues of political tutelage. It is an interesting sidelight on his essentially governmental mind that to him the great viceroys are Clive and Dalhousie—men who are perhaps more distasteful to the Indians than any other Governors-General. It is the quintessence of the bureaucratic ideal Lord Curzon here expresses, the ideal of a civil service well-equipped, unselfish, sincere, hard-working, doing everything that the people require. We are reminded of a dictum of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that self-government is better than good government.

Much the best part of the volume is that devoted to personal tributes. What Lord Curzon has here to say is always well and gracefully said. He has not, indeed, anything of the verve and breadth which make the kindred essays of Lord Bryce so incomparable; but undoubtedly he adds to our knowledge of men like George Wyndham and Alfred Lyttleton, who were among the most lovable figures of our time. And nothing said of Lord Roberts by others so admirably depicts the qualities of that great soldier. His tribute to Sir William Anson is incomplete, inasmuch as it misses not the least important aspect of that Oxonian, Sir Roger de Coverley—his immense generosity to his juniors. There are not a few of the younger scholars of our generation who have benefited by his kindly wisdom.

No one can fail to be struck by the ease with which Lord Curzon can speak on a variety of topics. His oratory extends from the connection between poverty in literature to national pessimism and the black-smoke nuisance (things in England at least not entirely unrelated). He is perhaps at his best when he writes of the Eton and Balliol of which he is so typical a product. He was at Oxford in the days when the great Jowett was training half the rulers of England; and something of the master's impress (perhaps also a little of his benevolent ponderousness) is written deep on his pupil.

Lord Curzon is one of the most important representatives of those proconsuls whom it has been the peculiar genius of Great Britain and Rome to produce. Nothing is so valuable in the understanding of their imperial development as an insight into the thought of those who have guided that growth. If Lord Curzon seems to have in mind an England it is difficult now to envisage, if he takes his stand a little bitterly and defiantly on the ancient ways, fourteen years in India are an adequate explanation. Even if his ideals pass away and the Empire he cherishes so deeply is transformed, the sincerity of this volume gives us the assurance that Lord Curzon will spare no effort to postpone the onset of that evil day.

It remains to be said that the volume has an interesting preface by Lord Cromer.

THE WRITING OF STATE HISTORIES.

A History of Indiana from Its Exploration to 1850. By Logan Esarey. Indianapolis: W. K. Stewart Co. $3.

It is one of the peculiarities resulting from the uneven and inadequate exploitation of the field of State history that the narratives of certain of the Western commonwealths have been more fully, interestingly, and accurately told than any of those of the East. There is no single study of an Eastern State so good, for example, as McElroy's "Kentucky in the Making of the Nation"; the history of none has been so picturesquely detailed as that of California written by H. H. Bancroft and Josiah Royce. Eastern historians have been concerned rather with the relations of State to national and European history, and have avoided the more limited field; while the detached West has naturally produced more writers interested in the development of indigenous institutions. Even the encylical histories of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Jersey, produced by boards thought to be versed in their subject, must appear strikingly deficient in historical method when compared with so painstaking a piece of work as that now in preparation upon Illinois. It is but just to say that Eastern State history is the more complex, and that certain special studies, as Charles Francis Adams's "Three Episodes in Massachusetts History" and McCrady's "South Carolina in the Revolution," have hardly been equalled.

Mr. Esarey's volume is one of the best examples of State history as it ought to be written. The task of the historian in Indiana is even more difficult than in most States, from the fact that there is no considerable collection of historical materials to draw upon. The documentary sources of many commonwealths have been published, but since a short-sighted Legislature half a century ago prevented John B. Dillon from organizing them and from giving Indiana a State library to be proud of, Indiana has been consistently remiss in its attention to such matters. The most important sources, the Indiana State Publications, have not

been issued in anything approaching chronological order, and have not been indexed. The Indiana Legislative Records are like those of half the other States: the dates on the back inaccurate, the pagination confused, and the indexes imperfect. As for secondary authorities, J. B. Dunn's excellent volume in the American Commonwealth series is frankly sketchy on the political and military side, and as a social and economic history is preoccupied with the early struggle over slavery and the later fight against pro-slavery sentiment; John Dillon's scholarly work was—again through legislative narrowness—brought down only to 1816, and the work of Goodrich and others is negligible. But Mr. Esarey, whose previous studies on State Banking and Internal Improvements in Indiana have familiarized him with two difficult aspects of its history, has searched every possible source of information, made the closest study of newspapers and manuscripts, and painstakingly verified even statements hitherto unquestioningly accepted. His bibliography contains over three hundred items. The result is a record, brought down to the disappearance of the Whig party and the rise of the Republican, the definitiveness of which is unlikely to be questioned. It is to be hoped that we may some day realize such a history for every State in the Union, supplemented by detailed studies of important topics.

The first divisions of the book, dealing with the French and British occupations of Indiana Territory, are covered rapidly but adequately, as is the story of the Indian wars of the Revolution and the exploits of George Rogers Clark. It is with the period following 1783 that the reader becomes cognizant of several deficiencies. The writer fails to mention, much less discuss, the Spanish policy of fomenting Indian attacks in all the Western territory of the United States before 1795—felt in Indiana only less than in Kentucky; and he has nothing to say of the Spanish closure of the Mississippi as it affected southern Indiana's Ohio trade, or, indeed, of any of the matters treated in Green's "Spanish Conspiracy" and Ogg's "Opening of the Mississippi." This is in spite of the fact that Mr. Esarey discusses fully the stamping of French policy and personality upon the early Northwest, and those sinister British influences which were felt from across the Canadian border until long after the War of 1812. His account of the first Governorship under the Ordinance of 1787 does full justice to the firmness and ability of a man who was unfortunate in many undertakings—Arthur St. Clair. But that important episode in which St. Clair established the almost dictatorial power of the Territorial Governor—his controversy with Judges Varnum and Parsons—is not mentioned by Mr. Esarey. It will be remembered that the ordinance vested the legislative powers in the "Governor and judges, or a majority of them." The judges attempted in 1788 to interpret this as meaning that they, if all three agreed, could enact laws without the Governor's sanction, and were at once and emphatically told that this belief was untenable. "Congress thought," wrote St. Clair, "there would be an impropriety in leaving the adoption of the laws by which the people of the district were for a time to be governed to the persons who were to expound them; much greater, however, would that impropriety be if the clause of the ordinance goes not only to the adoption, but to the formation of laws. The judges would in that case be complete legislators, which is the very definition of tyranny." Nor is sufficient space given to the development of the legal code, civil and criminal, under the judges and Governors St. Clair and Harrison: a development shaping all the State institutions, and so advanced that the distinctive features of Indiana's growth were fixed by the time that Gov. Thomas Posey was ushered, in 1813, into his chair. The successive stages of Territorial government, through the enlargement of the franchise, the organization of a General Assembly, and the formation of a Constitution, are well traced.

By far the best portion of the book is its treatment of those aspects of State history which are most intricate and difficult, and superficially most repelling. The chapters on Economic Development, covering roads, stage lines, flatboat trade, and mailboat service; on Internal Improvements, tracing the policies which culminated in 1836 with Gov. Noble's signature of the Mammoth Internal Improvements bill, appropriating one-sixth of all the wealth the State then had and paving the way straight to bankruptcy; on the Public Lands and the frauds and speculations growing therefrom; on the Second Bank of Indiana, and on Religion and Education, leave little to be desired. The agricultural development of the State is hardly spoken of, and should not have been neglected. The fiscal history could also have been treated with more detail. But these general chapters are a refreshing find to any one who knows how exclusively most State historians have dealt with politics, constitutional history, legislative events, and the development of only the salient educational, charitable, penal, and general social institutions. For his account of Indiana banking, for example, the author has gone to the local records of many towns; for the history of the church to the records of the dioceses, parishes, and church districts. Breadth and correctness of view would have been furthered by some adversion to influences outside the State in the ripening of all these phases of Indiana life, but the author's sense of the limitations of his space doubtless prevented this wider treatment.

The matter on general social history would make a small treatise in itself; and in the chapters on The French in Indiana and The Pioneers and Their Social Life, the picture of homes, customs, occupations, primitive public utilities, festivals, and festivities, is living and interesting. Any reader of Eggleston or of Nicholson's "The Hoosiers" knows that Indiana has its own picturesque qualities of rural life. The charivari, the Christmas shooting, the maltreatment of the schoolmaster, the drinking and gambling, the tavern, the shooting match, the election day, the wedding and infare, the log-rolling, the quilting, the camp-meeting, and the open-handed hospitality of the prairies are described with a wealth of quotations from old chronicles and newspapers. The author justly remarks that the social customs of early Indiana are most clearly understood in the light of their history. One contention of some novelty is that the so-called Hoosier dialect, at the time it was current in Indiana, was that of a large fraction of the population of the whole Union, and represented the language of the commoner of the eighteenth century in England.

Notes

"H. R.," a novel by Edwin Lefevre, and "Ten Great Adventures," by Kate D. Sweetser, are announced for publication by Harper & Bros.

"A Peace Calendar and Diary for 1916," compiled by John J. Mullowney, will be issued shortly by Paul Elder & Co.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Lost Prince" is announced for immediate publication by the Century Co.

"Sunlight Patch," by Credo Harris, will be published by Small, Maynard & Co. early next month.

Saturday is the date of publication by Doran of the following volumes: "The World's Highway," by Norman Angell; "The Bronze Eagle," by Baroness Orczy; "Kings, Queens and Pawns," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Ten Degrees Backward," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; "Vagrant Memories," by William Winter; "Jolly Jaunts with Jim," by Charles Hanson Towne; "The Folly of the Three Wise Men," by Edgar Whitaker Work.

Among the fiction included in Macmillan's autumn list are the following volumes: "The Star Rover," by Jack London; "Old Delabole," by Eden Phillpotts; "God's Puppets," by William Allen White; "The Extra Day," by Algernon Blackwood; "Heart's Kindred," by Zona Gale. The same house announces: War Books—"The Military Unpreparedness of the United States," by Frederic L. Huidekoper, and "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace," by George W. Crile. Poetry—"The Song of Hugh Glass," by John G. Neihardt; "Rivers to the Sea," by Sarah Teasdale; "The Pilgrim Kings: Greco and Goya, and Other Poems of Spain," by Thomas Walsh; "Scumas Beg," by James Stephens. Public Affairs—"Inventors and Moneymakers: Lectures on Some Relations between Economics and Psychology," by F. W. Taussig; "The Executive and His Control of Men: A Study in Personal Efficiency," by Enoch Burton Go-

win; "The Ways of Woman," by Ida M. Tarbell; "The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in Oregon," by James D. Barnett.

Announcement is made that the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress will meet in Washington next December under the auspices of the Government of the United States. The Congress will open on Monday, December 27, and adjourn on Saturday, January 8, 1916.

Exactly fourteen years have now elapsed since Graham Balfour brought out the life of his cousin, Robert Louis Stevenson, and W. E. Henley printed his famous reply in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. To-day Stevenson is more popular even than in those times of heated discussion and glowing reminiscence. There may not be scores who have read "Treasure Island" once a year from their boyhood up, but a host of devotees call for edition after edition of R. L. S., a fresh army is recruited every twelvemonth through the prescribed readings in our high schools, and the last few years have seen steady additions to the books tracing his life and footsteps. It is therefore natural enough that the authoritative biography should appear in an abridged form adapted for circulation among this wider public. The one-volume edition of "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" (Scribner; $2 net) presents undimmed the picture of brave and cheerful living as it was first drawn with unwavering admiration. The reduction in scale is by hardly a fourth of the original. Sentences of generalization a little out of style now, paragraphs detailing the composition of minor writings, and towards the end accounts of Samoan politics contributing little to a knowledge of the subject—such passages have been skilfully eliminated. In some few cases greater care has been exercised in transcription of letters and quotations. Here and there a part has been rewritten or amplified in the light of later discovery or recent events. Indeed, echoes of the war are heard in the record of Stevenson's Continental trips. Various illustrations add their interest to the unfolding of the narrative. For the general reader therefore the present volume should be more serviceable in giving a full, coherent, yet compact version of a career more appealing than many of the author's works.

A further indication of the continuing popularity of Stevenson is Jacqueline Overton's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls" (Scribner; $1 net). Its origin is revealed in the dedication: "To the boys at the Yorkville Library and to all other boys who love to tramp and camp and seek adventure I dedicate this book with the hope of making them better friends with a man who also loved these things." This feeling declaration reveals also the principle which has guided the author in her selection of event and circumstance. The boy of the upper East Side, whom she knows and has tried to entice, is so much like other boys in his love of healthy romance that her unrolling of the scroll of Stevenson's widely travelled years should catch any youth's attention. She also provides numerous illustrations to bring home the remote scenes of the Scotsman's sojournings. "Edinburgh Castle" and "A Feast of Chiefs" in Samoa will alike guide the imagination to a truer visualizing. The French Old Style type will increase the pleasure of reading. Nevertheless, the author has toiled too patiently. She has not merely chosen instances. She has carefully produced a mosaic of quotations to narrate these incidents. She provides the cement of connecting paragraphs, yet even the cement is colored by Stevenson's style. This is unfortunate. The preciousness of R. L. S., his fastidious care in expression, is not suited to adolescent tastes. It will draw a veil of unreality over what the author obviously wishes to render vivid and alluring.

Omnivorous readers will find a kindred spirit in Charles Leonard Moore, whose "Incense and Iconoclasm" (Putnam; $1.50 net) discusses such diverse topics as Hindu drama and Celtic lyrics and fiction of modern American magazines. He is interested in technique, and style, and movements, and varieties of subject matter, and the commonly recognized types of literature. He finds contentment in rehearsing long accepted judgments, yet he at times indulges in the perverse pleasure of contradicting opinions dear to the bourgeois. The reader has the comfortable sense of never being lured into any subtlety of discussion. The critic's views are always frankly and unreservedly avowed and his appreciation of nuances in individual productions is bluffly divulged. Appreciation, however, is not his predilection. He delights much more in general statement and broad comparison, yet beneath them are few philosophical or æsthetic or critical prepossessions. An interest in painting leads him to emphasize design in literature. On that score he lifts the image-breaking hammer against Goethe. A few pages later he burns incense before the romantic comedy of Shakespeare. But he is at heart an Aristotelian. His æsthetic theory was unconsciously formulated years ago. Consistency and a perfect interrelation of parts rather than immediate expression of emotion seem to him the acme of beauty.

Prof. Richard Green Moulton's "The Modern Study of Literature" (University of Chicago Press; $2.50 net) is the culmination of over forty years wholly occupied in the teaching of literature and in preparing various books which the author now regards as preliminary studies—discussions of particular principles in application to special literary fields. His life as university extension lecturer has made him acquainted with a large public who look upon college graduation not as a goal, but as the starting point of a culture with which the leisure time of their whole lives may be filled. This volume, then, presents a final formulation of the principles of literary study which shall gain all over the country a larger hearing from this intelligent reading public than his voice can hope to reach. His enthusiasm for literature, his intimate acquaintance with it in classical, Hebraic, and modern English forms, the analytical passion which issues in diagrams and charts and which finds delight in resolving a complex phenomenon into elements, the mingled precision and fluency of his style—these characteristics are familiar to readers of even one or two of his preceding books. Familiar, too, is the whole structure of theory which is here put together into a consistent system. Yet it would be difficult to find a theory that presents more points of view with which modern students are likely to disagree.

Certainly students of psychology would reject *in toto* Professor Moulton's conception of faculties by which the mind works. Of critics he says that taste is "an accepted term for the faculty of appreciation." In the same vein he abundantly endows poets with a faculty of creation. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the conviction leads him to assert frequently that the Greek μίμησις should be translated "creation." Unsatisfactory as the word "imitation" is, one may well inquire whether "creation" would not convey an even scantier understanding of the doctrine of Plato and Aristotle. In any case, the term "faculty" does not adequately represent the present-day conception. Nowhere does he seem to be aware that his belief in mystical powers that come to every man as his birthright is vanishing from the world of thought. Students of æsthetics, too, will be quick to question his theory of literature as a separate world entity with a development subject to laws of evolution. He does not, to be sure, adhere to the extreme scientific form that the theory attained years ago, but he holds to his modification of it so exclusively that the view of literature as a form of expression, the product of emotion, the embodiment in sensible form of the contemplation of passion—this doctrine that all beauty is expression he does not entertain for a moment. On the contrary, he establishes and charts a whole genealogy of literary types, with the origin of literary species lying in the differentiation of the conventional, a literary species being "constituted by all the works in which the convention is the same." The lines of descent and interrelation are charted with the exactitude of a geodetic survey. Criticism itself naturally is subjected to division and classification, and quite as naturally this axiom is laid down as fundamental to its practice: "A clear grasp of the external form is essential for entering into the matter and spirit of all literature." These prepossessions in favor of scientific analysis and classification and definition, as opposed to the infinite varieties of the free rhythms of life and literature, do not preclude the utterance of many true and sane dicta concerning both specific works and general features of poetry and drama. One so richly endowed with knowledge and feeling as Professor Moulton could hardly avoid illuminating discussions. But the student of literature, while perusing the work, cannot smother a sense of incongruity in contemplating the title, announcing the *modern* study of literature.

Granville Fortescue's "At the Front with Three Armies" (Brentano's; $2 net) offers as its chief attraction a clearer view of the Belgian situation early in the war than we have had. The author had the rare good fortune to witness the assault on Liège, the first actions against Namur and Dinant, and the occupation of Ostend. His testimony as to the absolute unpreparedness of Belgium is valuable and conclusive. The complete ignorance in which Brussels and all western Belgium were kept until the Germans were at their doors would be unbelievable were not the evidence complete. Mr. Fortescue's observations on the French and English lines, where his opportunities were restricted, are often second-hand, and, though well enough as newspaper correspondence, are, as chapters in a book, hardly better than so much padding. He provides, however, a new explanation for the shelling of Rheims Cathedral. A sightseeing party, including one or two French officers, was on one of the towers.

The Germans, taking them for military observers, opened fire. This would account for the flat contradiction between the French and German versions of the bombardment. The Germans would be justified in thinking the tower was being used for military purposes, the French in denying that such was the case. Certainly it was an unpardonably inconsiderate act for any one at the time of bombardment to occupy the towers. If, as Mr. Fortescue's story goes, the ecclesiastics of Rheims permitted such a visit at such a moment, they must assume a considerable share of the responsibility for the destruction of the cathedral.

Ex-Senator Beveridge has made an interesting book in "What is Back of the Great War" (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; $2 net). Much of it was written in Germany and describes the heroic unanimity of the nation, its conviction that it is fighting for its defence, and its hatred of Great Britain. In all this there is little novelty, but the case is put concretely and vividly. Among the notables whom the author interviewed were Adolf Harnack in Berlin and Gabriel Hanotaux in Paris. From England he reports a considerable assimilation and division of opinion. This suggests a weakness of his observations. He has no languages. In Germany his contacts were limited to persons holding the official doctrine. In England he discoursed freely, and a few acquaintances seem to have told him obligingly what they divined he wanted to hear. His general prophecy is that the nationalization of industry occasioned by the war will continue, resulting in an approximation to the Socialist great state. Many of his data seem quite casually gleaned. It would be interesting to know on what authority he asserts that Germany can indefinitely replenish the firing line by 1,500,000 troops annually, thus making good her entire wastage. The general estimate is 600,000 in each new class as a maximum, figures which are being largely discounted through volunteering. There are a number of illustrations. The book is among the more readable of its numerous class, but its appeal to serious readers is slight enough.

Will Irwin's "Men, Women, and War" (Appleton; $1 net) is in part description of Belgian experiences, in part general estimates of the temper of France, Germany, and England. Mr. Irwin writes with sympathy and skill. He is quite without professional pretentiousness of any sort. Few of the correspondents who have followed the armies have given so sharp a picture of the squalor of modern war. Mr. Irwin's characterization of The British Calm, a quality which he regards as both a strength and a weakness, may serve to correct ex-Senator Beveridge's superficial statement of British conditions. The military part of the book is confined to a composite description of the battle of Ypres. The author has a high degree of perceptiveness, and his book well brings out those human and inhuman by-products of a campaign which it is his especial desire to emphasize. Mr. Irwin has had the good sense and right feeling to take himself as an observing human being and not as a military correspondent. Thus his book has a genuineness by no means common in its class.

Under the editorship of Prof. W. P. Paterson, of Edinburgh University, a group of British scholars discuss "German Culture, the Contributions of Germans to Knowledge, Literature, Art, and Life" (Scribner; $1.25). The object is to state the facts and especially to offset the excessive underestimate of German achievement which has been brought about by the war. The following are the topics and contributors: "History," Prof. Richard Lodge; "Philosophy," A. D. Lindsay; "Science," Prof. J. Arthur Thomson; "Literature," Dr. John Lees; "Art," Prof. Baldwin Brown; "Music," Prof. D. F. Tovey; "Education," Dr. Michael Sadler; "Politics," Prof. D. H. MacGregor; "Religion," Prof. W. P. Paterson. Usually the survey is made with entire impartiality. In the case of the eulogist of German politics this goes so far as to make him distort the political ideals of his own country. Naturally, no exact appraisal of culture is possible, but the display proves a distinct primacy for Germany in philosophy, theology, music, and the sciences of biology and applied chemistry. To these may fairly be added philology, which is not expressly treated. In literature and art the rating is low. The most informatory of the studies seems to us Prof. J. Arthur Thomson's "Science," the best conceived and most penetrating, Dr. Michael Sadler's "Education." It is a book that should be enlightening to honest minds who in a confusing war of opinion wish to get at the facts.

The twenty-sixth volume of Harvard Studies in Classical Philology is of a severer quality than some of its more varied predecessors. Dr. Otis Johnson Todd writes in Latin on the "Time Relations in Aristophanes." After an exhaustive time analysis of each of the eleven extant comedies, he concludes that, with due allowance for obvious comic adventures in topsy-turvy land, the probabilities and the unities of time are dealt with as skilfully and artistically by Aristophanes as by other dramatists. There is no reason, he thinks, for holding with Polczyk that the art of the New Comedy in this respect was derived from tragedy rather than from the older comedy. The chief artifices employed by the new comedy or tragedy to preserve the unity of time or to disguise and palliate the temporal foreshortening of actions taking place off the stage, may all be found somewhere in Aristophanes. The Aristotelian limitation of twenty-four hours is observed in the "Knights," "Wasps," "Peace," "Thesmophorlazousæ," "Frogs," and "Ecclesiazousæ," and somewhat exceeded in the "Acharnians," "Clouds," "Lysistrata," and "Plutus." The "Birds" of Cloudcuckootown defy all efforts to sprinkle this particular salt on their tails. Dr. Boak's monograph on the "Roman Magistri in the Civil and Military Service of the Empire" adds one more to the many recent illustrations of the way in which the multiplication of inscriptions and papyri makes possible a minute reconstruction of Roman, Egyptian, and Byzantine administration and law, with which few scholars can afford to burden their memories, but which is nevertheless an indispensable prerequisite of that authentic and documented history of ancient civilization that modern scholarship endeavors to substitute for the traditional moralizing and rhetorical legend. Mr. George W. Robinson's Notes on the Fourth and Fifth Centuries deal with minor points of scholarship such as the rectification of an error in the Loeb translation of Julian, and an oversight in the English translation of Negri's "L'Imperatore Giuliano l'Apostata."

A garden may cost a fortune (Mrs. Theodore Thomas knows of one the roses in which alone are worth $20,000), or it may be had for almost nothing, like her own, which she describes entertainingly in "Our Mountain Garden" (Dutton; $1.50 net). Her husband, the great conductor, needed rest for his overworked nerves, and she needed new strength from direct contact with the earth; so they bought a home of twenty-five acres of wild land in the White Mountains, built a cottage, and surrounded it with specimens of all the wild flowers of the neighborhood. Felsengarten, the place was called, and the dominating idea in the cultivation of it was to keep everything as nearly as possible as nature made it, providing for each blossom its natural surroundings. They did all the work themselves, getting therefrom the expected benefit, besides constant enjoyment. For persons who merely own gardens, expensive or otherwise, without knowing the joys of taking care of them, Mrs. Thomas feels the same pity she does for those who sit in opera boxes but do not understand the music. No one else has written of a garden so simple, inexpensive, and thoroughly home-made as hers; yet owners of all kinds of gardens may find useful hints as well as enjoyment in reading of her experiences and experiments; as when she tells how she combined weeding with fertilizing, thereby obtaining astonishing results; for example, three hundred blossoms from a single Shirley poppy plant. A chapter on Garden Enemies has been added to this new edition of a thoroughly readable, suggestive, and helpful book; a book which also incidentally throws interesting sidelights on the character and the habits of the leading missionary in the realm of music in America.

Drama

A GOOD ROMANTIC PLAY.

Red Wine of Rousillon. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

This play in four acts is a really good romantic drama, one of the best that has been produced in a generation. In form it is somewhat old-fashioned, requiring no less than eight scenes, but these would present no particular difficulty in a modern theatre possessing a double or a revolving stage. On the other hand, it is compact and well made, developing swiftly and logically a tragic love story of uncommon interest, and is, moreover, exceedingly well written, in simple, smooth, and vigorous blank verse, so adroitly handled as to offer no insuperable obstacles to the ordinary prose-speaking actor. There is scarcely a speech in it of half-a-dozen lines. Genuinely poetic as the work is in tone and quality, and felicitous as are many of its phrases and ideas, it essays no sustained imaginative flights. The conspicuous literary excellence of it consists in a terseness, directness, and pregnancy of expression nicely

corresponding to the rapidity of the action.

The plot is as old as the eternal triangle. It owes something to Dante, Boccaccio, and, perhaps, a dozen others, but it is freshly and ably treated. The passion with which it deals, if illicit, is not guilty. In the far past—the present scene is laid in the twelfth century—a Count of Rousillon planted a vine upon the breast of the enemy he had slain, and thereafter, according to the legend, the blood taint glowed in all succeeding vintages of his estate. Raymond, his descendant, drank deeply of his inheritance and in his rages saw red. When a rival won the fair Seremonda, whom he loved, he slew the bridegroom at the altar and bore the bride off to his castle, where he wedded her by force. Thus he fell under the ban of the church, and had to choose between fighting in Palestine or enduring eternal torment. When the curtain rises he has long been reported dead, and Seremonda is in love with Guilhelm, the page to whose guardianship he had entrusted her. The lady, who, though loathing her lord, has faithfully observed a year of widowhood, makes free offer of her heart and hand, in a charming scene, to Guilhelm; but the latter, though he has long worshipped her in secret, is loyal to his master, putting duty before happiness. As they confer, Raymond, no longer excommunicate, returns, and Guida, Seremonda's sister and confidante, knowing his jealous nature and foreseeing deadly peril, suggests that Guilhelm shall pretend to be her suitor. Meanwhile Raymond, whose faith in Guilhelm has been absolute, is stirred to suspicion by the hints of a wandering troubadour, and cross-questions his page so closely that the latter is forced to take refuge in the subterfuge agreed upon. Thereupon Raymond joyously approves his suit and straightway leads him to Guida, bidding him press it to a happy issue. Then he summons Seremonda to witness the union of the happy lovers, at the moment when Guida, in pursuance of the agreement, greets Guilhelm with a kiss. This is a new, ingenious, and striking situation, which precipitates the final catastrophe. Seremonda, sure of Guilhelm but doubting Guida, and fearing death less than Raymond's embraces, resolves to bring about a duel between her lover and her lord, confiding in the former's prowess. At her behest, during a feast in the castle hall, Guilhelm, when called upon to sing, makes open and unmistakable avowal of his passion, provoking thereby a furious attack from the maddened count, who falls in a fit after a vain attempt to kill him. This is a dramatic scene of great theatrical value.

In the final act Seremonda and Guida tremblingly await the final crash. They know that in the morning Raymond and Guilhelm, armed each with a boar spear, have gone together into the forest, and that Raymond has returned alone. Of his companion's fate he will say nothing, but presently gives the signal that summons all to the evening banquet. When Seremonda refuses food, he begs her to partake of a special dish prepared by his order. It is, he says, the heart of Guilhelm, whom he had killed when he would not defend himself. Thereupon Seremonda quickly leaps from a window into the raging sea. And Raymond, bewailing the curse that makes him kill what most he loved, strikes a dagger into his own heart and so dies.

This bald synopsis, of course, robs the story of all its freshness, charm, and power, but reveals enough of its general nature to show that in design and motive it is infinitely superior to the general run of modern melodramatic romances. This is no machine-made structure of conventional sensations, but true human drama arising out of the conflict of character and circumstance, romantic and pictorial, but entirely logical and natural. The one touch of mediæval savagery in it is appropriate to the period and has abundant warrant. Each personage is distinct, vital, and psychologically consistent. Raymond, maniacal in jealousy, is, in his milder moods, not entirely unsympathetic. He is brave and generous. Guilhelm is a fine type, innately noble and thoroughly virile. Seremonda is a feminine study of rare fidelity. Guida, an admirable foil to her, is equally well sketched. The subsidiary persons—the troubadours, the mute squire, the landlord and his waitress, the priest, and others—are etched in with the surest sense of contributory effect. Nothing is superfluous to the main theme, which is pursued with an intentness and rapidity seldom if ever equalled in recent drama. That the "Red Wine of Rousillon" is a remarkable work, both in the literary and dramatic sense, is certain. That it might be made as effective upon the stage as it is upon the printed page there is no good reason to doubt. Whether actors could be found to-day to do it justice—rooted as it is in those elemental emotions which plumb acting capacities to the depths—is another question altogether.

J. Ranken Towse.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

Very welcome in a theatrical season which has so far been conspicuous principally for its failures is this revival at the Empire Theatre under the Frohman management of a well-tried favorite. The play is so well known that comment on its merits, which are many, or on its defects, which are honest and obvious, is superfluous. William Gillette is the play, and custom has not staled the smooth perfection of his performance. After seeing Mr. Gillette's interpretation of the character, even in re-reading the tales, his is always the figure that presents itself to the mind's eye, his the low, throaty tones that one hears when the great detective puzzles the amazed Watson with one of his platitudes of deduction. Mr. Gillette has surrounded himself with an entirely competent cast. Edward Fielding plays the Dr. Watson acceptably and with commendable self-sacrifice refrains from emphasizing the fatuity of that character; Joseph Brennan is a good Professor Moriarty; Edwin Mordant plays James Larrabee, and Helen Freeman Alice Faulkner.

S. W.

Music

A PROLIFIC MUSICAL SEASON.

For a number of years October was not one of the musical months in New York. Last year eight concerts were given in Aeolian Hall during that month. This year the number is twenty-two, while for November the bookings are forty-eight, as against thirty-two last year. This is not the only straw indicating that the present metropolitan season will be the busiest on record. With the exception of a few notabilities (several of whom are held by military duty or duress), the leading professional singers and players of Europe are on this side of the ocean, not a few of them having come over last season and remained here—a novel experience for nearly all of them. Europe has little more use for them now than it had during the summer. In France, public musical activity seems to have ceased entirely. England has had spasmodic attempts at opera, and there are a considerable number of concerts, many of them for the war funds; the venerable Philharmonic Orchestra is to be conducted (and probably supported) this winter by that millionaire Mæcenas, Thomas Beecham. In Germany, operas and concerts have been and are being heard in considerable numbers, but the prices of admission are a mere fraction of what they are in ordinary times, while emoluments for the artists are on the same reduced scale; so we have them with us, ready to appear in operas, or concerts, or both, at the usual American rates.

Concert managers, interviews with many of whom are printed in last week's *Musical America*, seem to agree that the present season will be not only busy, but prosperous, for the deserving ones. Where there are so many great stars, the minor ones must suffer, and it is probable that more bookings even than last year will be cancelled. The operatic outlook is better than it was last season, when the Metropolitan was the only operatic organization left in this country. Campanini has organized a new company for Chicago, with many big artists and the promise of success in consequence. Boston has probably lost its own company for good, but some of its leading singers, with others of note, are in the new organization gathered by Mr. Rabinoff and called the Boston Opera Company. Three things give special distinction to this organization, which opens an interesting season of two weeks at the Manhattan Opera House next Monday: the presence of such distinguished artists as Felice Lyne, Maggie Teyt, Maria Gay, Tamaki Miura (a genuine Japanese soprano, cast for the title part in "Madama Butterfly"), Riccardo Martin, Zenatello; the unique scenery that distinguished some of the operatic performances given in Boston; the co-operation of Pavlowa and her company, which adds the attraction of first-class ballet and gives an unprecedented chance for a brilliant presentation of the ballet music

in "Carmen" and "Faust." The appearance, next Monday and the following Saturday, of this great Russian dancer as the Dumb Girl of Portici (in an opera better known over here as "Masaniello") will be one of the great events of the musical season. Wagner called this opera by Auber "a work of national importance such as no country can produce more than once." To the present generation of American opera-goers it will be a novelty.

Three novelties are promised by the Metropolitan Opera Company, which begins its performances on November 15. One of these, Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," is not altogether new here, as Emma Calvé appeared in two scenes from it at the Metropolitan a number of years ago; but in its entirety it will be a novelty. Borodine's "Prince Igor," deferred from last season, is the second. To the third, the "Goyescas" of Granados, special interest attaches, as it will be the first Spanish opera to be sung in Spanish and by a Spanish cast at the Metropolitan. The regular repertory will consist largely, as usual, of operas by Wagner, Puccini, and Verdi. The Wagnerian operas are to be conducted by the successor to Alfred Hertz, Arthur Bodansky, formerly associated with the late Gustav Mahler. Whatever his qualifications for such a post may be, he has already won the approval of most music lovers by declaring that he will make cuts in the Wagner operas, so that they may end shortly after eleven o'clock, following, in this matter, the precedent of Anton Seidl and of Hans Richter.

The failure of Arturo Toscanini to return need not be regarded as a calamity, for while he is undoubtedly the best of living operatic conductors, Giorgio Polacco, who succeeds him, is a close second, being, in fact, his superior in some respects which will be commented on as the season progresses. The task of conducting the Italian and French operas will be shared with him by Gaetano Bavagnoli, who will be new to this country. The general public is more interested in the singers than in the conductors, and it may be said that, while the absence of several favorites for the whole season, or part of it, is to be regretted, the list of artists is nevertheless impressive.

It is a singular fact that while the opera is able, under present conditions, barely to hold its own, and recitals, except by the greatest of artists, are less profitable than of yore, our orchestral societies are drawing larger audiences than ever before. The Philharmonic, the New York Symphony Society, and the visiting Boston Orchestra will each have a record season, and some interesting novelties are promised, including Strauss's new "Alpine" tone poem. Both Mr. Stransky, of the Philharmonic, and Mr. Damrosch, of the Symphony Society, have promised to pay particular attention to works by Americans. The Oratorio Society will produce "Joan of Arc," by Bossi, for the first time in America, besides uniting with the Philharmonic for a Bach-Beethoven festival. The minor choral and orchestral societies all remain in the field, while chamber music will be represented, as usual, by the Kneisel and Flonzaley Quartets, the Margulies Trio, and other organizations. As most givers of recitals appear also with the leading orchestras, one can get an approximate idea of their abundance by scanning the prospectuses of those orchestras. The Philharmonic has the longest list; it includes the following: Violinists—Fritz Kreisler, Arrigo Serato, Maximilian Pilzer, Francis Macmillen. Pianists—Yolanda Mérö, Harold Bauer, Ernest Hutchesen, Percy Grainger, Ernest Schelling, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Violoncellists—Pablo Casals, Beatrice Harrison, Leo Schulz. Vocalists—Olive Fremstad, Emmy Destinn, Melanie Kurt, Julia Culp, Elizabeth van Endert. Paderewski, who plays and speaks on Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the Polish Relief Fund, will appear later in the season at one of the local concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

WAR-TIME SPECULATION.

Is such a spirit of extravagant speculation as has been prevailing in the United States something anomalous for the period of a great and devastating war, or not? In ordinary conversation, one hears all sorts of answers to the question. A little while ago, the assertion was suddenly made in many quarters that a great war is not only always accompanied during its progress by a "speculative boom," but that a similar "boom" on the Stock Exchange and in general trade invariably follows the ending of the war.

It was not at all difficult to show that the second of these assertions was the reverse of the facts. Every prolonged and devastating war in Europe—notably the Napoleonic conflict which so closely resembled this one—has been immediately followed by a period of falling markets, great derangement of credit, and desperate hardship. The one seeming exception to the rule occurred in the United States after 1865; but the opening up of the West had at that time created most unusual opportunities for prosperity at the very termination of the war. Furthermore, paper inflation was continued. Yet even in the United States, the fall of commodity prices from a statistical average of 216¾ in 1865 to 191 in 1866 greatly emphasized the reaction, on our own financial markets, of the London panic of the last-named year.

But as to the general statement regarding periods of excited speculation in the period of war itself, the truth of that is attested by all history. There were repeated occasions in our Civil War when speculation in both stocks and commodities was rampant; and the speculation did not always time itself even to Northern victories. Cotton was naturally a focus of the wildest gambling. Gold was dealt in so actively at a premium (or, to put it another way, the discount on the currency in gold fluctuated so widely) that a special exchange for dealing in it was established at New York. But it was not merely war currency, war materials, and blockaded commodities, in which the market speculated. Railway shares, city lots, canal enterprises, had at intervals the most furious sort of advances; the Vanderbilts and the Drews were laying the foundations of their great fortunes in the speculative railway market of the day.

What our Civil War witnessed in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Napoleonic war witnessed at its beginning. That speculation in wheat should have been very violent, when France and England went to war, need have surprised nobody. It was not so easy then to draw on other foreign producing countries when the wheat supply at home had failed or had been blockaded. Blight and mildew on England's harvest of 1804, the year after the great fight had begun, sent English wheat from $1.50 to $2.50 per bushel. German wheat, usually sold around $1.50, rose to $10 in 1805; Spanish wheat was said to have sold in 1804 at six times the price of 1800.

These were partly the accidents of seasons. But the market for war materials in the Napoleonic wars had the same experience as in 1914 and 1915. Hemp, an article greatly needed by the British navy, rose from $290 a ton in 1807 to $590 in 1808, when Russia was cut off. Copper, with which warships were sheathed, got to $1,000 per ton in England in 1805. The price of lead doubled. Timber for ships, iron for cannon, canvas for sails, touched wholly unprecedented prices.

All this might have been easily enough explained by scarcity of such commodities, together with abnormal demand. The speculation of 1804 and the next few years would merely resemble last year's speculation in wheat and chemicals and dyestuffs, and this year's in raw material of explosives. But the destruction of capital in war might, it would be supposed, have kept down speculation in shares of other companies than those connected with manufacture of such articles. Yet this was not what happened, even in the Napoleonic period.

The year 1807 was one of great political disaster to England. Napoleon had crushed England's ally, Prussia, and had captured Warsaw from her other ally, Russia. In July of 1807, both of those Continental states made terms with Napoleon, who thereupon declared a blockade against England which excluded her from direct commerce with every country in Europe except Sweden. Yet it was in that very year that a great stock speculation broke out in London—described by an old historian as "producing almost universal excitement; leading, as usual on such occasions, to hazardous adventure, and extending itself to new projects of various kinds, such as canals, bridges, fire offices, breweries, distil-

leries, and many other descriptions of joint-stock companies." Fortunes were made and lost on the London market, even in those days of smaller things.

So that the speculation now under way, at the crisis of a doubtful and immensely destructive conflict, has at any rate historical precedent to warrant it. The question will naturally be asked, however, why London should not be the focus of such speculation now, as well as then, and why the whole fury of the present movement should be witnessed in the United States. Perhaps the answer is that the London Stock Exchange (which was open for all business during the conflict with Napoleon) has been under the closest restriction since it reopened last January; perhaps that the belligerent Governments have virtually commandeered their markets' capital for the war loans; perhaps that New York in the war-time of 1915 is what London was in the war-time of 1807—the financial centre of the world.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bamfylde, W. Midsummer Magic. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Barbour, R. H. Heart's Content. Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Chittenden, G. The Anvil of Chance. Longmans, Green. $1.35 net.
Dostoevsky, F. The Insulted and Injured. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Griswold, L. Deal Woods. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hunting, G. Sandsy's Pal. Harper. $1.25 net.
Knipe, E. B. and A. A. A Maid of '76. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
McCarthy, H. The Glorious Rascal. Lane. $1.35 net.
Mordaunt, E. The Rose of Youth. Lane. $1.35 net.
Thurston, E. T. The Passionate Crime. Appleton. $1.30 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lang, J. A Book of Myths. Putnam.
National Floodmarks. Week by week observations on American Life as seen by Collier's. Edited by M. Sullivan. Doran. $1.50 net.
Taylor, J. M., and Haight, E. H. Vassar. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
The Paradise of Dante. Translated by C. L. Shadwell. Macmillan.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Jacobus, M. W. A Commentary on the Gospel according to Mark. Macmillan. 75 cents.
MacLeod, M. J. What God Hath Joined Together. Doran. $1 net.
McComb, S. Faith, the Greatest Power in the World. Harper. 50 cents.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Fayle, C. E. The Great Settlement. Duffield.
Holmes, F. L. Regulation of Railroads and Public Utilities in Wisconsin. Appleton. $2 net.
Plehn, C. Government Finance in the U. S. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. 50 cents net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Aveling, F. W. A Brief History of the French Revolution. London: Allen & Unwin.
Bergson, H. The Meaning of the War. Macmillan.
Caine, H. The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Doster, W. E. Lincoln and Episodes of the Civil War. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Hepburn, A. B. A History of Currency in the U. S. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Newbigin, M. I. Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems. Putnam. $1.75 net.

POETRY.

Watson, E. W. If Love Were King, and Other Poems. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Co. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Lankester, Sir Ray. Diversions of a Naturalist. Macmillan.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Masefield, J. The Faithful. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Robinson, E. A. The Porcupine. $1.25 net.
Vachell, H. A. Searchlights. Doran. $1 net.

JUVENILE.

Campbell, H. A.; Field, E.; Byron, M., and Campbell, F. The Sleepy Song Book. McBride. $2 net.
Davidson, E. B. The Bunnikins Bunnies' Christmas Tree. Houghton Mifflin.
Hunt, C. W. What Shall We Read to the Children? Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Index to Fairy Tales, Myths and Legends. Boston Book Co.
Kennedy, J. H. Surprise Island. Harper. 50 cents.
Meigs, C. The Kingdom of the Winding Road. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Woodruff, H. S. Really Truly Fairy Stories. Doran. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Freeburg, V. O. Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama. Columbia University Press.
Méras, A. A., and Roth, S. Pequeño Vocabulario. Heath's Modern Language Series. Heath.
Muzzey, D. S. Readings in American History. Boston: Ginn. $1.50 net.
Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet. Edited by A. Abbott. Charles E. Merrill. 30 cents.

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This week's issue of THE NATION comprises 11,226 copies: of this 8,140 go to paid subscribers and 1,021 go to exchanges or are sent out as free copies. The average weekly newsstand sales during the first eight months of the year 1915 were 811; August average, 739 copies.

In view of the large library and college and family circulation of THE NATION, it is safe to assume that not less than 30,000 people read it each week.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1915.

Summary of the News

Efforts at the eleventh hour to attach Greece to the cause of the Allies have proved unsuccessful. Announcement was made on October 21 that Great Britain had offered to Greece the immediate cession of the Isiand of Cyprus if Greece would intervene in the war on the side of the Allies, and it is understood that other concessions, territorial and financial, were also offered. Nevertheless, on October 23 the Greek Government decided to reject the offers and adhere for the present to a neutrai policy. An identical note, published in all the Greek papers and said to be an exact representation of the Greek Government's point of view, was reproduced in the New York papers of Sunday. The note emphasizes the right of Greece to regulate her own fortunes, draws attention to the benevoience of the neutrality maintained towards the Allies, and indicates that in the opinion of her miiitary experts the Allied forces sent to the assistance of Servia are not sufficient for the purpose.

The attitude of Rumania causes as much speculation as it did in the early months of the war. In a Reuter dispatch from Odessa, published on October 21, considerable importance was attached to the military mission which Rumania has sent to France, and dispatches of Monday's date recorded a completc interruption of commercial relations between Rumania and Buigaria. Messages from Rome, thc capital which would naturaliy be in closest touch with Bucharest, are alternately hopeful and despondent regarding the ultimate decision of Rumania. There have been persistent rumors, which are to be accepted as rumors only, of internal dissension both in Rumania and in Bulgaria.

On the military side, reports of the campaign in Servia have been as conflicting as were those of the progress of the German invasion of Belgium at the beginning of the war. An official report of the War Office at Nish, issued on October 20, pointed to the serious situation of the Servian army, menaced on the north by the Austro-German invasion and on the east by the Buigarian, and undoubtediy emphasized the gravity of the position as an appeal to the Allies for instant help. Since then, so far as can be gathered, the situation appears to have been somewhat improved by the fact that the Allies, as officially announced by the French War Office on Sunday, have been able to effect a junction with the Servian troops north of the Greek frontier, and late last week a severe defeat was inflicted on the Bulgarians in this region. This victory has been followed up, and the Bulgarians, according to recent reports, have retreated on Strumitsa, which has not, as erroneously recorded last week on the strength of news reports, as yet fallen into the hands of the Allies. Further to the northwest the Bulgarian invaders have occupied Uskub. The Austro-German invasion continues to make progress at a slow rate. Nevertheless, only a few miles separate the Teutonic forces from their Bulgarian allies. Rumors are prevalent that Gen. von Mackensen has not at his disposal forces sufficient for the task in hand, and the determined offensive inaugurated last week by the Italians on the Isonzo front and the assumption of the aggressive by the Russians along a considerable part of their line are to be interpreted in the light of Servia's needs. The fleets of the Allies are reported to have caused much damage by the bombardment of Porto Lagos and Dedeaghatch on the Ægean coast of Bulgaria.

The full report of Brand Whitlock, United States Minister in Belgium, concerning the execution of Miss Edith Cavell, the English nurse who was condemned to death by a German court-martial in Brussels for having assisted soldiers of the Allies to escape from Belgium, was published in the papers of October 22. In our editorial columns will be found our comment on this latest manifestation of *Kultur*. The defence of the execution issued by the German Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs was published in Monday's papers.

Two diplomatic documents have been published recently. On Sunday the New York *Times* reprinted from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of October 8 the text of a manifesto issued by the Bulgarian Government to explain Bulgaria's reasons for joining the Teutonic allies in the war. On Tuesday the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Austria-Hungary made public another Red Book entitled "Diplomatic Documents Concerning the Relations of Austria-Hungary with Italy," covering the negotiations between the two Powers from July 20, 1914, to the time when hostilities were commenced.

Interesting reading is afforded by the confession of a person called Robert Fay, who declares that he is a lieutenant in the German army and was sent to the United States by the German secret service for the purpose of blowing up ships carrying ammunition to the Allies. Fay and an accomplice were arrested in New Jersey on Saturday, and their arrest and the discovery of documents in their rooms has led to the arrest of others charged with conspiring against the United States. Fay in his confession was careful to emphasize that neither Captain Boy-Ed nor Captain von Papen, the German naval and military attachés at Washington, had approved his scheme.

Interest in submarine warfare has shifted from the North Sea to the Baltic. During the past week there has been no record of any activity on the part of German submarines, the only naval success achieved having been the shelling by error, on October 21, of a Swedish trawler by a German submarine. In the Baltic, since we wrote last week, British submarines have torpedoed twelve German merchant vessels and one cruiser. The last was the Prinz Adalbert. An official statement from Berlin on Monday said that the cruiser was sunk off Libau and that only a small portion of the crew was saved.

By an Order in Council published on Monday the British Government declared its intention no longer to be bound by Article 57 of the Declaration of London, which states that "subject to the provisions respecting the transfer to an enemy flag, the neutral or enemy character of a merchant vessel is determined by the flag she is entitled to fly." The meaning is that the status of merchant vessels henceforth will be determined not by the flag, but by ownership.

The President's proclamation designating Thursday, November 25, as Thanksgiving Day was made public on October 21.

Elsewhere we comment briefly on the resolution "firmly opposing" the reëlection of President Wilson, adopted at Worcester, Mass., on October 24 by a convention described as representing forty-six organizations of German-Americans of Massachusetts.

Shipments of grain, ammunition, merchandise, and other goods sent out from twelve ports alone last week reached $98,777,000, breaking all previous weekly figures of exports by $25,000,000.

The situation in Mexico appears to be improving since the recognition of Carranza. Announcement was made by the State Department on Saturday that Carranza had formally assumed responsibility for the lives and property of foreigners in all parts of Mexico. The Villistas, doubtless as a result of the embargo on the export to them of arms from the United States, which was declared on October 20, seem to be weakening.

The illness of Premier Asquith has served the useful purpose of bringing temporary calm to the political situation in England. Sir Edward Carson, whose resignation from the Cabinet seemed about to precipitate a crisis, made an explanatory speech in the House of Commons on October 20.

The Parliamentary elections in South Africa have resulted in the return by a substantial majority of the parties supporting General Botha. The results, as cabied, were as follows: Botha's party, 54; Unionists (supporting Botha), 40; Independents, 5; Nationalists, 27; Labor, 4.

Closely following on the report, recorded in our issue of October 7, of the successful transmission of wireless telephone messages across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, came the news, on Friday of last week, that telephone communication by wireless had been achieved between Arlington, Va., and Paris. Unfortunately, the French Government has found it necessary to interrupt the experiments on account of interference with important military messages.

Counter-charges against the barbarous Armenians for their dealings with defenceless Turks, which in vigor leave nothing to be desired, were filed in Washington on October 21 by the Turkish Government. Dispatches from Washington on the following day stated that confidential advices had been received by the State Department that the German Government had officially made efforts to alieviate atrocities upon Armenians in Turkey, but without result.

The Week

The British censor may be stupid, but he has at least occasional gleams of sense. Thus it was sensible to let through a long series of quotations from the German press on the subject of a possible peace. They are not, perhaps, of great direct value, but they are of high interest as giving us an indirect light upon the state of mind of the German people. Take, first, the fact that a general order has gone forth from Berlin to the press and public not to discuss the terms of peace. This is vouched for by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which admits that it may rouse a certain degree of apprehension "among laymen and the less well informed," but adds that the reason for it will be understood by "anybody who contemplates the present politico-military situation, and the present state of feeling in the camps of our enemies." These words may be thought rather Orphic, but one thing is plain: the German newspapers and the German people would not be commanded to refrain from discussing peace unless they were thinking a vast deal about it. That they are, and that the desire for an end of the war has mounted in Germany, until it has become almost a passionate longing, there is plenty of evidence. The thing was explicitly testified to only a few days back by Maximilian Harden. Indeed, one would scarcely need testimony to make it certain. The minds of Germans are not so different from those of other races. The terrible losses which Germany has suffered in the war are known and felt throughout the Empire. The destruction of German foreign trade, the sterilization of her splendid mercantile marine, the dislocation of her industries, are no secrets. Upon the intellect and heart of Germans they cannot but make much the same impression that they would upon any other people.

Every American will read with disgust and a sense of injury the confessions of Robert Fay, the avowed German lieutenant who boasts of his efforts to blow up ships bound out of New York harbor with ammunition for the Allies. Even the *Staats-Zeitung* cannot commend this, and speaks feelingly about the "undesired adventurers" that follow in the train of a great war. But is an officer of the Kaiser's service to be dismissed as an adventurer? True, the *Staats-Zeitung* neither gives Fay a military title nor admits in its news account that he has any connection with the military service. Plainly, this question of Fay's identity is the very first thing to establish. Some of his story is obviously fishy. But if it really appears that he is a German officer sent over here to commit dastardly crimes with the knowledge and consent of his superiors, the State Department will doubtless lose no time in making a few remarks to Berlin by way of Ambassador Gerard. Coming on top of the indictments of Meloy and Rintelen, as to whose malign activities there is already plenty of evidence, besides proof of passport frauds, it is the sorriest kind of reading, and should make Germans everywhere hang their heads.

It is, of course, gratifying to know that Fay's confession frees the two much talked-of German Attachés from any complicity in his plans. He confided in them, he says, and they advised him that if he were going to do that sort of thing he should operate in Canada. That this is a true statement no one can, of course, contend in the absence of further proof. It would seem as if it were at least the duty of the Attachés in such an event to notify the Government and the police authorities of the proposed plan of campaign of Fay. Moreover, if he is an officer, he must have been under their control, and they could easily have ordered him to refrain from any such undertaking. The readiness of Fay to tell all is another suspicious circumstance in regard to his story, but wherever the truth lies, we repeat that the whole incident is gravely unfortunate. The attitude of Germans, and some German officials, in this country has been wrong from the very beginning. It makes no difference whether they believed that the United States was unfriendly to their country and working for the Allies, or not; that gave no one the right to violate our laws and to undertake to extend the warfare of Europe to our country, and that is just what has been done. We believe that when all the facts of which the Government is now in possession are laid before the American people, a great wave of indignation will sweep over the land. That there could be nothing more stupid and hurtful to the German cause than the activities of these conspirators is so obvious to any person of sense that the wonder of it increases day by day.

Great Britain's offer of Cyprus to Greece, as the price of joining the Allies in the war, was but one step more in the general process of carving up the earth's surface which has been going on tentatively ever since the war began. The bribe held up before the Greek Government was but one of many that have lately been dangled before it and all the Balkan kingdoms. If it be said that the offer betrayed great anxiety on the part of England, the reply is that this is undoubtedly true, but that equal anxiety has been shown by Germany and Austria in seeking to purchase the coöperation of Bulgaria. Exactly what they have promised her is not known; but we have the statement that a proclamation has been issued to the Bulgarian troops saying that the German Kaiser has guaranteed that Bulgaria is to be the dominating country in the Balkans. Such she undoubtedly would be if Servia and Greece were crushed, and Rumania stood off; and she might hope to remain dominant until it suited the Kaiser to bring her to his own heel. The British proposal to cede that island to Greece shows again what changes the whirligig of time brings round. When England got Cyprus, behind the back of the Congress of Berlin, by means of a secret treaty with Turkey, the English were, as they had been for years, the fast friends of the Turks and the enemies of Russia. To-day, England is at war with Turkey and fighting side by side with the Russians. At the time of the acquisition of Cyprus, Bulgaria was hailing Russia as her emancipator. Now she is at war with the Czar, although a statue to Alexander II, the Russian liberator of the Bulgarians, stands in Sofia. Such astonishing reversals of national attitude seem to furnish material for alienists. *Totus mundus insanit.*

Meanwhile, our former Minister to Argentina, Mr. Sherrill, conceives that this would be a favorable time for the United States and the other American republics to call upon the European nations to surrender all their possessions in this hemisphere. The demand would be made with great politeness, and in a spirit of the warmest friendship; and Mr. Sherrill seems to think that England and France and Holland would courteously grant our request. As a proof of magnanimity on the part of the United States, we would not ask for Canada, since that Dominion is self-governing, and could be independent if she willed it. All the outlying islands, however, and the Guianas, with every "key" and base or station that any European Power may possess in Western waters, are to be graciously delivered over. This project might perhaps be considered if all the Governments in the world had nothing else to think about. They are

not, however, at this hour so short of problems that they will be anxious to add to the number. Mr. Sherrill does not, so far as we can judge from the newspaper report of his address, allege the Monroe Doctrine as the all-sufficing argument for whatever we want to do. Whatever the Monroe Doctrine does or does not mean, every form of it has explicitly excepted the existing European possessions in this hemisphere. So that is left out. The suggestion is merely that this would be a happy conjuncture of which to take advantage in order to make the war cover literally the whole earth. But about the desirability of this, we fancy that Mr. Sherrill will find his countrymen—those of them, at least, who take the trouble to give any thought whatever to his proposal—decidedly not so light-hearted as he seems to be.

Sir Edward Carson's reasons for resigning from the Cabinet are merely excellent reasons why he never should have entered it. He had no personal disgusts to allege. He declares that party politics had not been so much as whispered about in the Cabinet. Nor was it on a question of principle that he broke with his colleagues. It was solely a difference of opinion regarding the policy to be pursued in the Near East. Even as to that, far be it from him to say that he was right and the rest of the Cabinet wrong. Only, he could not bring himself to stay. But, obviously, one of such temper is not a man for any Cabinet. If he is not ready, as Gladstone used to phrase it, to put his mind into the common pot, the Cabinet is no place for him. He may at any moment be outvoted, like other members, on one question or another, so that his resignation, on Sir Edward's theory, would be always pending. Of such timber no Cabinet can be built. Carson's resignation of office, on the grounds he alleges, only shows that he never should have accepted it.

Mr. Paderewski's eloquence as a speaker and his virtuosity as a pianist are reported to have netted $12,000 for the Polish Relief Fund. But this is only a trifle in view of the heartbreaking needs of the Poles in the entire section which they inhabit. For them hope deferred truly maketh the heart sick. There is no word out of Berlin or Vienna or Petrograd to say what their fate shall be. All talk of the early reëstablishment of the Polish kingdom under a Hapsburg Archduke has ceased. If for the moment the fighting has swept past—and over —the bulk of the Poles, there is no assurance that it will not return. Meanwhile, with winter approaching they must build upon the wreck of their homes and their farms as best they can. The world, for obvious reasons, has not found the Polish misfortunes so dramatically appealing as those of the Belgians; yet the need is if anything greater.

Immediate and earnest attention should be given by the Government to the grievance presented in the statement of Edgar F. Luckenbach, president of the Luckenbach Steamship Company. It certainly seems amazing that there should be an increase of freight rates on the Panama Railroad at the very time when the obstruction of the canal is upsetting all plans based upon its continuous operation. Mr. Luckenbach declares that the new rail rates at Panama will mean a loss of from $600,000 to $700,000 a year to his company if it continues in the coastwise traffic—traffic between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts—which has been its business. It would seem as though the La Follette act had done enough to disturb and displace American shipping business, without the addition of this fresh handicap. If the facts are as Mr. Luckenbach represents —and his statement looks very plain and straightforward—a very unjust and ill-considered policy has been adopted, and the whole question should be thoroughly looked into before serious and lasting mischief is done. Incidentally, the affair is a reminder of the kind of dangers that attend Government ownership and management of transportation facilities.

The first train over the Canadian Northern, to Vancouver, following so closely the opening of the Grand Trunk to Prince Rupert, is but one index of a change reported over all the Canadian West. The Pacific slope is made a front door, instead of a back door, in anticipation of the full utilization of the Panama Canal. Formerly, the biggest elevators were built east, the medium-sized ones in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. Now the largest are going up at points in the far West, the three transcontinental roads are building large repair shops at Coquitlam, Prince Rupert, and Port Mann, and the big traction and wire companies of Birmingham, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh are looking over the region for sites. From Fort William on Lake Superior to points in the Alberta wheat fields is from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred miles. From the Pacific ports to these points is less than half that distance. The Pacific ports are always open, while the Great Lakes close so early that most Alberta grain has to go on to St. John. With the rates by water one-tenth those by land, much even of Manitoba and Saskatchewan grain may be sent west.

This is a dizzy time for Republican Favorite Sons. After being frowned upon for a generation, they are suddenly seized by the hand and pushed into seats right next the fire. The more the merrier, exclaims Paterfamilias Hilles, while the flames brighten and each member of the cheerful circle sees "1916" glowing in the embers and twisting tantalizingly in the ascending smoke. How different from a short four years ago, when the space in front of the fire was kept cleared for a big arm-chair. How different from the time before that, when a new and powerful steam-roller puffed threateningly up and down before the door. What heart would not beat faster at the slogan, A fair field and no favors and may the best man win! Only, there must be a best man, of course, and suppose that by some mysterious casting of horoscopes the name of the best man was revealed to a select few before the race really started. Suppose that the select few could not keep the sacred knowledge to themselves, but went about whispering it in the ears of the judges. Suppose that the judges did not feel like flying in the face of destiny, and announced the name of the winner just as he and his competitors were about to start around the track. But this is to anticipate. For the moment, every Favorite Son has the happiness of picturing himself enjoying the fatted calf. It would be a pity to spoil the dream.

The Massachusetts German-American organizations in convention last Sunday showed great skill in avoiding action calculated to injure the chances of any aspirant to public honors. The resolution adopted completely allayed any fears that either the Republican or the Democratic candidate for Governor may have entertained that he might be made the recipient of an endorsement. "We do not desire," says the resolution, "as an organization to endorse any candidate for Governor." Having thus avoided giving anybody a grievance at home, the convention did even better by President Wilson. In his case the convention not only withheld endorsement, but put itself on record as "firmly opposed to the reëlection of Woodrow Wilson as President of the Unit-

ed States." This circumstance may not go very far towards helping to reëlect Mr. Wilson, but every little helps.

An interesting correspondence has been going on between the Governors of Pennsylvania and South Carolina. It concerns a negro accused of murder, whose extradition is asked by the Southern State. Gov. Brumbaugh has been courtesy itself, but has wanted to assure himself that the accused would have a fair trial. He does not forget that his own State has been disgraced by outbreaks of the mob, but he has felt a certain responsibility upon the point nevertheless. The Columbia *State*, in reviewing the correspondence, makes no attempt to palliate the lynchings that have occurred, but pleads that they have been exceptional. Judges and juries usually give full justice to a negro on trial. It is candid enough to admit, however, that justice is not quite evenhanded as between black and white, but holds that this is not because of over-strictness towards the negro, but because of over-leniency towards the white. Judges are pretty sure to see that the negro gets his legal rights, no more and no less, but are not so certain to see that the white man does not get more than his rights. It hardly need be said that the lynching of an extradited negro would make it embarrassing for the State in which the lynching occurred to ask for the extradition of another one.

To future generations it will make little difference just when wireless telephony began to give promise of realization, but ours may well have a thrill of gratification over the fact that the conversations between Arlington and Paris have taken place at just this time. Not all thought and all energy, in those awful years, history will record, were spent in devising or carrying out means of destruction and slaughter. There was a residuum of effort left for better things. While General Staffs were studying complicated problems and planning grand movements, other groups of men were working as hard upon problems no less baffling, but for results that would bring peoples closer together rather than drive them further apart. The wireless telephone, even in its present unfinished form, is the outcome of a ten years' war conducted in thoroughly organized fashion and won by the slow method of conquering one difficulty and then another. If its development has lacked the dash and romance which have made the story of some inventions so interesting, it is not wanting in other qualities which marked also the most notable American experiments of recent years, those of the Wright brothers. One of these qualities, persistence, is not usually placed so high as it deserves among our native traits.

The city of Montgomery, Ala., was managed by five commissioners. The administration of affairs being unsatisfactory to the people, the question arose of a reduction of the five commissioners to three. No referendum was had, but the question became an issue in the election of representatives to the Legislature, and in this indirect way Montgomery declared in favor of the smaller board. Her sister city of Birmingham meanwhile was managed by three commissioners. The administration of affairs being unsatisfactory to the people, the question arose of an increase of the three commissioners to five. The Birmingham delegation in the Legislature agreed to leave the decision of the question to a referendum, and last week the referendum was held. A "clear majority" was given to the proposal to change from three commissioners to five. Morals are drawn in Alabama from this tale of two cities. One of them is that Americans have a "restless feeling" towards their city government; another, that the commission form is not always a glittering success. But the great lesson is overlooked. Is not the ideal number of commissioners four?

Both in itself, and as encouraging the movement for supervision by the States of institutions granting degrees, a proposed bill creating a board in the Interior Department to set proper standards for the colleges and universities of the District of Columbia will deserve attention by the next Congress. The latest protest against low-grade institutions in Washington which abuse the title of "college" comes from the Washington Board of Trade. There have even been degree-granting or degree-selling colleges in Washington which have existed only on paper. Senator Gallinger has cooperated in drawing up the bill, which requires proof of both financial and scholarly standing. In the States, the tendency to supervision has become strong. In the last five years New Jersey, Arkansas, Michigan, Massachusetts, and Maryland have authorized bodies to exercise much the same general oversight which we have had for a longer period in New York and Pennsylvania. Collegiate Squeerses certainly ought not to be tolerated in the Federal District.

To the least vengeful, there is more than a suggestion of poetic justice in the welcome of Madero's widow in Mexico City. Thirty-two months cover the crowded time since the murder of the man who succeeded Diaz, a murder that determined nothing but the fate of the adventurer who decreed it. Amid all the kaleidoscopic changes of the past two years, with revolt within revolt, the First Chief has apparently been true to the memory of his First Chief. At last he is able, having put his enemies under his feet, to give in the blood-stained capital official welcome and more than official protection to the person who peculiarly embodies that memory. Yet not in the name of the victorious leader who has carried the banner of Madero to triumph, but on behalf of the Constitutionalist Government, did the Military Commander extend to Señora Madero greeting and the freedom of the city. Those who hope that the ascendency of Carranza will mean not only the restoration of order, but also the birth of political life, will be heartened by this emphasis upon law rather than leader. Anything else would be to kill the spirit of Madero as well as his body, and so to make a mocking of honors to his name.

Regarding the prospects of monarchy or republicanism in China, the dispatches vary from day to day. At the present moment the republicans seem to be having the better of the argument, but Yuan Shi-Kai is still described as wavering between the two, with the suspicion that it is a case of thrice refusing the proffered crown on the Lupercal. But as a matter of fact, Yuan Shi-Kai's stand has been more definite. It seems to have escaped general attention that, early in September, the President of the Republic came out firmly against monarchy. The Peking *Gazette* for September 6 gives in full the text of a message addressed the day before to the Council of State. In this statement Yuan Shi-Kai alludes to the petitions brought forward in favor of a change of government, admits that the purpose of the petitioners is patriotic and sincere, but speaks out directly:

> The duty being mine to maintain the general situation, I have to state that I regard the proposed change as unsuitable to the circumstances of the country. Furthermore, it is not uncertain that a suitable and practicable law will be devised if due consideration of the conditions of the country and ripe discussion enter into the preparation of the Constitution of the Republic which is now being drafted.

This shows the situation in a light not always reflected by the news that comes out of China.

THE CASE OF MISS CAVELL.

In the story of the trial, the sentence, the plea for mercy, and the execution of Miss Edith Cavell, as told by Hugh S. Gibson, secretary of the American Legation at Brussels, there is lacking no circumstance, save one, that might be calculated to arouse the indignation and scorn of mankind. It cannot be charged that the act of the German military governor was in violation of the German military law. It was doubtless wholly legal; Miss Cavell herself fully avowed her guilt, and indeed it appears that her noble candor furnished the military court with evidence that might otherwise have been lacking. But when this has been granted, all is granted that can be. In the straightforward, lucid, and comprehensive statement of Mr. Gibson—a statement in which no trace of passionate resentment appears except such as the simple facts inescapably infer—we read a story of brutal callousness, brought into higher relief by the mean and petty deception which was resorted to in order that there might be no possible chance for the messengers of mercy and humanity to defer, and thus possibly to balk, the fulfilment of the executioner's will. That the original blunder of invading Belgium should now have been capped with the huge mistake of putting to death an English nurse in Belgium shows how slow the German high command is to learn moral lessons. And the fact that the Kaiser has quickly pardoned other women convicted of the same offence as Miss Cavell, at once places in a ghastly light the haste and secrecy of her execution and puts the finishing touch to a deed which, in addition to being barbarous, was eminently stupid.

The English press is aflame with indignation over the deed. We may be sure that the German newspapers will reply with a chorus of invective directed against English cant, English hypocrisy. And we may be equally sure that no German newspaper—however learned its editorial staff, however familiar with English history and English literature—will quote what the great historian of England said in commenting upon a deed singularly similar to that done at Brussels last week. Alice Lisle was a woman whose life had been one of charity and good works; she had given shelter to a fugitive who had escaped from the destruction of Monmouth's rebel army in 1685. Macaulay points out "the absurdity and cruelty" of a law which makes such an act punishable by death, and proceeds:

> It is evident that nothing but a lenient administration could make such a state of the law endurable. And it is just to say that, during many generations, no English Government, save one, has treated with rigor persons guilty merely of harboring defeated and flying insurgents. To women especially has been granted, by a kind of tacit prescription, the right of indulging, in the midst of havoc and vengeance, that compassion which is the most endearing of all their charms. Since the beginning of the great Civil War, numerous rebels, some of them far more important than Hickes or Nelthorpe, have been protected from the severity of victorious governments by female adroitness and generosity. But no English ruler who has been thus baffled, the savage and implacable James alone excepted, has had the barbarity even to think of putting a lady to a cruel and shameful death for so venial and amiable a transgression.

In an age when burning alive was a legal punishment and executions for treason were the most familiar of phenomena, in a reign whose infamy stands out unique through the butcheries of Jeffreys, the execution of this pure and good woman still glares out of the pages of history after the lapse of centuries, still adds to the blackness of one of the blackest of records. In the eye of a Reventlow the killing of Edith Cavell may be a noble act; in the eyes of many of his countrymen it may appear justifiable, though abhorrent; but at least let them not charge Englishmen with hypocrisy when they give vent to fierce indignation over a deed done by their enemy to-day, the like of which, done by one of their own kings 230 years ago, they still hold in remembrance as a deep stain upon their history.

That this fresh reminder of what German militarism means—this latest term of the series which began not with the Lusitania, nor yet with Louvain, but with Zabern—will produce a profound impression upon American feeling there can be no doubt. But its effect ought not to stop there. We do not believe that many Americans take at their face value, or at one-tenth their face value, the rose-colored presentations of the blessings of German conquest to which we are occasionally treated, and of which Mr. McClellan's recent preposterous article in the New York *Times* is one of the latest examples. Yet there is among many, no doubt, a sneaking feeling that, after all, there may be something in such a view. How false the view is, even from the standpoint of the external facts, has fortunately been exposed, in the case of Mr. McClellan's article, by a number of writers. Professor Dupriez and Mr. James Gustavus Whiteley have ably shown up in the New York *Times* the ignorance and falsehood with which the article is permeated; Mrs. Harper's letter in the *Evening Post* was an effective protest. It cannot too plainly be said that, remarkable as is the thoroughness of German system, it does not by any means accomplish the miracles asserted of it, and that if the Belgians are not suffering more than they are, the chief credit is due to themselves. But that is not the main thing. The main thing is that all such defences of German conquest as that of Mr. McClellan leave out the heart of the matter.

What these apologists ask is that we shall stand agape, lost in admiration of a whited sepulchre. The trial and execution of Edith Cavell sends a flash of light into the interior, and we think no more of the whiteness of the outer walls or the smoothness of the adjacent roads or the trim perfection of the grass around the tomb. We think of the rotting bodies within, and we think of the mourning and embittered souls of those upon whom this awful cross has been laid. We think of that "slavery" of which King Albert has just spoken in his letter to the Pope, and to which he declares that his country will never consent to submit. And as we think of these things, our indignation may perhaps be permitted somewhat to overflow its narrower bounds, and include in its scope any American so forgetful of his country's ideals as to imagine that Americans can regard as compensation for the loss of all that a people hold dear the precious gift of machine-made efficiency bestowed, or imposed, by the German military hierarchy.

THE FALLIBLE EYEWITNESS.

The bitter business of war has its humorous aspects. The comic relief has been chiefly supplied by the "observer on the spot." Frequently he is a newspaper correspondent just back from a personally conducted tour along the front. Sometimes he is a professional novelist who has been driving ambulances for the Allies. Sometimes she is an American girl who studied music in Vienna and who recently spent two days in Berlin. If they would only be content to give us their personal experiences, they would be doing us a service. But they are satisfied with nothing less than the certain outcome of the war and the reconstruction of Europe. Our music student knows that von Mackensen has taken 600,000 men into Servia, and that Germany has food enough for two years. Our ambulance driver knows that the French nation has been re-born, though this is his first visit to Paris. As for our correspondents who have been all along the front, the tone is familiar. "I

have been in the trenches, I have eaten white bread and beef stew with the *pioupious*, I have seen the great gun pointing towards Metz, and I know that at Creusot there are two thousand such guns,"—note the ease with which he passes from the one gun he saw to the two thousand he did not see—"and can confidently say that the Germans will never get to Paris."

As a matter of fact, such an observer would not have known the difference if the big gun had been pointing to Verdun instead of Metz. He could not for the life of him have told whether there were two thousand men within a mile of him or two hundred and fifty thousand. A polite officer of the General Staff had to show him which end of the range-finder was the top. Nevertheless, with a Napoleonic sweep of the eye he knows that Paris is safe. It is precisely as if he said, "I have covered on foot every inch of the ground from the Aquarium to Fulton Street, I have seen the crowd on the Curb, I saw the men working on the twenty-second story of the Equitable Building, and I know that the Federal Reserve Bank has made financial panics impossible for all time."

Your eyewitness ceases to be amusing and becomes something of a nuisance when he starts to draw "lessons" from his experiences and begins to apply them at home. For instance, to have been caught by the war in one of the capitals of Europe immediately qualifies a man to write on Preparedness in America. Such an observer sounds a call to arms in the November *Century*. He is one of those who "know what invasion means," who saw "proud cities of yesterday, to-day smouldering in ashes," and "nations of happy artisans and farmers reduced in a twinkling to a starving mob," panic, destitution, insane fear. All this the writer may have seen, but it does not entitle him to draw a map of the Eastern United States and trace a line from the Canadian border to Newport News through the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and the Blue Ridge, and assert that "such a line, once occupied, could easily be held by 400,000 German, British, or French troops against any army in the world." The reason is obvious. In the first place, the transition from the horrors of invasion to the requirements of strategy is too sudden. In the second place, when our writer speaks of military affairs in Europe, he is a very poor observer indeed. As for example:

> The deadliness of modern weapons which makes it possible to defend a frontier with fewer than 2,000 men per mile.

The Russians had at least 5,000 men per mile in Galicia and could not hold.

> It is a well-known fact, for instance, that Germany has for more than eight months held the western battle line of nearly six hundred miles with fewer than 900,000 men.

The fact is that Germany has at least twice that number of men in the west.

> The territory of the United States lying east of the dead-line comprises only about 100,000 square miles, or less than half the total area of France.

This requires the services of an arithmetician. If Germany, with nearly two million men, holds less than 10,000 square miles in France, which lies just across the border from Germany, how many men would it require to hold ten times the amount, 4,500 miles from Germany across the Atlantic? But there is no need of harping on details. Our observer may have seen what he saw. As an advocate of preparedness he is no better than another.

Greater weight attaches to the observations of a writer in the New York *Times*, a former Socialist and believer in internationalism whose experiences in the war hospitals have taught him that the brotherhood of man is still far off. After carrying wounded soldiers under fire, "bandaging the stumps of arms and legs," eating and sleeping within the sound of shell fire, he became convinced that original sin is still in man. We have here an apparently sincere account of a kind of psychological conversion which the touch of actual experience often does work; the history of the Saints is replete with such spiritual changes. To the extent that the writer, moved by the horrors of invasion, is determined that his own nation shall be spared its horrors, the argument is sound. But here, too, the observer succumbs to the temptation of generalizing beyond his observations:

> For instance, I found that there is such a thing as a French national spirit.

We at a distance have always known that it was there, just as there is a British, German, Russian, Italian, Servian, and Bulgarian national spirit.

> I know that it has never once, through the victories and reverses, flagged or wavered for a second.

This is rhetoric, because every national spirit flags and wavers under disaster, and recovers with success. From the observers who reported the Kaiser's hair turning white after the battle of the Marne to the observers who describe the French national spirit, there is a great deal of "knowing" things that the observer really does not know. When he describes his personal relations to war, he is useful. When he begins to generalize about humanity, he creates confusion. When he begins to write about preparedness and the geography of the Appalachians, he gives one a headache.

"CHANCES" OF THE CONSTITUTION.

There is a great deal of speculation about the vote on the new Constitution for New York State, which will be taken next Tuesday. On Sunday the New York *Sun* had reports from various counties in the State, the net inference from which is that the outlook for the Constitution is, on the whole, favorable, though if adopted it will be by only a small majority. It is not pretended that a full canvass of public sentiment has been made. We have little but guesswork to go upon. Personal motives and politics have become mixed up with the fate of the new instrument of government at the polls. Many are confidently predicting that it will be overwhelmingly beaten. But we may remind them that similar and even more positive forecasts were made of the defeat of the Constitution of 1894. Boss Platt himself did not believe that it would be adopted. It was, however, easily. A similar surprise may be in store this year for the politicians who think that the new Constitution is already as good as defeated.

About this we make no prophecy. We refrain partly because we do not know, but more because the main thing to consider between now and November 2 is not the chances of the Constitution on election day, but its substantial merits, and the arguments used against it. Some of the latter are respectable and sincere, no doubt, but it cannot be denied that many of the attacks upon the Constitution grossly misrepresent its leading features, while an immense amount of sheer clap-trap and self-contradictory assertion has been put forth to confuse the minds of the voters. For example, the Socialist newspaper, the *Call*, has just become violently excited at the threat of establishing an "autocratic" government at Albany, with the accompanying destruction of "the freedom of the Legislature." Whether this be honest ignorance or not, we do not undertake to say; but no one can fail to be amused by it who recalls the consistent Socialist picture of the Legislature as made up of a set of manikins, owned body and soul by capital, or controlled absolutely by venal bosses. It is this kind of legislative dummy of which, we are now told, the freedom is endangered.

Those who cry out against the plan of a State budget take precious good care not to

cite the text of the amendment embodying it. That would be fatal to their imaginary fears. For the power of the purse is left with the Legislature, virtually as before. The spectacle of a usurping Executive deciding what money shall be appropriated is purely fanciful. Preparation of estimates; public defence of economies proposed; free debate of fiscal measures advocated—none of these things can interfere with the right of the Legislature to utter the final word, nor are they intended to. To introduce reason and business principles into the conduct of the State's finances is not to introduce tyranny; and no one knows this better than some of the men and the newspapers that are trying to make a fearsome bogey out of the budget system. Much the same is to be said of the efforts of Senator Brown and others to kick up a dust over the proposal to give the Governor power to make some of his own appointments. This is held up as if it were borrowed from Czardom; whereas it is simply a slight extension of the principle of centralized responsibility, which we have all been for a long time approving and acting upon in city, State, and nation.

It would be hardly worth while to refer to Judge Cullen's rejoinder to Mr. Root, in the matter of the ludicrous peril of military tribunals subverting the courts of this State, were it not to show to what straits the opponents of the new Constitution are driven. Judge Cullen does not at all question Senator Root's demonstration that the present Constitution—unchanged in this respect by the proposed amendments—affords the most ample protection against dragging citizens before military courts. All this he passes by, merely to reiterate the charge that a special addition to the Bill of Rights was voted down by the delegates. From that he makes a rapid but not very graceful transition to several other objections which he has to the new Constitution. The effect of this, we must say with all respect for Judge Cullen, is very much as if he had frankly admitted that his original and sole argument had been shown to be invalid, but then declared that he had several others just as good.

The real hope of the adoption of the Constitution lies in the belief that the mass of the voters are intelligent enough to discriminate between false assertion and the fact, between interested opposition and genuine public spirit. If they read the actual provisions which they are asked to approve or reject, they will know that a vast deal of lying about them is being done. If they stop to consider the whole trend of political discussion and reform, during the past few years, they will conclude that the Convention made a cautious beginning in meeting the demands of enlightened reformers and publicists in the matter of readjusting some of our forms of government. It is the merits of the scheme, not its "chances" at the polls, which the voters of New York should keep steadily in mind. If they do, there will be no doubt of the adoption of the Constitution.

FADS AND FANCIES THAT PAY.

Advocates of school reform, like pioneers in so many other fields, too often neglect to present their case in a form that will appeal to your average, practical citizen, whose opinions or prejudices must, after all, be recognized as a factor to be dealt with. Too many articles written in defence of the Gary system have laid stress on the spiritual values of Mr. Wirt's curriculum. It is extolled as a school of democracy and as an education to a broader life. In this, indeed, the principal merit of the Gary system may consist, and the cost it will involve may very well be worth while. But spiritual values, to find acceptance among the hard-headed people who manage to shape the forms of society, must take on a concrete value. It is doing better to point out that the child who has been educated into complete, intelligent manhood will be worth so many more concrete dollars to the community. But even that may seem a trifle indefinite and remote. New York would never have taken up the Gary plan so earnestly if the actual exigencies of the municipal budget had not brought economy to the front. The Gary scheme may or may not turn out to be cheaper than our present system; the fact is undeniable that it is receiving attention because the community hopes to get out of it more results for more of New York's school children than it can do under present conditions. Your practical citizen will not sneer at fads and fancies if he can see a profit in the tangible future.

An instance of the kind of innovation in schools that is plainly not a fad was supplied by the exhibition of the high-school art courses in relation to women's work recently held in the galleries of the Fine Arts Building. The work of pupils in eighteen schools, and in perhaps a score of various crafts, was on display. The first impulse of your practical citizen would be to reject these efforts in the industrial arts, and chiefly in the field of art design, as another instance of fad and fancy. Yet the mere mention that these classes are similar in scope to those which are to be found in every European city should be enough. It is not merely a question of developing a national fine taste to be satisfied by products from abroad, but of educating a trained class of workers in the finer crafts. One authority writes:

> What skilled designers we have are for the greater part men and women trained in foreign schools, while our country has for years paid immense sums for the privilege of purchasing abroad materials we ourselves possess, but have failed to utilize with the aid of good design into manufactured forms which can command our own markets.

To-day this nation is engaged in a breathless attempt to build up dyeing industries and other chemical industries, from which we have been cut off by the war. By this analogy we would wait for the siege and close investment of Paris before setting out on a frantic attempt to build up a fine industry in fabrics while the customer went unprovided.

Ignorance or lack of imagination will account for the average citizen who in one breath will condemn fads and fancies in the schools of America and humble himself before German efficiency. Our conception of efficiency is hazy with random ideas released by the much-discussed "scientific management." It is true that we speak of Preparedness, but efficiency and preparedness have become confused in a vague impression that the victories of the German armies have somehow been made possible by "scientific" systems which save half an hour and several hundred waste motions a day. The Kaiser's kind of efficiency consists much less in saving thirty minutes than in using intelligently the other eight hours and thirty minutes of the working day. It consists less in saving waste motions than in developing the several thousand motions in the factory or at the desk, with which no system of scientific management can dispense. The great secret of German efficiency is application and training. Preparedness means training; not magic formulas, but very hard work and foresight extended through the years. Germany's strength is in her schools, military or technical, and in the last analysis it is the technical schools that count. Schools of all kinds, schools in forestry, schools in textiles, schools in brewing, craft schools, and by no means least, schools of applied design. Germany takes fads and fancies and turns them into industries and arts.

All this is elementary, but it is our national habit to be blind to elementary things

until they are forced upon our attention by something of the dimensions of a catastrophe. It took us long to find out that for the public-school boy there was some other destiny than going to high school or going into the blind-alley of office-boy. We have learned and have gone in for vocational education. Must it take years before we have made a further step and learned that for the graduate of the girls' high school there is something between college and the stenographer's desk? Between the two lies a field of great possibilities, the entire range of the artistic crafts, for which the American woman would seem to be specially qualified, with her acknowledged *flair* for beauty in clothes and in the home. We have our spasmodic awakenings. We had recently a sudden patriotic movement for American fashions for American women, which has probably gone as quickly as it came. The assumption was, apparently, that out in Seattle or Detroit the native genius of America would assert itself by January 1, and put Paquin and Poiret out of business. That is not the way the Germans or the other Continentals go about it. They do not sit down and say, "By heaven, we will be efficient and prepared." Preparedness is training and schools.

THE THEATRE ADRIFT.

In ten years, if the moving pictures continue their triumphal progress, the spoken drama will be dead. When Mr. W. A. Brady made this gloomy prophecy the other night he used the word "spoken" in a very general sense, in contradistinction to the silent or screen drama. He was not thinking of the spoken drama as practiced, let us say, by Paul Hervieu, of the French Academy, who died on Monday in Paris; of the drama, that is, in which character and ideas, expressing themselves in words, are not sacrificed to "action," by which, in the native drama, is understood something "doing." The Hervieu play, the Continental play as a rule, is spoken drama to the point of frequently being talky, against which we justly protest. The ideal play undoubtedly is what the textbooks always call for: a forward sweeping action carried on in penetrating, vibrant dialogue. The ideal is not often realized. The Europeans have emphasized the talk. We have gone in for the action, with the result that there arose the distinction between the "literary" drama and the action play. The idea that there can be an action of the mind and the soul, that the subtleties of a Hervieu have a forward movement of their own, has not found acceptance here. And rightly enough. The enjoyment of brilliant analysis and talk in itself is not part of the national endowment. Our spoken drama, if we have one, must stand somewhere between the Hervieu or Shaw play and the "movies."

Can that middle ground be found? Is there a legitimate field for the spoken play in this country, which the movies can never occupy? Common-sense would argue that there is such a field. An art some twenty-five hundred years old cannot conceivably perish as suddenly as the managers predict. When a crisis in the spoken drama supervenes, the tendency of the business men of the theatre is to look for external causes. Some time ago it was the automobile. Then it was auction bridge and the tango. Now it is the motion pictures. It must be frail virtue that succumbs before every fad of the moment. It seldom occurs to these practical men to ask whether they themselves are not largely responsible; but to-day there is very evidently a busy searching of hearts along Broadway. All this pother about price-cutting, and ticket agencies, and alliances made and broken the same day, indicates both the existence of a crisis and its cause. Big Business in the theatre has struck a slump. The revelations in court about circuits and syndicates and territorial delimitations and booking privileges read very much like a proceeding under the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The same methods that have brought so many railways into the hands of a receiver have operated in the theatre.

Under the influence of Big Business, the spoken drama has undergone an evolution which did make it exceedingly vulnerable to the competition of the movies. Managers in buying a play wanted naturally the play that promised big profits, and such a play must be one of a very wide appeal. A long run in New York city, such as would satisfy the wildest dreams of the European playwright, was not enough. The play must run in the provinces, and employ several road companies. Point to charming plays that have been highly successful in New York, and your practical man of the theatre will say, "Yes, but it starved on the road." Writing, then, for a nation-wide audience, the dramatist has been compelled to go very thin on character, ideas, dialogue, to concentrate on action, and action reduced to its elementary forms. The spoken drama has been reduced to a minimum of speech. It became largely a matter of pistol-waving on the one hand and crude sex appeal on the other. And when it comes to pistol-waving, the photo-play can beat the living theatre at the game. If the spoken drama is to compete with the screen-play on the mere ground of action, then Mr. Brady is right, and there is no reason why the badly written, psychologically worthless spoken play should survive.

But once you give up your dreams of huge profits and agree to call a play successful which will appeal not to the millions, but only to the tens of thousands, the outlook for the spoken drama is far from hopeless. The drama, says Mr. Brady, is not sustained in New York as it is in London, Paris, Berlin. The answer is that in those cities people do not think in terms of enormous royalties. There are audiences in this country which should make the spoken drama quite profitable, not the spoken drama of Hervieu, but the drama as it seemed to promise when Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Langdon Mitchell, and Edward Sheldon at his best were at work. From that we might have gone on to still better things. The real play is impossible if you persist in thinking of indefinite runs and half a dozen road companies. How can even half a dozen road companies compare with the movie film which shows simultaneously in a hundred theatres? Mr. Brady saw no hope for the spoken drama, because men like Augustus Thomas may command $10,000 for a movie scenario written in a few minutes. If Mr. Thomas insists on making $10,000 every few minutes, he will, indeed, let the regular theatre go. But we imagine that for Mr. Thomas there is an appeal about the theatre which might counterbalance the call of enormous profits from the movies. Or Mr. Thomas might earn $50,000 by writing five scenarios in half an hour and then have plenty of time left for the drama.

At any rate, the film play in itself need not be an enemy of the true drama. The film play may yet turn out to be a blessing in disguise. If it weans away from the theatre the men who think of profits in war stocks, there might be a chance for the managers content with lesser profits to be made in furnishing real plays to the public. By satisfying the elementary appetite for "action," it may yet drive pistol-waving from the theatre and leave the stage clear for a real spoken drama. People will go to the movies for one thing and to the theatre for another. And the dramatist who is relieved from the demand for something "doing" every minute may give us plays that are spoken in a more real sense than the "spoken" drama of crooks and detectives.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE AND THE BALKANS—SMALL INVESTORS AND SECRET DIPLOMACY.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 10.

By the time this leaves France in these days of uncertain though fairly regular mails, or at least by the time it is printed, it may be generally known whether the latest news is true. And then again it may be not. "Don't crawfish!" was the rule of some of our schoolboy matches, that ungeometrical animal being credited by us with the desire to prove that the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line, but round the corner. Such, after long wanderings, is the evolution of this war.

In the Balkans it had its beginnings; to the Balkans it is returning. And the news is that the French General Sarrail, who held back the army of the German Crown Prince during the battle of the Marne, is debarking at the head of an expeditionary force of the Allies at Saloniea or near abouts. Whether the news is "realized" or not, the French people have to take time from the rest of the war to think about the Balkan peoples. The devious ways of European diplomacy in their midst seem to verify the cross-road sign of our pioneers:

> This road is not passable,
> Not even jackassable.
> When this road you travel
> Pray take your own gravel!

Well, when diplomacy reaches the silence point, cannon must speak.

It is in France that nearly all these mixed and muddled peoples of the Balkans have found the money to set them on the way to law and order and what has hitherto been called civilization. Take Bulgaria, which, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, is now the peccant part. Since 1896, Bulgaria has negotiated officially four loans in France, to the amount of $75,000,000—still unredeemed.

The first of these loans is pathetic. It was for some $7,000,000 wherewith to feed the Rural Credit banks which were to make intensive agriculture possible in Bulgaria. The agriculture has been made real; and in 1911 Bulgaria was able, besides satisfying the wants of her own people, to export wheat and other cereals to the value of $27,000,000. This was very good for a rural population of about four millions. This particular debt does not appear in the list of Bulgarian consols, for it is the State's debt to the Agricultural Bank; but the money came from France, as did three-fifths of the national debt proper. And, of the rest, no one can say how much is held unofficially in France—by underground sale. Thus Germans set about building their far-famed Bagdad railway by first allowing French investors to buy half the stock and then borrowing money in France to keep the other half for themselves.

These small investors among the French are very curious and interesting. They will speak to you in one breath of Atchisons and Argentines, Brazilians and South African mines, Spanish Exterior—and Turks and Bulgarians. Between Turks and Bulgarians their confidence has been rudely tried of late. The general opinion is that Turks are pretty safe in the long run, since those debts are guaranteed internationally on the revenues of certain territories, under no matter what master. The Bulgarian debt has also been popular in the past, as there was a general notion that the Bulgarian people were essentially healthy like their Yoghourt—which Professor Metchnikoff defends himself from ever having called "Bulgarian sour milk," since if milk is sour, unhealthiness is likely to be the cause.

The far-flung money-lending line of the French in the Balkans does not end here. Rumania has had her share of French gold, and Servia's national life has been built up on it. Since war began, Greece has dipped her hands into French savings without grateful acknowledgment—unless this is to be made now. And so far the French small investor has not dumped his Balkan bonds on the market in a panic.

France has done scarcely less for the Balkan peoples along the intellectual line. Except for Servia, whose King is an old cadet of the French military school of Saint-Cyr, the military party in these new nations has been bred up mainly in Germany, as all can plainly see. Then of late years, the Swiss schools of applied sciences have had their share of Balkan students. But it is France that has had what is called their university education. In provincial faculties like Toulouse and Montpellier, Grenoble and Lyons, there would be now a dozen and now a score of Bulgarians. Rumanians have always vaunted their Latin origin and speech, and claimed relationship with Italy and France. It has been one of the worries of professions like medicine, in which university degrees give permission to practice in France, unlike Germany, that too many Balkanians and Russians (or Germans masquerading as Russians) took advantage of the law to remain in France and occupy the place of natives, without having their military obligations and the consequent loss of time on entering their career. Doubtless, there will be a sifting of all this—after the war.

In Rumania particularly, there has been an affectation of Parisianism, in spite of the German reigning house and the dowager Queen's idyls of Carmen Sylva. In Athens, too, the intellectual tide sets towards France, in spite of the influences of German sovereignty. The French theatre and French novels supply literary ideals; and revolution, as in Bohemia and Russia, finds inspiration in French Revolutionary annals. For essential revolution, there is in France a very general idea that even the Balkan peoples will not allow themselves to be pushed by their rulers beyond certain limits of race and nationality.

Said one Rumanian: "Our country is governed by great land-owners and petroleum companies." To which a Rumanian general responded: "There are fifty persons in our country and half of them are already bought!" To such pessimism, French good sense commonly answers: "We don't believe that the Rumanian people will finally abandon the 'redemption' of the millions of their race who live under Magyar rule in Austria-Hungary."

We expect soon to see whether German *Realpolitik* has succeeded essentially better than the ideal and too polite French method, or the drifting English, or bureaucratic Russian. The general verdict is that the Allies have not had a united diplomacy at all. Now they have to fire united guns instead. One of the results of the war should be a reform, if not a revolution, in this secret diplomacy with its methods of ancient days; and perhaps the German temporary success is due to their casting tradition to the winds just as they have kicked their feet through Hague conventions.

The world might well remember that it is France, after all, who has shown herself most consistently favorable to the principle of nationalities. The French Revolution made the working of such a principle practicable for the first time. The Second Empire came to its fall through the repeated application of the principle. If peace is ever to come to the Balkans—and to Europe—it must be through some livable settlement of these nascent nationalities. The hegemony of Germany alone or of the Central Empires together would not only do away with independence, but stop all national growth as well. It is difficult to see how the victory of the Allies, or even Russian predominance, would reach a like result.

All this is bound to react on the French people. They are being schooled in the Rights of Peoples. The annihilation of Servia, the crushing of Belgium and obliteration of Luxemburg, and the threatened fate of Bulgaria and Turkey have impressed on them as nothing else could have done the lesson.

> Think ye I made this ball
> A field of havoc and war,
> Where tyrants great and tyrants small
> Might harry the weak and poor?
> My angel—his name is Freedom!

THE BALKAN SITUATION—LORD DERBY'S RECRUITING SCHEME—A TORY LION AND LIBERAL LAMBS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, October 12.

German success in Russia, doubt in the Dardanelles, and the relative failure of the Allied diplomacy in the Balkans—a failure which it is easier (and perhaps juster) to deplore than to blame—have brought about a situation of which it would be hard to exaggerate the seriousness. The critical importance of Constantinople as one among the determining factors of the war has long been clear to the enlightened publicists, and it is evident that no efforts must be spared to prevent the linking up of the Central Powers with Turkey by way of Bulgaria. While, however, the seriousness of the menace to the cause of the Allies is recognized, it behooves us not to lose sight of the other side of the question. It is remembered that the grandiose vistas of conquest and revolution in the glowing Orient, with which apparently the eyes of Germany are now being dazzled, formed no part of the original schemes of the campaigns undertaken by Germany and Austria, fourteen months ago. Calais and Paris for certain, with London, Moscow, and St. Petersburg as possibilities, were then the objectives of the Teutonic hosts—not Constantinople, Cairo, and Calcutta. If the European part of the scheme had been successful, its expansion eastwards might have seemed neither unnatural nor chimerical. But the sudden orientation towards a new goal, while the original goals are still far from attainment, is as compatible with a feeling of weakness and desperation as with one of confidence and growing hope. The fact that this new movement to the southeast coincides with a very considerable victory of the Allies on the western front and with a very distinct check to the progress of the German invasion of Russia (not to speak of disquieting rumors as to

the position of the Turks in Gallipoli), makes it at least conceivable that the new venture has been to a large extent inspired by a sense that the attacks on France and Russia have been practically checkmated. With the acquisition of the Bulgarian army as an ally, the Servian front seemed an easier mark than that in either the east or the west of Europe; and if the neutrality of Greece and Rumania could be insured, the prospect of success would seem tempting to the Powers that had elsewhere been baffled. It is, moreover, in complete harmony with military philosophy of the "second best," as expounded by Clausewitz and Bernhardi, according to which a failure in one sphere of operations should be followed, when possible, by aggression in a new quarter. The fact that the movement is ultimately directed against the Oriental Empire of the arch-enemy, England, must lend it a peculiar zest.

The action of Greece has been a grave disappointment to the Allies, and the resignation of M. Venizelos must rank among the more pregnant events of the war. The end, however, is not yet. The rapid intervention of the Allies by way of Salonica is giving Greece and Rumania ample food for thought. If this is backed up by further marked success, either in France or in Russia, its political influence may be very potent indeed, to say nothing of the actual material value of the aid rendered to Servia by the Allied troops. Bulgaria's leaders have quite frankly announced their desire and intention to be on the side of the victor, but whether the true key to her present action is the ambition of a King who has set his eyes on a visionary imperial throne in Constantinople, or the fear of a people who remember the fate of Belgium, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a little success on the part of the Allies may make her swing round to the other side. This possibility is enhanced by the fact that there is an obvious cleavage between the Bulgars and their sovereign, and by the evidence that the people have no great enthusiasm for a third Balkan war. The feelings of the Greeks are also so much divided that democrats may be excused if they cherish the hope that one result of an Allied victory will be marching orders to at least two European sovereigns. Rumania at this moment occupies a very commanding position. Her army is much stronger than that of Bulgaria, perhaps as strong as that of Greece and Bulgaria combined. In conjunction with that of Servia, it would dominate the native forces of the Balkan peninsula. With the Bukovina in the hands of Austria, aggressive action on the part of Rumania would be difficult and isolated; but if Russia were able to regain ground on the extreme left of her line, the situation of Rumania would alter very considerably. And, to leave this subject for the moment, if the best should happen and the Germano-Bulgarian joint movement fail, the road to Constantinople would be open to the Allies. The risk of a large Salonica-Servia move is great; but it may be a case in which political ends justify the military danger.

An interesting article in the *New Statesman* for this week is entitled "The United States and the World." The question of the writer, who evidently knows his America well, is not whether the United States will enter the war, but whether she will enter the world. Hitherto, he thinks, the United States (in spite of the Spanish War, Platonic appearances at Hague Conferences, and the like) has been in the world but not of it. She has been a recluse among the nations; her policy has continued to be nearly as irresponsible towards the nations of Europe as when outlined by George Washington. He realizes that the fine ideal of America is to be a country devoted to liberty, justice, equal rights, and the arts of peace, free from the envy and jealousies of international policy, and far from the dust and din of war. He recognizes the generosity of its desire to act as mediator and healer at the close of the great European conflict; but he is doubtful whether America as a whole realizes the burdens and responsibilities that this rôle would involve. That there are some Americans who envisage these difficulties clearly enough is obvious. The names that immediately occur to me are ex-President Taft and President Lowell. A comparison of Mr. Lowell's essay in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* with the article of the English journalist is particularly interesting. The writer in the *New Statesman* is inclined to think that the floating in America of the Anglo-French war loan may be the first link in a chain that "will profoundly affect and may transform the position of the American nation in the general scheme of *Weltpolitik*."

All eyes are turned with considerable interest on the efforts of Lord Derby, the new Director of Recruiting, to show by practical results that the voluntary system has by no means shot its bolt. The exact method he means to adopt has not yet been made public, but from what has already leaked out, it seems as if his procedure might not be unlike the scheme suggested by Mr. Spencer Wilkinson—a scheme that has excited a good deal of favorable attention. Mr. Wilkinson's proposal is that the Government, acting on the information obtained from the famous "Pink Forms" of the National Registration act, should call upon every man of military age to state, before his local authorities, the reason why he has not enlisted. If these reasons were deemed satisfactory, he would receive a badge of exemption; and the presence or absence of this badge would henceforth be final and significant as to the position of every young man. In the meantime, the flow of recruits has by no means ceased, as is evinced by the success of Sergeant Niemeyer, of Canada, who has 7,000 recruits to his credit; 3,000 enlisted within the last five weeks.

A very significant sign of the present unity of England was the meeting held last night at the National Liberal Club, to hear Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, give an address on "The Greater Issue: a Reign of War or Peace?" If it had been suggested, eighteen months ago, that Mr. Garvin, the pace-maker of the Conservative party, should be received as an honored guest in the stronghold of the Liberal party the very stones of its famous marble staircase would have called out in protest. But last night the largest room in the club was packed far beyond the point of comfort by an audience that cheered Mr. Garvin to the echo. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. A. Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

"Treating," so far as alcoholic liquor goes, is now forbidden in the London area. You may invite a friend to dinner *and* a glass of beer at your club, but you may not stand him the beer without the beefsteak. It is easy to imagine the infinity of "nice" points that will arise. Thus, I imagine you can provide a cocktail after your guests are seated at the dinner table, but not as they assemble in the anteroom. But the principle is excellent.

The Paterson Silk Exhibition

A NOTABLE DISPLAY OF REPRESENTATIVE EXAMPLES OF AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY.

To celebrate the First National Silk Convention the public-spirited citizens of Paterson, N. J., planned an exhibition of modern silk manufactures. The interest of such a display would have been largely local. Fortunately at this point the organizers took counsel with a visiting German specialist, Dr. R. Meyer-Riefstahl, an authority on the history of textiles. With him as director, the original plan was enlarged. Paterson proposed nothing less than a complete historic representation of the silk industry. Of evident utility to her own designers and manufacturers, such an exhibition is also a fine manifestation of civic pride. The exhibition is so full and select that no student of this branch of the history of art can afford to neglect it. In normal times there would be a rally of connoisseurs from distant points of America and Europe to profit by the brief opportunity offered in the Paterson City Hall. As it is, the exhibition closes on October 31. One could wish it prolonged.

To bring together nearly four hundred examples of the finest silks, ranging from the early years of our Christian era to the end of the eighteenth century, and to do this in haste, is no small task. Dr. Meyer-Reifstahl accomplished it only by obtaining the active good-will of the museums and of many private collectors. The Cooper Union contributed from its extraordinary series, also the Metropolitan Museum, the Art Museum of Boston, and the Providence Art Institute. Thus in fragments, for the earlier period, and in generous pieces, for the more modern examples, the whole history of design and weaving in silk may be covered in a short tour of the galleries.

It has ever been a cosmopolitan industry. Until the seventh century, when Chinese monopoly was at length evaded by smuggling the silk worm into Europe, the production of raw silk was exclusively a Chinese industry. The Greeks and Romans had silks, and probably wove them on some scale, but we have few remaining specimens of this art. The standard patterns were worked out in Persia under the Sassanid Kings.

The medallion is almost universal. It contains animal forms, frequently faced in heraldic fashion about the tree of life. Sometimes there are riders or charioteers. Owing to the wars in Persia, the centre of this industry passed early in the Christian era to Alexandria. But the Egyptian weavers generally adopted the already popular Oriental patterns. Alongside of the organized manufacture, the women of Egypt made on small tapestry looms the inset medallions and borders which are being recovered in quantities from the tombs of the Nile Valley. There are twenty-four splendid exam-

pics of this make in the Paterson exhibition. Many display a rude Hellenism in figure designs, others show the native geometrical interlaces which prelude the fully developed Saracenic style.

After the abasement of Alexandria, Byzantium set the fashions, and silk-making spread gradually to western Europe. Byzantium still preferred the medallion forms with animal or bird motives. But the stuffs made from the eighth century on have less of the Sassanian free-hand quality. They are more precise and heraldic. A magnificent specimen of this early mediæval art is No. 33, a brocade in green and salmon red, with imposing faced eagles. It was probably woven in Sicily in the eleventh century. It is interesting to compare it with the superb medallion No. 31, which, though of the same date, retains a distinctly Sassanian character.

The early fabrics woven at Lucca and elsewhere in Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—there are ten of these extremely rare fabrics in the exhibition—remain true to the Levantine tradition. So do the velvets which were later made at Genoa and Venice. These are preserved in considerable numbers, and are splendidly represented at Paterson.

Early in the seventeenth century Lyons contested the supremacy of the Italian and Spanish looms. The severe, symmetrical Oriental designs give way to the informal, naturalistic designs derived from China of the late Ming dynasty. These generally floral motives, become staple, easily lent themselves to the playfulness of the rococo manner. In the rather decadent versions of the Third Empire, these Lyons patterns became the precedents for the American silk industry. After the Jacquard invention made its marvels of copyism possible, both Lyons and Paterson have eclectically followed for commercial purposes the free Franco-Chinese tradition, while occasionally imitating the severe Eastern-Mediterranean designs. Lyons has regarded this historical revival as very important, and has set up the finest textile museum in the world. It is to be hoped that this remarkable loan exhibition at Paterson may be the earnest of a permanent textile museum. A city could have no worthier ambition than to link its chief industry to the finest precedents, to hold before its manufacturers for encouragement and emulation the finest products of the past.

Besides a very full representation of the East-Mediterranean weavings and their derivatives, the later textiles of Persia, Turkey, Arabia, China, Japan, and India are exemplified. There is even a little group, from Providence, of very curious Inca tapestries from Peru. A magnificent hunting arras of late Gothic period is alone worth the trip to Paterson. The whole enterprise does credit to its organizers. One is glad to learn that an illustrated album of the exhibition, under Dr. Meyer-Riefstahl's care, will commemorate the effort long after these beautiful stuffs shall have gone back to their fortunate owners. The State of New Jersey has set an important example in these local and industrial exhibits. Last year, under the auspices of the Newark Public Library, the clay industries of the State were exhibited both in actuality and in historic retrospect. With a more generous public support, Paterson has achieved a still more imposing historic and artistic standard, setting an example which our other manufacturing centres will do well to emulate and will with difficulty excel.

F. J. M., JR.

Prussianism in the Colonial Field

By A. G. KELLER.

Under the assaults of the British and the Colonials, the French and the Japanese, the German colonial empire has steadily melted away. Considering the amount of money and of effort expended upon it by the Germans, and the pride which its possession seemed to inspire, it seems strange that the wonderful German preparation for the conflict did not include some provision for its protection.

Of course, if Germany was as confident a year ago last July as her subsequent expressions of angry and pained surprise would give us to understand, that England would remain neutral, then she needed not count into her calculations the danger to the *Kolonialreich;* the German fleet could then have afforded all the protection needed. And if, on the other hand, the chance of loss was incurred under the conviction that the war would be ended by a rapid campaign, before the colonies could suffer much or at all, there was no great call for preparation in their behalf. Certainly their neglect is explicable on the hypothesis that Germany was so sure of winning in any case, whatever should happen for the time being in the colonies, that she must acquire in the end a larger and better empire beyond the seas, composed in good part of eligible British holdings, than the one she possessed. The present result would, on such an hypothesis, seem to be yet another sequel either of blundering statesmanship that could not foresee the inevitable or of military overconfidence.

One of the most remarkable miscalculations of the Germans, as every one now knows, lay in the fact that they confidently expected widespread revolt in the British possessions. It is one of the most significant tributes to British colonial policy that not only the Colonials, but even the native races, have rallied to loyal support of the Empire; and it is no small tribute to the modern French system that the French colonial empire remains loyal, and that native races volunteer in defence. Nothing of this kind is reported of the German subjects. It has been a matter of perplexity to some and of confirmation in their anti-German views to others that the German colonial empire has fallen away, as if no vital connection with the metropolis ever existed. This aspect of affairs deserves some explanation, especially since a consideration of the facts about the acquisition and administration of the German *Schutzgebiete* helps to formulate an attitude towards what is coming to be seen as the basic issue of the war: Do we want the world to be run in the accepted way or in the German way?

Bismarck, who declared himself "von Haus aus kein Kolonialmensch," was driven into the colonial field largely as the result of agitation on the part of the *Kolonialmenschen.* The perusal of the latter's utterances discloses a mood to which we are not strangers in the present year of grace: "das kanonenfeste Deutschland," "Deutschland's Weltberuf," etc., are watchwords ever on their lips. "In der That," cries T. Fabri, "wer in aller Welt soll es denn wagen, ohne Scheu vor fremdem Neid Thaten zu thun wenn nicht der Sieger von Königgrätz und Sedan?" The wave of enthusiasm swelled, and in 1884 Bismarck prepared his way for yielding to public sentiment by publishing a White Book detailing with gross onesidedness his grievances and the maltreatment received from the English diplomatic office, in special connection with questions of trade interests and their protection in Southwest Africa. This document, at least by implication, recognized the region in question as under British influence.

But there followed shortly upon this utterance a peremptory declaration of a protectorate over what later came to be German Southwest Africa; and then, so to speak, the lid blew off. In the spring of 1884 Germany had no possessions beyond the seas; but by March, 1885, she held an external empire of a million square miles and was exercising dominion over more than ten million subjects. For the most part, this empire was rudely snatched from under the very paws of the British lion. It was perhaps the very suddenness and boundlessness of the effrontery which carried the thing off. Dr. Nachtigal beat the British commissioner to Togo and the Cameroons by a hair, and raised the German flag under his very eyes. Then, in October, Karl Peters and two other adventurers, under assumed names and disguised as laborers, undertook and carried out for the *Gesellschaft für deutsche Kolonisation* the seizure of what was later called German East Africa. No German interests worth mentioning existed in this region, nor yet in New Guinea and the rest of Melanesia, which was presently appropriated. Peters and his confederates were quick men, and soon had in hand a number of treaties with the East African princes, who were cajoled into agreements which they understood imperfectly, if at all, but who soon found that they had made wide concessions of land and administrative privileges. No apologies were made for the seizure of these East African districts, which Great Britain had long regarded as pros-

pectively her own. In fact, the attitude of Bismarck combined a solemn assurance with a truly Junker rudeness.

The most talked-of example of German "colonial" expansion was, however, the "lease," in 1898, of the Chinese port of Kiaochau, for ninety-nine years. This was in alleged consequence of the murder of two German missionaries, and called forth the historic soliloquy attributed to the Kaiser in a comic paper of the period: "If my missionaries only hold out, I shall soon own the earth."

Presumably, no more fault can be found with these proceedings than with the Bismarckian performances in the period around 1870.

Having acquired the colonial empire, and finding that England was not going to raise a row, but was, in fact, rather inclined to a certain rueful admiration, the Germans set about the creation of a colonial administration. It is needless to say that it had its admirable qualities of scientific treatment and of thoroughness; but it was not adaptable. The whole system was Prussianized; its inflexibility was that of a militarist and bureaucratic régime. It represented an attempt to carry over to the *Schutzgebiete* the complex military and administrative system of the home-land. Though not without their place in the management of dependencies, inflexibility and governmental rigor are about as ill-adapted in principle to young and chaotic societies as the frontier system would be to the Prussian state. Even the white settlers were always complaining of the delays and meddlings around the "green baize" in Berlin. German writers on the colonies were, fifteen years ago, almost unanimous in condemning the bureaucracy. They rebelled against the military caste-system, the imposition of petty regulations and fines, the direction of affairs from Berlin, the inexperience and self-confidence of colonial functionaries, and in general against the arbitrary conduct of a governing organization which did not know its ground, but could not conceive of that being the case.

And the social system showed the same stiffness and maladaptability. Rank and social position were upheld as at home. There were no informal clubs where colonel and corporal could associate man to man, play tennis, and even bruise each other's features in a friendly bout with the gloves. Each military circle of a few members herded by itself and gulped down its steins of heavy beer in lonely and dignified seclusion. It is generally admitted that a cheerful disposition and good-fellowship do much to ward off maladies in any part of the earth, and especially in the tropics, where home influences and the society of women and of friends are but rarely to be enjoyed.

This system, combined with the effects of climate, rendered the German testy and irritable, and predisposed to gusts of passion upon slight provocation—a state of mind to which the significant term *Tropenkoller* was applied. Hence the *Kolonialgreuel*, or atrocities, that marked the early years of the German administration in its contact with the natives. These seem to have been passing phenomena, as they were in the Belgian Congo, but they left a bad impression. And added to this was the effect of the whole maladaptable system upon the native susceptibilities.

We should pause here, for the moment, to note that the natives of the German colonies were not a very promising lot. Lord Salisbury is reported to have said, referring to the desert dunes of German Southwest Africa, that that colony was blessed with a "rather thin soil." No less exiguous is the cultural development of most of the German share of the "white man's burden." This is one of the explanations, be it said, and a very good one, why the natives of the *Schutzgebiete* have not rallied to the German cause as have the Indian races and the North Africans to that of the British and the French.

But here was, evidently, no theatre for the staging of the Prussian system and manner. A rigid system, administered with an ill grace of manner, is sure to awaken resentment in a native population, particularly if the latter is already restive under a brand-new harness of ill-fitting, cramping, even though generally trivial, restrictions. The contact of an uncompromising bureaucracy with a savage or almost semi-civilized population can easily be figured in the imagination; police regulations calculated for the latitude of Berlin, bundles of acts whose transgression is a matter of daily occurrence among unwary sojourners in Prussian towns—all these formed a system whose application to Bantus and Papuans was incongruous even to the local official.

When the natives rebelled in East Africa, von Wissmann set out first of all to teach them "eine gründliche Lehre," after which they were to be ruled with "Strenge mit Gerechtigkeit." That system has its advantages; it certainly shows up well on paper in comparison with, for example, the British system of "muddling through." But that latter system, or lack of system, has the quality of being an analogue of the nature-process—a series of small adaptations, made as discomfort appears—and almost automatically leads to shiftings, even contortions, and finally to wholesome readjustments. And it also has its astonishing results, by which, if a pragmatic judgment is to be formed, it is justified.

This brief set of considerations upon German colonization indicates certainly that the Germans did not act out of character in the acquisition and administration of their colonial empire. The leopard did not change his spots, in favor of better adapted coloration, in migrating from one hemisphere to the other. Some painful adaptations have been made in later years, but that the type is radically altered cannot be believed. It is but another instance of the German way of doing things that we have before us in this side-field of their activity. But the sketching in of the side-issue may serve to complete the picture of the issue as a whole.

Book Notes and Byways

SOME PARALLELS IN HENRY VAUGHAN.

It has long been known that Vaughan—as indeed he himself admits—borrowed largely from Herbert, but Mr. L. C. Martin, in his edition of Vaughan recently issued by the Clarendon Press, shows that this imitation was extended to other writers besides the Rector of Bemerton. There is something more than the mere curiosity of pedantry in exhibiting these parallels, for it is a step towards clearing up the community of ideas that runs through the lyric poets of that age, shown not only in their constant use of a few guiding themes, but in their frank appropriation back and forth of the very expression of these themes. One manifest bit of borrowing not noticed by Mr. Martin I have just happened to stumble on. In "The Shepherds" Vaughan has the pretty lines:

> Perhaps some harmless Cares for the next day
> Did in their bosomes play,
> As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
> What springs or shades to look,
> But that was all.

The whole poem is a kind of descant on the theme of one of the stanzas of Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," and in the lines just quoted runs close to the original:

> Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
> Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

The Clarendon Press edition of Henry Tubbe, reviewed in the *Nation* of August 26, shows a parallel of another sort which was overlooked by the editor of that volume as well as by Mr. Martin. This Tubbe (born 1618, died 1655) was a Cambridge royalist who was prevented by ill health from becoming a clergyman, and so solaced himself in those troublous times, as did Vaughan, by composing verse. Only one of his poems appears to have been printed in his lifetime, but he left his verse and prose, including copies of his letters, in a couple of neat manuscript books, from one of which the recent volume is edited. Many of his lucubrations are said to be unblushing paraphrases from his contemporaries, particularly from Randolph, Suckling, and Crashaw. Such paraphrases are omitted from the selection of his poems now printed, but the editor has not observed that quite the best of the poems included, the one from which the *Nation's* reviewer of Tubbe quoted several lines, is a clear adaptation of the first piece in Vaughan's "Poems" (published 1646), that entitled "To my Ingenuous Friend, *R. W.*" As we hear so little of Vaughan from his contemporaries, and the borrowings hitherto noted have been all against him, it may be worth while to give his poem entire, and enough of the imitation to indicate Tubbe's method and ability. Vaughan wrote in trotting octosyllabics, thus:

> When we are dead, and now, no more
> Our harmles mirth, our wit, and score
> Distracts the Towne; when all is spent
> That the base niggard world hath lent
> Thy purse, or mine; when the loath'd noise
> Of Drawers, Prentises, and Boyes
> Hath left us, and the clam'rous barre
> Items no pints i'th' Moone, or Starre;
> When no calme whisp'rers wait the doores,
> To fright us with forgotten scores;
> And such aged, long bills carry,
> As might stirr an Antiquary;
> When the sad tumults of the Maze,
> Arrests, suites, and the dreadfull face

Of Scargeants are not seene, and wee
No Lawyers Ruffes, or Gownes must fee:
When all these Mulcts are paid, and I
From thee, deare wit, must part, and dye;
Wee'le beg the world would be so kinde,
To give's one grave, as wee'de one minde;
There (as the wiser few suspect,
That spirits after death affect)
Our soules shall meet, and thence will they
(Freed from the tyranny of clay)
With equall wings, and ancient love
Into the Elysian fields remove,
Where in those blessed walkes they'le find,
More of thy Genius, and my mind:
First, in the shade of his owne bayes,
Great *B E N* they'le see, whose sacred Layes,
The learned Ghosts admire, and throng,
To catch the subject of his Song.
Then *Randolph* in those holy Meades,
His Lovers, and *Amyntas* reads,
Whilst his Nightingall close by,
Sings his, and her owne Elegie;
From thence dismiss'd by subtill roades,
Through airie paths, and sad aboads;
They'le come into the drowsie fields
Of Lethe, which such vertue yeelds,
That (if what Poets sing be true)
The streames all sorrow can subdue.
Here on a silent, shady greene,
The soules of lovers oft are seene,
Who in their lifes unhappy space,
Were murther'd by some perjur'd face.
All these th' inchanted streames frequent,
To drowne their Cares, and discontent,
That th' inconstant, cruell sex
Might not in death their spirits vex:
And here our soules bigge with delight
Of their new state will cease their flight:
And now the last thoughts will appeare,
They'le have of us, or any here;
But on those flowry banks will stay,
And drinke all sense, and cares away.
So they that did of these discusse,
Shall find their fables true in us.

What a poet was lost to the good school of Ben when Vaughan forswore the jocund Muse for Herbert's solemn votaress! Were this an essay instead of a note I should love to expatiate on this poem of Vaughan's youth, and show how his theme had been employed by others of the mellow choir before him—and after him, too, even down to "The Blessed Damozel" of Rossettl; but I must do no more than copy some of the better parts of our ambitious Tubbe's paraphrase, as follows:

When wee have lost our Breath, & shall not vex
The Citty, nor the precise Holy Sects
Of our new Reformation, with Mirth,
Which though refin'd, yet they say smells of Earth:
When Wit and Innocence shall both expire,
And our Soules flourish with eternall Fire:
When all is gone that the false envious World
With much regret into our Pockets hurl'd:
When the harsh Thunder of a Drawer's Voice,
Hucsters Non-sense, mixt with a Medley-noise
Of Carmen, Prentises, & Boyes, no more
Shall trouble us: . . .
. . . . . .
There (as Wise Men
Beleeve, that Love lives after Death) agen
Our Spirits shall intermix, & weave their Knots;
Free from the Trouble of these earthly Grotts;
Thence winged flie to the Elysian Groves,
Where, whilst wee still renew our constant Loves,
A Thousand Troops of Learned Ghosts shall meet
Us, and our coming thither gladly greet.
First the Great Shadow of Renowned Ben
Shall give us hearty, joyfull Wellcome: then
Ingenious *Randolph* from his lovely Arms
Shall entertaine us with such mighty charms
Of strict embraces, that wee cannot wish
For any comforts greater than this Blisse:
From hence dismiss'd through many winding Wayes
And subtle turnings, where each Spirit playes,
Delighting to be lost in such a Maze
Of Joyes & Pleasure, our just, even Pace
Shall bring us to that sweet Forgetfull Lake,
Which (if brave Pöets sing the Truth) will make
All sorrow flie away from them that bath
Their thirsty Pallates in the liquid Path.
Here on a shadie Plot of pleasant Ground
Those scorned Lovers mingle in a Round,
Who in their Life time were unhappily
Blasted & torne by cruell Perjurie.
. . . . . .

Now the odd question is: What was this fellow Tubbe about? Were these paraphrases merely exercises by which he was training himself in the art of poetry, as Stevenson, for instance, copied the style of great prose writers in his 'prentice years? But Tubbe was twenty-eight when Vaughan's "Poems" were printed. Did he think he was improving Vaughan? That seems too great a self-delusion even for an unrecognized versifier. It is observable, however, that Tubbe turns Vaughan's octosyllabics into heroic couplets, and as this measure was gaining in favor, it is just possible he thought he was doing a fine thing by putting Vaughan's rather loosely clad Muse into a more fashionable bodice. Almost all of his original verse (if any of it is really original) is in heroic couplets, and I should like to know whether in those unedited adaptations of Suckling and other poets he made the same transfer as in the case of Vaughan. But the thing is still a mystery. I don't see what the fellow was about. Certainly he could not have expected to pass these stolen goods off as his own, even after carefully obliterating all marks of the king's ownership. Mr. Henry Tubbe has suddenly grown interesting to me, since I have found that he admired my much-loved swan of the Usk enough to steal his plumage.

P. E. M.

Princeton, N. J.

Notes from the Capital

EDISON.

The choice of Thomas Alvah Edison to head the new Naval Advisory Board was the natural thing under existing conditions, the navy being in particular need of new inventions, and Edison being to-day the foremost American inventor. A casual glance at the man would give you but a slight suggestion of a genius; for, if we except a certain carelessness of attire, he bears no mark we usually associate with that dreamy sort of person. When you meet him, however, and he takes your hand and looks into your eyes, you begin to compass him mentally. The large, somewhat heavy face acquires a cheerful life you had not seen in its set lines before, and the stocky frame beneath seems to relax as he talks to you. Conversation, by the way, has been more a duty than a pleasure to him of late years, as his deafness has been steadily on the increase. The infirmity has been with him since boyhood. When he was employed as a "train-butcher" on a railway, he was forever experimenting with chemicals in the baggage car, between his trips through the train to sell candy and newspapers; and one day some phosphorus which he dropped on the floor set fire to a bit of woodwork just as the conductor entered. That functionary, in a rage, boxed the boy's ears so severely as to damage his hearing; but what seemed at the time a misfortune had its happy side, for as a telegraph operator, having to read his messages by sound, he was obliged to concentrate his attention on the ticking of the instrument on his own table, which meant indifference to the noise of the others surrounding him. His deafness has also saved him the wear and tear of hearing all the din of the city streets, or the rattle of the machinery in a busy workshop, while he was trying to think. Indeed, it has aided him in perfecting sundry products of his inventive faculty. The telephone and the phonograph might have been dropped by him as finished some time before they were, but for the fact that, in order to be sure of their powers, he must hear distinctly himself the sounds they transmitted; with the phonograph, for instance, he worked steadily for more than a year to compel it to convey the word "species" as it ought.

One of Edison's hobbies in which he will strive to interest you before you have been with him long is the nearest approach to a perpetual-motion fad that ever commanded his attention—a theory that the human brain and body need practically never give out. To eat sparingly, sleep no more than one is obliged to, and work persistently through whatever time may be left, has been his own practice, and any thought of superannuation is the last that enters his mind. He used to startle people who asked him how old he was by naming some age which ranked him alongside of the ancient patriarchs. Then he would whimsically explain that a man's life was best measured by his efficient expenditure of energy, that the universal ideal of a working day was eight hours; and hence that, since he put in on his work from sixteen to twenty hours of every twenty-four, he was an octogenarian in truth before he had attained his fiftieth birthday by the almanac.

Most inventors are prophets, and Edison is no exception to the rule. Just about twenty years ago he expressed his belief that the next epoch-making invention in the electric field would be a means of increasing the speed of railway trains, upon which he set no limit short of the point where locomotive and cars would break up or fly to pieces; and all that that was waiting for, he thought, was the discovery of some method of converting coal directly into electricity. As to flying machines, he felt perfectly satisfied then that the end sought would soon be reached, but his experiments had led him to conclude that electricity would not furnish the motor desired. Nor could he at that time look hopefully upon the idea of telephoning across the ocean, his skepticism being based on the assumption that submarine cables would continue to be the only medium of transmittal. This does not mean that wireless communication was quite outside of the plane of his prophetic vision, for he was at that very hour trying to work out a scheme for signalling between ships at sea, too far apart to see each other—in fact, anywhere within a radius of thirty miles.

As to all such prognostications, he has always been careful to say that, so far as he could judge, nothing that mankind wished, however remote its achievement might appear, could be dismissed off-hand as impossible. That one man cannot find any way of bringing it about is a sign merely that his individual powers are exhausted, but neither that man nor any one else is competent to fix bounds on the ingenuity of the whole human race, in his own generation and in those that are to follow. The great point is that the world's desire for the object shall be strong enough. Things which the public do not care for, it would, in Edison's opinion, be a waste of time for the cleverest of inventors to tinker with. His own maiden invention was an apparatus for recording votes in de-

liberative assemblies. It did its work with the utmost nicety; but when he brought it to the notice of a number of political bosses at a party convention, every mother's son of them waved it aside as an undesired piece of machinery. In vain he argued that he had witnessed disputes over the votes cast in their political gatherings, which his device would settle accurately; that plea, so far from winning them to his support, seemed only to inflame their prejudice against the recording instrument, and he had to remove his model in chagrin. The experience taught him a lesson which he has never forgotten, and many observations in his later life have deepened the impression it made. It is possible that, in his new advisory capacity, he will thus be the better qualified to aid Secretary Daniels in settling the fundamental question, whether or no the American people do want a big navy. TATTLER.

Correspondence.

WHAT MAKES RIGHT?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One hears, these days, not a little vociferous condemnation of the principle that "might makes right." There is a brutality about it that seems to cancel, without mitigation, every gain that civilization has made, every refinement with which it has succeeded in covering man's native savagery. But there is at least this consideration to be urged in its favor—that, other things being equal, it *is* better to have strength than weakness survive. In a civilized state, to be sure, there is a tendency to add gradually to the survival value of every one concerned. But if a choice must be made, then society must prefer health to disease, strength to weakness, intellect to dulness, skill to failure, in its elimination of the unfit. Perhaps we should not all care to live in a Nietzschean world, but there could be worse ones.

Among these worse ones would be a world in which weakness made right. Who does not know families in which the most extravagant selfishness is fostered in the person of a child who happens not to have a robust constitution? He learns to base his claims to preference on the very fact of his comparative incapacity. But while the abstract principle that weakness makes right would be ridiculed alike by the biologist and the philosopher—and even, no doubt, by the indulgent parents just referred to—it may well be heralded as the surprise of the hour to hear that very doctrine urged by the high diplomats of the land of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer! No one asserts, of course, that Germany is weak; far from it. But even the strongest nation might quake before a world in arms, and be tempted into the use of unwonted logic. And such has been the case. German diplomacy has long consisted in the opportune rattling of the sabre; but when her might seems more than matched, her Treitschkean logic weakens into a plea of extenuating circumstances.

This anomalous doctrine first came to light at the time of the invasion of Belgium. From the standpoint of the proud and heroic little nation invaded it must have seemed the very apogee of irresponsible power. It must have looked as if the big nation broke its promises towards the little one solely because it had the necessary men and cannon to enforce its will. But it is well to remember that the reason given for tearing up the scrap of paper was not based upon the consciousness of power at all. On the contrary, it was a confession of weakness. The Germans went through Belgium, not simply and solely because they were able to resist all opposition there, but explicitly because they were *not* then able to cross the French frontier farther south. It was "military necessity" that led to the breaking of the treaty, and that necessity consisted of a range of powerful fortifications along the German frontier of France. The invaders therefore felt justified in repudiating their moral obligation towards neutral Belgium, because they were not powerful enough to live up to their promises and still win. There is no talk here of superman, no "'Wille zu Macht"; it is the crude excuse of mere advantage.

The same strange plea is made for the illegal and murderous use of the submarine. According to the treaties still in force among the great nations, a man-of-war may stop and search a merchantman of the enemy, and, if it be found to carry contraband, either tow it into port or, when all on board are transferred to a place of safety, send it to the bottom. Germany's conduct in this matter has, by common consent, been in open and ruthless contravention of her solemn promises as recorded in the accepted treaties. And what apologies were offered? They may be boiled down in principle to three. Of these the first two are so absurd they can scarcely be meant seriously; and the third is, in a veiled form, only the astonishing plea of weakness above referred to. (1) It is said the treaty fixing the rule of search and capture is so old as to be obsolete. This involves the novel idea that treaties fade like cheap photographs in the light. Our treaty with France ceding us the Territory of Louisiana is more than twenty years older than the treaty in question. What should we think of the claim that France was now at liberty to repudiate it? On this principle the Declaration of Independence and the Magna Charta are automatically nullified beyond redemption! (2) It is said the invention of the submarine has modified the conditions of naval warfare. Doubtless. But it is unprecedented in the history of ethics or jurisprudence that the invention of a machine by which one could break the law with ease and convenience should be urged as a justification for so breaking it. The invention of revolvers greatly facilitated the project of murder, but the plea that that invention had "profoundly modified the conditions" of social intercourse would not accomplish much before a judge and jury.

There remains, therefore, only the third ground of justification, which ran as follows: The treaty demands that the unarmed ship be halled and asked to surrender. The submarine is necessarily a slow boat, and if it stops to parley the prey escapes. But suppose the German submarine should succeed in stopping and searching the merchantman, and find contraband. It cannot tow the capture into port because Germany has no open port to receive it. On the other hand, the submarine is so small it cannot possibly take on the passengers and crew of the captured ship. The only alternative is to sink it at once with all on board. In other words, again, Germany is not powerful enough to get her large and swift naval units past the British blockade, and this was to exempt her from the promise to give due warning, or to rescue passengers and crew; she is not strong enough on the sea to keep her ports open, and this excused her from adopting the alternative of capture. This is a direct appeal for special dispensation on the ground of her insufficient strength. It is as if a man should claim the right to use a revolver in a boxing match because, forsooth, he could not defeat his opponent any other way! The idea that might makes right may be a brutal one, but this alternative is worse.

It is obvious that the Teutonic demand upon our country to discontinue shipments of arms and ammunition rests, at bottom, on the same form of logic. Indeed, it is so obviously a plea of weakness that Germany seems to have been too proud to take formal diplomatic responsibility for any representations on this point. She wisely let Austria do it. The whole point of the case is that our shipments benefit only one side. Why? Simply because the Teutons have not sufficient naval power to protect such commerce with them. As Austria has made no pretensions in naval armament, the plea does not sound quite so abject in coming from her. But the principle of it is unaltered by the change of signature.

Thus in a third instance a moral exception, a special dispensation of rights, a readjustment of universal obligation, has been invoked by a great nation on the ground of weakness—of its unfitness to survive in the established order of duty. Can that be the voice of the "War Lord" of Europe? Are all his conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, sunk to this petty measure? The prerogative of power has given place to an inverted doctrine of survival—the defiant dignity of the superman to the quibbling desperation of moral weakness.

BENJAMIN W. VAN RIPER.

State College, Pa., October 13.

AMERICA FIRST IN 1783.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a striking clause in the charter of a college in Virginia, the wording being due somewhat perhaps to the facts that the institution began business in 1776 and was chartered in 1783—under the very British name of Hampden-Sidney College, where the father of President Wilson was professor for a few years many years after. The words sound well, and the tradition is that Patrick Henry put them together: "That in order to preserve in the minds of the students that sacred love and attachment which they should ever bear to the principles of the present glorious Revolution, the greatest care and caution shall be used in electing such professors and masters, to the end that no person shall be so elected unless the uniform tenor of his conduct manifest to the world his sincere affection for the liberty and independence of the United States of America."

A. J. M.

Prince Edward Co., Va., October 15.

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF THE EASTLAND CALAMITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

What we do assert is that if the officials who passed upon the subject had taken their stand sternly upon the principle that the lives of passengers must not be exposed to danger—that the margin of safety must be far greater than that afforded by the supposition of no lapse ever occurring in the care with which the ship was managed—the disaster never could have happened. And the reason that this was not sternly insisted on was that to do so would mean a heavy loss to certain

particular persons who had invested their money in the ship, etc., etc.

In a recent number of the *Nation* I find a most timely and ably written article, entitled "The Chief Lesson of the Eastland Calamity," from which I extract the above quotation, which appears to have been provoked mainly by the general horror of the disaster attending the accident to the ill-fated steamer, and partly by the entangled statement of Capt. Eames, a former master of the vessel, in which he is represented as saying, that although "the ship itself was thoroughly seaworthy . . . she was cranky, like all lean-hull vessels, and required constant watching," etc.

The grave and important lesson the *Nation* appears to gather from the lamentable event, and the chief cause of the deplorable disaster, is attributable to what the writer finds to be a characteristic fault of the American people, in their "unwillingness to enforce strictly and unbendingly any general rule or principle, when such enforcement inflicts immediate pain or loss which it is disagreeable to contemplate, while the consequences of non-enforcement are remote and indefinite and may seem in the particular instance to be improbable."

The *Nation* declares that "the whole story of the Eastland's past indicates that the thought of danger was present, again and again, to the inspectors that allowed her to continue in that line of business," and significantly inquires: "Why did they dismiss this thought?" The pertinent and truthful conclusion is then reached, that the officials who passed upon the matter failed to take their stand sternly upon "the principle that the lives of passengers must not be exposed to danger, and the reason they did not do so was, because such a course would mean, *a heavy loss to certain particular persons, who had invested their money in the ship,*" etc., etc. And this faulty tendency in the American mind is illustrated by reference to the case of the murderer Holt, and to the atrocious conditions that led to the sinking of the Slocum.

The excellent editorial in the *Nation* suggests the opportunity to emphasize what the present writer considers the chief cause of the sad experience which befell the unfortunate Eastland, and which has directly, so the writer believes, contributed to many of the most appalling calamities occurring in navigation during recent years, particularly in American waters.

In this scientific and practical age the doctrine is no longer held by thoughtful people, that the evils inflicted on mankind are the result of any kind of providential dispensation, but they are regarded as largely attributable to personal carelessness, negligence, lack of foresight, or downright wilfulness. In the wisdom and experience of the ages, in order to provide remedies to correct such dispositions, and compensate those who are injured by them, certain rules of conduct have been evolved and formulated the principles of which are familiarly known as common law. These constitute the supreme social code governing all English-speaking people, and their wise and beneficent operation is everywhere acknowledged. Through prudent legislation these principles of the common law have been gradually modified in their governing power and tendency to correspond with the changes wrought by the growing wants of society, having always in view the greatest good to the greatest number. Along with these principles of the common law have appeared numberless forms of corporate enterprise, some of which have grown to such colossal proportions, they have succeeded in subordinating the general welfare to the dictates of their special interests and have secured the enactment of laws providing for their especial profit or advantage, at the expense of the general mass of mankind.

One of the wisest and most beneficial doctrines of the common law is that a ship-owner is liable, *in full,* for all damages caused by the negligence of his employees. And such is the general maritime law, as declared in Foster's Federal Practice, Vol. 2, p. 593. Yet the application of this profoundly wholesome doctrine has been entirely frustrated by the mal-legislation of the Congress of the United States and the Parliament of Great Britain, in which is illustrated, not merely the "unwillingness to enforce strictly and unbendingly" the general rule of the common law by the people of the United States and Great Britain, because such a course would mean a "heavy loss to certain particular persons, who have invested their money in ships," but from the confessedly deliberate design to favor ship-owners, to the detriment of all the rest of the world who become the victims of the negligence of such owners and those "who have invested their money in ships." The rule of the common law, relative to the negligence of ship-owners, was observed as the governing principle in all cases of navigation, up to March 3, 1854, when the Congress of the United States passed an act, avowedly designed to encourage shipping, by extending all possible protection to vessel-owners, entitled "An Act to limit the liability of ship-owners, and for other purposes." And the limitations of liability and exemptions contained in said act were enlarged by additional legislation by Congress, through the acts of June 26, 1884, and June 19, 1886, now embodied in sections 4282 to 4289 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. Similar provisions are contained in the English Merchants' Shipping act of 1894, 57 and 58 Victoria, chapter 60, in which ship-owners are limited in their liability to an amount calculated at a specified number of pounds per ton of the vessel, and considered in its entirety the English law is less favorable to the ship-owner and more disposed to the rights of shippers than the acts of Congress.

The origin and policy of this vicious legislation, which the *Nation* appropriately designates as a characteristic fault of the American mind, and which appears as a like affliction in the British disposition, is naïvely declared and explained by the late Mr. Justice Bradley, in the leading case of Norwich & N. Y. Transportation Company vs. Wright, 13 Wallace, U. S., 104, in which he says:

> The great object of the law was to encourage shipbuilding, and to induce capitalists to invest money in this branch of industry. Unless they can be induced to do so, the shipping interests of the country must flag and decline. Those who are willing to manage and work ships are generally unable to build and fit them. They have plenty of hardihood and personal daring and enterprise, but they have little capital. On the other hand, those who have capital, and invest it in ships, incur a very large risk in exposing their property to the hazards of the sea, and to the management of seafaring men, without making them liable for additional losses and damage to an indefinite amount, etc., etc.

The extreme wickedness of this iniquitous legislation, which the learned jurist laboriously endeavors to palliate by inept and honeyed sentiment, is not disclosed by the casual reading of the insidiously worded sentences, in which the draftsmen have striven in vain to clothe it. The following is a type of the general tenor and substance of the several enactments referred to:

> The liability of the owner of any vessel, for any embezzlement, loss, or destruction by any person, of any property, goods, or merchandise, shipped or put on board such vessel, or for any loss, damage, or injury by collision, or for any act, matter, or thing, loss, damage, or forfeiture done, occasioned, or incurred, *without the privity or knowledge* of such owner or owners, shall in no case exceed the *amount or value of the interest of such owners in such vessel, and her freight then pending.*

One would suppose, from the general reading of the act, that on the familiar principle of "respondeat superior" which runs through the common law of master and servant, or principal and agent, the negligence of the master and other officers of the vessel, whose negligence may be the proximate cause of loss of the vessel, or of loss of life or property occurring therefrom, would be attributed to the owners of the vessel. Now it is to protect the owners of the vessel from this beneficent provision of the common law that the atrocious Congressional legislation mentioned above was designed. The glaring evils resulting from such legislative enactments are not fully manifest, except when the courts attempt to apply their maleficent features to cases as they arise.

Upwards of one thousand persons, whose brief obituaries filled five pages of the Chicago *Tribune,* lost their lives through the evident criminal carelessness of somebody. That being the case, each personal representative of the several unfortunate victims of the accident would doubtless obtain a judgment for several thousand dollars against the owners of the vessel, and all the property of such owners be subjected to the payment thereof, but for the exemptions afforded the owners by the provisions of the act of Congress limiting the liability of the owners to the present value of the Eastland, which is comparatively worthless. In the proceedings to ascertain the causes leading to the dreadful destruction of life on the vessel, the general trend of the testimony shows that *knowledge* of the criminal negligence from which the accident is believed to have happened is not attributable to the *owners* of the vessel. Should this be the conclusion at the final hearing, then the damages accruing to the representatives of the thousand or more of unfortunate sufferers from the disaster can never be recovered from the owners of the Eastland, even in the face of the confessed negligence on part of the officers that caused the accident, although the possessions of the owners of the Eastland be reckoned in millions, except to the extent of the present value of the vessel, unless it can be shown that the owners had knowledge of its unseaworthy condition or knew of the negligence that caused its misfortune. These conclusions are deduced from the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the trials of all the actions for damages resulting from the loss of lives in the destruction of the Titanic. And such has been the uniform judgment of the highest courts of the country, ever since the enactment of the unwise laws passed by Congress for the protection of ship-owners from the just and reasonable principles of the common law.

The unwarranted character of such legislative principles is further apparent when you undertake to apply them to other

forms of business in which common carriers are engaged. For instance, in the case of a railway company, if loss of life or property occurred on one of its trains through the negligence of its employees operating the same, and the liability of the company should be limited by law to the value of the car on which the accident occurred, unless the company had knowledge of the negligence that caused the accident, would not such a law deserve and receive the fierce denunciation of every lover of justice? Would it not be universally recognized as an obvious discrimination in favor of the property rights of railway companies as against the lives and property of those entrusted to their care and custody? Does not such legislation esteem the property rights of the common carriers above the lives and property of those committed to their safe-keeping and transportation? Is not such legislation a direct encouragement to the carelessness of ship-owners, and does it not operate as a premium on their negligence?

There never was a more opportune time for the repeal of such obnoxious laws than that offered to the next Congress, by an amendment to La Follette's Seamen's act, which the shipping interests of the country are threatening to denude of its many chief merits.

EMMET W. BAGBY.

Paducah, Ky., September 10.

"WHILST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Lyon Phelps informs readers of the *Nation* for October 14 that "Englishmen almost invariably write 'whilst' and Americans 'while.'" To find out what evidence is at hand for this surprising statement, I turned to nine English books and two English magazines. I discovered an example of "while" in each, examples of "whilst" in only one.* My brief investigation did not convince me that "whilst" is as nearly dead in England as it is in America, but it did make me sure that "whilst" is not "all but universal in contemporary English books." The examples I happened upon are the following:

"While the gruel was arriving at maturity, she wrapped the covering," De Morgan, "When Ghost Meets Ghost," London, Heinemann, 1914, p. 523; "He was to go there at once, while the fine weather lasted," Trevena, "Arminel of the West," London, Alston Rivers, 1909, p. 206; "While he was at school he worked hard," introduction by "H. S." to "Lapsus Calami and Other Verses" of J. K. Stephen, Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 1912, p.v; "While companionably, all the way run the grass-grown cuttings," C. G. Harper, "Summer Days in Shakespeare Land," London, Chapman & Hall, 1912, p. 186; "While we discussed the thickening traffic—we heard," Kipling, "Actions and Reactions," New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1909, p. 149; "While carefully dropping some dilute carbolic acid . . . he found," Masefield, "Multitude and Solitude," New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1911, p. 264; "The light had been turned out while Buggins was reading," Wells, "Klpps," New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905, p. 140; "While one they eye," Hardy, "The Dynasts," New York and London, Macmillan, 1904, p. 7; "While waiting for that answer, it had become Mr. Pendyce's habit," Galsworthy, "The Country House," New York and London, Putnam, 1910, p. 162; "That beech is 'the beech where we saw the squirrel,' while yonder larch is the one we sheltered under,'" the *Spectator*, September 25, 1915, p. 394; "Mr. Harcourt remained an enemy of the British Navy . . . while he publicly gloried in his hostility to the Army," the *National Review*, October, 1915, p. 237.

H. CARRINGTON LANCASTER.

Amherst College, October 19.

*The *National Review*, October, 1915, one example p. 222, a second p. 225.

Literature

THE NEW EFFICIENCY.

Scientific Management: A History and Criticism. By Horace Bookwalter Drury. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

Scientific management became a current term in 1910, when Louis D. Brandeis made his arguments before the Interstate Commerce Commission against an advance in freight rates proposed by the Western railways. By means of scientific management, he asserted, certain manufacturers had been able to combine high payments with a low cost of labor; he urged the railways to adopt similar methods and to refrain from seeking public support in their emergencies. The origin of the system of scientific management is commonly ascribed to the late F. W. Taylor, who, after preparing for college, went to work instead, and who in 1882 was made machine-shop foreman of the Midvale Steel Company of Philadelphia. The author of the present book traces the history of the movement from its inception in the mind of Taylor, as applied by different men in various industries, analyzes its distinctive features, and attempts an appreciation of its importance and probable future.

Taylor, like thousands of other men in a like position, was an energetic foreman, eager to get from his men the best work that they could render, and, like other foremen, wanting a greater output in a day's work than the workman was ready to give. Taylor was unlike other foremen in that he believed that it was possible to determine accurately, by research and experiment, the amount of work of which a man was capable, and proposed to obtain this amount and no less by suitable methods of payment. With the support of the corporation by which he was employed he was enabled to begin a series of extraordinarily elaborate investigations. The particular field in which he was most interested was that of metal-cutting by machine tools, such work as the turning of car axles in engine lathes. In this one branch of factory work he is said to have spent altogether twenty-six years of research and nearly $200,000 of money. In 1895 he read before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers a paper, "A Piece-Rate System," which embodied the results of his experience, and which marks an epoch in the development over a larger field of the practice of scientific management. The movement grew steadily from that time. Some of its exponents, notably Harrington Emerson, have declared their independence of Taylor's influence, but in general he was the source from which others (Gantt, Barth, Hathaway, Cooke, Thompson, Gilbreth) drew their inspiration and authority. Early in the present year it was estimated that the system of scientific management had been applied in some form to about eighty different industries and to hundreds of different plants.

Taylor's paper of 1895, as suggested by its title, made the wage system the crux of factory management. Men had no inclination to do their best when they were paid by the time. The system of payment by the piece, which appears to offer sufficient stimulus, had also failed in practice because piece rates were so generally cut when the daily output increased that the men had only their labor for their pains if they raised the speed of their work and the amount of their product. Devices such as profit-sharing and gain-sharing, intended to reconcile employers and laborers by an indefinite solution of the wage problem, had had but a slight success. Taylor followed a new course. He asserted boldly that it was possible by scientific methods to determine the work which a good man could do in a day. For this amount of work he proposed a generous wage. The danger of rate-cutting was obviated by the fact that the standard wage assumed a fair maximum of exertion; while the differential rate proposed by Taylor punished so severely the man who did not reach the standard that he would be eliminated and his place would be taken by a better worker. Taylor assured his hearers that the men who had been working under this system for the past ten years maintained an output far above that of the average wage-worker, and did so gladly because of the increased return which the system assured them.

The plan of the differential rate, which was accepted at the time as the most important contribution that Taylor had to make to the practice of shop management, fell into the background as the experience of succeeding years showed that other devices could be employed to stimulate workmen to do their best, and that under certain conditions even the old systems of day work or piece work, when they were handled by trained and far-sighted employers, met all needs. The tendency has been to emphasize not so much the demands of the employer as the aid which the employer could contribute to the effective performance of tasks. Taylor's idea that a task should be scientifically determined has remained fundamental. Motion study, involving the analysis by skilled observers of manual operations, has been so far refined that for some purposes even a stop-watch will not measure the small fractions of a second in which elements of the motion are distinguished. The object of such study has become, however, more consciously constructive. Workmen are carefully taught how they may accomplish most, in the shortest time and with the least fatigue. Pauses for

rest are in some cases not only permitted, but enjoined. The greatest pains are taken to provide workers with effective tools and needed supplies. Every attempt is made to apportion tasks according to the inborn qualities of the laborers, so that each may apply his natural gifts to advantage. Finally, employers have been forced by the "efficiency experts" to examine critically not only their workmen, but also themselves, and to adopt far-reaching reforms in the ranks of controlling officials and the clerical force. The new type of factory, with its planning department, its careful routing of work in progress, its elaborate system of records and accounts, its standardization, and its "functional" or "line and staff" or "departmental" organization, is as different from the old as is the great army of to-day from the armies that antedated Frederick the Great and Napoleon.

The successes of scientific management were widely advertised at the time of the railway rate hearings. Some of its achievements appear astounding:

The Tabor Manufacturing Company's product is now said to be worth two and a half times as much, and to be in quantity three times as great, as before the introduction of scientific management—this in spite of a reduction in the number of employees. The productive efficiency of the Link-Belt plant has been doubled. The Watertown Arsenal estimates were reduced by $240,000. In the cotton industry, productivity was increased enough to cover an advance of wages amounting to about 30 per cent. For the Ferracute Machine Company, the expense of doing a large number of jobs was reduced to 47 per cent. of what it had been, which equals a new productivity amounting to 213 per cent. of the old. Under scientific management the average individual handles quantities of pig iron equal to 380 per cent. of his former task. Yard laborers at Bethlehem (shovelling) increased their output to 368 per cent. Bricklayers perform tasks enlarged to 270 per cent. As many bicycle balls were inspected by 35 girls as had been handled formerly by 120. On the Santa Fé it was estimated that $1,250,000 was saved in one year.

Yet the system is only one factor out of many that influence the course of any business; and it is almost impossible to apportion exactly the credit that is due to it. The system appears in some cases to have worn out, to have lost the efficiency which was first ascribed to it. Factories in which the system was first applied present it no longer in its model form. The gains resulting from the effective application of scientific management in specific instances appear to be differentials, owing their existence to the relative inefficiency of competing plants, and lacking the promise of permanence; while there are obvious limitations to its introduction in many lines of work. It is commonly estimated that even now only 50,000 workers are subject to the system of scientific management; bolder estimates, ranging up to 200,000, leave still the great body of laborers unaffected. Some features of scientific management will certainly persist, but the system as a whole is still in the experimental stage, and the future before it is uncertain.

Some of the charges commonly made against the system of scientific management can readily be shown to be unfounded, or at least exaggerated. Men are not reduced to automatons because their movements are measured by the stop-watch; nor do they need to strain themselves to perform the tasks imposed upon them, when the system is intelligently applied. It is not impossible, though it is difficult, to reconcile the new system with the prevailing methods and objects of labor organization. Some benefits of the system, on the other hand, cannot be contested. It makes new openings in the higher grades of labor, both in the factory and in the office; it raises the wage of the workman. It has succeeded, up to the present, because it has won the approval not only of the capitalist employer, but also of the working class.

A number of books and a great many articles in periodical journals have been written on this topic of scientific management. Most of these have been technical; many have been decidedly partial. Nowhere else can the reader find what the author of the present volume gives him: a comprehensive history and appreciation of the movement, both scholarly and interesting, sympathetic yet also critical. The author treats the topic, as he says, from the "broadly-social" point of view. He lacks the authority of a technical expert in expressing judgments on matters which contain an important technical element, but he wins the confidence of the reader by his caution, by the industry which he has shown in the collection of facts, and by his evident desire to reach the truth. Economists and sociologists will be grateful to him for his contribution, and thoughtful readers, even though they have no professional interest in the subject, will still find the book well worth reading.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Way of These Women. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Oppenheim turns here from international intrigue, somewhat staled now by actual use, to his earlier manner, and gives us a very readable detective story. Some of the details of the mystery will not perhaps bear severe analytic investigation, but the main point is that the full explanation of the mystery is kept concealed until the very end. It may be easy, by a simple process of exhaustion, for the astute reader to guess at the start who was the actual murderer of the Marquis of Lakenham—we note with delight that the blood spilled is of the bluest of the blue and not that of any plain John Smith or Harry Brown—and the emphasis that is laid on the noble marquis's reputation among the ladies may supply a hint for the motive of the crime; but the dénouement, when we find that each of two perfectly innocent people has thought all along that the other was the guilty person and that each has been heroically shielding the other—this, we confess, escaped our own eagle eye and we hasten to give credit to Mr. Oppenheim for his *tour de force.* He is ingenious, too, in fastening responsibility for the deception on a jealous woman, and to reward him for his ingenuity we consent to swallow without excessive gulping all the coincidence it must be admitted he sometimes administers in rather large doses. This volume is not representative of the author's best work, but it is a good story of its type, and we commend Mr. Oppenheim's perception of his public's appetite in realizing just now that it has all it wants of German diplomacy.

Straight Down the Crooked Lane. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Co.

"The Helmet of Navarre" appeared in 1901, and at once swashbuckled its way to popular favor. (That was a great moment for the feminine practitioner of costume romance: Miss Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" had just scored an immense hit.) After her marriage three years later to Capt. L. H. Bash, of the United States army, the romancer wrote two stories of similar mould. She here casts aside her buckram and writes out of a considerable experience of social and garrison life in America and the Philippines. The product is a nondescript compound of social satire, mystery, and sentiment. A famous and fateful jewel, known as the Plassy diamond, is the pivot of the action. It has been looted from India by an Englishman, and whenever it passes out of the family keeping it carries a curse. At the time when the story opens it is in possession of a young Newport matron who has duly suffered on its acquisition, and is anxious to be rid of it. Consequently, old Nathan Thorpe is able to buy it to use as a bribe for the possession of his little daughter, who is in the custody of his divorced wife, now Mrs. Valentine. Mrs. Valentine refuses the bribe, and leaves him, on the verge of collapse, in her own library. There shortly afterward he is found dead. The box which has contained the jewel is in his pocket, but the diamond itself is gone. At the moment everything is as muddled as the best lover of detective fiction could desire. Anybody might have taken the gem, Mrs. Valentine, or her husband, or the little girl Loveday, or the dead man's brother, or some person unknown.

The weak thing about the rest of the story is that it goes on by fits and starts, now as a mystery yarn, now as a story of human life and character. The two things are almost irreconcilable; for though the writer of detective fiction professes to be studying human life, he is really concerned with a mechanism working independently of, and even in ways hostile to, real characterization. In order to carry on the present plot, the leading persons have to be false to the reasonable and attractive selves we are just getting acquainted with. Each of the

Valentines, who have appeared a devoted and likable pair, at once jumps to the conclusion that the other has stolen the Plassy diamond. Neither suspects the other's thought. Valentine, with the fatuity of your mere hero, runs away to draw the bloodhounds upon his own trail. Mrs. Valentine is convinced of his guilt, and appears to suffer very little from her conviction. Of course, the game is to bring everybody together again, after all these years, and to clear up the mystery when the author and the reader have had enough of it. To effect this, Loveday marries an army officer, and finds the blameless fugitive, "Val," in the Philippines, and, shortly after, the missing jewel in Japan. All is explained and all is forgiven—a little too much by rote. The style of the book is superior to its matter. Mrs. Bash is capable of an excellent novel of manners if she were able to apply herself to it.

The Trail of the Hawk. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Bros.

The exuberance of this book is the exuberance of youthful energy, and it is felt from cover to cover. The kaleidoscopic shifting of scene and incident follows naturally from the buoyant and adventure-loving personality of the hero.

We see him first as "a man of eight," directing the destruction of reckless mercenaries. In course of time he emerges from his rural environment at a little Northwestern college of extreme sectarian type, whence he is expelled for taking too loyal an interest in a revolutionary young professor who lectures on Wells, Shaw, and Socialism; he goes to Chicago and serves as packing-hand in a large department store, as chauffeur, and what-not; and finally runs away with a circus. From this point his fortunes take a sharp rise upward, literally following his entrance into the field of professional aviation—whence his nickname, "Hawk"—and his invasion of the East. The inevitable heroine enters with a girlish freshness equal to his own boyish high spirits, and the narrative moves along to a species of sustained *gaudeamus igitur*. Nor do the shocks and adventurings that have marked his career so far end with his marriage. All is not happy ever after. The new love has to compete before long with the old love of flying, which he had exchanged for a more prosaic method of making a living, but they save the day by fleeing from "stuffy marriage" together to the Argentine, happy once more in the glow of feeling "How bully it is to be living, if you don't have to give up living in order to make a living."

Mr. Lewis knows the scenes of which he writes, from Minnesota to Colon, and, without any pretence of putting all America into a novel, has succeeded in giving a truer picture of our puzzling United States than has been the fortune of more ambitious tales. This sane-eyed realism, combined with the book's genuineness of tone and its sparkling rapidity of movement, should win for it a multitude of interested readers.

A Maid of Old Virginia. By William Sage. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

The episode of Bacon's Rebellion contains promising material for the historical romancer: it has been handled without inspiration in this book. The author has had some experience in turning out the kind of thing! Very likely, he has found a safe recipe. To others than habitual users of the compound, it will prove a trifle insipid. Bacon the rebel and Colonel Berkeley the corrupt are the chief historical figures: their make-up and costume are passable, but their parts are rather crudely acted. The necessary element of personal adventure, the invaluable tincture of heart-interest, is injected into the merely historical situation through the persons and exploits of Jasper Mason, handsome and gallant youth, and lovely though lowly Deborah Lane. In short, we are here presented with a familiar and evidently marketable article compact of truth, mush, and melodrama. The dialogue is less absurd than is common in books of the type.

A NEW COMPENDIUM OF MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY.

A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe for Secondary Schools. By William Stearns Davis, assisted by Norman Shaw McKendriek. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

In a graceful dedication prefixed to the volume of his collected poems, Catullus compliments his friend Cornelius Nepos on the success of his endeavors to bring within small compass the history of all the ages (*omne ævum tribus explicare chartis*). This is what Mr. William Stearns Davis has attempted to do in the manual which lies before us, entitled "A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe." He does not take all the ages for his subject, for he begins in the fourth century A. D. But he has so much more ground to cover and so much a vaster mass of historical literature to abridge than Cornelius Nepos had, that his task of compression is incomparably more difficult. So difficult, indeed, is it to make interesting as literature a history which covers many centuries in few pages that a reviewer must not apply the usual standards of criticism. It would be absurd to complain that such a book contains no dramatic passages, no delineations of character, no train of philosophical reflections. For these things there is no room in 560 pages of small octavo. What is wanted is a clear, terse summary of the chief events; and the skill of the writer has to be directed towards selecting the events best worth emphasizing, and stating their connection in the fewest and simplest words. It is by these qualities, and, of course, also by accuracy, that the merit of such works as this is to be tried.

This book stands the test well. There are, however, several omissions, and here and there mistakes, a few of which we have noted. On an early page the Huns—Attila's Huns—seem to be described as "Tartars" (the word should be "Tatars"). There is very little to show what family of mankind the Huns belonged to, but the more general opinion is that they were probably Mongols, not members of the Tatar or Turkic stock. To say (p. 440) that the Code Napoléon "is still used to-day in many parts of Germany" is going too far. Is it used anywhere in that Empire except in the comparatively small area west of the Rhine? The praise bestowed (p. 443) on the University of Berlin as "the intellectual citadel of all the new nineteenth-century scientific and higher learning," even if intended to apply to German universities only, does some injustice to such other German seats of learning as Leipzig. The account (p. 470) of the war of Hungary against Austria in 1848-9 is hardly accurate, for it omits to inform the reader that Hungary had an ancient constitution of her own, and to speak of the "Germanized Vienna Government" seems to imply that the Vienna Government has been changed, whereas it had always been German. On p. 226 the reference to Vasco da Gama's voyage appears to ignore the earlier discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz. On p. 430 the mention of the dropping of his old imperial title by the Emperor Francis II in August, 1806, ought to have been explained by adding that some of the chief German states had already withdrawn from the Empire, and that Napoleon had already announced that he did not recognize its existence. At p. 540 a brief reference ought to be made to the great Bulgarian massacres by the Turks in 1876, as these were the real cause of the war which followed and in which the Russian arms liberated Bulgaria. A more serious omission is the absence of any reference to the annexation of Portugal by Philip II of Spain in 1580 A. D., and its liberation in 1640 by a revolt against Philip IV. Nor do we find any reference to the rise and growth of the Swiss Confederation, specially interesting as its history is to American students. The Swiss Cantons are first referred to in a note on p. 239.

These, however, are trivial matters in comparison with the general accuracy and completeness of the book. It purports to be intended as a textbook to be used along with oral teaching, and with a view to that aim suggestions to teachers are given, questions are placed at the end of each chapter to furnish a basis for the examination of the learner upon the points dealt with in the chapter, subjects are indicated on which exercises may be written, and a short list of books is appended to which both teachers and students may refer. All this is carried out in a workmanlike manner, and the author has wisely left himself space (gained by retrenchment upon topics of secondary interest) for dwelling pretty fully on matters of supreme importance, such as the career of Charlemagne, the struggle of the Investitures, and, above all, the French Revolution. These are treated with insight and judgment. In the last five chapters, which bring the story down to our own day, a

laudable and on the whole successful effort has been made to treat controversial questions and issues still undetermined with due impartiality.

The illustrations are as a rule very well selected. Those which present scenes of mediæval life and the portraits of famous men are particularly useful.

POLITICS OF THE PRESENT.

The Underlying Principles of Modern Legislation. By W. Jethro Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25 net.

Professor Brown has written an able, even a brilliant, book. In a simple and refreshingly untechnical manner he has tried to analyze the basic conceptions of modern politics. He has the advantage of being, as an Englishman, in touch with the conservative aspect of modern legislation, while as a professor in an Australian university he is able to understand and, what is more, to sympathize with, the radical experiments of that fascinating democracy. The result is a volume which no student of modern political thought should neglect to read.

It is of the deepest interest to place this book side by side with Professor Dicey's superb lectures on "Law and Public Opinion in England." The point of view is essentially antithetic. The temperament of the writers is singularly reverse. Professor Dicey, looking back on the nineteenth century, agrees with Professor Brown in thinking that its main motif has been the gradual triumph of collectivist principles. He is doubtful of the wisdom of their application. He urges that they have led, and are leading, to the gradual enervation of individual initiative, to the transference to the state of functions that it is unable adequately to perform, with the result that, in M. Faguet's illuminating, if lugubrious, phrase, modern democracy to him becomes "a cult of incompetence" against which it is essential to raise an arresting hand.

Professor Brown is troubled by no such doubts. To him the evolution is natural and good. It shows the gradual acceptance of a social will as intrinsically superior in moral worth to the will of any individual. The state to him is not a substitute for personal responsibility, but, on the contrary, something very like the armed conscience of the community, pricking it into activity when it seems most likely to lapse into forgetfulness. The dangers which oppress Professor Dicey he does not deny; but he argues that they are the natural errors of a novel method of action to be cured by experience. He does not shrink from admitting the bigness of the issues involved. He sees the complex nature of the social problem. He insists that it is not to be solved by the iteration of any panacea, whether of Karl Marx or of Henry George. What he does believe is that when a nation—it is impossible to doubt that he is analyzing his Australian experience—consciously sets itself to the study of its difficulties, we have every ground for hopefulness. The action of the state is not to be deprecated, for the simple reason that the state is expressing the outcome of such collective thought.

We have principles that are growing from our facts—that is Professor Brown's main contention. We want not "natural" rights, but those "rights" without which the foundation of the state cannot be secure. We do not, to take his own example, urge the rightness of woman's suffrage on the ground that every human being ought to vote, because he or she is a human being. We urge it on the ground that the results of women's exclusion from the franchise lead us to believe that their inclusion is necessary. We are not socialists, he says again, except in the sense of Disraeli. We apply a piecemeal system of experiment. We try municipal or state ownership in various branches of industry. Sometimes we succeed, sometimes we fail; but in either case we draw our principle from the facts.

It is interesting to note that Professor Brown, while accepting the Gierke-Maitland theory of the state's "real" personality, yet does not doubt that it is a single, unified thing, necessarily transcending the discords of its elements. He declaims, for example, against those sections of the Australian people who believe on the one hand in strikes, on the other in anti-social monopolies, because each endangers the well-being of the whole. But here, as a fact, we think that Professor Brown is over-simplifying his problem. A rough generalization about Australian democracy would undoubtedly admit the reality of its unity at the present time. But, surely, it would urge also that this unity is due to the newness of the Commonwealth. Differences have hardly had time to develop. The emigration to Australia has mainly been that of a type similar to the original colonists. The burden of economic pressure has as yet been but little felt. No acute religious problem has divided public opinion. The best of unity, surely, will only come when Australia, like the United States, confronts the problem of absorbing half a hundred different peoples, each with a distinct, often un-American, tradition of its own. That test Australia has yet to face; and until she does, declarations of an inherent unity seem a little premature.

Not less interesting is Professor Brown's view of the nature of a democracy. In equality of opportunity he believes most firmly. But he is not one of those who, neglecting the obvious biological fact of variation, seek to gloss over the fact that men actually are born with differing capacities; and he therefore urges that it is those with the superior ability who should be invested with the function of government. His democracy, in brief, is an aristocracy by delegation. He thinks that the referendum and the initiative are, in fact, but political crutches, of use only until the most satisfactory method of representative government is obtained. Counting heads seems to him about as bad a method of government as removing them; the lyrical enthusiasm of Mr. U'Ren represents no more real democracy than the sinister essays of Robespierre. That is a valuable comment on the direction of Australian political ideas.

We may offer one or two criticisms in conclusion. The book needs an index; its absence is not compensated for by the analytical contents at the beginning. The introductory analysis of Anarchism would be improved if Professor Brown gave his quotations at first-hand, and not as citations from the handbooks of Zenker and Eltzbacher. Moreover, it is incomplete in so far as it neglects the "polyarchism" which thinkers like Maitland and Figgis have derived from the work of Gierke. Anarchism, at bottom, is, as Professor Brown realizes, an attack on the Austinian idol, and this most important of its developments necessitates a fuller treatment. Lastly, Professor Brown must know that Maitland did not, as he states on page 237, write a book on "The Service of the State."

ORIGINS OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Holland: An Historical Essay. By H. A. van C. Torchiana. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1.25 net.

In common with those who have acquaintance at first hand with the archives of Holland and Belgium, this author, a lawyer in San Francisco and Consul-General of the Netherlands, believes that in American historiography and in popular notions there is much confusion of thought as to the origin of American institutions. His general thesis is that the framework of our national system is derived from old Holland, a republic, rather than from England, a monarchy. In his view the territory occupied by the four Middle States was the only portion of what is now the American Union which in their early history were politically homogeneous, that is, under one social and governmental system. These States have formed the centrum from which the full body of the nation has developed.

Almost every one of the salient features of our national Government is borrowed from the republic of the United Netherlands, the less desirable ones of the original model being rejected. Even in American pre-national and colonial days, "we find a certain unity of political ideas"—freedom of religious belief, proclaimed by William the Silent in 1577; "no taxation without representation," enunciated by the Netherlands in 1477; a comprehensive school system supported by taxation, easily traced in Holland to the thirteenth century and made general after the Reformation; written Constitutions, of which the Union of Utrecht, made in 1579, was one; and the supremacy of the judiciary, which in the Low Countries was a fixed principle in the time of Charles V. The fathers of the Constitution, dropping most of the peculiar features of political England, the throne, the State Church, primogeniture, and the financial and educational systems, adopted the ideas which the founders of American commonwealths, Pilgrims,

Puritans, Anabaptists, Quakers, had brought from Holland. The common notion that our country is a New England instead of a New Europe, Mr. Torchiana ascribes to the tremendous influence of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the effect of whose "literary joke," as Washington Irving called it, surprised no one more than the genial humorist himself. Yet it is certain that this amusing caricature was taken seriously, not only by a learned German commentator on Thucydides, who quoted from Knickerbocker's "History of New York," adding Latin notes to prove his point, but even in America, as more than one history—made in New England—shows.

Mr. Torchiana devotes one chapter to Dutch Influence on Civilization, European and American, and another to The Direct Influence of the Netherlands on America. These show in detail the direct and vast importation from the Land of Grotius into the colonies of the little and great things which make up civilization. He has read other authors than Motley and Campbell, and gives an array of facts that are as a b c to those familiar with the Dutch language and documents, but are not yet considered as material for orthodoxy in American historiography. In the chapter on Holland's Attitude During the Birth of the American Republic, he recalls events that are strangely absent or absurdly subordinate in our school histories. In resistance to unlawful taxation, in organized revolt under the forms of law, in a declaration of independence, in abjuration of a prince considered a tyrant, in the experience of Federal Government—with the long conflict between State right and national supremacy—in ordaining a flag on which each stripe represented a State having, whether large or small, an equal vote in the national Senate, Holland furnished us vital precedents. These things, in Mr. Torchiana's view, were well known to our fathers, though now they are often forgotten. The historian who is critically familiar with the Dutch language and archives, and especially with the documents of the seventeenth century, has yet to appear in the United States.

The warp and woof of this Dutch lawyer's essay are not closely woven together, and the literary texture seems somewhat flimsy, but most of the facts cited are beyond question. Moreover, some of the most telling arguments for his thesis are not utilized. We may mention, for example, the constant supply, during our Revolutionary War, by the Dutch from St. Eustatius of most of the munitions used by the Continental army, including the very paper on which Thomas Paine wrote his soul-stirring appeals, and the loan of four millions of dollars which paid our army at Newburgh in 1782, and which, when repaid in 1808, amounting, then, with compound interest, to fourteen millions of dollars, was used to develop over four millions of acres in western New York and Pennsylvania.

In arguing on the question of American political and social origins, there is danger of a partisanship like that of the late Douglas Campbell, from which Mr. Torchiana is not wholly free. Yet it is certain that Hamilton Madison, John Adams, and Benjamin Franklin were more familiar with the workings and defects of the living model of the Dutch Republic then before their eyes than are the statesmen and scholars of to-day. Moreover, while there are Dutch writers, who in Holland have made merry over the undue praise of their country by J. Thorold Rogers and Douglas Campbell, the serious historians, like Groen van Prinsterer, Motley's severest critic, and Prof. P. J. Blok, of Leyden, have acknowledged the substantial justice of assertions like those of Mr. Torchiana, by pointing out in detail ideas and institutions that existed in Holland long before they were known in England. The conscious debt of our fathers to the Republic may be summed up in what John Adams, a student on Dutch ground, wrote in 1780: "The originals of the two republics [Dutch and American] are so much alike that a page from one seems but a transcript from the other."

Notes

Walter Lippman's "The Stakes of Diplomacy" will be published shortly by Henry Holt & Co.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Issues of Life," by Elwood Worcester.

"The Rhythm of Life," by Charles Brodle Patterson, and a revised and enlarged edition of "Opera Synopses," by J. Walker McSpadden, will be published shortly by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The following volumes will be issued shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co.: Camille des Moulins," by Violet Methley; "Some Elderley People and Their Young Friends," by S. MacNaughton; "Between the Lines," by Boyd Cable; "Attila and the Huns," by Edward Hutton, and an English translation of the history of Tacitus, by George Gilbery Ramsay.

Included in the autumn list of the Macmillan Company, in addition to the volumes announced last week, are the following: Biography—"Henry Codman Potter, Seventh Bishop of New York," by George Hodges; "The Life of Clara Barton," by Percy H. Epler; "A Reverie of Childhood and Youth," by William Butler Yeats, and the fourth volume of the "Life of Benjamin Disraeli." History—"The Story of the American Merchant Marine" (enlarged edition), by John R. Spears. Philosophy—"The Problem of Knowledge," by Douglas Clyde Macintosh. Religion—"What is a Christian?" by John W. Powell. Science—"Who Is Insane?" by Stephen Smith; "Man: An Adaptive Mechanism," by George W. Crile, and "A Handbook of Weaves," by G. H. Oelsner, translated and revised by Samuel S. Dale. Music and Art—"A History of American Music," by Louis C. Elson (new edition), and "A History of American Painting," by Samuel Isham (revised edition). Mathematics—Volume I of "The Mathematical Theory of Probabilities and Its Application to Frequency Curves and Statistical Methods," by Arne Fisher. Medicine—"Diseases of Nutrition and Infant Feeding," by John Lovett Morse and Fritz B. Talbot; "Treatment of Acute Infectious Diseases," by Frank Sherman Meara; "The Criminal Imbecile," by H. H. Goddard; "Diseases of the Arteries, Including Angina Pectoris," by Sir Clifford Allbutt.

In "Matrimony" (Kennerley), John Trevena, by means of a lightly sketched narrative, gives concrete form to the full ceremony of betrothal and marriage as practiced by the mediæval Church. For his setting he employs the Dartmoor of his familiar choice, or rather its ancient prototype, home of a rude peasant life which hardly touches beauty and dignity except at the hands of mother Church. Young Anthonie and his Petronel are simply embodiments of youth and pure mating love. In a series of scenes painted with skilful if conscious artifice, the course of that love as ratified and blessed by religion is set forth. No moral is drawn in stated terms, but the writer's motive has evidently been to bring home to an age to which marriage is for the most part an arrangement the solemn beauty with which men in more childlike phases have invested it.

Mr. James Huneker, the author of "Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks" (Scribner; $1.50 net), was a critic of music, plays, and "art" in New York at about the time when Mr. Bernard Shaw was performing similar duties in London. The experience left its mark upon both of them. That was the period in which everybody was scintillating, and the only way to score was to coruscate. Unluckily, a trick like that easily becomes habit; hence our *ante bellum* spectacle of a group of stout or gray gentlemen being consistently startling for the glory of English letters. More than any other American of the generation, Mr. Huneker resembles them in brilliancy and skittishness of manner. His weakness for epigram, always irritating, is sometimes fatuous. What meaning in such pronouncements as "It is a holy and unwholesome idea to purge the mind every now and then"? If there is any functionary who ought to eschew the sprightly jingle of words, it is surely the critic. Here, too, we find extreme instances of the practice of carrying over terms from one art to another. So, although he apologizes for mixing his metaphors in saying of Strauss's Salome: "Very intense, an apparition rather than a human, she sounds the violet rays of eroticism," he can go on in the next breath: "The *tempi* were different from Campanini's—*i. e.*, the plastic quality of the reading gave us new colours, new scents, new curves." Ideas, the best of them, must be driven home with a sledge-hammer. For example, to enforce his preference for "pure music above impure," he must cry: "I dislike grand opera as a miserable mishmash of styles, compromises, and arrant ugliness"—an extravagance of terms which at once demands the confession, "I say this, knowing in my heart that nothing is so thrilling as 'Tristan and Isolde.' . . . So I'm neither logical nor sincere." Not a dryasdust critic, that is, but a creature of spontaneity, nature's child, flinging himself upon our bosoms and our kind indulgence.

This is all playfulness, of course, since, if any modern commentator sets store by his sincerity and the value of his opinions, it is plainly Mr. Huneker. His, if a soul adventuring, is a soul well equipped with maps and guide-books and knowledge of the experiences

of other adventurers. As a critic of the contemporary, he is able to draw upon a surprising store of information. He writes of Dostoïevsky or Schoenberg, Lafcadio Hearn, or Puvis de Chavannes, as of persons with whose setting and atmosphere he has found time to become familiar. In papers of a more general nature, such as "Max Liebermann and Some Phases of Modern German Art," or "The Melancholy of Masterpieces," the range of his information is still more notable. But among all the varied treasures, the ivory, apes, and peacocks he has brought out of Tarshish, the most valuable are not the most dazzling. We get our utmost from Mr. Huneker, not when he is displaying his virtuosity and range, but when he is pinning himself down to the careful and serious study of a single writer, musician, or painter; or, it may be, of a single movement in art. Very characteristic, for example, is his swift and firm handling of the Futurists: "They emulate the innocence of the eye characteristic of the early painters, but, despite their strong will, they cannot recover the biltheness and sweetness, the native woodnote wild, nor recapture their many careless moods. They weave the pattern closer, seeking to express in paint a psychology that is only possible in literature. And they endeavor to imitate music with its haunting suggestiveness, its thematic vagueness, its rhythmic swiftness and splendor of tonalities. In vain. No picture can spell many moods simultaneously, nor paint soul-states successively within one frame. These painters have mistaken their vocation. They should have been musicians or writers, or handle the more satisfactory, if less subtle, cinematograph."

An Italian translation has appeared of the book on the war published under the direction of Baudillart, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, and under the patronage of the Catholic Committee of the French Propaganda. The title is "La guerra tedesca ed il cattolicismo." The introduction is by Cardinal Amiette, Archbishop of Paris. The chapters which follow were written by different authors who, according to the Cardinal, are men of sure doctrine, absolute fidelity to the Church, whose competence is indisputable and whose documentation is sound. Their object is to show how Germans have violated Christian law. The thesis is illustrated by reference to atrocities committed in Belgium and France, especially to the cruelties inflicted on Catholic priests. Cardinal Amiette quotes the words of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines concerning France, which "remains faithful to her age-long part as the custodian of law and the protectrice of civilization."

A monument to Edouard Rod was unveiled at Nyon on the 8th of September. In the distinguished company present, besides Rod's widow and children, were representatives of the Swiss universities; Doumic and Faguet, of the French Academy; Dr. Hill, former American Ambassador at Berlin; the Russian Minister, and the principal newspaper editors of French Switzerland. The monument consists of a large bench of pink Baveno granite upon which, in relief, are a profile bust of the author, the titles of his best-known writings, and allegorical figures symbolizing the several periods which have been traced in Rod's literary evolution. This idea of development is expressed with poetic feeling, but it may be doubted whether it corresponds to the logical requirements of sound criticism. The memorial bench is placed against an old gray wall, and faces the blue lake, the jagged summits of the Alps, with Mont Blanc towering in the distance. It is a place in which Rod spent much of his boyhood. The principal address at the unveiling was by Professor Bouvier, Rod's successor in the chair of French literature at Geneva. It was very long, very diffuse, without a very successful analysis of Rod's moral and literary power. Lecomte, president of the "Société des gens de lettres," also spoke, and a letter from Paul Bourget was read which in a few words comprehended more than the speeches did. Possibly out of deference to the audience with its French sympathies, considering the state of feeling in Europe, hardly any reference was made to the deep impression made upon Rod by German authors, especially by Goethe and Schopenhauer. On the contrary, too much emphasis was laid on what Rod owed to Zola. Undoubtedly he admired Zola, and in his earlier years defended the realism of the French author, but the impression made was faint and fleeting. Rod's memory is greatly revered in Switzerland, and his refusal to be naturalized in France in order to become one of the Immortals is not forgotten: "J'aime tant la France, mais je suis né Suisse et je mourrai Suisse."

It rarely falls to the lot of an historian to revise and put forth an amplified edition of a work which he first published half a century before. This has been Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's happy fortune, although he did not live to correct the final proofs of his latest *rifacimento* of "The Venetian Republic: Its Rise, Its Growth, and Its Fall, A. D. 409-1797" (Macmillan; 2 volumes, $12). It was in the late fifties that he issued, after hasty preparation and with no profound knowledge, his earliest book on the Venetian Republic. His third edition of this work, very liberally expanded, came out in two large volumes in 1900. Still not satisfied, Mr. Hazlitt kept on accumulating material and left at his death the manuscript for the present fourth edition. He has added about 350 pages to his volumes, making a total of over 2,000 pages. He finds the substance of his additions mainly in topics concerning the manners, customs, morals, and art of Venice. To these he devotes more than a third of his work. The result is that nowhere else in English is there so ample and comprehensive an account of Venetian civilization. Everything is included, from a description of the dower caskets of brides to that of the great pageants of state. Hazlitt's book may truly be regarded, in this respect, as an encyclopædia of Venetian life.

The publication of Pompeo Molmenti's expanded version of his "Venezia nella Vita Privata" furnished Hazlitt with much material; but he has also kept watch on the uninterrupted stream of articles and monographs on special points in the life of the republic. His general interpretation of Venetian history, modified somewhat between his first edition and his third, is well known. In the main, he seems to the present reviewer more valuable for his treatment of episodes than for his grasp on historical development. But Hazlitt's work will probably remain for a long time what it is now, a most comprehensive storehouse of information on all matters Venetian. His untiring industry, his zeal, unchilled at four-score years, his insatiable curiosity, the range of his interests, and the real worth of his criticism give him a permanent place among the few notable historians of Venice.

Mr. Albert Matthews, an indefatigable searcher for truth in the byways and hedges of New England history, has taken advantage of a blunder made by President Roosevelt in 1907, when the latter in delivering an oration on the soil of the Old Colony failed to mention the Pilgrim Fathers under that designation, but spoke of them always as Puritans, to investigate the history and usage of the term. The result of his inquiry occupies about one hundred pages of print, large and small, in the Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, and has been issued separately (Cambridge, Mass.: J. W. Wilson & Son). In tracing the history of the term, Mr. Matthews reviews in great detail the proceedings at the Plymouth and Boston celebrations of Forefathers' Day, from their beginnings in 1769 and 1772, and finds not only what he seeks, but also a great deal that is interesting to the student of New England politics. The net outcome of his investigation may be summed up as follows: The term Pilgrim did not first appear in the ode read by Judge John Davis at a Plymouth celebration in 1794, as is frequently stated, having been introduced into a revised version of that poem at some time between 1835 and 1846. It is found, however, specifically applied to a first settler, in "an elegant and patriotic ode" entitled "Heirs of the Pilgrims" read by Thomas Paine at a Boston celebration in 1798. From Heirs or Sons of the Pilgrims to Pilgrim Fathers is a short step, and was taken by Samuel Davis, when in 1799 he read to the gathering at Boston a poem containing the line, "Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race." At Plymouth the term was introduced by Judge Davis in an oration delivered at the celebration of 1800. A Pilgrim Society was proposed in 1807, changed to the Old Colony Pilgrim Society in 1819, but incorporated under the first title in 1820.

Having thus established the fact that the terms Pilgrims and Pilgrim Fathers, as used in American history, were unknown until the closing years of the eighteenth century, Mr. Matthews proceeds to trace the origin of the terms, and follows their pedigree back through the writings of Robbins, Hutchinson, Mather, Morton, and Bradford to the departure from Leyden in 1620. He shows that, though at first applied to the passengers on the Mayflower, they had come to signify by 1800 any early settler of Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay. A reaction, however, took place, and later an effort was made to restrict their use to the Plymouth colonists. "This restriction," says Mr. Matthews, "is recognized at the present time only in the Old Colony itself," a conclusion he seems to contradict two pages farther on, when he writes: "At the present time by the terms are generally meant the passengers who came in the first four ships," 1620-1623, a statement that represents more correctly than the first the present attitude of historical scholars. The remainder of Mr. Matthews's paper is devoted to a brief consideration of the distinction between Pilgrim and Puritan, a subject to which he proposes to return at another time, as he is not satisfied that such a distinction exists. His paper is interesting, though rendered confusing to the reader by elaborate footnotes and an excessive amount of quotation in fine print.

A new two-volume edition of the poems of Keats, with a preface by Sidney Colvin (Brentano's; $5 net), is designed for "lovers of beautiful poetry beautifully printed." The arrangement is chronological, except that twenty-four pieces are placed in an appendix under the heading, "Verses Jocular or Trivial." The printers have used an old-style antique type on a broad, very white page, without glaze, but have not in all cases succeeded in making the printed lines on opposite sides of the leaf coincide. Owing to the use of the Oxford Keats as source of the text, this edition once more makes nonsense of a metaphor in "Sleep and Poetry." After the passage rejoicing in the revival of the "sweet music" of English poetry, Keats continues, apparently thinking chiefly of Byron,

> These things are doubtless: yet in truth we've had
> Strange thunders from the potency of song;
> Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong
> From majesty: but in clear truth the themes
> Are ugly clubs, the Poets Polyphemes
> Disturbing the grand sea.

So the passage was printed in the "Poems" of 1817. Keats had remembered the "huge club" which Polyphemus kept in his cave, and had substituted it for the rocks which he hurled at the ship of Ulysses. But Lord Houghton printed "cubs" instead of "clubs," and the error has received further currency by its appearance in the several editions of H. Buxton Forman, who indeed corrected it among his Errata in 1889, but has allowed it to reappear in his later one-volume editions. Professor de Selincourt is the only one of Keats's editors who has recorded both readings, with suitable comment. The point is a small one, but illustrates once more that misprints die hard. The present edition is in general worthy of the distinguished work of the Florence Press, by which it is issued.

Laymen as well as lawyers will find President Charles H. Stockton's "Outlines of International Law" (Scribner; $2.50 net) an interesting as well as an instructive handbook. The author is well qualified for his task. Not only has he published much upon the laws and usages of naval warfare, but he has had occasion, as an officer rising through successive grades to the rank of rear-admiral, to put his theory into practice. Moreover, he has represented the United States at various conferences and in important positions. President Stockton recognizes and attempts to meet the demand for a "treatise on international law that is abreast of the times," but he is fully aware of the novel questions which have been raised in the present war. Some of them he strives to answer, but others had not appeared when his book was published. For example, no allusion is made in these pages to the attacks of submarines on unarmed vessels, and no intimation is given of any legal right on the part of such warships to sink an enemy's merchantman and put non-combatant passengers and crews to the hazard of saving themselves as best they can. The rules of international law seem to require the seizure of merchant vessels, under normal circumstances, and the adequate safeguarding of their crews and passengers. Five appendixes add to the value of the text. The most important are those containing the "Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes" and the "Declaration of London concerning the Laws of Naval Warfare" with the report thereon to the International Naval Conference of 1909.

Drama

NEW PRODUCTIONS IN LONDON—GEORGE EDWARDES AND MUSICAL COMEDY.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

London, October 7.

So far as the theatre is concerned, it may certainly be said that England's need is America's opportunity. Putting musical plays and mere transpontine melodrama aside, there are at present ten London theatres appealing to what may be called the reasonably intelligent public; and of these five are occupied by American plays. Beside two great English successes, "Quinneys'" and "The Man Who Stayed at Home," we may place two still greater American successes, "Potash & Perlmutter" and "Peg o' My Heart." The American detective play is represented, on its melodramatic side, by "Kick In"; on its humorous, not to say farcical, side by "The Dummy." "On Trial," after a good run, has recently disappeared from the bills; but last night witnessed a new importation in the shape of Mr. Edward Sheldon's "Romance." It is pleasant to record that Miss Doris Keane made a great and incontestable success, while the play was accepted as an adroit and intelligent piece of work, though one would be sorry to regard it as the best that can be looked for from the author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger."

Apart from "The Big Drum," there has been only one English production this autumn of the slightest pretensions. The author of "The Ware Case," at Wyndham's Theatre, is announced on the playbill as "George Pleydell"; but there is no secret about the fact that he is really Mr. George Pleydell Bancroft, son of the manager and manageress, who were in many ways the true pioneers of the dramatic revival. At the old Prince of Wales's Theatre they produced in the sixties the comedies of T. W. Robertson, and after Robertson's death they fell back, in the seventies, upon elaborately mounted and admirably acted adaptations of Sardou. The family tradition is strong in Mr. "George Pleydell"; but, unfortunately, it is the Sardou, not the Robertson, strain that he has inherited. He has Sardou on the brain and in the blood; and in "The Ware Case" he has produced a reasonably interesting detective play, marred, on the side of character and emotion, by Sardouish superficiality and insincerity.

There is a certain originality in the conception of Sir Hubert Ware. He is a Wicked Baronet, indeed, but not quite of the ordinary type. Though absolutely devoid of moral scruples, he is superficially charming, amiable, and generous. Everybody likes him except those who know him well. He has made his wife miserable by his flagrant infidelities; he has gambled away all his fortune, and he tries to possess himself fraudulently of a few thousand pounds belonging to Lady Ware. Baffled in this by the intervention of a great lawyer who chivalrously adores the much-wronged lady, Sir Hubert sees only one means of escape from disaster. His wife has a younger brother, a contemptible worm of a boy, to whom their father has left almost all his huge fortune. If the boy were out of the way, the money would revert to Lady Ware; so Sir Hubert, watching his opportunity while Master Eustace is bathing, knocks him on the head with an oar, so that he sinks and is drowned. For some months the murder is undiscovered. Lady Ware pays her husband's debts, but, his conduct in nowise improving, she announces to him that she will no longer live in his house. Immediately on the heels of this final breach between them, the minions of the law arrive to arrest Sir Hubert on suspicion of having murdered his brother-in-law; and here, where the interest of plot begins, the interest of character unfortunately breaks down.

From the first, Lady Ware has not particularly cared for her husband, and she has long seen through his superficial amiability and realized his utter worthlessness. She cordially detests him, and has just told him so in the plainest terms. But the accusation of murder causes the most amazing revulsion in her feelings. Had Romeo been arrested for the slaying of Tybalt, at the moment of his descent from Juliet's chamber, the new-made bride could not have "taken on" more tragically than does Lady Ware. We cannot but ask ourselves: if she is so heartbroken over the arrest of a man she abhors, what would she do if a similar misfortune overtook a man she loved? The whole treatment of the situation is thoroughly false. That she should believe him innocent and try her best to save him is probable enough—not that she should throw herself into his defence with a frenzy of conviction that could not have been surpassed if he had been the most admirable man and adorable husband in the world. The position, in itself, is interesting enough. Many answers might be given to the question: what would a woman do under the circumstances? Mr. Pleydell, for the sake of giving his heroine some strongly emotional and "sympathetic" scenes, has picked out the one thing she certainly would not do; and this falsity vitiates all the latter half of his play.

The third act consists of the trial scene, fairly well staged, but not to be compared with the trial scene in Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," as mounted by Granville Barker. Of course, Sir Hubert is defended by Lady Ware's chivalrous adorer: that is imperatively demanded by the Sardou tradition. It so happens that, immediately before the murder, a broken-down jockey called to beg Sir Hubert to assist him, and Sir Hubert, in his good-natured way, gave him the last five-pound note he had in the world. This man now comes forward and perjures himself gallantly in his benefactor's defence,

with the result that he is acquitted by the skin of his teeth. The jockey's examination and cross-examination are interesting enough, and the trial as a whole is not ineffective. But now it is Sir Hubert's turn to develop unexpected and bewildering traits of character. Hitherto we have taken him for a born criminal, brazen, insouciant, stoical, and without a nerve in his body. But behold! no sooner does he come home after his acquittal than his nerve utterly breaks down, he drinks too much champagne, and, becoming next door to a gibbering maniac, confesses his crime and takes a dose of prussic acid. Surely, the last act demanded both by logic and by human nature was utterly different from this, and immeasurably more effective. It might run somewhat as follows: Lady Ware and her Bayard barrister have done their best for Sir Hubert and got him off, thereby placing an insuperable obstacle in the way of their high-minded affections. Sir Hubert comes home, and his wife, in view of the ordeal he has gone through, feels that it is perhaps her duty to try to forget the past and begin a new life with him. The scene of quasi-reconciliation between them might be most interesting. Then some incautious word of Sir Hubert's should reveal to her his guilt; or, perhaps—though this would be more commonplace—the jockey should enlighten her by turning up to claim the reward of his hard swearing. What the actual end should be we need not speculate; but I am sure that even Sardou would not have been content with so simple a solution as making Sir Hubert break down, get drunk, and blab.

I do not know whether the name of the late George Edwardes was familiar to the American public, but many of his productions were as successful on your side as they were here. He used to say that he looked to the provinces and America to recoup him for the very heavy initial outlay involved in his system of management, which left him a very small margin of profit on the London run of his "shows." His career illustrates the obvious and yet often neglected fact that, when a form of art is at the same time an article of commerce, it must always tend to express the tastes and predilections of the man whose commercial ability gives him the control of the machine. In the theatrical trade there are fortunately a good many men who combine business aptitude with an honest preference for the better class of work, and an ambition to do the best of which circumstances will allow. If this were not so, the state of the theatre would be parlous indeed. The late Mr. Charles Frohman, though his tastes were not fastidious, was a "sportsman" after his fashion, willing and eager to experiment in every type and grade of play. But Mr. Edwardes confined himself to one type of play—the light musical production—and he impressed it with the stamp of his own personality and his own limitations. He approached the theatre entirely from the business—the box-office—side. He began as business manager for Mr. D'Oyly Carte in the early days of the Gilbert and Sullivan successes. Then he went over to Mr. John Hollingshead at the Gaiety, a cynical and rather futile impresario, who was fond of comparing his trade to that of the cheesemonger, and therein flattered it rather than otherwise. The "Gaiety burlesque" which Mr. Edwardes found in possession of the field was an appallingly inept form of entertainment, which subsisted entirely on the talents of a little group of comedians and on the pink silk fleshings which were then the statutory garb of the chorus. The dominance of this form of "art" had been seriously shaken by the vogue of Gilbert and Sullivan, and Mr. Edwardes, on coming into power, swept it away altogether. So much must be accounted unto him for righteousness, though he probably did nothing more than recognize, what was pretty patent to everybody, that the "leg show" had had its day. What share he took in the actual invention of the form of entertainment which superseded it, I do not know, and perhaps no one does. Certain it is that, in the early nineties, the so-called "musical comedies" took possession of the stage, and maintained their popularity for something like fifteen years. It is with this form of entertainment that the name of George Edwardes will always be associated in the footnotes to theatrical history.

Meilhac and Halévy had to some extent anticipated "musical comedy" in "La Vie Parisienne"; but it is not to be supposed that the librettists of the nineties went so far back for their inspiration. Indeed, when it was decided to put the chorus into skirts instead of tights, the idea of presenting them in gowns of modern cut, though of somewhat accentuated color, lay ready to hand. And that was the "differentia" of the type. It purported to present scenes of modern life—fast life for preference—with an intermixture of songs and dances, and with a "beauty chorus" always in evidence. Now, this was in itself a far from unpromising form. It might have been made the medium for a delightful intermixture of satire, fantasy, comedy, farce—nor need imagination and poetry have been entirely excluded. But nothing was further from the thoughts of Mr. George Edwardes and the band of librettists and song-writers whom he gathered round him. Most of the song-writers were clever versifiers—W. S. Gilbert had banished forever the unspeakable doggerel which too often did duty for verse before his appearance. But this was practically the only merit that musical comedy could claim. Its plots were inept, and usually dropped out of sight before the first act was half over. If there was any invention in the pieces, it was that of the individual comedians, each of whom worked up his little "stunt" with no thought of proportion or coherence. The form, in short, became the servile, if somewhat exaggerative, mirror of the higher vulgarity. The life it portrayed was that in which its purveyors delighted—how, then, should they dream of satirizing it?

And Mr. Edwardes is now being lauded by all his biographers for his incomparable instinct for "what the public wants"! A more fallacious eulogy it would be hard to imagine. He gave the public what *he* wanted, and never gave it a chance of seeing anything better. That his entertainments were excellent of their kind is not to be denied. What money and a certain order of taste could do for them, he did. He paid high salaries to clever comedians, and he crowded his stage with beautiful and graceful women, who were sometimes not without talent. When one compares the chorus of the modern musical play with the choruses of thirty years ago, one is inclined to wonder whether there has not been a marked improvement in the average physical type of the young Englishwoman. If I cannot quite join in the current panegyrics on Mr. Edwardes's genius, it is certainly not that I am a *laudator temporis acti*. All I say is that if Mr. Edwardes had been able to conceive and create a higher order of entertainment, there is nothing whatever to show that his public would not have accepted it with enthusiasm—as they did the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. By wholly omitting the factor of intelligence and invention, he forced himself to maintain the popularity of his wares by an ever-increasing expenditure upon luxurious mounting, which ended by making "musical comedy" almost impossible. If his intelligence had equalled his business sense and his eye for spectacle, he would have been far more successful than he actually was.

"OUR MRS. McCHESNEY."

The dramatization of Edna Ferber's McChesney stories, made by the author and George Hobart, if it has not resulted in a very skilful play, has at least been so contrived as to furnish an evening's cheerful amusement (Lyceum Theatre). The managers must also be congratulated upon their choice of Miss Ethel Barrymore for the principal part—that of a travelling saleswoman who, because of her skill in disposing of petticoats made by a New York firm, eventually becomes a partner, and then a partner for life, of her former employer. Seldom has she been seen to better advantage. In her acting there has always been a certain colloquial quality, sprung of American soil, and here it is entirely in keeping with the rôle she has to fill. She is called upon to enact a pretty, girlish widow in the late thirties possessed of what, in the hands of a less qualified actress, might easily degenerate into bluffness. For she must meet buyers on their own grounds, charm them and convince them. This she does, and yet by her prettiness and grace succeeds in lifting the part into a most winning atmosphere.

The story itself is not particularly new on the American stage. It suggests at a distance "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" and "Potash & Perlmutter." The usual lingo and appurtenances of salesmanship are present, also the severe crisis before the final triumph. The humor is, too, very often of the sort which has found a growing place in American plays, and merely follows the formula represented in such a remark as, "The way she gets around makes the hustle of

Chicago seem like a prayer-meeting." Only occasionally do comparisons of this exaggerated type bring a laugh, probably because it is recognized that they are exceedingly easy to contrive, once one abandons one's mind to it. But when so much reservation is made, the play may be commended for its wholesome lightheartedness and entertaining situations.

Miss Barrymore was ably assisted by William Boyd, Donald Gallaher, Lola Fisher, Gwendolyn Piers, and W. H. St. James.

F.

"QUINNEYS'."

With this entertaining comedy, which was produced in London last spring and has met there with conspicuous success, Horace Annesley Vachell, already well and favorably known as a writer of fiction, made his first appearance as a dramatist. The change of métier is unusually successful. Mr. Archer, writing from London of the piece in the *Nation* of May 20, said: "'Quinneys'' is easily the best play of a bad season, and even in a good season would take more than respectable rank." Subsequent success in London and the warm welcome accorded to the play last week on its first production in New York at Maxine Elliott's Theatre amply confirm Mr. Archer's opinion.

The chief merit of the play is as a study of the principal character, Joseph Quinney, a Yorkshireman wholly without education, but become through sheer force of native talent a leading authority on antique furniture. The interest is, however, by no means confined to character. The plot is slight and exceedingly ancient—the love affair of an employee with his master's daughter—but by means of a technical skill which is remarkable in an author's first play the interest is sustained undiminished through all four acts, while every character, with perhaps one exception, is clearly delineated and presents a definite personality. The plot turns on the discovery, announced by James Quinney's foreman, that some Chippendale chairs, which Quinney has bought and resold as genuine, are clever imitations, and the old Yorkshireman immediately suspects his employee of a design to blackmail him. The secondary plot, provided by the faked chairs, is dovetailed into the main love story with uncommon skill, the only weak feature being the character alluded to, Quinney's typist, a jealous woman, who contributes, indeed, both to the development of the plot and to the exposition of Quinney's character, but is herself a somewhat nebulous creation. It is possible that an actress of uncommon talent might raise this part in point of interest to a position corresponding with that held by the other rôles, but it must be conceded that the author has set the interpreter a difficult task.

The play on the whole is excellently acted. Frederick Ross, using a broad Yorkshire accent, brings out well the essentials of Quinney's character—his naïve vanity in his success and confidence in his own infallibility, his devotion to his antiques to the partial exclusion of more human affections. Susan, Quinney's wife, whose meek subjection of a lifetime to her blustering lord and master is suddenly changed, when the question of her daughter's happiness is involved, to timid but determined revolt, is cleverly interpreted by Miss Margaret Watson. Miss Peggy Rush is altogether charming as the daughter, Posy, and Cecil Fletcher, as James, is a personable lover. Arthur Grenville is amusing in the character part of Sam Tomlin, an unscrupulous dealer in antiques and a good foil to the honorable Quinney, and minor rôles are adequately played. The essentially English atmosphere of the piece may possibly prevent it from equalling in New York the success which it has enjoyed in London, but the genuine interest of the character drawing and the broad humanity of Mr. Vachell's play should insure an appreciative reception. "Quinneys'" is the pleasantest importation from London which we have seen for some time.

S. W.

"ALONE AT LAST."

There is certainly hope for the future of light opera when the same early month of a theatrical season sees the production of two operettas of the calibre of "The Princess Pat" and "Alone at Last," the latter produced last week at the Shubert Theatre. The music is by Franz Lehar, of "Merry Widow" fame, and the book is "freely adapted" from the German "Endlich Allein" by Edgar Smith and Joseph Herbert. It is improbable that any particular virtue has gone out of the piece in the process of adaptation, and it is safe to assume that for the hackneyed plot and the not very inspiring dialogue the original authors must assume equal responsibility with the adapters. The plot for itself is hardly worth recording—an American heiress falls in love with an Alpine guide, who is really an Austrian baron in disguise—but the point to notice is that the plot, whatever it may be worth, is made to shoulder the burden of carrying the piece through to a successful conclusion. If our librettists and producers can be brought to an understanding of the importance of this matter, it is probable that in time, deprived of the aid of adventitious "stunts," they will be driven to the composition of plots and dialogue that amount to something.

Franz Lehar's music, always tuneful and at times rising almost to the heights of grand opera, is a pleasant relief from the reminiscent insipidity of most musical comedy. It has, furthermore, the advantage of being rendered by an exceptionally capable orchestra, under the direction of Gaetano Merola, while the two principal rôles are interpreted by singers of unusual musical ability, Madame Namara, who sings the principal soprano part of Dolly Cloverdale, and John Charles Thomas, who not only has a well-trained and sympathetic high baritone voice, but reveals considerable talent as an actor. On the histrionic side it cannot be said that Madame Namara is particularly successful, but failure in this respect is compensated for by vocal excellence. Humor is supplied by Harry Conor and Roy Atwell. To the credit of the latter, as part author and recitationist, must be accorded the most genuinely amusing number that we have heard in recent light opera. It bears the pleasing title "Some Little Bug Will Find You Some Day."

S. W.

In spite of the excellent acting of George Nash and Lenore Ulrich, who are the protagonists in "The Mark of the Beast," written by Georgia Earle and Fanny Cannon, and presented at the Princess Theatre, the performance may be dismissed in a few words. It is one of those dramas of sex in which the parade of the unpleasant finds no compensation in a vital representation of life. The situations grow out of highly special circumstances, with the result that the dramatic atmosphere is anything but purged at the end; and, besides, the construction of the play is markedly amateurish.

In the same class, though of less merit, belongs "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters," a drama in three acts, adapted from the Hungarian of Eugen Heltai, which had its opening performance on Saturday at the Comedy Theatre. The daughters are four in number, ranging in age from sixteen to the late twenties, and the oldest, with the approval of her mother and two of her sisters, has supported the family since the father's death by being the mistress of a rich diplomat in Washington. The plot need not be indicated further, for the play, at least in its new American setting, seems wholly unreal and preposterous. The acting of Mr. Hunter and Miss Walker was much above the ordinary.

Music

GODOWSKI, PADEREWSKI, AND OTHERS

Leopold Godowski was the first of the famous musicians now assembled in this country to give a recital this season. Born in Russia, he made the United States his home for some years, but finally went to Berlin because so many American students of music preferred seeking lessons of him there to taking them in New York or Chicago. He is in some ways the most astonishing of pianists; his digital dexterity is so bewildering that one who should happen to hear but not see him might fancy he must have at least three hands. Glorying in this extraordinary deftness, he played on this occasion one of Chopin's études (op. 10, No. 6), which most pianists find difficult enough for two hands, in his own version for left hand alone. Heaping Pelion on Ossa, he has made a practice of combining two of Chopin's études, weaving them together cleverly—yet one cannot but wish he had not done this. In his "Symphonic Metamorphoses" of a Strauss waltz he plays the most amazing contrapuntal tricks. When he performs a Beethoven or a Chopin sonata one misses the emotional element. Were this as strongly developed in him as the intellectual and technical sides, he would indeed be a giant of the keyboard.

What places Paderewski so far above pianists of the class of which Godowski is so brilliant an exemplar is that in him the emotional element is paramount. It is needless to say that this element was particularly in evidence at the recital he gave in Carnegie Hall last Sunday for the benefit of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. Before playing, he spoke nearly an hour on the tragic fate which has overtaken his native land, Poles being obliged to kill Poles, because they belong to different empires; and a territory, some thousand miles long and 600 miles wide, being now "a vast desert, an immense ruin, a colossal cemetery." He

spoke briefly of Chopin, Sembrich, Modjeska, Sienkiewicz, and great artists and workers in other fields that Poland has given the world; his remarks, which were eloquently delivered in idiomatic English, being frequently interrupted by applause. Then he played a group of Chopin pieces, three of which—two polonaises and the sonata with the funeral march—were specially appropriate to the occasion. His delivery of the sonata was one of the most overwhelming performances he has given in New York (where he was first heard twenty-four years ago). By doubling the bass on the return of the first part of the dirge he gives it the weird clang of an Oriental gong, dismal and thrilling. Thrilling, also, was the final presto, which to Paderewski evidently symbolized—as it did to Rubinstein—the sighing of the night wind over the graves.

It is to be hoped that these appealing lecture-recitals of Paderewski, apart from the sale of tickets (which amounted in San Francisco to $9,000 and in New York to nearly $10,000), will induce Americans to open wider their purses for the benefit of Poland, where, according to the report of the investigators of the Rockefeller Foundation, conditions are "much worse than the worst in Belgium."

It is not the intention of the present writer in these weekly reviews of music in New York to comment on all the minor concerts and recitals, or even to mention them—a procedure which, in this year's plethora of entertainments, might result in as dry a record as Homer's catalogue of ships in the "Iliad." Some mention is due to David Bispham for the unique entertainment which he is now presenting to the American public. In it he appears as the poor deaf Beethoven, in an adaptation of a lachrymose little play by Hugo Müller, woven around the sentimental song, "Adelaide" (which, by the way, Beethoven, in his maturity, would have been glad to destroy). Mr. Bispham still sings well, and in his acting he recalled the days when he so admirably impersonated Kurwenal and other parts at the Metropolitan Opera House. His "Adelaide" will doubtless appeal to a large public all over the country.

Of orchestral concerts there will be more than ever throughout the land; the Philharmonic alone will have more than ninety, besides a seven weeks' tour at the close of its New York season. The first concert was given last Friday at Aeolian Hall by the New York Symphony Orchestra, which played Beethoven's fifth symphony and some fragments from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe." These would be more effective if used in connection with the ballet for which they were written. The soloist was Mischa Elman, who, though in America last season, did not then play in public. The year's rest has evidently been of benefit to him; his interpretation of Goldmark's violin concerto made him appear more of a musician, and less of a mere virtuoso, than he had seemed to be on some previous occasions.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

COURSE OF EXCHANGE ON LONDON.

When the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan was first formally announced, in the last week of September, exchange on London rose to 4.73, as against the low price of 4.50, touched momentarily in the great decline which culminated at the opening of that month. There was some uncertainty in Wall Street's mind as to how the immense new credit fund would be employed. If it were to be used for aggressive support of the exchange market, a further sharp recovery in rates might follow. The rate of 4.73 was still fully 10 cents in the pound sterling below what in normal times would be the minimum; it was at least conceivable that the new resources would be used to restore something like a normal level.

But the sterling market did not indicate any such purposes. In the week after the announcement of the loan, the rate got down nearly to 4.69; in the next, it almost touched 4.67; this week it fell to 4.61⅝, the lowest figure touched in eight weeks, and marking the loss of more than half the recovery from the low level of the year. What made this movement, under all the circumstances, much more impressive was the fact that it occurred in the face of sales by London, at New York, of $1,000,000 per day in American securities, and of delivery to our banks on account of England, since October 1, of $40,000,000 gold. It was natural that Wall Street should have asked, where was the $500,000,000 credit fund making its influence felt?

It is probable that the proceeds of that loan had as yet been used only sparingly; the machinery for disbursing them was hardly yet in thorough working order. But a more obvious answer seemed to be, that Europe's purchases of our goods were now running so high as to create a balance of payment in this country's favor which could be only partly and gradually met, even by the large new credit. October, even in normal times, is the month in which export of our agricultural staples reaches the high mark of the year, and, in fact, the shipment last week of 11,000,000 bushels of wheat from both coasts of America broke all weekly records in our history. But the present month also happens to be the time when the war material ordered by Europe, long delayed by the necessary preparations of our factories, is moving out in full quantity, and when, moreover, exports of steel and iron of every sort have probably reached their maximum.

Some very remarkable reports on current trade have shown what these simultaneous influences were producing. Last Monday, $21,635,000 worth of merchandise was exported from New York alone. This was not only by far the largest one day's shipment in the history of the port, but was actually greater by one-half than went out in the whole of this present week in 1913 or 1912. The Government's summary of last week's exports from the larger ports of the United States showed, next, that the total, $98,700,000, fixed an absolutely new weekly record for the country's trade. At the same time came the Washington figures of the whole country's foreign trade last month. The exports, $297,700,000, surpassed those of any other month except last February; so did the $146,300,000 excess of exports over imports—which was actually more than double the largest September export surplus of the past.

This remarkable result brought the excess of exports, for the nine completed months of 1915, to no less a total than $1,227,200,000, as compared with $57,900,000 in the same period last year. The previous high-water mark for the nine months' period (that of 1908) was $432,200,000. The preliminary weekly figures for October prove that the present month's figures will be much larger. It is easily possible that the export surplus for the calendar year as a whole will reach $1,800,000,000. Never before, under the most favoring influences, has it touched $700,000,000.

The case of sterling exchange would thus on the surface seem to be clear enough, even with a $500,000,000 credit through which the strain of drafts direct on London might be averted. That would pay only half of the "export excess" as stated above. Yet the matter is not quite so simple as such a comparison would seem to indicate. Europe has not been leaving everything to the balance of trade in merchandise. To begin with, we have received from abroad this year nearly $300,000,000 more gold than we have exported, and the figure may be $350,000,000 by the end of December. We have never before, in the full twelve months of any other calendar year, gained as much as $150,000,000 gold on balance from the outside world.

Nor is this all the offset. Quite aside from the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan, we have advanced some $350,000,000 to foreign countries during 1915. Even when the proceeds of such borrowings were left here, to be spent for American commodities, the result, in relieving the market for international exchange would be the same. And our markets have also bought back from Europe, during 1915, something like $600,000,000 of our own securities.

The sum total of all these offsets will be found pretty nearly to balance the estimated excess of merchandise exports for 1915. Yet exchange rates continue to move heavily against the outside world. What is the explanation? In at least some degree, as an economic phenomenon, doubt as to Europe's maintenance of gold payments, if the war is much longer continued. But the far larger influence, reflected with increasing force in the day-to-day transactions of the New York market with the outside money markets, especially of the neutral nations, is the movement to this city of the working capital and international deposit funds,

which have heretofore regularly gone to London and which this year have largely been transferred from London to New York. Such transfer of capital not only deprives London of the supply of drafts on other markets which it usually handles, but to a large extent creates a new supply of drafts direct on England, which are sold in the sterling market. It is this heavy make-weight in the balance which it remains for sterling rates to measure, and which leaves the future course of international exchange a problem of great obscurity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Cabell, J. B. The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck. McBride. $1.35 net.
Dwyer, J. F. The Green Half-Moon. McClurg. $1.25 net.
Gohosal, Mrs. The Fatal Garland. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Grayson, D. Hempfield. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Johnston, M. The Fortunes of Garin. Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.
Leacock, S. Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy. John Lane. $1.25 net.
Newbolt, H. Aladore. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Parrish, R. Beyond the Frontier. McClurg. $1.35 net.
Phillpotts, E. Old Delabole. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Sladen, D. His German Wife. Brentanos. $1.35 net.
Webster, J. Dear Enemy. Century. $1.30 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Annual Register of the Universiity of Chicago. University of Chicago Press.
Berle, A. A. Teaching in the Home. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Bok, E. Why I Believe in Poverty. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Cannon, F. Writing and Selling a Play. Holt. $1.50 net.
Carson, W. E. The Marriage Revolt. Hearst's International Library Co. $2 net.
Espey, C. E. Leaders of Girls. Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.
France, A. Crainquebille. Lane. $1.75 net.
Hamilton, C. On the Trail of Stevenson. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.
Holley, H. The Social Principle. Gomme. 75 cents net.
London, C. K. The Log of the Snark. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Mason, E. A Book of References in Literature. Dutton. $1.25 net.
More, P. E. Aristocracy and Justice. (Shelburne Essays, Ninth Series.) Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Parr, W. R. Unrest. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Pattee, F. L. A History of American Literature Since 1870. Century. $2 net.
Wiener, L. Commentary to the Germanic Laws and Mediæval Documents. Harvard University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Buckham, J. W. Mysticism and Modern Life. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Butler, Mrs. J. W. Historic Churches in Mexico. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Durkheim, E. The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life. Macmillan.
Fisher, F. B., and Collaborators. The Way to Win. Methodist Book Concern. 50 cents.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cubberley, E. P., and Elliott, E. C. State and County School Administration. Vol. II—Source Book. Macmillan.
Leavitt, F. M., and Brown, E. Prevocational Education in the Public Schools. Houghton Mifflin.
Moore, H. H. Keeping in Condition. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Post, L. F. The Taxation of Land Values. Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Aldrich, M. A Hilltop on the Marne. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Dr. Holmes's Boston. Edited by C. Ticknor. Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.
Haskins, C. H. The Normans in European History. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
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TRAVEL.

Thornhill, J. B. Adventures in Africa. Dutton. $3.50 net.

POETRY.

Appleton, E. J. The Quiet Courage. Cincinnati: Stewart, Kidd & Co. $1 net.
English Prose and Verse. From Beowulf to Stevenson. Selected and edited by H. S. Pancoast. Holt.
Low, B. R. C. The House that Was, and Other Poems. Lane.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1915.

Summary of the News

In the House of Commons on Tuesday Mr. Asquith made his eagerly awaited statement on the war. It was less comprehensive perhaps than one could have wished, but more comprehensive than previous experience of official reticence had led us to expect. Concerning the Balkan situation, Mr. Asquith added only some details to what we learned last week from Lord Lansdowne's speech. Of most interest were his statements that the war would henceforth be conducted by a Cabinet committee of from three to five members, which would consult with the full Cabinet on matters of most serious import; that there would be coordination among the staffs of the Allied Powers, an earnest of which was afforded by Gen. Joffre's recent visit to London, and that in his (the Premier's) belief Lord Derby's new recruiting plan would prove successful; if it were not, however, he would submit proposals to the House "involving some form of legal obligation." Another item of information was that in the recent offensive in Flanders Sir John French had under his command nearly 1,000,000 soldiers. Concerning the future of the campaign in Gallipoli, for the inception of which the Premier took full responsibility, he could give no definte information. Mr. Asquith concluded with an expression of determination to stick to his post. Sir Edward Carson criticised the Balkan policy of the Cabinet without contributing materially to our knowledge of his reasons for his recent resignation.

From Lord Lansdowne's speech in the House of Lords on October 26 we learn that the British force originally landed at Salonica numbered about 13,000, and that was sent at the request of Servia and at the instance of M. Venizelos for the purpose of enabling Greece to fulfil her treaty obligations to Servia. Rumors of possible hostility on the part of the Greek Government to the Entente Powers were answered last week by Sir Edward Grey, who declared that Greece's espousal of the cause of the Central Powers was an impossibility, and by an explicit denial issued from the Greek Legation in London. M. Venizelos, according to an interview with him cabled to the Chicago *Tribune* on Tuesday, appears not to have abandoned the hope of bringing Greece into the war on the side of the Allies. His reason for not overthrowing the present Government, he is reported to have said, is that that would necessitate a general election, and to hold an election it would be necessary to demobilize.

Regarding Rumania, rumor, impressive by its very volume, is all of entry in the war on the side of the Allies. King Ferdinand was reported last week to have stated that he placed himself in the hands of Parliament and the Government. A dispatch from Bucharest to the *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, asserted that at a meeting of the Rumanian General Staff two-thirds of the generals expressed themselves as in favor of entering the war against the Central Powers. The same dispatch states that semi-official Rumanian newspapers deny a report that King Ferdinand had assured the Bulgarian Minister that Rumania would remain neutral unless her interests were affected. This may possibly refer to a report cabled from Madrid, under date of October 28, in which a similar assurance of continued neutrality was attributed to the Rumanian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Reports, still unconfirmed, came from German sources at the end of last week that Rumania had come to an agreement with the Allies to allow the passage of half a million Russian troops through her territory, receiving in return Bessarabia.

The position of the Servian army is, as we write, extremely precarious. In the northeast the Teutonic invaders on Wednesday of last week effected a junction with the Bulgarian forces. Veles, recovered by the Servians early last week, was again retaken by Bulgarian forces two days later, and the capture by the Austro-Germans of Kraguyevatz, the principal arsenal of Servia, against which the former Austrian invasion vainly dashed itself to pieces, was announced on Monday. Southwards from Uskub the Bulgarians are reported to have been checked by the French and British, who also threaten Strumitsa. The port of Varna on the Black Sea has been heavily bombarded by Russian warships. There were reports from German sources on Saturday of the sailing of Russian forces from Odessa on transports convoyed by a strong squadron, and a dispatch from Bucharest on Tuesday stated that rumors were current there that these troops had been landed at Varna. British transports were reported off Kavala on Tuesday.

Submarines of the various Powers have displayed considerable activity. On Wednesday of last week the British Press Bureau admitted the loss in the Ægean by a torpedo of the British transport Marquette. All but about ninety of the ship's company were saved. On the same day the sinking in the Sea of Marmora of a Turkish transport by a British submarine was reported. Dispatches to Sunday's papers stated that in the previous twelve days twenty German vessels had been torpedoed by British submarines in the Baltic. The capture of a German ship by a Russian submarine was announced from Petrograd on October 28. In the North Sea one British and two Norwegian vessels have been reported torpedoed during the past week.

Echoes of the submarine controversy with Germany, generally supposed to have been virtually settled by the disposition of the Arabic question, have been heard during the past week. A second instalment of the United States "White Book," giving the important diplomatic correspondence with belligerent Powers since the first instalment appeared last May, was published on October 28. The most interesting feature of this correspondence is that relating to Germany's admission of the legality of the American trade in munitions. On the following day was made public a memorandum from the German Government in regard to the attempt to torpedo the Cunard liner Orduna, which reveals the fact that as early as July 9, more than a month before the attack on the Arabic, German commanders had instructions not to sink large passenger steamers without warning. On October 30 announcement was made by the State Department that the naval experts who had examined the piece of metal picked up on the deck of the Allan liner Hesperian had found that it was a part of a torpedo.

Ambassador Page has been instructed to make inquiries of the British Government in regard to the seizure on Sunday by a British cruiser of the American steamer Hocking. This vessel belongs to the American Transatlantic Steamship Company and was transferred on August 10 from Danish to American registry.

Another arrest has been made in connection with the plot, supposed to be headed by a German called Fay, to blow up ships carrying ammunition to the Allies.

The American note in regard to British interference with neutral commerce was dispatched to London by special messenger on October 27.

Announcement was made on October 29 that Japan had given her adherence to the agreement among the Allies that none should conclude a separate peace without the sanction of all.

In Mexico Villa has been defeated at Agua Prieta, where he attacked the Carranzista garrison. Shells came over the border, wounding American citizens. Six thousand American troops have been concentrated on the border.

Representations were made on October 28 by the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires in Peking, on behalf of Japan, Great Britain, and Russia, advising the Chinese Government to suspend till the end of the war the contemplated change from a republican to a monarchical Constitution, in view of the danger that might arise to the peace of the Orient. The proposals were rejected by the Chinese Government on Monday, the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs stating that he had been advised by provincial officials that they would be able to maintain order in the event of the proposed referendum resulting in a decision favorable to the restoration of a monarchy.

The French Cabinet of M. Viviani resigned on October 28. M. Viviani is succeeded by M. Briand, who, on the following day, was able to announce the formation of a strong coalition Ministry, representative of all parties and factions. M. Briand becomes his own Minister for Foreign Affairs, but included in the Cabinet is M. Jules Cambon, formerly Ambassador at Washington, Madrid, and Berlin, as General Secretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Gen. Gallieni succeeds M. Millerand as Minister of War, and M. Viviani becomes Minister of Justice. M. Briand's policy is announced to be the vigorous prosecution of the war until a "just peace" shall be obtained, and the new Ministry, although vigorously criticised by M. Clemenceau in an article summarized in the New York *Times* on Tuesday, appears to meet with general approval.

The Week

Election returns from various States have come in too late to permit of extended comment this week. One obvious moral is to be drawn from the result of the election in New York, where Tammany has triumphed, and that may be applied also to Philadelphia, where the Republican organization has swept the reform Administration of Mayor Blankenburg out of existence. It is of the shortness of voters' memories. A few years is sufficient time to bring forgetfulness of the evil that Tammany does. Tammany out of office has but the more leisure to organize for victory. The method of procedure is familiar. After a wave of civic righteousness has put in office a decent administration, Tammany comes forward, mealy-mouthed, with presentable candidates against whose personal character nothing can be said. The voters have forgotten experiences of the past, and the result is that Judge Swann, an estimable person, but the candidate of Tammany, is elected by a large plurality to the important office of District Attorney, and ex-Speaker Alfred E. Smith, also irreproachable of character, but again fettered to Tammany, becomes Sheriff by an even greater plurality. The Board of Aldermen is also brought under the control of Murphy, and that worthy will have the designation of Mr. McAneny's successor as President of the Board.

For the defeat of the proposed new Constitution by an overwhelming majority of some 375,000 Tammany only shares the responsibility. The opposition to this measure, to which men of high integrity and intelligence had devoted months of earnest endeavor, was so widespread as to make the result almost a foregone conclusion. The objection of counties up-State to share with New York city an equitable burden of taxation, the opposition of Socialists and organizations of labor, the consternation of the noble army of martyrs who were threatened with displacement from the 135 boards and departments which the new Constitution would have abolished—these forces were almost sufficient, without the eleventh-hour fiat of Murphy, to defeat what was on the whole a wise and statesmanlike measure of reform. As for the issue of woman suffrage, the voting in New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, in which States the amendment was defeated by a plurality estimated, as we write, at, respectively, 200,000, 125,000, and 120,000, leaves no doubt as to the present attitude towards this question in the more conservative States of the East. In Ohio prohibition was defeated by the substantial (estimated) majority of 70,000. The "drys" will take what comfort they may from the fact that this plurality is some 14,000 less than that of last year, but after that decisive defeat it is probable that the result indicates only less determined effort on the part of the anti-prohibitionists. On the basis of the returns available, it would not appear that the Republican gains in Massachusetts and other States are greater than was to be expected in an off-year or than can be accounted for by the inevitable phenomenon of the pendulum.

The apparently official plea of justification for Germany's Zeppelin policy, contained in a note appearing in all the Berlin newspapers, places Zeppelin and submarine on the same plane as primarily instruments of retaliation. The starvation of the German people once more comes to the front. When the Berlin War Office reports an airship raid it carefully speaks of bombs being dropped on the fortified city of London or on docks and arsenals, describing it, in other words, as a military undertaking. But in the note of justification the military phase of the Zeppelin activity is plainly subordinated to the retaliatory phase. The Zeppelin note shows firmer logical consistency than the familiar argument for the submarine, which almost in the same breath justified activity of U-boats because England was trying to starve Germany, and asserted that Germany had all the food she wanted. Today there is the admission that "not hundreds of thousands but millions of human beings in Germany must limit their consumption of food and make not inconsiderable sacrifices" because of the British blockade. The note thus admits a state of things which was implied in the recent action of the central authorities at Berlin in taking over the control of the food supply of the Empire, and in what has filtered out through the newspapers regarding food riots in German cities.

As is well known, Germany has at no time officially contended that the shipment of munitions of war from this country to the Allies was violative of our duties as a neutral. But it is interesting to note that, in an elaborate memorandum from the German Government, included in the "White Book" just issued at Washington, the admission that these shipments are permissible is not only made with great distinctness, but occurs in connection with a reference to the great scale on which our exports of munitions are being made. The point is mentioned in connection with a protest against our hindering the sending of supplies of German warships. The memorandum says:

> Our enemies draw from the United States contraband of war, especially arms, worth several billions of marks. This in itself they are authorized to do, but if the United States would prevent our warships occasionally drawing supplies from its ports a great injustice grows out of the authorization, for it would amount to an unneutral treatment of the belligerents and constitute a breach of the generally accepted rules of neutrality to Germany's detriment.

To this protest, our Secretary of State replied that what our Government regarded as use of neutral territory as a base for naval operations by a belligerent was "repeated departure from such territory of merchant vessels laden with fuel or other supplies for belligerent warships at sea"; and this alone is what has been guarded against. But the completeness with which the German admission is made in regard to export of munitions is striking, and well worth bearing in memory.

Gen. Joffre's visit to London has given rise in the Liberal press to very definite predictions regarding the reorganization of the British General Staff, with the possibility of an international staff for bringing the operations of the Allies into perfect accord. Before the war the German military writers, in discussing the probability of a general alliance against the Central Powers, laid stress on the disadvantage of divided councils from which Germany's opponents were bound to suffer. This is a handicap which every league of nations must reckon with. For that matter, the Teutonic alliance had the same problem to deal with during the first nine months of the war, and solved it by the drastic method of placing the Austrian armies virtually under German orders. It is a German general who is now leading the Teutonic armies hundreds of miles from the German frontier and south of the Danube against an enemy that is peculiarly Austria's enemy. No such arrangement is, on the face of it, possible among the Allies. Geography forbids it in the case of Russia and the Western Powers. As between England and France on the one hand and Italy on the other, Italy may feel that there is no desperate need to justify

her in sacrificing national pride and taking orders from the outside. On the other hand, as between the English and French, such an arrangement is possible; and months ago English newspapers were of the opinion that when the army had been brought up to its full strength and was ready for sustained operations, there ought to be only one commander-in-chief in the west, and he Joffre.

It may not be altogether an accident that it should be the Liberal *Daily News* and *Chronicle* that speak of the reorganization of the war staff and a possible union of leadership with the French. Such an arrangement might be taken as a reflection upon the British commander-in-chief, Sir John French, but not upon Kitchener. It is pretty well understood that Kitchener has concerned himself less with strategy than with home organization—enlistment, training, supply. Northcliffe's famous campaign against Kitchener was conducted on the issue of munitions. Sir John French could not win battles because Kitchener had failed as an organizer. Now comes something of a counter-offensive by the Liberal newspapers to the *Daily Mail's* drive against Kitchener. The deficiency in munitions has been rectified, and it is for Sir John French as actual leader in the field to show cause why his operations should not be put under the supreme direction of the more highly trained staffs and leaders of the French army.

French protests against the French censorship as an infringement of the liberties of the press are but an echo of similar complaints from Great Britain. There, however, the encroachments upon the liberties of the citizens have gone much further. Thus the military authorities have called upon the officials of the Manchester branch of the No-Conscription Fellowship to desist from holding *private* meetings of its members, on the ground that such meetings were "antagonistic to the national spirit." It was carefully explained that the Fellowship was not organized to convert others to its views; that its members were expressly forbidden to proselyte, and that the meetings, restricted to members only, were held in private dwellings. But this did not help the situation. "Competent Military Authority" did not like such meetings, and ordered them stopped. Thereupon officials of the branch met, decided that they were violating no known law, and voted to continue as before. What the outcome will be, no one knows, but that there should be such a happening in England, in which every man's home has been considered his castle, in the absence of martial law, shows pretty clearly the drift of any form of acute militarism. As for the French censorship, the Paris *Temps* declares that it now "attributes to itself the rights and prerogatives of a King," and that the censor has now been "placed above the law."

Announcement by Mr. Tumulty that the President is keeping an open mind on the whole question of "dumping" after the war, and has committed himself to no plan. of preventing it, is taken by some as a pretty severe reflection upon Secretary Redfield. That gentleman is prolific in universal solvents, and appears to have incautiously confided one of them to the Washington correspondents, who proceeded to put it forth as if it had the name of the Administration blown in the glass. It is reassuring to learn that President Wilson is going to take no nostrum on sight. As for the effect of the implied rebuke upon the Secretary of Commerce, that is his own affair. There are reports that he takes the matter much to heart, and thinks of resigning. That is scarcely to be credited. Still, as regards some members of the Cabinet, it might not be a bad thing if Mr. Wilson would do what Mr. Asquith was said virtually to have done a couple of weeks ago—that is, post a notice reading: "All resignations thankfully received."

Dickens remarked that America protected her citizens in foreign lands, but that the same citizens showed anything but equivalent zeal in protecting the good name of their mother country abroad. Yet Dickens could point to no such alliance of ingratitude and want of patriotism as is exhibited in the failure of the travellers whom the Treasury rescued from Europe last year to repay the loans made them. Two thousand of these Giles Overreaches are included in a preliminary list, with more to follow. It is possible that carelessness or an inept failure to comprehend that payment should be immediate palliates the fault of some. Others may have suffered a considerable financial loss, and have regarded the advance as a sort of generous indemnity. But the fact remains that a large number gave fictitious addresses or fictitious names in asking for funds, with the plain design of "beating" the Government. The impulse behind this is much the impulse that prompts spectators at a fire or like excitement to appropriate loose valuables; it may interest the psychologist, but it must be a shock to those who think that the scenes of devotion witnessed in Europe, and the Government's response to its obligations, might have made even adventurers responsible for their debts.

The price paid by England for the recent gains in Flanders is indicated in the latest casualty lists. Since the beginning of the war the losses have been 493,294, of whom the killed were 101,652, or very nearly true to the constant ratio of 1 to 4. But whereas the average daily loss since the beginning of the war would thus be about 1,150, the casualties between August 21 and October 9 average 2,271, or almost double. The losses would naturally increase with the lengthening of the British line and the spread of the war to new theatres. Significant is the number of missing or prisoners, which is given at 21,193. This is only a few thousands more than the corresponding figures of nearly a year ago. The great majority of English prisoners were made in the first bag around Mons and the pursuit to the Marne. Since then the English apparently yield very few prisoners. The drain upon the nation may be compared with German losses. Up to July 11 the Prussian lists total one and a half million men. The latest lists, presumably reaching to the middle of October at the latest, show 2,026,000 men. In the course of less than a hundred days the Prussian losses were 526,000, or more than England's total casualties for the whole war. If to the Prussian casualties we add 30 per cent. for the South Germans, the average daily loss for the German Empire since midsummer has been about 7,000 men.

A most interesting decision was that rendered by the United States Supreme Court on Monday of last week in the case of eighteen immigrants who, having arrived at New York in good health and with funds amply sufficient to take them to their destination—Portland, Oregon—were denied the right to proceed on the ground that they were "likely to become a public charge." This ruling of the examining board was based on the fact that labor conditions at Portland were reported to be bad; so that, in the judgment of the board, the immigrants were unlikely to find employment, and therefore were likely to become a public charge. The decision of the Supreme Court is, of course, based on the view that the excluding phrase in the law was meant to define a class of persons and not to place upon the immigration officials either the duty or the power of judging of the actual prospects of

success or failure of any individual immigrant in his undertaking. It is clear that the opposite view, if logically applied, would give to the administrative officers almost unlimited powers of exclusion. The exclusion of the classes covered by the law is designed to prevent not only immediate but future risk of the new arrival becoming a public charge; accordingly, if the law is to be so interpreted as to cover not only intrinsic deficiencies on the part of the immigrant, but failure of the expectation of employment on account of economic conditions, hard times that are believed to be impending would be almost as valid a reason for rejection as hard times actually here. But the most important reason, from the human standpoint, for the rule embodied in the Supreme Court's decision is that the cruel hardship of deportation ought not to be imposed for a cause of which it is evidently absurd to assume that the intending immigrant should have had knowledge.

All who are interested in the fair treatment of the alien will regard the Supreme Court's decision on the Arizona alien-labor law as a hopeful omen of the fate of a whole class of discriminatory legislation. It is based upon grounds so broad that there is at once apparent an increased possibility that New York's Employment law, already before the Supreme Court, will similarly be adjudged unconstitutional. The Arizona law applies to all employees of labor, that of New York State only to public works. What difference, if any, this may make in the Supreme Court's view remains to be seen. But New York does not stand alone. Seven States expressly prohibit the employment of immigrants upon public works—Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Arizona, Wyoming, and Idaho—and California has a law only slightly less sweeping. Many municipalities supplement these laws by discriminatory regulations of their own, and any declaration against the constitutionality of the State enactments would operate to repress a mass of such local legislation. The law of California restricting the rights of aliens ineligible to citizenship to lease or purchase agricultural lands is also of doubtful constitutionality. Here it may be contended that there is a difference between aliens eligible and those ineligible to naturalization, but the contention would hardly hold water; and it seems a reasonable position that there is as great a denial of "the ordinary means of earning a livelihood," to use Justice Hughes's words, in restrictions upon the right to till the land as upon the right to perform other manual labor.

What are you to do with a people that is determined not to rule? This is the solemn issue confronting Gov. Johnson in the otherwise Golden State. All that was necessary to complete popular rule in California, as he has been explaining, was to adopt the amendment making all State offices nonpartisan. Yet the people did not even take the trouble to vote upon the proposal, most of them, and the majority of those who did voted against it. By so doing they created a pretty puzzle for the Legislature or the courts or somebody, since they had registered under a non-partisan registration act and must now continue to vote in primaries as partisans. Under the circumstances, we do not see much hope in Gov. Johnson's brave declaration that the non-partisan amendment "is as certain to be adopted as that the people themselves will rule." With the non-partisan amendment went ten others, one or two of which deserved a better fate. The one extending the term of Superior Judges from six to twelve years was handicapped—it is to be hoped that even in the farthest western State the provision was a handicap—by a section bringing these judges under the menace of the recall. But against the amendment conferring upon the State, a county, or a municipality the power of excess condemnation, the arguments were fantastic.

Prof. Paul Sabatier, well known as the biographer of St. Francis, has recently published in Paris three letters of his to the Italian president of the International Society of Franciscan Studies. This Society, by the way, was founded in Assisi by Sabatier himself, a dozen years ago. In the letters referred to he gives his ideas about the war, and about the only way in which peace can be made. He neatly appeals to the example of St. Francis himself, who "did not implore the people of Perugia to make war no longer on the people of Assisi. He began by taking part in the fighting; and, later, warned them that their offences against justice would not go unavenged." Turning to the war of to-day, Professor Sabatier declares that the nature of the struggle forced upon the Allies makes it in reality "a great moral effort." For they are fighting to withstand mere brute force, and defend right, justice, and liberty. It is the clash of two orders of ideas which has turned Europe into a battlefield. And it is, affirms Sabatier, to the breaking down of the false idea after the war, as well as to the defeat of those who uphold it in arms, that the Allies must address themselves. We cite a few of his suggestive words:

> To overcome our enemies on the field of battle, to reduce them to pleading for mercy, is not the only task that is imposed upon us. When that has been crowned with success, another, no less necessary and no less difficult, will present itself; and for this we must make provision at once. I speak of the war that will develop in our several countries and in our own hearts against German methods and ideas. Neither churchmen nor scientists among our enemies have realized to what moral and political monstrousness a false conception of the love of country was leading them. It has taken only a few generations for the voices of art, of religion, and of science to teach that, to distort the ideas and deform the heart of that country, and to make it not only a veritable danger to its neighbors in Europe, but a moral peril for civilization as a whole.

Among the subject populations of Europe in whom the war has stirred old national ambitions are the Ukrainian people, whose representatives met in congress on Saturday at Cooper Union. The name is unfamiliar. They are better known as Little Russians, the name they bear in the Czar's empire, and as Ruthenians in Galicia. Of a total estimated population of 30,000,000, about four millions are under Hapsburg rule. The rest form a solid ethnic block in southwestern Russia, stretching from the River Bug to the shores of the Black Sea and across the Dnieper River to the region of the Don. The heaviest concentration is in the four Russian provinces of Kiev, Tchernigov, Poltava, and Kharkov, but they are present in large numbers further to the west in the provinces of Volhynia, Lublin, Siedlce, and Grodno, and so have felt the pressure of the present Teutonic invasion. This is the famous Black Earth of Russia, noted for its fertility. After the Great Russians, or Muscovites, the Little Russians constitute by far the most important numerical element among the races of the Russian Empire. To Russian literature they have given one of its greatest names, Gogol, the father of the Russian novel, probably its greatest satirist in that extraordinary book, "Dead Souls," and certainly its greatest humorist in the "Revisor" or "Inspector," one of the finest comedies of all time. The melodies in minor key which we take as characteristic of Russian music are predominantly Little Russian. Upon this people the centralizing policies of the Russian autocracy have weighed down as upon other subject races. Their national aspirations have now reasserted themselves.

THE PRESS AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

As pretty a bit of evidence of the way a crooked railway used a crooked Boss to control legislation in a crooked State as any one could desire was brought out in the suit against the New Haven Railroad directors on Thursday of last week. It was the testimony as to the relationship between the previous management of the company and the blind Boss of Rhode Island, Charles R. Brayton. A letter showing that a check for $10,000 was paid to the Boss, as his compensation for "assisting in legislative matters," was excluded from the evidence, but will hereafter be a convincing part of the indictment against the man before whom Rhode Island for years bowed down. That little State this rascal held for years in the hollow of his hand, putting it up for sale to the corporations as he saw fit, and no efforts availed to shake his grip upon it. The capitalistic interests upheld him, even as they paid blackmail to him, and men in all walks of life cringed to him because of his power to injure them if they should dare to protest against the mischief which he wrought.

Why was it that he held his sway undisturbed until his death? Possibly because of the lack of just such a specific bit of proof as has now come to the surface. It is true that he did not deny that he was a paid lobbyist. As far back as 1903, he frankly said: "I am attorney for certain clients, and look out for their interests before the Legislature." He admitted, too, that he was retained by the New Haven. But never until last week had we so complete a picture of his underhand activities. Here was the railway actually berating the Boss because the Legislature had granted a charter for a trolley line from Pawtucket to Attleboro with privileges for express matter: "Please do not let any more of that kind go through, and if possible would like to get that express clause struck out, whether by general law or in some other way, as it seriously interferes with our revenue from the Adams Express Company." When a freight road was proposed, the New Haven wrote: "We want this scheme blocked and killed. . . . Please kill this matter in some way." The Boss, needless to say, earned his fee, but the New Haven was too stupid, apparently, to suspect that he might have been accepting fees from the other side, or originating the very legislation it sought to oppose. Surely, such detailed revelations would have shaken the Boss, could they have been made when one of the occasional reform movements was under way in Rhode Island, such as that under the late Bishop William N. McVickar, in 1903.

This whole incident well illustrates the difficulty which confronts the reformer in and out of the press. Constantly people speak of a well-known abuse and denounce the newspapers as in league with the corruptionists, because they do not "let the daylight in." "Everybody knows that it is so and, of course, the newspapers could take the lid right off if they wished to"—so runs the complaint; and thereupon another indictment against the press is framed. The newspapers can find out everything if they want to; they have expert reporters, and they have the means to hire detectives if they choose. If they do not uncover all the crookedness in the body politic, it is their own fault and no one else's. Surely, they must be in league with the evildoers? But this Brayton case shows the difficulties in the way. It was current knowledge that Brayton was becoming rich by his sale of the Legislature, and yet the facts to establish so grave a charge, in a way to put him out of business, were never before available. He was ready to boast that he was a lobbyist, but to have proved such activities to the satisfaction of a judge and jury would have taken ever so much more than mere hearsay or gossip. Even the strongest kind of moral conviction as to the existence of wrongdoing does not by itself send any one to jail.

The plight of the newspaper which desires to bring evildoers to book is also clearly illustrated by the Allds case. For decades every intelligent man had been certain that legislation was bought and sold at Albany, and with the utmost brazenness. Political campaigners spoke of it as a matter of course; the "Black Horse Cavalry" figured in every news story that came out of Albany in connection with the Legislature. But not until the charges made by Conger became public to illumine as by a flashlight the disgraceful debauching of the Legislature was it possible to focus public indignation and to compel the Legislature to drive this particular bribe-giver and the bribe-taker out of public life, and generally to improve conditions at the Capitol. Yet the unthinking would say that the press should have been able to accomplish this years before. They do not realize, of course, the hampering effects of the libel law which makes it impossible for a journal to circulate a specific charge of this kind until its attorneys are satisfied that it has sufficient corroborative evidence to convince both judge and jury.

At the same time that one hears this complaint of the press because it does not bring evildoers to book often enough, the welkin also rings with criticisms of the wild and reckless charges and insinuations made by newspapers against great and good men who are giving their lives to the public service or to the development of its public service corporations. Who does not recall the impassioned defence of Mellen's management of the New Haven Railroad by so good a man as Major Henry L. Higginson? He, being ignorant, of course, of the sordid doings that have now come to light, flamed out against those who would muckrake a venerable institution which was the vital artery of New England. Others, too, felt aggrieved that this irresponsible abuse of a great railway should go on unchecked when there were no specific facts as to wrongdoing available anywhere. Well, the specific facts became available quickly enough, and then all the talk about the irresponsible clamor of the press faded away, and the old management was removed to make room for a new and honorable one. Perhaps, as a result, a few more people realized that so long as the press is merely morally convinced that there is wrongdoing at a given place, it can indulge only in generalities. Some day the public may understand how eager the press is to use such specific proof of corruption as came out last week in the New Haven case.

POST-BELLUM DUMPING.

Washington dispatches have been for some time reporting that the Administration is considering what to do to prevent the "dumping" of cheap foreign goods on our shores after the war is over. At length the accounts are more precise. Secretary Redfield and Chairman Davies, of the Federal Trade Commission, are said to have worked out a plan which has the approval of the President and is to be submitted to Congress. As outlined, it rejects the proposal to erect new tariff barriers, and seeks to bring into play existing provisions of law respecting "unfair competition," "exclusive" selling, and trade arrangements designed to obtain a monopoly of any branch of commerce. We shall have to wait for the actual details of such a measure before forming an opinion of its justice or practical working. But are there not preliminary questions that ought to be answered? Should not the Gov-

ernment and American business men seek to ascertain just how much post-bellum dumping will be possible or attempted?

In certain lines of specialized manufacture and export, it is reasonable to expect that the coming of peace will be like the breaking of a dam to release stored articles. German dyestuffs and chemical goods are familiar examples. We suppose it not doubtful that large amounts of such products will be ready to ship the moment the war ends. It is possible that some other foreign industries are similarly waiting to get back their former market in this country, or to enlarge it. And whether any special steps ought to be taken by our Government to prevent or lessen the incidental evils which might follow such dumping is, we admit, a matter seriously to be studied. This would be particularly the case with any American manufactures which have been established to meet the scarcity caused by the war, and which may require more time to get squarely on their own feet.

Aside from these exceptional instances, however, it seems to us that an unnecessary amount of horrible imagining is being done on this subject. It is well to stop and coolly ask what is likely to be the effect of the war upon manufactures and the export trade of our chief European competitors. When peace is made, will they quickly be in a position to set all their tall chimneys smoking, their machines whirring, and at once raise all their industries to the highest pitch of efficiency? It must be doubted. The immense dislocations caused by the war cannot be repaired in a day. To shift factories back from the making of shells and explosives to the manufacture of motors and agricultural chemicals, will require time. Then there will be the whole question of supply of labor. With hundreds of thousands of skilled artisans lying in their graves, or disabled for life, this will be a serious matter for employers. Their first thoughts will be of restoring their equipment and working slowly back to their former level of production, instead of outstripping immediately the home consumption and rushing their goods abroad.

Suppose all these difficulties surmounted, and the productive capacity of England and France and Germany put back to what it was before the war, it still would be under a new and severe handicap. The point is raised by a letter. It relates to the enormous load of debt under which the war-smitten countries will have to stagger for the next few years. What will this mean as affecting the competing ability of manufacturers and exporters in those lands? It is plain, for one thing, that new and onerous taxes will have to be laid. For England it has been estimated that, if the war went on a year and a half more, the charges for interest on the new debt piled up would be nearly as large as the entire peace budget. A similar calculation for Germany has been bitterly made by *Vorwärts*, speaking for the Social-Democratic party. There may well be some exaggeration in these forecasts. Certain adjustments of debt may be made to ease off somewhat the immediate strain. But it will be very great, in any case. If taxation was high before—and it was much higher in all the countries named than in the United States—it will be pushed up several notches higher. And its general effect must certainly be to raise the cost of production. The new taxes will be diffused through all classes of society. They will impel the capitalist to ask higher interest, the workingman to demand higher wages. Prices will tend to be marked up in order that, out of the resultant profits, the higher taxes may be paid. Let no one imagine that the workmen in any of the belligerent countries are going easily to surrender the higher wages that they have been getting in war time. Whatever else may happen after the fighting is over, close observers agree that there will be a great assertion of the rights and demands of the laboring classes. There will not be a docile and unlimited supply of "pauper" labor. The cost of production will almost infallibly rise abroad. If it does, the peril of dumping may never be so acute as some Americans fear.

The whole question is confessedly speculative. But if we cannot be sure of the outcome, one way or the other, this fact ought to be an argument against hastily conceived legislation that may be both needless and mischievous.

SOULS IN THE TRENCHES.

And the way it keeps on—the killing. Over a year now. When will it end? It gets worse. The whole world is catching fire. The Balkans, too, now—Bulgaria and Greece. I tell you, people won't stand it much longer. All these men being killed—fine young men. If there has to be murder like that, why don't they send women to be killed? Why just young men? . . .

Everybody is discouraged. Men of peaceful nature are crushed. The passionate desire for peace amounting to physical pain. Always the same longing for peace, and before my eyes the spectre of the French front close at hand with the horrors of its artillery fire. . . .

We need not insist that all German mothers suffer like this one mother in a little town of the Harz, though probably the vast majority do. The Latin professor, now a private in the Landsturm, who sets down his doubts and weariness and longing for peace is probably not typical, in his high-strung nerves, of the great mass of Germany's peasant and artisan soldiers. Certainly we cannot believe that this state of weariness and longing is true only of Germany. Mothers in France, Russia, England, and Servia are passing through the same agony; and the finer natures on every battle-line are breaking under the prolonged process of apparently futile slaughter. What we must perceive, however, is that a new meaning must now be read into von Hindenburg's famous phrase of a year ago that this war will be a test of nerves, and that the stronger German nerves will win. Von Hindenburg was thinking of the nervous system of commanding generals and officers, of the Will to Conquer which persists in the face of delay and defeat, and which shrinks from no price for victory. To-day it is not a question of the nerves of the general staffs and the corps commanders, but of the psychology of entire nations, of the capacity of whole peoples to go without enough food, of mothers to continue sending their sons to sacrifice, of the men themselves to lie for months in the trenches without asking why and how and when.

But if the war is more than ever a test of spiritual endurance, we cannot help asking ourselves on which side of the battle line is moral exhaustion making itself felt most strongly. Are Germans or Allies the more intensely weary of the slaughter? The question is not one merely of speculative psychology. It has a real bearing on the factor to which Germany has been looking for victory, the exhaustion of any one of her opponents, a break in the ranks of the Allies, a separate peace. The arguments in favor of Germany are familiar. The German people have the stimulus of fairly continuous victory on land. The German armies are fighting on foreign soil. Except for portions of East Prussia and a thin strip in Alsace, the German people have been spared the calamities of war and invasion. The German mother, whose pathetic outcry against the horror of it all we have quoted, goes on to speak of how things are worse for the French. If it is a question of discouragement and crying quits, it would seem that the break must come in France, with millions of her people ruined and her economic life crippled, or in Rus-

sia, with 100,000 square miles of her territory in the enemy's hands. From the very first months of the war this factor of fighting on the enemy's soil has been put forth for the encouragement of the German people. The Kaiser's armies have battled on the Meuse and the Aisne, on the Vistula and the Dvina. They are now beyond the Danube, they are pressing forward to Constantinople, they may yet be fighting on the Nile and the Euphrates.

There is another side to the picture. Precisely because the German armies are pushing out far beyond the national frontier, the mothers of Germany must be asking themselves why, and how long. The War Office may speak proudly of the nation's banner floating on the Morawa and the Nile. The Imperialist imagination may take fire at the thought of the Euphrates and the Ganges. But the peasant mother in the Harz Mountains, the workingman's wife in Berlin—what to her are Gallipoli, Suez, India? At the beginning she may have found it more difficult than von Hindenburg to understand that the only defensive for the Fatherland was a strong offensive; yet she may have learned in time. But her imagination cannot carry her along on a defensive of the Fatherland which is conducted in the Lithuanian marshes, in the Balkan mountains, in the Arabian deserts. Where will it end? All that the mothers in the Harz and in Berlin feel is that their sons have died in Belgium, they have died in France and Russia, they are now dying in Servia, they will be dying in Egypt and around Bagdad, if all goes well. As the German armies push victoriously south and east, the German General Staff cannot content itself with citing victories. It is under the growing necessity of explaining the casualty lists.

To the mothers of the invaded lands, in Belgium, France, Russia, and Servia, the agonizing doubt cannot present itself in such form. Because the native land is invaded, because the enemy is at the door, the necessity of sacrifice presents itself as immediate. It must be the same with the men in the trenches. We call up a picture of four hundred miles of ditchwork from the North Sea to the Swiss borders, two million Germans facing two and a half million Frenchmen, and we ask ourselves whether it is in the German burrows or in the French rabbit warrens that the greater weariness of war prevails. Berlin asserts that it is the enemy who is weakening. The German troops are dug in on the enemy's soil, they can play the waiting game best. But from what we know of the nature of men, spiritual forces must be working the other way. The French soldier is planted in his own soil, he is guarding his home. He may be weary, but he can have no doubts as to the bitter need of it all. To the German invader, the need is more remote. Fighting on the enemy's soil is a stimulus when the battle moves forward swiftly, when victory is in sight. But to be stuck in a ditch on foreign soil, with no end in sight? It does not need men of special susceptibilities to feel the demoralization of doubt under such conditions. To the simplest mind, after more than a year of deadlock, the question must occur, What am I doing here? For the invaded nations there is the spur of necessity. For the invader there is the natural human revolt against a tedium of slaughter and suffering without the solace of victory.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.

The interview with Count Tisza of Hungary, which Karl H. von Wiegand obtained for the New York *World*, is more notable indirectly than for what it immediately contains. In what the Hungarian Premier said, there was nothing new. He held the familiar tone about Austria and Germany having been wickedly attacked, about their war being purely defensive, and about peace coming as soon as the Allies realized their defeat and gave the Central Powers guarantees of "security" for the future. In asserting that during the whole term of the Triple Alliance, neither Germany nor Austria had sought an "opening" for a world-war, Count Tisza must have forgotten the cool proposal of the Austrian Government to Italy that Servia be attacked. This was a year before the assassination at Sarajevo, which finally served as a pretext. The fact was not known until it was revealed by the Italian Government. But in all this there is no novelty. It seems hardly worth the journey to Budapest to get only such information as Mr. von Wiegand reports.

In the very act of seeking Austro-Hungarian opinion, however, there is something like a curiosity. Vienna has, since the war began, been steadily in the shadow of Berlin. For diplomatic views or news of importance, correspondents have not thought it necessary to go further than the capital of Germany. And this has been only one indication among many that Austria has been playing second fiddle during the war. Indeed, this has been so markedly the case as to cause disquietude to Austrians themselves. They are troubled not only by their present diplomatic and military subordination to Germany, but by what the future may hold in store. In case the Central Powers win the war, the Germans will inevitably lay claim to the hegemony. With whatever politely disguised phrases, they will let it be known that, in the great readjustment of Southern Europe, Austrian ambitions must be kept strictly subordinate to German. In matters relating to both the distribution of territory and the making ready of an army to defend the new-won acquisitions, Berlin would be certain to dictate to Vienna. This is a reflection which can scarcely be pleasing to Austrian pride. But all this is merely to anticipate future events which may never occur.

Yet actual events within the past few months are sufficient to show that Germany has been the predominant partner in the alliance with Austria. To realize this, one has but to turn over the "Diplomatic Documents" recently published by the Austrian Government affecting its relations with Italy. They cover the whole negotiation with the Italian Government, after the outbreak of the war, in the endeavor to obtain Italy's neutrality, when it early became evident that her active support as a member of the Triple Alliance was not to be had. The correspondence was ostensibly between the Foreign Offices in Vienna and in Rome; yet Berlin was all the time standing close by, and again virtually overruled Vienna and compelled the Austrian Government to offer the Italians better terms. The entire exchange of dispatches is one long record of Austria's receding from position after position, and agreeing finally to do what at first she said was out of the question—each time under a concealed pressure from Germany that amounted to compulsion.

One point in the correspondence is worth remark. Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, consistently represented to Italy that the ultimatum to Servia, which precipitated the war, was Austria's own affair. The Italians complained that they had not been notified in advance, as they should have been by the terms of the Triple Alliance. But Count Berchtold assured them that not even Germany had been notified. And we have in the correspondence repetition, in another form, of the denial of the German Foreign Minister, von Jagow, that he was aware of the nature of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. This, it is clear, must be merely a formal and technical denial.

The German authorities must have known. In fact, it was inadvertently admitted by Count Berchtold that they did know. For in a telegram under date of August 12, 1914, after saying that "it had always been our intention to settle the difference with Servia by ourselves," he added: "We had, it is true, *received the assurance from Germany that she would stand by our side* if Russia should intervene." There never was real doubt of this. Without this advance assurance from Germany, the Austrian Government could not have ventured, as it did through Count Berchtold, to challenge Russia to "the great reckoning" with the Central Powers. All this speaks of carefully prepared plans, to which Germany was privy, if she did not take the lead in devising them

Whatever other result may follow the war, it is impossible that there will be any real aggrandizement of Austria. In case even of victory, she would reap the harvest that she has sown; for while the German Government might assign Austria new territories, it would see to it that they and the Austrian army and Austrian diplomacy were kept severely under German tutelage.

REVIVING OLD POLITICAL TEACHERS.

The attempt of the *Forum* to revive interest in the governmental teachings of Herbert Spencer is a bold one. For many years Spencer's vogue has been declining. He has been attacked on one side by the philosopher and on the other by the scientist. There are frequent laments over current ignorance of foregoing political thinkers, Burke and Mill, Webster and Lieber. Yet Spencer illustrates the palliation for such neglect—the fact that changing conditions seem to rob the writings of such men of instant application. Spencer's political individualism was once a powerful force, but it has been largely overthrown by the growing power of the state. The *Forum*, in reprinting Spencer's essays with comment by men like Root, Lodge, Charles W. Eliot, and ex-President Taft, perforce adopts almost an apologetic note.

Yet Spencer is also an illustration of the applicable truths to be discovered by those who turn to the governmental classics, and of the antidotes given by their doctrine for extreme or half-baked tendencies. A time in which state Socialism has gone so fast, and in which the war is hurrying it faster still, is certainly a good time to turn back occasionally to the older authorities. Complaints against over-administration like "The Coming Slavery," against rash governmental interference like "The New Toryism," definitions of the point at which governmental activity ceases to stimulate and begins to impede like the "Essay on Liberty," may well have a modern application. Spencer himself modified his early antagonism to state poor relief, education, colonization, care of the public health, and even industrial regulation. But he never surrendered two positions: that the essential test for all laws limiting the freedom of the individual is whether those laws are necessary to maintain the equal freedom of others; and that society must not be over-paternal, since a society in which the strongest has no advantage is a society in which progress is impossible, and deterioration certain. His application of these principles has a very modern ring. When he wrote of politicians who introduced humanitarian measures with an eye only to the proximate effect, he went back to Pitt's free dispensation of the poor rates for an example. Illustrations of the same short-sightedness could now be supplied from the legislative grist of any State.

The good that would come from more study of such writers would be in relating political action to general principles. There are "principles," of course, which will justify the wildest Socialism or the most hidebound spirit of reaction. But even for them to search out such principles would be better than to take each case "on its merits." They would be more likely to act in moderation. Only forgetfulness of the fact that Spencer and such as he tried to reach political fundamentals, brushes them aside as "antiquated." Some writers always seem up to date—witness Aristotle's "Politics." Yet our legislators bring forward their bills as if the present had no past. "Our social organization," writes Root, apropos of one of Spencer's essays, "has been passing from the régime of contract into the régime of status," and he goes on to denounce the multitude of laws enacted without regard to their ultimate consequences. As for our rough-and-ready writers of to-day, they are like the radical essayist who confessed recently to being tormented into sleeplessness by an orthodox book upon "governmental authority," "class power," "social legislation," and "parliamentary machinery." He prayed for treatises written crisply upon "bosses," "machines," "political deals," and other substantials of the actual modern political game. He would treat of government and all it represents as if the earth were new-born every twenty years.

All told, the spirit which would tie up even detailed lawmaking and administration to fundamental theories—both the caution and broadmindedness implicit in it—might profit greatly by the attention to old philosophers. We are especially prone to neglect the writers of the generations immediately preceding our own, from a sense of how far, socially and politically, we have left behind the sneered-at Victorian era. It is forgotten that the last century brought forth some of the very ablest political teachers. Possibly the neglect rises from our attitude towards politics as a field for the inexpert; even while we insist on the highest training in other lines. This too amiable democracy is exposed to rebuke at many points; and a pleasing reaction from it would be in a heightened respect for the prophets of an elder day.

Foreign Correspondence

NEUTRAL TRADE—THE ZEPPELINS—ELDERLY PATRIOTS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

London, October 19.

Reports now reaching England indicate that many Americans are inclined to believe that British interference with American trade and shipping has not been wholly and solely due to military necessity. The notion has evidently been sedulously disseminated in America that the British Government has been using such interruptions as have occurred to further British at the expense of American trade. To accuse our Government of so extraordinary and penny-wise-and-pound-foolish a policy seems a greater insult to its intelligence than its worst lapses and mistakes would warrant; and to enlightened observers the charge must almost carry its own refutation. But the rumor recurs; and therefore I am glad to be in a position to assert that there is no foundation whatever for this idea. I say this on the strength of what has reached me from a source on the good faith and authoritative information of which I can absolutely rely. The sole object of the interruptions in question has been to cut off the supplies of England's enemies; and the British Government has taken the greatest pains to avoid giving offence to American merchants. This does not mean a blank denial that individual and accidental cases occur in which the American shipper's loss has inured to the gain of some British competitor. Our export trade is in such a state of dislocation that a man may sometimes seize a chance of getting cheap goods without too scrupulous an investigation into their source. But such cases are rare and arise out of the abnormal conditions. If an American exporter hears that his goods have been stopped or sold, and at the same time learns that some British trader has sold abroad a cargo at a higher price than that obtained by him, it is only natural that he should connect the two things. He would, however, make a great mistake if he were to

suspect that the incident had arisen through any set purpose of the British Government. The wish and interest of our Government would rather lead it to minimize and discourage enterprises of this kind; and so far as I can make out, the country in general would not tolerate any deliberate fanning of a policy which seems to it as unwise as it is mean. The regret at our enforced interference with neutral, and especially with American, trade seems practically universal, and I see no reason to judge that it is either feigned or hypocritical.

My first intimation that London was under bombardment from the clouds, last Wednesday evening, was the momentary hesitation of a taxi-driver to accept a fare for a large railway terminal, which he evidently looked upon (quite erroneously) as well within the danger zone. When he found that our party included a young soldier under orders for the front, he made no further demur, and we reached the station in ample time for the train due to pull out at 10:30 P. M. No bombs were heard or Zeppelins seen on the way, but constables were posted at intervals to steer vehicles clear of the broken glass visible in several streets, and we passed close to a small bomb-crater made half an hour before. At the station all the lights were out; and it was a task of some time and difficulty to find the gate leading to departure-platform No. 7. If the New Yorker will imagine himself deposited in front of a Grand Central Depot almost absolutely dark and crowded with hundreds of soldiers and their friends, he will have some idea of the scene. The difficulties of groping in the dark were considerably aggravated by the kit-bags and other pieces of baggage scattered throughout the waiting-halls and platforms, and by the fact that many of the Tommies found a recumbent posture with their bags as pillows, the most convenient method of waiting for their entrainment. Groups of them whiled away the time by singing "Tipperary" and other battle chants; and the lighted ends of their "Woodbines" were almost the only luminous points in the enveloping gloom. Perfect order, however, prevailed, and the inevitable jostlings were all received with unfailing good temper. The night was, of course, moonless; and the acres of the station's glazed roof—a splendid mark for bombs—were barely visible from below. After about two hours of this somewhat eerie waiting, the lights were suddenly turned on. The process of entraining began at a dozen different platforms, and the station soon resumed its normal appearance, though (I understand) none of the trains were allowed to start for another hour or two.

On our way home we visited the nearest of the five centres which had received the chief attention of the German airships. The amount of visible damage was unexpectedly small, except in the matter of window-glass. Most of this had already been swept off the roadways and sidewalks, but there were still places where it crunched under one's feet like January snow. The streets were fairly full (between 1 and 2 A. M.) of an interested and inquisitive crowd, searching for souvenirs with lanterns and flashlights, and trying to extract something more than "pass along, please," from the imperturbable policemen stationed round any structure where danger was still feared from falling stones or broken glass. No fire was visible except in one spot, where the bomb had penetrated to a subterranean gas-main; but this was under complete control, though not extinguished for several hours. The great centres of interest were spots where bombs had fallen in open spaces; and it gave one a curious thrill to see, in a London thoroughfare, shell-craters such as we had been reading about for months as among the characteristic features of the front.

It is marvellous how quickly we have become accustomed to the Zeppelin peril. When we were expecting the first raid, we were all more or less nervous about it; we filled the baths with water at night, provided fire-extinguishers, and quite intended to take refuge in the cellars. As time went on, however, and it was seen how *relatively* insignificant was the damage done by the raids, we began to forget the bath-tubs and to mislay the extinguishers. When the firing of the anti-aircraft guns was heard, the natural impulse was to hurry out and see what was going on. This may not have been the "efficient" thing to do, in the German sense of the word, and it may have led to some preventable mishaps. But it is not without its value as an evidence that the moral effect of panic has not been accomplished; and it is, at any rate, better than the confusion and terror which (we are assured) prevailed in certain German towns when the signals announcing an air-raid were given for the sake of rehearsal. The individual danger seems as remote as that from a bolt in a thunderstorm. Now, for the first time, we can understand the spirit in which men live calmly on the slopes of Vesuvius. All the same, we are beginning to feel a little restive at the contrast between Paris's immunity and London's visitations from Zeppelins; though, of course, we realize how much easier it is for our assailants to drop on us suddenly from the trackless wastes of air above the North Sea than to surprise a Paris guarded by scores of miles of war-clad territory.

No one who has recently walked abroad in any of the open spaces near London can have failed to notice the bands of mature citizens in gray-green uniforms, busy in drilling, digging trenches, or practicing at miniature rifle-ranges. A red brassard on their left arms, bearing the letters G. R. (and refusing, with a curious obstinacy, to look military—perhaps on account of the unusual width of its five inches), proclaims them members of the Volunteer Training Corps, a body now numbering between 300,000 and 400,000 men, distributed among forty-five County Regiments. The initiation of this movement may be dated from a letter sent to the *Times* by Mr. Percy A. Harris, on August 6, 1914; and its success has been largely due to the exertions of men like Lord Desborough, president of the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps, and General Sir O'Moore Creagh, its military adviser, formerly Commander-in-Chief in India. Its object is to enroll citizens above the military age or having other adequate reason for not enlisting in the regular army, in order to train them in various ways for home defence. Among the duties which they hope to qualify themselves to face are assisting in repelling an invasion or raid, garrison duty in towns and villages, guarding railways and other vulnerable points, supervising removal of the civil population, keeping order and allaying panic in case of emergency, and guarding communications, etc. Their "Official Regulations" contain a statement of their duties (probably by General Creagh), the spirited nature of which may be gathered from the following phrases: "It is obvious that on the first landing of an enemy, if his attempt cannot be frustrated, not a moment should be lost in assembling troops and attacking him with the most advanced, however few in number, till more can be assembled. The object will be to constantly harass, annoy, and tire out the enemy, and to impede his progress, till a sufficient force can be assembled to smash him." "It must never be forgotten to inculcate into our Volunteer Corps the great advantages they possess by their knowledge of the country in attacking the enemy." "It must be impressed on every man that although retiring gradually before the enemy may be at first necessary to allow the regular troops to collect, yet the great object of irregular corps is to attack on every favorable opportunity, and as much by the bayonet as by fire; and such attack must be bold and vigorous as becomes men defending their hearths and homes." "We must raise the indignation of the country to the highest pitch, and cause to react on our enemy that terror which he has used in Belgium."

If the first impulse of any beholder is to smile at the perspiring efforts of these elderly citizens, it is only necessary to gain a little acquaintance with their actual achievements to turn amusement into a very genuine respect. A glance at the admirable trenches they have constructed for the defence of London is alone enough to accomplish this transformation. Their standard of drill is very high, and has elicited encomiums from inspecting generals. They have fulfilled disagreeable patrol duties in a most efficient manner; and their disciplined services have been found of notable aid in such matters as furnishing emergency squads for munition work, for coastguard work, or as adjuncts to the Fire Brigade during Zeppelin raids. The amount of sound military training acquired in a very brief period in the Volunteer Officers' Instructional Classes is almost incredible. All this is done at their own expense, the red brassard being the only article of their equipment that is furnished by Government. They have received a considerable amount of official recognition and have fulfilled the conditions entitling them to the rights of combatants under Article 1 of the Hague Convention. The object of a bill just brought before Parliament by the Marquis of Lincolnshire is to obtain a still more defined status and greater power to apply military discipline. The officers of the V. T. C. do not use the ordinary military titles, but are known as Commandant, Company Commander, and so on. A retired officer of the regular army, militia, or territorial forces, having the right to retain his rank, may be addressed on parade as (*e. g.*) "Company Commander Colonel Smith."

The success last month of the British troops at La Bassée Canal, if not so far-reaching as we could wish, gives us (I think) some excuse for a modest amount of self-congratulation and new hope. It cannot be denied that our soldiers captured German trenches, redoubts, guns, and men, and forced back the German lines for an appreciable distance. The important fact is that this success was obtained by an army created within the last twelve months, undoubtedly containing many men who, a year ago, had never fired a gun or formed fours. Many of the officers had never even dreamed that leading a charge would figure among the experiences of their lives. I know a score of such myself, to some of whom their present task is so temperamentally repugnant that my admiration for their resolution and sense of duty is unbounded. A brigadier of whom I know said

that one of his colonels was a dentist when the war broke out, and one of his majors a hide merchant, and that he could want no better officers. Yet, so far as the evidence before us warrants, these untried men seem to have been as steady as veterans. There is no allegation that *any* troops could have done better in the circumstances.

THE IMPRACTICABILITY OF SENDING A JAPANESE ARMY TO EUROPE.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKIO, October 2.

When we heard some time ago a French voice inviting the Japanese troops to take part in the present European war, we took it as a mere suggestion; but it is becoming, as it seems, to be an interesting, even a serious, question, to be opposed or endorsed frankly, now in Japan. An article on the subject in the *Fortnightly Review* of some six or seven months ago had all the language of persuasion; when the writer said: "They [Japanese] are moved by sentiments of honor and chivalry, and not by calculations of greed. Their friend, their ally, their sworn brother, England, asks them to come, and they will come at once without counting the cost or waiting to reckon whether it will be loss or gain," he departed from the so-called English commonsense of his race. If it were fifteen or twenty years ago, when what we wanted was universal recognition as a "first-class nation," and if there were no better way to accomplish our object than by taking a "glorious part in the tremendous European struggle," such language might have been greeted enthusiastically; but the writer in the *Fortnightly Review* does not grasp the real condition of present Japan or the Japanese mind sadly disillusioned from her cherished dream of being a "first-class nation." What blood we spilled and what a national debt we earned merely hunting after that spectre or ghost! We are in truth like a man who has shaken off the romanticism of youth, arriving at the age of reaction where our only wisdom is seen to lie in persistence in insularity. It is now realized that for attaining our object we should rearrange the general condition of the country (the general conditions of Japanese life, too) with the strength of consciousness and, above all, with a real economy of force. We have arrived now at this wisdom in which the seeming negativism, spiritual as well as physical, turns at once to the truest positivism by the magic of its intensity or its own distillation of force.

Indeed, the question of "first-class nation" is not a matter of width of domain or size of population; we solve it according to a standard more sensible and real. To hold ourselves more compact, we should declare, is the very way to contribute to the world's civilization and humanity; if we ever attain to the rank of "first-class nation," it will not be by the mere capital-lettered Militarism. Here right before our faces we have an exact example in Germany. Suppose we accept the Western invitation and send a fully trained army of 250,000 men, as some English writer suggested, and drive away the enemy from the fields of Flanders and across the Rhine and even demolish Berlin. What shall we gain if in the near future we may happen to be looked upon as another Germany by the whole world? Japan has an important problem in her relation with America; the latter's suspicion always fancies in us a military monster, like José Maria de Heredia's Daimio, dressed in lacquer, crépon, and brass, eying from bearded mask Nippon's dawn smile in the roseate sky upon the far volcano's snow-crowned mass. And on the other hand we have many chauvinists or military dreamers still left in present Japan, who might become wild and reckless if we happened to be crowned in Europe as the greatest power of swords of the whole world and put Europe under our obligation. The Japanese militarism is past history; we hope at least it is so, and if we are still a military power, it must be in the meaning of self-protection. When we fought with Russia in Manchuria ten years ago, we said it was not merely a war between Japan and Russia, but between civilization and barbarism; I wrote then: "Is it a reason Russia's misdeeds should be overlooked, because she is a white nation? Is it a reason why our Japanese civilization cannot be acknowledged, because we are brown people? We have been suffering under many an injury arising from such a prejudice." Did we ever expect then we should become a co-belligerent of Russia to-day, "barbarous Russia" of ten years ago, and that "Kimigayo," our national Japanese anthem, would be sung in her capital? The brightest mind might find it difficult to answer a question what country we have to fight against next or with what nation we are to join our hands; the recent development of the world, we confess, has made us rather pessimistic. I am not ready to proclaim Japan's honesty as a nation; but we beg to say that each country has her own right to think herself first in a sensible proportion from the point of view of her own existence. And at such a time as to-day, when we cannot help suspecting international friendship, my mind recalls an old Chinese poem saying:

> There is a cloud when one turns his hand;
> At another turn, lo, it becomes rain.
> Oh, humanity is so thin, thin like paper.

There is no country that admires and respects England more than Japan, even making a student's obeisance to her; and there is no Japanese in Japan who loves England like myself, who saluted her in the following lines:

> There is no other land like thy home,
> Where, like mountains, heaves thy soul divine,
> Up to the Heavens of blue-deep rest;
> Like the river boundless and fresh, thy heart overflows
> In search of Truth toward the sea unfathomable, free,
> O England vast as are the suns vast,
> O England with the widest breath of widest love!

Let the friendship between our countries (between myself and my English friends, too) stand on candid ground. I sang once: "Thou scornest luxury, thou scornest sham and cheat, thou art the true friend of humanity deathless and plain." From my candid mind I should say that for Japan to send her army of considerable merit (perhaps 250,000) to Europe is impossible practically; a certain English writer dwelt on the matter, saying: "Japan by the Pacific-Canadian route is only a few days further away from the English Channel than India. Within a month of the Emperor of Japan issuing his orders, the Japanese army would be in Flanders or Normandy." But to carry some 250,000 men across the Pacific Ocean there should be some few hundred transports; from our experiences in the last two wars we learn that our power of transportation for one time is not adequate for more than forty or fifty thousand men. For argument's sake, let us say that, since one soldier needs some six tons (the measure of capacity) for his transportation, you must have 1,200,000 tons for 200,000 men and 1,800,000 tons for 300,000 men. And the ships should be, each of them, of more than three or four thousand tonnage. Where shall we get such a number of available ships? Suppose we succeed in crossing the Pacific Ocean, and also Canada by train. You must consider first of all the matter of communication (*étapes*), depots, which, as I am assured by an army expert, is more important than a non-professional ever thinks of; and it will be seen that the completion of the journey would not be a matter of "only a few days farther away from the English Channel than India." If we send the army to France by sea, we shall need some one year and a half before completing the transportation of two or three hundred thousand soldiers (supposing we send forty or fifty thousand at one time); and to make the army effective we must have these 200,000 or 300,000 men all at once. Then there is a serious question of food; and we must be prepared to see many soldiers die from the difference of climate and water, or from their own pride of bravery as Japanese soldiers; my friend in the Japanese General Staff Office said that we should prepare another two or three thousand soldiers to put these 200,000 or 300,000 in perfect working order. After all, this sending of the Japanese army to Europe is a mere talk on the table or a dream.

There might be some one who suggests the Siberian route; but we are told that nearly all the locomotive engines of Russia are absorbed in the fields, and Siberia is suffering as a consequence. Even if we reached Moscow or its vicinity after several months, it is quite doubtful if we could get the communication railways in our hands to make the Japanese operation free and positive. Although some writer wrote that the possibility of military action in Europe had been carefully studied by the Headquarters Staff at Tokio, and that doubtless all was ready for the execution of a clear and well-conceived plan, we Japanese people think about the matter otherwise. How many Japanese officers have ever travelled in the places where the present conflict is going on? And besides, we must take the question of language into account; only a few officers speak any foreign language.

And suppose some one wishes to discuss the question of "armies for hire"; I hate to think even a moment of bartering the living human blood for money or rewards in any shape. It should be understood that, by the decree of the Emperor, our Japanese soldiers are in military service for defending the country and her honor, but not as merchandise or fighters for sale. There is a great possibility, however, of raising an army of volunteers in Japan of men who, like myself, love and admire England—as I once wrote, the "builder of Truth upon the peaks of stars and song, the builder of song amid liberty's pines of echoing heart"; they will, I am sure, be glad to fight in Europe as people belonging to her ally in the Far East and to pay their duty individually. But when some English writer assures us of the German East Africa for our colonial vent as a scene of activity far removed from Australian and American susceptibilities, we have at present to thank him for his kind suggestion.

What Is Wrong with the Army?

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

If the advocates of peace were to run down the regular army as the advocates of greater preparedness have been decrying it during the last year, they would undoubtedly find themselves charged with being unpatriotic, if not traitorous, and certainly guilty of malicious hostility to our forces for land defence. The advocates of larger appropriations do not hesitate to denounce the army as being mismanaged and not up to its task, but they usually lay the blame upon Congress, which they say has "starved" the army, has insisted on the maintenance of forts of no earthly military value, built, like those at Helena, Mont., Cheyenne, Wyo., and Des Moines, Ia., for political purposes in order to placate certain powerful politicians, and perhaps thereby to purchase certain army reforms which could not otherwise have been attained. Senator Carter, of Montana; Congressman Hull, of Iowa, and Senator Warren, of Wyoming, were, in their persons, the "military necessity" for the construction of those three forts, which, like the one near Denver, ought long since to have been turned into civilian colleges and abandoned by the military.

But while politics has been the bane of the army, and Congress can be justly indicted for its treatment of the service, the faults in the army are by no means due to Congress alone. As any one who criticises the service and points out its shortcomings, except in order to ask that the taxpayers pour out more money for its aggrandizement, is sure to be denounced, let me say at once that the statements in the present article are obtained chiefly from army officers, and from twenty-five years of personal observation and study; that they are actuated by no spirit of hostility towards any individuals, though frankly written from the point of view of one who does not believe in a large army, yet has for a quarter of a century labored diligently to bring about the wise expenditure of 100 cents for every dollar appropriated by Congress, and has invariably defended the army against the politicians. It was an able Secretary of War who remarked to the writer that the trouble with the army was that its "survey boards did not survey, its courts-martial did not court-martial, its retirement boards did not retire, and its promotion boards did not properly promote"—a condition of affairs that cannot be attributed to Congress, though its causes hark back to politics.

Indeed, this very Secretary of War consented to the setting aside of sentences of courts-martial and actions of other military tribunals for personal or political reasons. During his incumbency we had some of the worst cases ever known of officers being jumped, through Presidential favoritism, over the heads of hundreds of others. Under this Secretary that order was first issued which Secretary Garrison is the first head of the War Department to enforce—that any officer using political influence should have it entered on his record against him.

But the politicians did not then stop going to the War Department; it was even carefully explained by officials to some of them that the order was issued merely to head off those who were not the Administration's favorites, or whose favor was not necessary to the Administration's success in Congress. Naturally, army officers stuck their tongues in their cheeks when this order was talked of, and the old game of pull and politics went on as blithely as ever until the army discovered that Lindley M. Garrison meant business, and that the use of influence was being entered upon officers' records of efficiency against them.

Now the corridors of the War Department are not visited by Congressmen and Senators, and there is at this writing but one case on record where Presidential favoritism has been used to the detriment of the army under Mr. Wilson—a rather flagrant case, too. How can one expect army retiring boards to retire adequately if the War Department sets aside their findings to oblige a Senator? The reason is known instantly, by the army grapevine telegraph, from Panama to Alaska and the Philippines, and the army guides itself accordingly.

It is only rarely that an officer is able to rise by merit. As soon as he enters the army, therefore, the young officer, if he is wise, marries the daughter of a Senator, or of a powerful newspaper owner, or of a millionaire contributor to campaign funds, and seeks to get ahead of his fellows not by superior diligence or ability, but by the free use of influence. It has been "the devil take the hindmost." When Congressman Hull, by reason of his being chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, was able to land his son, a man of only mediocre ability, in a position as major, from which he rose in ten years to be a colonel and judge-advocate at the age of only thirty-seven, what incentive is there to qualify for such a position by legal study and practice? Again, when the war broke out in 1898, a lot of men, some good and some bad, were ordered to Fort Monroe to take the physical examination for commissions. A number of them failed, but they were all appointed just the same. President McKinley saw nothing out of keeping with his oath of office in appointing them, although they might break down at once in the war when capable officers were needed, or, if not, were certain to load up the retired list at an early age. But how could any Secretary of War expect that particular examining board to take its work seriously or to "find" candidates when it knew that its reports were utterly ignored?

Is it any wonder, in view of this régime of politics, that the soldierly spirit in the army is at a low ebb? Take the list of our present generals, and run over the reasons for their appointment to high positions. Gen. Wood was promoted to the rank of a regular brigadier because he was credited with having cleaned up Cuba—an excellent achievement, but not a military one, he being, moreover, a doctor without military training. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss earned the same rank by being an admirable collector of customs at Havana, jumping up from the rank of major for this worthy but non-military service. Gen. Frederick Funston won the same position because of excellent work as a volunteer colonel, for which a captaincy would have sufficed had not the Kansas delegation achieved more; Gen. J. J. Pershing jumped from captain to brigadier avowedly because of a raiding expedition in the Philippines, but really because he was a son-in-law of the all-powerful Wyoming Senator. Gen. Albert Mills rose in a bound from captain to brigadier, thanks to Roosevelt's favor, because he had the good luck to be wounded, in the first skirmish in 1898, near the Rough Rider Colonel.

Two of the present brigadiers won their rank by act of Congress for excellent service on the Panama Canal; they merited reward, of course, but why should they, trained and practiced chiefly as engineers, be put into a position to command troops when one had never drilled more than a company in his life and the other commanded a volunteer regiment for four days only?

The rewards given by Congress for work at Panama have been utterly disproportionate on the military side and merely drive home to the service the lesson that the way to jump from colonel to major-general of the line, as Col. Goethals did against his wish, is by *brilliant work along non-military lines.* Naturally, Major-Gen. Goethals is not interested in holding that rank or commanding troops when he is an engineer, and so he proposes to retire as soon as his work on the Canal is done. The late Major-Gen. Frederick Grant was, of course, a purely political appointment; and so it goes.

Only recently have there been appointed generals who really merited the rank in the eyes of the service, and there again the credit lies with the Wilson Administration. That several of the others, like Bliss, Wood, Mills, and Funston, have made good as generals in the opinion of the service, does not, of course, weaken the fact that their original appointments were subversive of the interests of the army. Even the present Chief of Staff, Gen. Scott, an excellent man, of particular usefulness in Indian and Mexican negotiations, won his rapid rise under Mr. Wilson, not by military exploits, but by non-military traits, his knowledge of Indians and their sign-language, his skill as a plenipotentiary, etc.

This lack of the real soldierly spirit is the great weakness of the service to-day. By that is not meant that the army should acquire Prussian arrogance or embrace the spirit of Prussian militarism—though there are some officers quite ready to go the whole hog—but it ought to acquire German industry, German application, and German thoroughness. Judged by those standards, the American army is still lazy. Suppose every regiment of regulars were ordered to

march out of its barracks and drill every day from 5 A. M. until eleven o'clock, as the German regiments do for months at a time—what would happen? There would all but be mutiny. The regiments would be depleted by desertions and most of the officers would think of resigning or would run to their Congressmen for help. Yet it is just such hard work that makes a fine army. It is, of course, true that the service works infinitely harder than prior to 1898, but there is still much to be done to bring it up to approximately European efficiency.

Foreign officers admire our West Point without exception; but there is no reason on earth, they say, why the excellence of drill attained there should not be the standard of the army. If it can be achieved in one place, it can in another. But the regular regiments that have passed through New York recently, notably the Thirtieth Infantry, have marched so badly and generally appeared so slack that in most foreign armies the colonel commanding would have been instantly cashiered or retired. Yet the physical material in that regiment was superb and the men looked wonderfully fit.

Good marching on parade is not everything, and neither is soldierly appearance; but if they are worth the time and labor spent on them at West Point they are worth it in the service. Good shooting is worth far more, and so is the knowledge of how to care for oneself in the field, how to intrench, etc., etc. But, as a matter of fact, every real soldier knows that drill is at the foundation of discipline as the alphabet and reading are at the bottom of mental discipline. The great trouble is that the newly graduated cadet finds the service slack, many poor colonels, and latterly far more interest in athletics than in purely military functions. There is no incentive to soldierliness, and no chance to advance oneself by rigid application to routine drills.

For this Congress is not responsible. Nor is it accountable for the gross extravagance in the service, and the constant lack of soldierly honor in dealing with the money Congress votes. If there ever was a wasteful branch of the Government, it is the army. I have myself seen it march away from manœuvre grounds and leave behind shower-baths and other facilities erected at a cost of thousands—for the near-by farmers to profit by.

A post surgeon recently requested, and his request was approved by the post commander, a $30,000 isolation hospital. The Secretary of War ascertained that there had been not one or two contagious cases in a year there; but that did not interest the surgeon. Another wanted a costly flight of stairs because the old one was worn out. A high official and three or four generals tested the stairs; they were perfectly sound, but being slightly worn, were offensive to the surgeon. Was not Uncle Sam's Treasury full? Why not turn to it?

But the classic example is West Point. If there ever was a colossal blunder, it was the reconstruction of West Point. It is architecturally beautiful; every conceivable comfort is provided. There is a power station there that is wonderful, and as spick and span as a cadet on full-dress parade. The gymnasium is superb, and, that the sons of Mars may know something about the Prince of Peace, there is a $450,000 Protestant chapel, the product of the genius of Bertram Goodhue, which is one of the most beautiful church edifices extant, and, of course, it quite o'ertops the modest Catholic chapel. The post is lined with splendid officers' quarters, costing from $20,000 up, and the Superintendent has just asked for thirty or forty more, at $20,000 apiece. The administration offices are magnificent Gothic, and the whole Academy is quite luxurious compared to the humble one that Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, and Grant attended. What a lesson for the humble farmers' sons, the offspring of the plain American people! What a contrast to the real democracy from which the student body is recruited! What a complete reversal of the lessons of simple, hard living that a soldier ought to be taught!

But the officers who have controlled West Point care nothing for the example set by Kaiser Wilhelm I of Germany, who slept in his palace on his soldier's iron cot until the end of his life.

It actually costs $20,000, I have been informed in military circles, to educate a boy at West Point, as against $12,000 at Annapolis. The Military Academy bill contains a provision of $17,700 in extra pay for officers, in addition to their regular salaries. Why? Is the service there as arduous as in the Philippines or Alaska? And the Superintendent is asking $125,000 for a laundry which will wash several times as many clothes for the women and children of the Academy as for its cadets. What ideas as to what army posts ought to be will these cadets carry away with them? What are they to think when they see women living in costly quarters obtained from Congress on the plea that they were to be used only as bachelor quarters? What are they to think of the use of Cullum Memorial Hall for teas and social events of all kinds, as to which there is no reference in Gen. Cullum's will? Or of officers' families boarding in a part of the costly bachelor officers' mess? Or of the fact that there are four and a half persons, chiefly women and children, at West Point to each cadet? That there are already 110 detailed officers in addition to civilian teachers to an average of 620 cadets, and many more are asked for? That the officers' quarters contain fine mahogany furniture, costing between $400 and $500 of the taxpayers' money? Can they take away any other idea than that an army post or school is erected primarily for the purpose of promoting the personal welfare and comfort of officers and their families, particularly their families?

The truth is that West Point is, because of its physical formation, not at all adapted for its purposes; but the fact that there is not enough drill ground now for 600 men in open-order tactics does not prevent the present Superintendent from asking that the corps be increased to 1,400 men.

Of course, West Point is not the only place where one finds this waste of the public funds on the recommendation of army officers. What could be more useless than Governor's Island, the chief purpose of which is to provide a pleasant home for thirty or forty officers? Its garrison is needless, and no other army in the world would put a battalion of infantry on a little island where it could not march to save its soul. Hundreds of thousands of dollars would be saved if the place were closed up, the officers made to live on their allowances for commutation of quarters in the city of New York or Newark or New Rochelle, or wherever they pleased, just as the officers of German and French regiments find their own family quarters; no one cares where they live so long as they are on hand for duty. Surely, Gen. Barry, a real soldier among our generals, is entitled to great credit for holding down some of the extravagances at West Point, and particularly for preventing the waste of $25,000 for quarters there for the Secretary of War and the President of the United States (to be used once a year perhaps), for he was going directly against the popular current in the army.

Truly, if West Point is to be regarded as setting the tone of the army, then the tone of the services is one of unmilitary living and needless extravagance, with the emphasis on anything but those ascetic and virile qualities and rigid, plain standards of living that go so far to make the true soldier. The cadets even go into camp in tents with permanent wood floors, electric lights, etc., and only once in a year do they leave the Point for a long march! Is it any wonder that a Bavarian general once said to me after seeing West Point:

"Your academy is splendid, your Corps of Cadets is magnificent, but, if I were the Superintendent, I would march them away from the academy and put them into camp in the hills beyond the Point"?

Is it surprising to learn that the large maps of the seats of war placed in the officers' mess at West Point at the outbreak of the war have been taken down because the fifty officers who resort to that mess are no longer sufficiently interested in the war to make it worth while to retain them?

I asked particularly the other day whether there were not weekly quizzes on the progress of the war; whether the senior officers were not lecturing weekly on the strategy of the campaign as it was unfolded; whether they were not playing the war-game as it was presented in each one of the fields of operation, but I was assured that, except for one little group of young officers, nothing of the kind had happened—incredible as it may seem, since the cadets, to say nothing of the officers, are supposed to be learning the art of war. That in itself is the most striking proof of the lack of the military spirit which is the chief evil in the army, and for which Congress is not responsible.

And what are cadets and what is the pub-

lic to think of the grave scandal which has just been developed at the trial of Lieut.-Col. Goodier, now going on in San Francisco, at which officers have sworn that certain of their brother-officers of the Aviation Section have been drawing the 35 per cent. increase of regular pay, which is by law awarded to officers who are risking their lives by actually making ascensions, when they could not even handle an acroplane? It was charged, under oath, that Capt. Cowan, commanding the Aviation School at San Diego, had been drawing $113 a month extra pay since July, 1913, although not capable of taking a machine into the air alone, and Capt. Cowan has admitted that he drew this unearned pay for twenty-five months!

The truth is that in many directions resources available are knowingly diverted from military to non-military purposes, as, for instance, in the matter of transportation; we have not modern military transportation, but plenty of money for buses and ambulances and non-military vehicles. They even run a bus line from one end of West Point to the other. Into the effect of all this upon the enlisted men of the army and into the free use of these men for non-military purposes, such as officers' servants, caretakers, etc., there is not space to go in this article; but every one who knows the army, knows what an abuse it is, and how it reduces the number of men available for military drills. It verges dangerously near the line of "honest graft," which reminds me that when the camp at Texas City of a whole division of our troops was broken up by the cyclone in August last, there were downright charges by a service journal that no worse place for military purposes could have been selected than the site of this camp, as to which this defender of preparedness declared there were grave rumors of real graft.

It is interesting to note, too, that the storm nipped in the bud, as it were, the erection of several large dancing-pavilions and club-houses that were being built by the troops—military duty again—for the use of themselves some nights in the week, and of their officers the others. I have been trying my best to recall if I ever heard of dance-halls being erected by French or German regiments, and I cannot remember that I ever did.

Now, the maddening thing about all this is that we can do a great deal better if we wish to, for we have the best material on earth out of which to build armies. No one surpasses the American in natural adaptability and the ability to think for himself. Take the story of Funston's Kansas regiment. It is exactly like that of hundreds of volunteer regiments in the Civil War, but it is an amazing tale of resourcefulness, of daring, dash, and Yankee ingenuity, and natural born soldiering, without much drill and next to no discipline. These fine qualities are there, and available. Why do we not get them in times of peace? Moreover, there are a number of able officers in our service who see the needs and deplore the whole present situation, and who do not believe in the Government's buying polo ponies and fox-hounds or conducting a lot of costly suburban communities, but would like to train real soldiers. Why is it that for an expenditure far out of proportion to what the German army costs—we have put, according to Congressman Hay, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, $1,007,410,270.48 into the army in the last ten fiscal years, 1905 to 1915, which is not so bad for a "niggardly" Congress—we do not get a regular army as good, man for man, as the German and the French?

Incidentally, the taxpayer should ask himself whether he ought to heed the advocates of preparedness in adding more sums to the frightful waste that is going on, without the slightest assurance that he will have a bit more efficient army than he has to-day.

Notes from the Capital

JOHN BARRETT.

A thing of beauty and a joy forever is Mr. John Barrett, of Pan-American fame. A fair, smooth, oval face, eyes so soulful that they seem almost to plead with you as you look into them, cupid-bow lips, and a figure that time has refused to inflate, make a combination the attractive force of which is ably supported by a costume invariably the perfection of style and fit, and a manner assuring you more plainly than words that you are of the elect. How much of Mr. Barrett's success in life is due to this ingratiating exterior we can only guess; but certain it is that he has made his way by always knowing what he wished, never hesitating to ask for it, but accepting with charming grace whatever came to him as a result.

New Englander by birth and Dartmouth graduate by education, he transplanted himself early to the Pacific coast, where, as a newspaper editor, he told his new neighbors how things ought to be done in a cultured community. With the opening of the Presidential year 1892 he felt a yearning for another look at the East, so he procured an election as alternate in the Oregon delegation to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, where, his principal suddenly becoming incapacitated, he was promoted to the responsibilities of a full delegate, and worked and voted for Grover Cleveland as the party candidate. When it came, later, to dispensing the usual patronage, Mr. Cleveland was much annoyed at a factional war which so split the Democrats of Oregon that the Senators could not unite in recommending persons for appointment. Barrett, who had rather carefully kept out of the fight, had made known his aspirations for a modest post in our foreign service; and Mr. Cleveland, losing patience with the quarrellers, said to them one day: "I have the Siamese mission to dispose of, but you can't agree on any one to fill it. Here's this young man Barrett—will he do for a compromise?" As it was not very much of a place, but seemed likely to be the best they could get, the Senators consented; and, with the signing of the commission of this unknown lad of twenty-eight as Minister Plenipotentiary to a country that few politicians could find on the map, was launched a career which has received more generous advertisement than that of many a star actor on the stage of history.

Since leaving Siam, Barrett has never allowed himself to be lost to sight for ten minutes consecutively. When he has not been a war correspondent in the Philippines or a commercial investigator in the Far East, he has been representing the United States in some South or Central American state, or travelling around the earth in the interest of a world's fair; if you don't believe it, he can show you his assortment of diplomas, honorary memberships, and similar evidences of appreciation, including a fine decoration presented by Venezuela. After all these wanderings, he condescended to come back and settle down, several years ago, as Director-General of the Pan-American Union in Washington, with a marble palace to transact his business in.

It must not be supposed that his career has been one of uninterrupted success: he has made a blunder now and then, usually through letting his enthusiasm run away with his tongue or his pen. For example, when he was about to visit Japan in 1902, he sent advance notices to all the leading newspapers of that country, saturated with autobiographical details designed to prevent their making any mistakes as to who and what he was, and what he had accomplished. The editors were ungrateful enough to quote liberally from the material thus furnished, including his explanation that he was selected for his tour of the Orient "because of his familiarity with Asiatic peoples and politics." One remarked with ribald irony that doubtless he had been sent to take a hasty glance at Japan and go home and tell the Americans all about it. The circumstance seems to have irritated the local dignitaries a good deal, and this feeling was not assuaged when some one raked out of the musty files of three years before a report of a speech in which he had said that Aguinaldo's Filipino Cabinet and Congress "in appearance and manners would compare favorably with Japanese statesmen." The ruling class in Japan, though gentle in bearing, are by no means "'umble," and, when Barrett was about to be made Minister to Japan, a polite hint was conveyed from Tokio to Washington that the appointment of another person would be more acceptable.

During Mr. Taft's Administration he evolved the idea of settling the Mexican troubles by calling in the Central and South American republics to assist us in a campaign of peaceful mediation. This aroused the ire of the American colony in Mexico so that they appealed to Secretary Knox to "restrain Mr. John Barrett's mischievous activity"; and the Secretary tried to by issuing an official statement containing some pungent reflections on "sentimentality" and "amateur politics." But was Barrett suppressed? No, indeed. This sort of treatment merely stirred him to fresh endeavors, and he addressed to his supporters in the Pan-American movement a "confidential" note, which was, as usual, promptly published, with special stress laid on this passage: "When some day I may enter the Senate, or later, if my ambition is realized, become possibly Secretary of State, I hope that I will be able to aid you and your country to a greater degree than I can now."

Barrett still sits in the high seat from which he has so long radiated beauty and dispensed new ideas, waiting for that day of broader usefulness to dawn. TATTLER.

Poetry of the *Poilus*

By STODDARD DEWEY.

The *poilus* are the French soldiers in the trenches. The name is new and has grown up spontaneously, unanimously, with the new being it represents. It has a certain adequacy applied to these temporarily, compulsorily "hairy men," unkempt and particularly unshaved. One of their poets—for they are all sorts and conditions of men—describes their type in winter. To his verses, translineated literally, I prefix the little erudition needed for easy understanding.

From the start, Paris autobuses were drafted to the ridge of war for the locomotion of soldiers. *Pithecanthropus* is the scientific name of the missing link unearthed in the island of Java; whether man or monkey or half and half, it certainly can be made to rhyme with "autobus"—in French. Napoleon's veterans of the Old Guard were known affectionately as *grognards* ("growlers"); and a cadet of these centenary years of the military school of Saint-Cyr is a "Marie Louise." Bara is the half-legendary drummer-boy of the Revolution, killed in La Vendée and immortalized often in art since David and in patriotic song since the *Chant du Départ:*

A "Poilu"? He's a heap of ice and sleet,
Decked with a sack and aggravated with a gun.
He has a pipe for ever between his jaws,
He's whiskered like a bear—and not mealy-mouthed.
Yet so delicate he is, this pithecanthropus,
He has himself carried to the ball in autobus.
"Is he a Grognard?"—No—"Then a Marie Louise"?
Better, he's one and the other in the same shirt.
He's just as much a Bara as a Lannes or Messéna;
He's the archer of Bouvines, the dragoon of Jena.
He's a world and an epoch, a symbol, an aurora,
Radiant prodigy and star, and a meteor,
A fine dream casketed in leather and iron.
Sometimes he's a smile, sometimes he is hell;
He's always a hero, too often anonymous;
Of the old grenadier, to life he's synonymous,
An Artagnan in Brutus, a Kleber in Cyrano.
A "Poilu"? Why, he's a soul with a number to ticket him.
He eats—when? he knows not—lives an ant in a hill,
And he's proud as a knight and pure as a hermit:
Shapeless, beyond naming, and covered with vermin.
Madame, he's your *fiancé*—or else he's your husband.

These *poilus* have men of letters among them, besides poets. At Rheims, the Eleventh and Twelfth Companies of the Twenty-third Infantry Regiment of the Territorial army—the most mature reservists—have printed the little book of their *fête*. It opens with a Latin epigraph which some college men, and some who are not, will gladly read:

Non longe ab antiqua glorioseque
afflicta
Remorum civitate,
Ducibus tam benevolentibus quam
benemerentibus,
metu non spe earentes,
in conspectu hostis
ob vanam kulturam stupidi,
ob superbiam eoeei,
Pilosi milites
xxiii leg. xi et xii coh.
Diem carpentes
more majorum,
fortes et ideo jucundi
gaudere voluerunt

("Not far from the ancient and gloriously afflicted city of Rheims, with leaders wishing well and deserving well, wanting fear not hope, in sight of an enemy stupid from vain Kultur, blind from pride, the *poilus* of the Twenty-third Legion, Eleventh and Twelfth cohorts, taking a day off as did their ancestors, and being gallant and therefore merry fellows, wished to rejoice.")

In the book, there is the speech of the chief of the feast; twenty-eight numbers of a concert; and a topical song on anti-typhoid vaccine. The chief was a university professor serving in the ranks, as might be gathered from his Latin for *poilus*—"Pilosi milites."

So far we have the life of these *poilus*. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier—he was a young poet before the war, and had his own particular "Naturist" school—has seen the *poilu* in death. It is an incident frequent enough in his career—and the poet chants him as "The Poor Man in Paradise."

Here, too, a little erudition is needed. The orthodox may smile superior at the French general who assured his soldiers that every man of them who died for his country would go to Heaven straight. Dr. Samuel Johnson—no smiling matter—wrote once to Bennet Langton: "Your mind is now full of the fate of Dury (a major-general, who fell in the gallant discharge of his duty, in the well-known unfortunate expedition against France, in 1758). . . . If a man can be supposed to make no provision for death in war, what can be the state that would have awakened him to the care of futurity? When would that man have prepared himself to die, who went to seek death without preparation?"

The Doctor would have been confirmed in his manner of consolation for slain soldiers' friends if he had seen the sight in the great cathedral church of Rheims before the French army retreated and the German guns demolished it. Seated in the vast nave wherever they could find a place, fifty priests in uniform like their comrades heard all night long what might be the last confessions of soldiers kneeling before them in the open, without ceremony, one following the other. Perhaps the poet had not this in mind, but it fits in with his verse:

I.

For whom waitest thou in the forest,
Death? Whom art thou now to distress?
Whom deliver from evil?
Whence art thou coming, Lady Death,
With casque of black and gold?
With thy cuirass of steel,
Astride the cannon that shines,
Whom seekest thou, Hell's daughter?
From the farthest deep of Northern plains.
From beyond the Rhine, lo, thou goest forth.

"O Death, what art thou come to hunt?"
Cries a soldier, seeing pass
Her who leads on the dead.
See, he has leapt up and out
From his trench's bitter stage,
Saying: "I fear thee not,
Lady Death ('tis a madman cries)
Nor fear I if one more fall at thy knees.
Lady Death, Lady Death,
Lift at me thy golden sickle,
At me—I mock thee! And, verily,
If I needs must suffer Germans
On this land full of the bones
Of my brothers—weak or strong,
Of my brothers—Lady Death,
Hear me well, I'd then as lief
Be no more!" And the combatant
Pierced with prompt wounds lay out his length.

Death is there, within his body,
Working it and biting it.

"Lady Death, look here to me:
A poor man, with only a gun
For his sole good, follows me uncaring!"

Thus the man lay him down to sleep,
Green his skin and crossed his eyes.

II.

"Lady Death," said then the Christ,
"He who uttereth not a cry,
He deserveth Paradise."

Lo, while Death goes on her way,
Comes the Angel on two wings of gold.

"What wilt thou with me, fine Seraph?"
—"Take thee up from earth and so
Open Heaven to thee, world without end!"

And the Angel hath drawn out the man
From the hole where Death buried him.

"Isn't it God I see up there?"
Said the soldier of calamity.
And the Angel answered—"This is He."
And all around rise thrilling chords
Crystalline, and the sound of horns.

"On my lip was bitter gall,
And behold, 'tis honey now!
What did I to be in Heaven?"
—"Nought didst thou but to be strong,
Facing Death, without remorse."
—"Ah! what had I to lose by leaving
A world where Dame Poverty
Tortured me with no charity?"
—"Yet, what mattered thee the lot
Of the rich whom they were wronging?"
—"True, I often wanted bread,
And I had not any measure
Of earth for me, nor any good!"
—"Then, why didst thou give up thy body,
Thy sole fortune, unto Death?"
—"For my brothers!"—"But who are they?"
—"All who belong to my fine country,
All those of my France in danger!
All those who toil in pain and stress
To drive out the German,
All whom my land has nourished,
All those who have suffered sore
In this war, O Lord Christ!"

"Blest be that man!" spoke up then
The Father Eternal, good and strong.

III.

And while He was speaking so,
Down below, without truce or mercy,
Death was chilling soldiers' lives.
And through all the cities, Death
Ceaseless passed from South to North,
And under tents, amid the wheat,
In the forest's depth, pierced with wounds,
Fell the men that gathered there.

But above their grievous bodies
Also came the wings of gold!

That the Belgian soldiers, fleeing their homes, may not be forgotten, we have "Exile's Offering," by Robert de Montesquiou, who is known in America:

We are harassed by march and fatigue,
We foot it from far in the country of hops;
We have lifted the dams of our dykes,
And left nor looked back to our golden-haired babes.
We would not serve with the foe
Whose horde ran after our maddened steps,
And we marched in full gloom and in want,
Toward the welcome of those who called on before.
You offer us food and a bed and the hearth;
But look at our fingers—they wear wedding rings!
Has no one seen pass, O shepherd or lord,
Our wives and our little ones, kids and the lambs?

Correspondence.

AMERICAN POSITION AND RESPONSIBILITY WITH REGARD TO THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is no doubt that Germany made this war. We in this country have had ample opportunity to know the main facts. Bernhardi and other German writers have given us Germany's attitude, and the diplomatic correspondence of the various countries and numerous trustworthy articles and foreign excerpts in our magazines have been widely available. Yet there is an element in our midst, largely of German extraction, which has allowed its opinions to be formed by the feeble propaganda of conscienceless, paid German "educators." With the thinking world, however, it is safe to say that none of the so-called "lies," of which Germany has so bitterly complained since the beginning of the war, have damaged her cause and her reputation as have the things that she herself has written and circulated. An unbelievable puerility has marked the utterances of her great men, and moral cowardice her unceasing attempts to justify her every action, while an utter lack of conscience and moral sense has marked both actions and utterances.

Too long have we allowed the various Dernburgs, Münsterbergs, Ridders, and Vierecks in our country (not to mention the members of a scheming and untrustworthy Embassy) to carry on practically unhindered and unnoticed a deliberate campaign against the spirit and laws of the country. German-American citizens have been led to believe that they are German subjects still, and that anything, no matter how illegal, treacherous, or evil, which they may do for the "Fatherland," for their Kaiser, and incidentally in this fanatical connection, for God, is righteous. Germans and Austrians have organized in *our* country for the stated purpose of controlling *our* Government. Bernhardi, in his "Germany and the Next War," calculated definitely upon this factor, and Germany is at this moment calculating upon it. How long would such a campaign have been tolerated in Germany? What would have happened to the leaders? Such interpretation of the freedom of our republic proves these foreigners incapable of understanding and unfit to enjoy its privileges.

It is a striking fact that it was nine months after the outbreak of war before we heard protestations of loyalty to the United States on the part of German-Americans. Up to this time they had been swayed *en masse* by characteristic narrowness and emotionalism to the blind approval of German methods. With all the world aghast over the crimes against Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania was, as far as we know, the first outrage to call forth the slightest repudiation of Germany's lawlessness and brutality, and then the German-American conscience was quickly and piously lulled by the little catch-phrase, "Germany warned Americans." Protestations of loyalty and good citizenship were made by German citizens in Antwerp before the war, doubtless in many other places as well, yet when the German army marched upon Belgium, it was found that munitions had been stored and that other definite schemes and preparations of long standing had been made by these very citizens to help Germany carry out her purpose. It may seem ungenerous for us to receive these expressions of loyalty to the adopted country, doubtless sincere on the part of many, with such a reminder, but it is quite time for us to consider facts, and those Germans and Austrians who are sincere in their American citizenship will be the last to make an outcry against a distrust which is all too well grounded and logical.

Germany, although openly at war with only certain countries, is and long has been striking secretly at the roots of government in all others. The infinite plans and schemes of Pan-Germanism have spread through unsuspected channels to the ends of the earth, like the subtle fibres of a cancerous growth. Can we in America refute with certainty this contention of Germany that we are already in her grip? Let every State and every individual look to this matter sharply at all future elections.

The American people, from the beginning of the war, have made sincere effort to hold a neutral attitude in so far and so long as it was morally possible. Germany has only herself to thank for the fact that now every protestation from her, every message, and her every action, can be looked upon only with suspicion. We have learned to trust not the Germans "even bearing gifts." The killing of hundreds of innocent people on the Lusitania, among them many Americans, is a blow that has struck home, but it is no more horrible and revolting than the agonizing death by poisonous gases which is being inflicted upon thousands on the battlefield, nor than the poisoning of springs in a desert country, and is, indeed, merely a climax to a long series of barbarous outrages against which all the forces of civilization must rise.

It is high time that every American citizen (the real citizen) should rouse himself to his individual responsibility in this war. It is time to throw off indifference and sentimentality and to make at once a definite stand for justice, decency, and humanity; for each loyal American to do all in his power, no matter how little that may be, to put down these sinister influences in this country, and, by the constant and open expression of his abhorrence of German principles and tactics, to help swell the power of world-wide public opinion to their peaceful but effectual overthrow.

It is time that we should all be fully aware of the meaning and menace of this "National Alliance" of Germans and Austrians in our midst, nor should we longer feel any hesitation in admitting and taking account of the persistence, subtlety, and craftiness of German methods. We must not apply to the German people—saturated as they are with their own peculiar mediæval ideas and decadent philosophy—our human, moral, or spiritual standards. They have lost the ability to understand these standards, and merely think us weak and foolishly sentimental. We must speak a language that they can understand nor let the desire to avoid unpleasantness (a characteristic American weakness) overshadow our sense of justice and right and our moral obligation to the rest of the world. Germany has said, and repeatedly proved her statement, that she recognizes no law, except that of her own will at a given moment—a very confession of barbarism. Let us remember that every official or representative of Germany is of necessity an exponent of the same elastic creed and is constantly working on the peculiar unmoral principles involved therein. Let American citizens who are loyal to their country organize without delay a National American Alliance to defeat this plan of faithless foreigners to control our Government. Let them see to it that no Germans or Austrians fill our public offices, or places in our army or navy, or have any connections with our fortifications, lighthouses, wireless stations, or government shops. Let them cease all dealings, however small, with those foreigners who in the past months have flaunted their allegiance to Germany or upheld her dishonorable and inhuman policies. Let them see to it that no opportunity is given to German professors in our colleges to instil into the minds of our young people the teachings of those narrow, unbalanced, diseased minds that are the progenitors of this inhuman war.

Finally, we call earnestly upon all the countries of the world to unite now in determined and effectual protest; to form a federation to put an end to this fiendish war, to Germany's high-handedness, her mad self-glorification, her fanaticism, and her murderous barbarism. Let them agree not to recognize Germany or Austria, the deliberate perpetrators of the war, as part of the civilized world; let them agree to cut off all diplomatic and commercial relations with these two countries, not only now, but indefinitely after the war, until militarism and Prussianism are safely crushed and a regeneration on civilized ideals plainly visible; until Bosnia and Herzegovina have been restored, ample indemnities paid to the countries who have suffered at Germany's hands, and every inch of Belgium given back to her people with sufficient funds for the re-establishment of the life of the country and the rebuilding of her ruined towns.

Germany's commerce is her pride, and an important source of her income. What more powerful blow could be struck by the neutral countries of the world, now openly and frankly at war with German and Austrian barbarity, than the long, steady refusal of recogni-

tion and trade? If the horror that the world has professed is sincere, it is strange that Norway, Sweden, the United States, and other countries can go on feeding Germany and making her enormous loans, and that any small faction of private citizens in a Christian country can, through greed of money and gain, continue to make an opportunity out of the war. While the countries of Europe are sacrificing their life-blood, suffering wholesale and indiscriminate murder and untold miseries and misfortunes as a result of Prussian vanity and megalomania, is it possible that the rest of the world, which has thus far been spared, cannot afford to sacrifice a little trade?

Neutral countries have their share of responsibility in the terrible slaughter now going on, and it is to their disgrace that it can still go on. If any country has any doubt as to her moral obligation to help put an end to this war and forever stamp out the principles and ideals which produced it, she has only to make herself familiar with a few modern German doctrines and tenets, the German War Book, and the report of the Bryce Committee.

All true Americans and every good world-citizen in any country is pro-decency and pro-humanity. If Germany feels herself compelled to interpret this position as pro-Allies or pro-British, the responsibility rests with her. Our duty is plain. F. W. Harman.

San Francisco, Cal., October 5.

WILL ARMENIA SUBSIST AS A NATION?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will Armenia continue to exist as a nation? is a question ever occurring to the mind at this moment when one is allowed to consider other matters than shells, bombs, submarines, and the high price of exchange. If the Armenian people were succumbing under the attacks of open war, their fortune would be simply that of the many, too many, alas! who are gallantly falling on the battlefields of the old world, without any precursory sign of peace so far showing itself. But such is not their case. They die as a ransom paid for the decay of the Ottoman domination in Europe. The lower it falls, the fiercer is the revenge taken upon them, as if they were accountable for the fall. And what is worse, *one* European Power has been found acute and unscrupulous enough at the same time to traffic with the lives of these unfortunate victims for the advantage of its own selfish purposes. Ever since a German Empire was revived, and, through its representative at the Sublime Porte, began to manifest its views concerning the development of German influence in Asia, the Armenian nation has been condemned to the rôle of a martyr.

Already, in 1872, Ambassador Eichmann bartered with the Grand Vizier, Avni Pacha, and instigated him to exile the Armenian patriarch Hassoun, who had been the protector of the heroic Zeituniots. (Perhaps I ought to explain that Zeitun and some parts of Silicia form the so-called Armenia Minor which was the last Armenian kingdom under the Lusignan dynasty, whereas Armenia Major, near Ararat, lost its independence as far back as the eleventh century.) And when came the massacres of Sassun in the month of August, 1894, and of Constantinople in the same month two years later, followed by the murder of about a hundred thousand Armenians in the country districts, Germany's silence in the presence of Abdul Hamid cannot be specially blamed, for the shame was common to all the Christian Powers. However, it is to be noted that while public meetings in Paris, London, and other capitals gave vent to protestations, at Berlin only one voice was raised in the name of outraged humanity, that of Dr. Lepsius, the court preacher, who was immediately discharged from his post by the Kaiser. In this connection, we should record the fact of the laudable initiative taken by Denmark in calling the pro-Armenian congress at Brussels in 1902, which was followed by several others, all in vain, however, because they were not supported by the respective governments of the nations which brought them together.

In the meantime, the persecution of the Armenians continued to rage all over Turkey until it reached its climax of violence and hypocrisy at Adana in 1907, when the guilty Young Turks, who had succeeded to the Red Sultan as the masters of the Ottoman Empire, received only praise instead of reproach for their crimes. No wonder, therefore, that they are able at the present moment to carry on their work of destruction with more systematic hatred than ever. The news is distressing. The official organ of the Young Turks, the *Tanine*, has not hesitated to print that this time will see the end of Armenia, for the young men are forced to serve in the army, the old men sent off into the desert to die of hunger, all women imprisoned in the harems and islamized, while children of both sexes are sold at auction at Constantinople under the very eyes of the Germans who rule there. Only a few thousand people have been able to reach Beirut, where they were saved by a French man-of-war and the American cruisers, the Chester and Des Moines, which conveyed them to Egypt. It is even declared by the fugitives that the German Consul at Alep, a certain Rossier, went to Aintab to preside at the massacres. But whether this be true or not, my own conclusion, based on a full knowledge of Armenia and Armenian affairs, is to the effect that if Germany wins in the present war, Armenia is doomed; but if she is beaten, there still remains hope that so long as the old Haikan Bible is read in the churches of California, Rome, and Etchmiradzin, Armenia will survive as a nation.

Henry Doulcet,
Archbishop of Dioclea.

Paris, October 10.

THE ASSETS OF THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article, "A Gamble on Indemnities," you referred to what, at the time of writing, may be described as the assets of Germany in relation to negotiations for peace, namely, the territories occupied by the German armies. But you omitted to refer to an immensely important asset of the Allies, namely, their command of the sea. Almost the whole commercial expansion of Germany, the most striking reason of her increasing prosperity and wealth in the last half-century, is at an end, and will remain at an end until the Allies, at their own time, make peace with Germany. Unquestionably, for example, but for the war Germany would now be establishing new lines through the Panama Canal and new centres of commercial expansion in South America. Instead, her business men have to stand by and see other nations getting in before Germany. The more the point is considered the less valuable does the forcible occupation of territory appear when compared to the disastrous and equally forcible cessation of the external commerce of Germany. It is academical to write about terms of peace until Germany has been ejected from Belgium, France, and Russia, because if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the Allies will never consider terms of peace until this has been effected. But, at the same time, it is well that neutrals should appreciate that the Allies have assets on their side more important to Germany than the occupation of territory. E. S. Roscoe.

London, September 18.

A POINT FOR ASTRONOMERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of September 16, p. 358, Miss Guiney sets for us an unkind trap. She first prints a charming lyric, "To a Lady Who Ask'd What He Chiefly Admir'd in Her," asserts briskly that "no student whose ear is sensitive to the undertones of English letters would hesitate" to date the poem between 1630 and 1650, and then exults over us with the demonstration that the poem is by Wycherley; date of composition unknown, probably about 1700. So far so good. Every guesser in poetry ought to relish a joke, even when it is against himself.

In the poem quoted are, however, two lines which give me pause:

> Thus unseen Stars i' th' Element
> United, make the Milky Way.

This comparison of general attractiveness made up of numerous single qualities with the Milky Way made up of countless single stars, though somewhat of a "conceit," is pleasing. Yet would a poet of the early Stuarts, 1630-1650, have known that the Milky Way is composed of single stars and assumed that the knowledge was current with his readers? I propound the question with diffidence, for my knowledge of astronomy is painfully scant. I have usually supposed that popular knowledge of the heavens—and poetry must always be popular in its knowledge—began towards the end of the seventeenth century. The point is one upon which we ought to get the opinion of our astronomers. J. M. Hart.

Bronxville, N. Y., October 14.

"WHILST."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am grateful to Mr. H. Carrington Lancaster for correcting my statement, "Englishmen almost invariably write 'whilst.'" He has proved me to be wrong. What I ought to have said was that "whilst" is very common in English books and very uncommon in American ones. I have found it so constantly in my reading of contemporary English writers that I supposed it was even more general than it is. With reference to its spoken use, a former Rhodes scholar writes me that a certain tutor at Magdalen invariably said "whilst," "amongst," "betwixt"—rather to the amusement of his listeners. Yesterday I heard "amongst"—spoken by a German-American. William Lyon Phelps.

Yale College, October 20.

Literature

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

Economic Aspects of the War: Neutral Rights, Belligerent Claims, and American Commerce in the Years 1914-1915. By Edwin J. Clapp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

"How the war comes out is none of a neutral's affairs. Our business as a nation is to look after our own interests." That is the text of the author's discourse. Our interests, in his view, are comprised entirely within the field of moneymaking. We cannot, perhaps, during the continuance of the war, do as good a business as we used to do in times of peace, but we may at least hope to improve upon the present situation. The cotton trade languishes, for the planters of our Southern States find the markets of central Europe closed to them by British restrictions. The copper industry for months was depressed. It has recovered, but copper interests can find but little comfort in good prices on an increasing output when they realize that a reopening of trade with Germany and her allies would bring them still better prices on even larger sales. Northern farmers and ranchers have gained, it is true, by the active demand for their food products, and the many producers who contribute to the supply of military equipment and munitions are enjoying unexampled prosperity. Yet, though the value of our exports has actually increased in the course of the war, the situation in general is "spotty" and unwholesome. Producers of cotton, lumber, tobacco, phosphate rock, mineral oil, agricultural implements, and naval stores find their accustomed foreign markets closed to them. American wheat growers are threatened with a disastrous drop in prices when (or if) the Allies force the Dardanelles; and the eventual conclusion of peace must force a most trying readjustment in many industries, if they remain long subject to the present abnormal conditions.

The situation of our import trade is even less satisfactory. Great Britain has taken command of the high seas. Imports from the Central Powers reach us only by her sufferance. The supply of products of the first importance to our interests, such as potash in agriculture or dyestuffs in industry, has dwindled to almost nothing. Great Britain doles out to us the needed supplies of rubber, wool, and tin only on condition that our manufacturers refrain from shipping to Germany either these materials or products made from them, and has such complete control over the movement of these wares that we may not even export the clip of a Montana wool ranch.

The author is a master of the difficult subjects of commercial geography and commercial organization. He describes the flow of wares in trade with a concreteness of detail that fixes the attention, and yet he keeps always before the reader the broader aspects of the trade in its relations to the whole business structure. As an illustration of his ability may be cited the two paragraphs in which he sketches the technical and economic character of the dyestuff industry:

> The manufacture of coal-tar dyes is complex. By distilling coal-tar ten products called *crudes* are produced. By treating these crudes with non-coal-tar products, like acid and gases, 300 *intermediates* are produced. These intermediates are assembled or combined to form, all told, some 900 *finished dyes*, of which a considerable proportion are in use in the United States. It is as if ten fibres were used to make 300 yarns, these in turn being woven into 900 patterns.
>
> There are several reasons why no dyestuff industry has developed in America. One difficulty is in the production of intermediates. The making of some of these is a process kept secret or patented by the Germans. In the case of others, by-products are developed for which the Germans alone have found a use and a market. The German industry is largely in the hands of four great concerns, which produce all of the intermediates and finished dyes, and use all of the by-products. To compete with such industries it would be necessary to operate on the same scale. Some of the intermediates and finished dyes could not be made in this country until secret processes were discovered or until the expiration of German patents. We could not operate with efficiency until we had trained the thousands of chemists who watch over every division and subdivision of the dye-making process in Germany.

It is a pity that Professor Clapp did not write the whole book on the subject defined in its title; it is still more unfortunate that he has not given us a study of economic life in time of peace. He shows here, as in his earlier studies on the trade of the Rhine and on the port of Hamburg, an unusual talent for the analysis and description of commercial organization. He is qualified to do what has never yet been done, to describe the commercial relations of the United States with an intimate understanding of their significance in the economic life of the nation and of the outside world. The book as it stands, however, is one more example of the evil that the war has worked on scholarship. It has not merely tempted the author to desert the field of normal commerce for that of abnormal; it has lured him out of his field altogether, into another in which his view is clouded and his opinions are of little value.

The larger part of the book is taken up with questions of international law, the "Neutral Rights and Belligerent Claims" of the sub-title. The author follows, step by step, the growing interference of belligerents with American trade; he analyzes proclamations and diplomatic notes; he compares conventions and precedents; he passes judgment. He finds it easy to convict Great Britain of grave infractions of accepted principles of international law. He notes in passing similar offences on the part of Germany. His main concern being, however, with the fortunes of American commerce, he finds that Great Britain is the chief sinner. This conclusion is natural, and, to a certain extent, it is true. Great Britain, holding command of the sea, has taken the aggressive in naval matters, both military and commercial, from the beginning of the war. Yet the author misleads when he says that "this book, dealing with the effect of belligerent violations of neutral trade rights upon the agriculture, industries, and commerce of the United States, could be written about any nation now at peace." The Scandinavian countries, trading through Baltic waters where Germany has held command, could draw a similar indictment against Germany as the arch-oppressor.

The author's critical weakness, however, lies in the fact that, as an economist, he sees only one aspect of international law: its bearing on business affairs. He has not caught enough of the spirit of politics to realize that international law is a whole of many parts, that it would be disastrous if it were possible to single out any part, such as neutral rights of maritime trade, to be secured at the sacrifice of other parts of the law. He remains economist from first to last. Such matters as the violation of territorial neutrality, or the treatment of civilian population in alien territory, on the high seas or in conquered districts, have little interest for him. The "Lusitania horror" receives an incidental reference, in the term quoted, but it is not a topic on which an economist would be expected to have much to say.

The book gives the hateful impression that the first duty of the American people, to themselves and their posterity, is to make money. Its natural conclusion is that, in the present juncture, their duty is to make more money, by forcing open the channels of trade with the Central Powers. The means recommended to attain this end are simple, and not entirely unfamiliar.

> The Allies have placed with us somewhere between $500,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 of arms and equipment orders. That is the precise measure of the power that we have over them. . . . There need be no formal session of Congress to declare an arms embargo. The State Department need only intimate that the Administration is prepared to call such a session, and the result will be attained. A word to the wise, from the wise and the powerful, is sufficient.
>
> Should the impossible happen and should it be necessary to declare an arms embargo, the country would by no means be plunged in ruin. England could not fight us; that would mean to starve herself. In bringing our own armament up to date, our Government coud afford to employ the country's arms capacity whose contracts with the Allies would be broken.
>
> That is more than impossible. England would know that an arms embargo might be followed by a food embargo, if necessary to attain our rights. These rights are so incontestable, and this means of attaining them is so in accord with even the letter of international law, that a country which has

pawned with us its military future would not think of losing so precious a pledge.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Star Rover. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Jack London is the professional strong man of American fiction. What he adores and strives to exemplify is raw vitality working its will among a race of weaklings. Strength, brute strength, plus human will—whether to conquer or to endure—is his favorite theme. He has theories besides, to be laboriously enforced; principal among them, by a not unfamiliar paradox, the theory of human brotherhood. But it is to be noted that his socialistic novels are chiefly occupied with those acts of violence by which downtrodden man is to assert his birthright. What he is really convinced of is that the men of our so-called civilization, stripped of their hypocrisies and their parlor tricks, are much like those creatures of the prime and slime whom he loves to picture—naked, on all fours, rending, conquering, obscene. The truth is, this writer's imagination, with all its affectation of breadth, is singularly narrow and vulgar. His hero, however dressed, is always the same navvy, primarily a champion of himself, good-natured unless opposed—when he "sees red" and performs sanguinary prodigies with his fists.

The Darrell Standing of this book may seem an exception. He is not a big man or a fighting man, but a college professor who has murdered an associate and been sent to the prison of San Quentin as a "lifer." But the deed has been done in a moment of that "red wrath" which has persisted in him from the prime and slime. After long imprisonment it seizes him again, he bloodies the nose of a prison guard, and is condemned to be hanged therefor. For the most part, though, as we see him in his own person, he represents his brute ancestors negatively, through his stupendous powers of endurance. Here is an excellent opportunity to paint the horrors of prison life. Darrell Standing is shown as the victim of deliberate and long-standing cruelty. He is falsely accused by a "stool" of complicity in a plot to blow up the prison. To extort confession, he is subjected periodically to the torture of the "jacket," in which he is confined from a day to ten days at a time. A fellow "solitary" has, by knuckle-rapping, taught him how to induce the "little death," a suspension of animation while in the jacket. During these periods his spirit learns to detach itself from the body and to travel back through the ages, reliving many of its former incarnations. Here is plenty of chance for the positive propaganda of the gospel of strength. If Darrell Standing is not now a six-footer or a bully, he has been both many times under other names. We hear his adventures as a seacuny (whatever that is) marrying a Korean princess; a captain under Pilate; a castaway, and so on—of these in detail, a handful chosen out of his thousands of embodied experiences. All well enough as a not too fresh flight of fancy—if it were not so hopelessly vulgarized in the handling, did not so patently call for some such title as "The Immortality of a Bounder."

Lawrence Clavering. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is another instance of machine-made historical romance. It is impossible to think that the author, who has had some experience at this kind of thing, can have believed heartily in what he was doing, unless as a commodity which might be sold to a certain class of customers. Nor can we think that he has much respect for that class. He chooses as historical material the Jacobite phase which culminated at Preston. Figures like Bolingbroke and the exiled King himself are propped up in corners of the scene. It is all very perfunctory, this part of it. The real thing is the personal-adventure-and-heart-interest element, which concerns the gentleman whose name gives a title to the book, and a maiden hight Dorothy Curwen. He does a good deal of moving about with swords, letters, and things; narrowly escapes disaster by way of intrigue with a married woman; is pursued by the villain as actively and ruthlessly as that gentleman's rag-and-straw constitution permits; and in the end, after the failure of the Cause, escapes to France with his lady, and there lives out his years as contentedly as an exile may. It is the kind of story which flourishes upon our boasted high level of workmanship.

The Crown of Life. By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Why is it that there seems to be something quaintly amateurish about the choice of Beacon Street and the Frog Pond as a setting for fiction? Is it because no novel of the first order has ever had that setting? The same thing might be said of Fifth Avenue and Washington Square. Is it that current fashion prescribes the metropolitan scene? Chicago and Philadelphia and Indianapolis and Pittsburgh are all natural enough settings nowadays. Only Boston fails to make itself credible as a place where real people live, where real action comes off. Judge Grant's "The Chippendales" made something like a sensation as a book which assiduously attempted to novelize the Hub. But he did not really succeed in vitalizing it either there or in his later story, "The High Priestess." In the present novel a similar attempt is made by a relatively fresh hand. Much of the action, to be sure, takes place in and about Paris. But the chief persons, with the exception of the French playwright, Dartex, belong to the Bostonian environment. None of them is of the strict Brahmin type, which is a relief; but the hero, Jerome Defoe, is a Harvard professor, and the heroine, Ruth Hollworthy, of the bluest blood in the distinguished old village of "East Westley." The girl, like Judge Grant's "high priestess," is extremely and consciously modern. At a very early age she learns to be impudent and condescending towards all seniors and persons in supposed authority. At seventeen she insists on leaving East Westley and her guardian aunts for Boston and a good-natured but inefficient chaperon. Here, in a semi-Bohemian circle, she cuts her little dash, flirts with all male things available, and is presently rescued from eloping with a Harvard freshman by Professor Jerome, who, for no discoverable reason, has already half fallen in love with her. She then takes her chaperon to Paris, is saved from giving herself to the fascinating Dartex by the chance discovery that he is *not* married, and, after a penitential return to East Westley, is in due time appropriated by the didactic but reasonably complaisant professor. The truth is, she is, with all her boasted knowledge of Verlaine, Shaw, Strindberg, and Ibsen, simply a minx. Professor Jerome's first impression of her, that what she needs is spanking, is more correct than conclusive. In a way, she gets that much from fate; but whatever this excellent process may be capable of doing for a minx, we doubt its power to convert her into "a really great woman." And Professor Jerome is rather an ass.

The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The cult of child-fiction, fiction about the child for grown-ups, is still followed by many English writers. From the American point of view, the odd thing is that so many of them are men. It again points the fact that British reticence and unemotionalism, if they still belong to England's manners as a nation, do not belong to her current writers. In exuberance, whether of wit, sentiment, or fancy, the Briton now beats the Yankee hollow. This is a book of fancy and sentiment spun about three English children named Judy, Tim, and Maria; their country home and pets; a retired colonel, who is all that his rôle requires; an Uncle Felix, who is said to be a novelist, but who seems to have nothing to do but play elaborate games of make-believe with the infants; a tramp, who has some such symbolic part (as far as we make it out) as Ibsen's Button-moulder; and various personified aspects of nature, such as the Night-wind, the Wood without a Centre, and so on. They are all upon the quest of a mysterious Stranger, who, we suppose, stands for Happiness or Truth. In the end, after many pages of being childlike in an elaborate way, and after a vast deal of wandering (not to say maundering) about, quite without warning they all fall into a species of trance, during which something or other is revealed to them, if not to us. "Their hearts opened curiously, they saw wonder growing like a flower inside—the exquisite wonder of common things. There was something they were looking for, but they had found it. The flower of wonder

blossomed there before their eyes, explaining the world, but not explaining it away, explaining simply that it was wonderful beyond all telling. They all knew suddenly what they didn't know they knew; they understood what nobody understands." So there we are, or thereabouts. Is it all very deep or very trite? That is a question we do not ask of "Water-Babies" or "Alice in Wonderland." They, too, are full of quaint fancies, but there is something bigger than fancy at the back of them.

IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

The Life of Henry Laurens. With a Sketch of the Life of Lieut.-Col. John Laurens. By David Duncan Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Of the men of character and ability who figured prominently in the American Revolution, there are few whom historians have neglected more than Henry Laurens. Professor Wallace, undertaking some years ago to prepare a sketch for the Library of Southern Literature, found in the MSS. of Laurens in the South Carolina Historical Society "an unworked treasure field." He was soon aware, as he says in the preface, that "here was a great and good man who had lain for a century in an unjust neglect. My quickened interest . . . was equalled by my affectionate esteem for the man. I determined to write his life. I hope I have succeeded in bringing from neglect . . . a man whom Professor Tyler calls 'the noblest Roman of them all—the unsurpassed embodiment of the proudest, finest, wittiest, most efficient, and most chivalrous Americanism of his time.'"

To admire his subject is a great advantage for a biographer who is also a thorough and conscientious scholar. A good scholar Professor Wallace certainly is. He has searched all the unprinted material, and has spared no pains to attain accuracy in every detail. There are a few misprints, and in at least one material point the author has not made use of the latest research. Following Professor Turner, he says that after 1763 France "adopted as her American policy enlarging her West Indian possessions and recovering Louisiana" (p. 279). It has recently been pretty well demonstrated that this was not the case, and in particular that the Memoir attributed to Vergennes and printed in 1802, upon which Professor Turner relied, is spurious. (Phillips, "The West in the American Revolution," 31; Corwin, "American Historical Review," XXI, 38.)

This is a small matter, however, and it is quite true that Professor Wallace's admiration for Laurens has proved entirely compatible with excellent scholarship. Nevertheless, the author has been led, perhaps through the laudable desire to rescue his subject from neglect, to view his task in a way which we are bound to think unfortunate. Professor Wallace brings Laurens, as it were, before the bar of history, examines his conduct, impartially no doubt, and on the basis of the fullest evidence, and then renders a decision. The result, after laying down the book, is that one thinks of Laurens not so much as a certain type of man who in a given environment very naturally pursued a certain line of conduct, but rather as a man who met this situation in the right way and that situation in the wrong way; a man, in fact, whom Posterity should commend for supporting Washington against the Conway cabal, but should condemn for supporting Lee against Deane. No doubt in the world, the verdict is ordinarily equitable; but it is an unpleasant experience being brought into court, even if you are cleared. For writing a substantial life of Laurens no excuse is needed; and we wish it had never occurred to the author to ask whether his subject had been neglected by most historians and traduced by a few, or whether he was to be found on the right side or the wrong side of any question. If the material is skilfully managed, and the story well told, the reader may be left to make his own judgments.

It is perhaps true that Professor Wallace often fails to command his material, pushes into prominence minor details which should be strictly subordinated, and in general is no great master of the biographical art. Nevertheless, from his too detailed story the man Laurens does emerge pretty clearly, after all. If he was not quite all that Professor Tyler pictured him, he was at least an upright and a downright man, of immense practical sense, frugal and laborious, and eminently successful in business, a democrat by inheritance and temperament whose wealth placed him with the aristocrats; possessed of initiative, independent and self-reliant in a high degree, yet always acting with great caution and deliberation; an eminently just man, who never "kicked a man when he was down," as our author well says, but who "was accustomed very plainly to make him understand how he came to be down and just how badly down he was"; a "tough-minded" conservative enlisted in spite of himself in a progressive and revolutionary cause.

For the student of the Revolution the life of Laurens is of first-rate importance in revealing those influences which drove so many naturally conservative men into open revolt. His position on the Stamp Act was much the same as that of Hutchinson; without denying the legality of the act, he opposed it as impolitic and unnecessary. Yet he was strongly opposed to all forms of popular violence, and very apprehensive of the growing influence of the unfranchised classes. Laurens was no doctrinaire, contending for liberty in the abstract, or humanitarian sentimentalist yearning for the golden age of fraternity and equality. With the world as he found it about 1765 he was quite content. What was it that drove this hard-headed business man into rebellion? Not any burden on his pocket, certainly, nor any devotion to formal doctrines of political liberty, but rather the growing conviction that Americans were a superior people, capable of managing their own affairs better than any other country could do it for them.

One of the determining influences in giving Laurens this conviction was his contact with the corrupt and incompetent customs and Admiralty officials sent out from England. From 1769, when he compiled a pamphlet on "some general observations on American Customs-House Officers and Courts of Admiralty," Laurens "thought and said such things as he had never said before. It was for him the birth of a new Americanism." This new Americanism was profoundly strengthened during the years (1771-1774) of his residence in England, where he had taken his two boys to be educated. Laurens, like so many of the later Loyalist exiles, was shocked and disgusted at the frivolity and immorality of high-class English society. Here in England itself he discovered "how unworthy of ruling over any upright and moral people were the English governing classes." It is significant that he could not find a satisfactory school in London, and ended by taking his boys to Geneva. Among the causes of the American Revolution none is indeed more important, and few have been more neglected by historians, than the rapid growth of this conviction that it was an absurdity for an industrious, moral, and intelligent people to be longer governed by men whom they could not respect, and by methods which they held in profound contempt.

THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION.

Canada's Federal System. By A. H. F. Lefroy. Toronto: Carswell Co.

This treatise on Canadian Constitutional law under the British North American Act is intended primarily for the lawyer. It deals with questions which have given rise to actual litigation, and answers them in the terms of judicial decisions. It subordinates theory to experience, and cites in support of every proposition concrete cases which have been disposed of by the courts. Yet the book is intelligible, instructive, interesting to every student of political institutions, whether lawyer or layman.

Its introductory chapter contains seventy "leading Constitutional propositions," presenting an excellent syllabus of the work. From this we learn that one of the most important doctrines in Canadian Constitutional law is that the entire fabric rests upon a statute—the British North American Act of 1867. The Canadian Federation was not formed by the voluntary act of independent and sovereign states, but resulted from an Act of the British Parliament. It is true, this statute was not imposed by the arbitrary will of Parliament, but was asked for by the confederated provinces. Still, Canada's federal system is created and controlled by this statute. It follows that "the state of legislation and the legislative powers exercised in the various provinces prior to confederation" possess little value in determining what powers may be exercised now by

the National Legislature of the Dominion or by the local Legislatures of the provinces. Questions of that sort are to be determined by the language of the British North American Act. That language is to be construed and expounded in accordance with the rules applicable to other statutes.

Thus construed, the Act is seen to secure to the national Government of the Dominion much greater power than our national Government possesses. In the language of its preamble, its purpose is to create a "Constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom." The Dominion Government is not one of enumerated powers, with a reservation of all other governmental authority to the provinces or to the people. It is sovereign and unlimited as to matters pertaining to the "peace, order, and good government of Canada." It is not hampered by prohibitions upon the taking of private property without due process of law, or upon the enactment of *ex post facto* laws, or laws impairing the obligation of contracts. Nor does it secure to courts the rights of nullifying legislative acts. In the language of our author—

It is not competent for any court, when once an act is passed by either the Dominion Parliament or by a Provincial Legislature in respect to any matter over which it has jurisdiction to legislate, to pronounce the act invalid because it may affect injuriously private rights, any more than it would be competent for the courts in England, for the like reason, to refuse to give effect to a like act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

Again, the North American Act goes much farther than does our Constitution in centralizing power in the national Government. This is the result of deliberate planning, because the framers of that act believed that our Civil War had shown grievous defects in our Federal system. Accordingly, they secured to the central Government exclusive control over all commerce, whether interprovincial or intra-provincial. Like legislative authority was given to the central government over bills of exchange and promissory notes, over banking and paper money, over corporations, except those "with provincial objects," over marriage and divorce, and various other topics which, with us, are regulated by State legislation.

Perhaps the most important respect in which the Canadian federal system differs from ours is its subordination to the British Crown. Here is a device which serves a two-fold purpose: it prevents the Dominion or a province from trenching upon the legal rights of the other, and it guards against legislation by either which is seriously hostile to imperial interests. The imperial connection is preserved, so that Canada feels itself a vital part of the great British Empire, while it is free to manage its domestic affairs in its own way. Under its present Constitution, Canada is realizing Lord Elgin's dream in becoming "such a country as might so fill the imagination and satisfy the aspiration of its sons, that the danger of absorption with its great neighbor might be forever set to rest."

ESSAYS OF A. C. BENSON.

Escape, and Other Essays. By A. C. Benson. New York: The Century Co. $1.50 net.

It is now customary for English writers to apologize for offering the public anything but the war-talk which is human nature's daily food, and at which, to tell the truth, the author does not commonly disconcert us by inhuman display of skill. We gather that most of the essays here collected were written before the war began; there are but few incidental allusions to it in their course. They essay rather to divert the mind from present horrors to larger and more permanent aspects of human life. "I regard war," says Mr. Benson in his Introduction, "as I regard an outbreak of pestilence; the best way to resist it is not to brood over it, but to practice joy and health. . . . To brood over the war, to spend our time in disentangling its intricate causes, seems to me a task for future historians. But a lover of peace, confronted by the hideousness of war, does best to try, if he can, to make plain what he means by peace and why he desires it."

Something of the kind Mr. Benson tries to do here, less by argument than by suggestion. His themes are flotsam upon the still deep current of life which war can soil or even dam for the moment, but which is bound to assert and purify itself as it flows on. Several of the papers, such as "Escape," "Sunset," "Herb Moly and Heartsease," give expression to the writer's gentle and reflective, and, according to one's mood, mildly bracing or mildly enervating philosophy. It is blamelessly narcotic: one takes a Benson essay as one takes a cup of tea, without quite knowing whether one is in for a stimulant or a sedative. Another group of essays is of the "literary" sort ("The New Poets," "Walt Whitman," "Authorship," "Literature and Life"). Still others display the touch of superstition, or, if you will, interest in the supernatural, which belongs to Mr. Benson almost as markedly as it belonged to Monsignor Benson, his brother. "Dreams," "The Visitant," and "That Other One" record inner experiences beyond the Horatian philosophy. As in all this writer's work, there is much that is freely personal and autobiographical. If we do not know Benson the schoolmaster, the mystic, the writer, it is not his fault. In the present essay on "Authorship" he frankly owns himself an *improvisatore*. He knows nothing of the labor of writing, since with him it is a perfectly spontaneous and almost automatic process. "I do not recollect having ever forced myself to write," he declares, "except under stress of illness; nor do I ever recollect its being anything but the purest pleasure from beginning to end. . . . I owe to it the happiest and brightest experiences of life, to which no other pleasure is even dimly comparable." The method, he admits, has its perils, but he does not admit that hard writing makes easy reading.

Certainly, the charm and merit of Mr. Benson's writing is in its quality as prose rather than in its content. His style has the gracious and elusive quality of eloquence, the rapid and effortless and faultless flow, which is so rare a thing in English —Hazlitt, Ruskin, to whom else among moderns does one's mind turn in this connection? Such a style is itself substance: we shall remember Mr. Benson less for his dreams and fancies than for the clear beauty of such passages as this from "Sunset": "The dawn has its own splendors, but it brightens out of secret mists and folded clouds into the common light of day, when the burden must be resumed and the common business of the world renewed again. But the sunset wanes from glory and majesty into the stillness of the star-hung night, when tired eyes may close in sleep, and rehearse the mystery of death; and so the dying down of light, with the suspension of daily activities, is of the nature of a benediction."

Notes

Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of New England" will be published by the Macmillan Co. on November 10.

"Contemporary Belgian Literature," by Jethro Bithell, has been published by T. Fisher Unwin, of London.

Harper & Bros. announce the forthcoming publication of "Acres of Diamonds," by Russell H. Conwell; "Treasure Island" (Louis Rhead edition), and "The American Claimant" and "Roughing It," by Mark Twain, in the Limp-Leather.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces for publication this month "Voice Culture and Nerve Respiration," by Jutta Bell-Ranske, and the following volumes by Gabriele d'Annunzio: "The Triumph of Death," "The Virgin of the Rocks," "The Victim," "The Flame of Life," "The Child of Pleasure."

The following books are announced for publication this month by George H. Doran Co.: "These Twain," the completion of Arnold Bennett's "Clayhanger" trilogy; "The World's Highway," by Norman Angell; "The Bronze Eagle," by Baroness Orczy; "Old Judge Priest," by Irvin S. Cobb; "Through Terror to Triumph," by David Lloyd George; "The Dreamer of Dreams," by "Carmen Sylva"; "Kings, Queens, and Pawns," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Over There," by Arnold Bennett, with etchings by Walter Hale; "Between St. Dennis and St. George," by Ford Madox Hueffer; "Mr. Doctor-Man," by Helen S. Woodruff.

"Through a Dartmoor Window" (Longmans, Green; $1.50 net) is the second moor book of the author, Miss Beatrice Chase. Her first, "The Heart of the Moor," would seem to have pleased a considerable audience. The present volume is, she says, an answer to the prayer of her admirers for something more of the same kind. We wonder whether they had never heard of the moor country till she told them about it, or were simply taken with her ingenuous enthusiasm. One might think, from

the evidence of these pages, that she had discovered Dartmoor and its folk. Nowhere is there allusion to any of the writers, even Phillpotts or Trevena, who have made Dartmoor, one would think, as familiar to the general reader as any place in England. Coming to the moor at first as a visitor and later as a resident, Miss Chase prides herself upon having gone "moor-mad" and, by virtue thereof, qualified herself to expound the district to all comers. The most irritating thing about the book to an old moor-lover, we should think, would be its air of kindly patronage. The writer, indeed, is a female egoist, who thinks it greatly to Dartmoor's credit that it has inspired her with a grand passion. Worthy in itself, it is admirable as an occasion for her sprightly wit and somewhat conscious charm. In short, the book displays that peculiar sort of sentimental-humorous writing which so evidently appeals to a vast number of feminine readers. It is true that even a man may, if he has patience, find it amusing in spots.

Paul Delannoy's "L'Université de Louvain" (Paris: Picard; 3 fr. 50) bears welcome testimony, in a time of passionate manifestoes and professorial rage, to the survival of the academic tradition of dignity and calm. The tempestuous history of the institution, outlined by its librarian in a series of six lectures delivered before the College of France in February last, muffles the note of indignation without hesitating to name barbarism as a phenomenon. The losses in the recent burning of the library are for the most part referred to by some such phrase as "we used to possess." A detailed description is reserved until such time as the town shall be liberated. Several unfinished catalogues must be regretted; that of the 800 incunabula, for instance, the notes for which were burned in the librarian's house, and that of the old theological collection with its unnumbered letters and pamphlets published in the height of the Jansenist and other agitations. Fortunately a small part only of the archives were destroyed. The rest owe their preservation to their removal during the invasion of the French in 1794; they remain scattered at Brussels, Altona, Haaren, Beveren-Waes, and Ghent. Some collections, apparently, survived the fire of 1914; for example, the inedited letters of Sir Thomas More received from the Schollaert estate, publication of which we are told to expect soon. But the losses were inestimable. The ashes of the fourteenth century building (the old Cloth Workers' Hall), of the 300,000 volumes and manuscripts, of the portraits and the various accumulation of five centuries were enriched, grimly enough, by a valuable library of Germanic philology.

Louvain has been celebrated from the first for its theological teaching and especially for its persistently orthodox Roman Catholicism. It admitted Jansen to the doctorate, made him professor, and in his later years rector, without permanently sharing the reproof which overtook his doctrine. To Erasmus it was a preferred asylum, which yet failed to shield his studies from polemic challenge. In Adrian VI, the "Dutch Pope," it supplied a reforming pontiff. It played an important part at the Council of Trent. Mr. Delannoy draws genial portraits of its distinguished scholars. The long story of the moral lesson Justus Lipsius, editor of Tacitus, read in his class room to his visitors, Albert and Isabel, the "archdukes," was worth reviving. But a word more of the less known men would have pointed the text. Adriaan van Roomen, the mathematician, had some lively encounters with his adversary and host, Vieta. Gemma-Frisius, who is also named, made his ingenuity in cosmography of great use to navigators on the long voyage to the newly-discovered Americas. What was the new method, anticipating or analogous to that of Alciati in Italy and Cujas in France, which Mudaeus de Brecht brought to the study of the civil law? The reader is left to infer that he expounded the law itself in the light of its contemporary civilization rather than its commentators in the light of one another. The statement that Jean Minckelers, professor of physics, succeeded in 1783 in obtaining illuminating gas from coal before similar successes in London and Paris, neglects by implication though not literally the British claims of Stephen Hales in 1726 and Dr. John Clayton in 1691. Vesalius is usually regarded as of the Italian school of anatomists. It is well to be reminded of his Flemish birth and early schooling. Brussels had planned last year to celebrate his 400th anniversary. It is well, while we are so much obsessed by the power of shrapnel, to be reminded of the power and spiritual momentum of the university, to note in the honorable example of Louvain how freely our own ideals of patriotism and national self-respect flourish in the discipline of learned studies.

"The Voyages of Captain Scott" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net) is a volume of four hundred pages, retold by Charles Turley from "The Voyage of the Discovery" and "Scott's Last Expedition." Sir J. M. Barrie contributes an introduction, giving an account of Scott's early life and bringing out effectively his transition from a boy of delicate health, dreamy mind, indolent habits, and uncertain temper into a young naval officer with a soundness of physique, an alertness of mind, an energy, and a power of self-control exceptional even in the British navy. The story of his Antarctic work, with its absorbing adventures, its large achievements, and its tragic ending, is virtually all here, and it is to be hoped that its healthful mental and moral tonic will find its way to a wide circle of readers. Of course, the magnificent photographic illustration that marked the original volumes has had to be largely sacrificed to the laudable purpose of putting the story before the people at a popular price, but about a score of full-page photographic plates have been retained, with several of the colored plates.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's "Dog Stars" (Doran; $1.50), as she calls her stories of "three luminaries in the dog world," purports to be true biography, and no doubt these canine characters are as near to the truth as is that of many human beings who walk with impeccable saintliness through the pages written by surviving wife or daughter. We have known dogs who were wise and brave and gentle, perfect in all those qualities that go to the making of the καλὸς καὶ ἀγαθός; but they were still dogs, as a gentleman is still a man, and we no more believe in the hypercynic virtues of Mrs. O'Connor's Max than we believe in the veracity of George Washington. However, that is neither here nor there. Max is still very much a dog beneath his miraculous attributes, and he had many notable experiences which deserved high chronicling. A good part of London knew and loved him, and with serene impartiality his paw scratched at all doors:

> . . . aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
> Regumque turres.

For instance:

One evening Monsieur Wolff was playing at Buckingham Palace for Queen Victoria, and Max slipped by the sentry, met his friend at the palace entrance, and the lackeys laughed to see him enter the hall and seat himself in a chair of great antiquity.

"There is one member of your family who is a Tory and a loyal subject of the Queen," said a Cabinet Minister to me. "I met him the other evening at Buckingham Palace. Did the Lord Chamberlain send Max a card?"

"No," I said, "his invitation miscarried; but being recognized as a gentleman of charming manners, he was, I hear, made entirely welcome."

"When I saw him he was receiving at the door, and shaking hands with everybody who stopped to speak to him," said the first Lord of the Admiralty. "He'll bring T. P. into the right fold yet."

Mrs. O'Connor has written a charming book. A child who reads it will ask his father with wide-open eyes whether it is all true; and, being told that it is true enough, will go back to the pages in delight. But it was not written for children alone.

Volume V of the "Writings of John Quincy Adams," edited by Worthington C. Ford (Macmillan; $3.50), covers the calendar years 1814-15 and the first three months of 1816. The correspondence opens with Adams still at St. Petersburg, impatiently awaiting, as were his colleagues, Gallatin and Bayard, official confirmation of their appointments as commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace. The peace proposals of Russia had been rejected by Great Britain, and Adams had small hope of an early settlement. The tone of the English press, and both the tone and the substance of the English military dispatches from America, evoked his vigorous condemnation. Moreover, he was passing his fifth winter at St. Petersburg, where he found the climate very trying, and was anxious to return home. His salary was too small to allow him to employ a confidential clerk, and he was forced to do much writing and copying with his own hand. The tedious course of the peace negotiations, finally begun at Ghent in August, 1814, is fully treated in the correspondence; and the editor has been able to include the early drafts of a number of papers whose final forms only were previously available in print. Adams was pessimistic almost to the last; at the end of September he expected indefinite delay, and a month later, with the Congress of Vienna in session, could see "no prospect whatever" of peace. On November 10, however, a draft treaty was submitted to the British commissioners, and on December 24 the definitive treaty was signed. At the end of January he started for Paris, where his old friends gave him a cordial, though unofficial, welcome, and where he later witnessed some of the stirring events of the Hundred Days. On February 28 he was appointed Minister to Great Britain, but he did not learn of the appointment until April 5, and did not reach London until May 25. His letters from London throw important light upon the history of the commercial convention of 1815 with Great Britain, and upon the unsuccessful efforts to open the West Indian trade. Scattered through the preponderating mass of political correspondence are a number of letters in which he gives entertaining descriptions of his daily routine, and others in which he pays his respects to the Unitarian movement then mak-

ing itself felt in Massachusetts. Priestley's "Socrates and Jesus Compared," printed at Philadelphia in 1803, he voted "a wretched performance. Socrates and Jesus! a farthing candle and the Sun! I pray you to read Masillon's sermon upon the divinity of Christ, and then the whole New Testament; after which be a Socinian if you can" (p. 362).

In the fifth edition of the late Charles A. Conant's standard work on the "History of Modern Banks of Issue" (Putnam; $3.50 net), the author treats of the new conditions in American banking as created by the enactment of the Federal Reserve act of December 23, 1913. The explanation is so lucid as to give the average reader easy command of the general principles of a highly technical subject. This style is well illustrated by the references to the Federal Reserve Board and the summary of its "sweeping powers" which made it possible for the group of seven men to exercise the extraordinary influence that they exerted in the trying days which followed the outbreak of the European war. The description of the discount market, which is stated to be the "overshadowing feature" of the plan, and the explanation of the note-issuing powers of the Federal Reserve Banks, together with the provisions for the government bonds owned by the national banks, is admirable. The reference to the possibilities, under the new law, of extending American banking facilities in foreign fields will appeal with force to the heads of banks in the large reserve cities. The last chapter is devoted to the European crisis and the part played by the great banks of Europe in quelling the disturbance. The author goes sufficiently into detail to quote what the banks did to allay panic and to meet the complications incident to the temporary deadlock in the markets for foreign exchange. He shows complete grasp of the problems which confronted the banks at that time, and concisely states the measures of relief undertaken by each bank to protect its home market. Mr. Conant is no less happy in stating what was done by bankers of this country to avert panic and protect their gold reserves. The excellence of the other twenty-five chapters is too well known to require extended comment. This new edition notes the changes that have been made in the charters of the banks of France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. It also brings up to date the statistics relating to those countries. The work as a whole is unique, and with the added matter, the revised edition will be of increasing value to students and others interested in banking conditions throughout the world.

What promises to be a series of Elizabethan Club Reprints, issued by the Yale University Press, begins auspiciously with an edition of "Common Conditions" ($2.50), by Prof. Tucker Brooke. A "lamentable comedy," published in 1576 and presumably written not long before, "Common Conditions" sets forth in carefully rimed fourteeners the adventures by land and sea of an exiled prince and of two pairs of lovers; and if in the wake of some lost romance it comes to no very satisfactory conclusion, it is for no lack of activity on the part of the wily "Vice," Common Conditions. The basis of the present text is the quarto which recently made its way from Lord Mostyn's ancestral library into the possession of the Elizabethan Club at Yale. This copy has nearly five hundred lines at the beginning and end which do not appear in the fragmentary Chatsworth-Huntington copy, belonging really to another edition, which was reprinted, with some imperfections, by Brandl. This play, by reason of its resemblances to "Sir Clyamon and Sir Clamydes" and to Preston's "Cambises," raises some interesting questions of authorship which Professor Brooke discusses without dogmatizing. The black-letter page is, on the whole, fairly readable. The notes run a little into diffuseness.

Music and Drama.

BOSTON OPERA AND PAVLOWA BALLET.

Home-made opera in Boston came to an end because the men of wealth who for several years made up the inevitable deficits refused to do so any longer. That the organization contained enough good material to deserve a longer life has been made evident in New York by the performances given last week at the Manhattan Opera House by a company consisting largely of artists who had been heard in the Boston Opera House. To strengthen them, the manager, Max Rabinoff, procured the coöperation of Anna Pavlowa and her Russian Ballet—that, at any rate, was what the public came to believe; but it is rumored that Mme. Pavlowa is in reality the backer of the enterprise, and that the plan of a "merger" originated with her, she being anxious to show what can be done with the ballets which occur in "Carmen," "Faust" and other operas. So far as "Carmen" is concerned, she did so; yet one suspects that her chief ambition was not to dance in grand operas so much as to appear as a dumb actress in Auber's opera, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," in which the part of Fenella, the dumb sister of a Neapolitan fisherman, is assigned to a dancer who, to atone for the absence of song and speech, has to express her thoughts and feelings by eloquent gestures and facial expression.

It cannot be said that the great Russian dancer added to her stature by this particular experiment. There was too much exaggeration in her gestures and movements, and her make-up and appearance as Fenella were not such as would make a prince seek her favors. But it was interesting to hear this opera again, after an interval of two decades, for it is brimful of bright French melodies, and its orchestral score is of historic importance as the first specimen of pantomimic music. Auber, having to do without song and speech when Fenella acts, was obliged to make the orchestra attempt to speak a definite language for her; and he succeeded so well that Richard Wagner not only referred to his opera in terms of superlative praise, but adopted the method for many details in his musical dramas.

Of the other operas performed by Mr. Rabinoff's organization the one most worthy of note was "Madama Butterfly," because the heroine of it was a genuine Japanese prima donna, Tamaki Miura, who proved to be, like Sada Yacco, not only an actress of great ability—she made the story of the child-wife, deserted by her American lover, very pathetic—but a singer with a voice (except in the middle register) of unusual beauty, volume, and fervor. She was enthusiastically applauded, as was her companion, Riccardo Martin, the American Caruso, who is, of course, still a member of the Metropolitan Company, but has for the present joined hands with Mr. Rabinoff's forces. It should be added that in the matter of ensemble these performances left little to be desired, and that the scenic backgrounds of Mr. Urban deserved all the praise they got in Boston.

America's oldest orchestral association, the Philharmonic, rejuvenated, improved, and now unsurpassed by any orchestra in America—or Europe, where the war has made sad havoc in the ranks of the players—opened its seventy-fourth season with a concert which followed the motto "America First," the opening piece being Edward MacDowell's symphonic poem, "Launcelot and Elaine." It is an early work, in which our foremost composer had not yet quite found himself, yet there are enchanting details. The Philharmonic had never before played it. Another novelty, and a recent one, was Max Reger's set of Variations on a Theme by Mozart (from his sonata in A major for harpsichord). This, like MacDowell's piece and the fourth symphony of Tchaikovsky, was applauded most cordially, as it ends brilliantly with a fugue culminating in a stirring climax; but the variations are tedious. One suspects sometimes that this most prolific of German composers must have a machine for turning out variations and other music, somewhat like a Tibetan prayer-wheel.

German composers, old and new, had a monopoly of the programme interpreted in Aeolian Hall last week by Johanna Gadski. This dramatic soprano, now unexcelled as interpreter of Brünnhilde, Isolde, and other Wagnerian parts, is one of the few famous opera singers who hold their own in the concert hall equally well. On this occasion nervousness marred her first number, an aria from "Don Giovanni"; but with the second song, Schumann's dramatic "Woldesgespräch," she began to recover, and soon revealed the rare beauty of her voice in well-chosen favorites by Franz, Liszt, Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, and others. Another opera singer who is heard to advantage in concert halls is Nellie Melba, who sang in Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoon. Her voice, which has in recent months earned tens of thousands in behalf of war victims, retains its bloom to an astonishing degree. Like Adelina Patti, she was blessed with a voice naturally so beautiful that even injudicious teaching could not mar it, and she bids fair to remain a source of pleasure to concert-goers for as many years as Lilli Lehmann.

Of the pianists heard, the two greatest were Percy Grainger and Harold Bauer. Mr.

Bauer held a recital at which he gave prominence to the intellectual type of music as illustrated by the works of Brahms and César Franck; yet he also revealed the romantic charms of Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood," a group of short pieces which has lately come again into favor, and he played Debussy's "Estampes" with the requisite delicacy. Mr. Grainger as a pianist of the impetuous kind, revelled in the bold, virile rhythms of the first of Tchaikovsky's concertos, which he played with the Damrosch Orchestra. It was, in its way, as remarkable a performance as his playing, last season, of Grieg's concerto, which led an eminent patron of music to declare: "He is the greatest of them all."

HENRY T. FINCK.

Lewis Waller, whose death was announced on Monday, occupied a prominent place among English actors for a good many years, and for a long term was a reigning matinée favorite. A good face and figure, spirited and graceful action, and an excellent voice were valuable qualifications in modern comedy and romantic or heroic parts. In early youth he was selected to play Orlando to the Rosalind of Modjeska in the English provinces, and created a favorable impression. In 1887, when only twenty-seven, he was playing Ernest Vane in "Masks and Faces," in London, with Kate Vaughan. He was associated with John Hare and W. H. Kendal at the London St. James's Theatre, and later supported Julia Neilson in "Pygmalion and Galatea." After a season with Wilson Barrett and another with Mrs. Langtry, he was engaged by Beerbohm Tree to play Orestes in "Hypatia," after which he appeared, under his own direction, in several of Wilde's comedies. With Mr. Morell, at the London Shaftesbury, he produced "The Manxman," which had a great run. Next he won critical praise and public favor as Hotspur at the Haymarket, and made a hit as D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers." He succeeded also as Brutus and Falconbridge. It was as Henry V, however, that he came prominently into public notice. He gave the play a notably fine pictorial production, and won high praise for his picturesque, spirited, and eloquent portrayal of the King. His performance was also the subject of warm critical commendation. He was also exceedingly successful as the hero of "Beaucaire," in which he played many hundreds of times. After appearing in a variety of modern plays, he created a favorable impression as Romeo, and he revived "Othello," playing the Moor himself, with H. B. Irving as his Iago. He won success, also, in "Robin Hood" and as Lagardère in "The Duke's Motto." Mr. Waller was well known and admired in this country, but for some reason did not obtain here the full measure of popular approval extended to him in England. A certain hardness in his mechanism and a lack of eloquence—though not of strength—in emotional passages may have been obstacles to his full success. He won respect and admiration, but did not excite enthusiasm. In none of his work did he reveal any of that subtlety of interpretation or eloquence of expression by which genius is distinguished from ordinary capacity. He was a good, sound actor, who occupied a high place in the list of his contemporaries, but he did not belong in the first rank.

Art

Marius Pictor

THE MODERN SPIRIT IN ITALIAN PAINTING.

By ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

On the face of Marius Pictor one sees nowadays an expression of bewilderment. As he dines at the Café Montin, or sips his coffee at the Florian or at Lavena's, we wonder whether the strain of Venetian life in war-time is too violent for his advancing years, whether his physical strength is adequate to the great sacrifices he is making for Italy's redemption. I came finally to believe that the current experiences of this dean of Italian painters are but those of most Italian men of letters and men of art; save that probably no one more than he has experienced that disorientation of spirit, that disarrangement of intellectual and ethical values, that sense of partial detachment from the past, which the world war has in a measure produced in every one.

It is a bewilderment that promises as much as it pains. And the proof is to see Marius Pictor in the presence of D'Annunzio. They both have so much in common. It is not only the charm of a long and tender friendship that has lasted now for thirty years—years that for De Maria have brought the completion of his lifework, and for D'Annunzio the growth of full maturity. It is also the identity of their artistic principles, nourished in union through their constant and intimate relation, and applied in works of art mutually appreciated and sustained. It is their love of Venice, the Venice which De Maria sees in the pallor of moonlight, and which D'Annunzio loves in the splendor of the sun. Above all, it is their common pursuit of the new sensation, their common outreaching for the ever fuller exploitation of every faculty of intelligence, of emotion, of imagination, of feeling. The spirit that was imprisoned in the painting of Marius Pictor seems now to move unshackled in the D'Annunzio of the war. It is energy, it is enthusiasm, it is courage, it is emotion that soars, it is thought that penetrates. For D'Annunzio is not bewildered. He knows. He is as certain of the destiny of Italy as he is of the reality of his own existence. He is the Italy of transition, but with far more of the future than of the past. To De Maria, who is as much of the past as of the present, we would wish, as a consolation for these days of anguish, a realization that in a sense D'Annunzio is the goal of his groping, just as D'Annunzio's energy is the solution of his bewilderment.

Is there any friend of Italy who has not felt that for a century past Italian culture has been lolling in a slough of romantic despond? The formal epigones of Jacopo Ortis may have been few, but its ineffective and self-conscious pessimism, its mawkish sensitiveness that patently gloats over the tears it sheds, is as much the artistic motive of Salvatore di Giacomo in 1915 as of the Leopardi of 1840. I recall an Italian epigraph of 1912 which committed to fame an artist whose chief distinction was to have sensed "the immense sorrow of life." The immense sorrow of life is all very real. But one might suggest that Italian literature and Italian art have traded on it long enough. Perhaps the Prussian menace will have proved a blessing if it creates a prospective "sorrow of life" great enough to stir the Italian middle classes to do something about this and other sores afflicting the European social body. Then perchance there will be more D'Annunzios that spring powerful from the joy of living, and the painting of future De Marias will be less trammelled by their origins.

For the painting of Mario de Maria, of Marius Pictor, as he signs his work, is inspired, at least in its most noteworthy examples, by this romantic sentimentality so fundamental in the Italian character. How his titles run! The Monks of the Rotted Eyes, A Palace in the World of Weariness, The Story of a Skeleton Merchant, The Hospital of Contagious Diseases, The Crucifixions of Tripoli, Hunger and Plague in Venice, 1848, Moonshadow, The Serenade of Death, The Decaying Walls of Venice. Wherever we look, the shadow of pathos is thrown across his most personal, his most effective creations. And even in his intuitions of lighter spirit, when there comes from his landscapes or his figures some philosophical suggestion, some allegory of human existence, it is more specifically by life's delusions that his emotion is stirred.

Certainly one of the most beautiful in this latter class is Moonlight on the Tables of an Inn in Rome. This picture has almost the luminousness of daytime. Yet it is one of the secrets of De Maria's art which has brought forth from this scene so dramatic an expression of the glory of night. Seven empty tables with their benches, the tops shining against the garden trees. Beneath them a suggestion, but only a suggestion, of shadow. Nothing more. One bench and one table are slightly out of line, and in this simple detail lies the immense suggestiveness of the picture. For the diners have gone, and with them has forever departed the particular moment, of joy, of comradeship, of beauty, which they enjoyed there. The artist seems to have felt and to have fixed in objective form an emotion that springs from the immenseness of eternity in contrast with the fleeting reality of one moment of human life.

In Umbrian Moonlight there is also no human figure, but the vanity of human pleasure strikes one from the elegant cane and top hat on the ground beside the carriage, that stands in the white and black of a tremendous Roman gateway. Why should Marius Pictor in the full glory of Evening Red project that splendor on the

mourning women who troop with burning candles in the religious procession? Because the power of his spirit shrinks from the banality of the oleograph. A sunset is no sunset till seen by the human eye and assimilated by the human soul in relation to human experience. And is it not the traditional impulse of romanticism that indicates always to De Maria the sadness of that experience?

But there is something paradoxical about the expression of the romantic mood in the works of Marius Pictor. Their tremendous strength invites at once to the philosophical interpretation; and the notion that a work of art must say something seems to have induced an habitual, even if unconscious, intellectual process in the method by which De Maria clarifies and expresses within himself his most powerful intuitions. But when, in response to this invitation, we isolate his sadness of spirit, we seem to feel nevertheless that we have not fully understood, and that what holds us is something deeper and richer than what we gain by inference from his suggestions. One of his pictures which no one can forget, after having seen it once, is The Moon Returning to the Bosom of Its Ancient Mother. Before the moon advancing towards the earth and by its increasing vastness hurling upon humanity a light intenser than the sun's, two torrents are rushing madly into a bottomless abyss, the one a stream of human figures, the other of tumbling water. The parallelism between the two streams is too violently obvious to escape notice, and the fantastic wildness of the whole conception compels the intellect to struggle to an understanding of the artist's thought. There is nothing apocalyptic about this mood: for the terror of this moment is for all, and it matters little whether we belong to the sheep or to the goats. It is all much more pagan. It is the hallucination that destroys. It is the deep, resistless impulses of human nature that hold humanity in the grip of a fearful destiny. It is the serenity of the material world, obedient to the dictates of a love that unites it, before which the turmoil of human passion appears so weak, so inefficient, so small. And then, when we have reached this point in our musings, or indeed some other—for the pictorial symbol is the least certain of guides to logical analysis—we must return with De Maria to sense over again with him the enormous beauty of moonlight, which is never more beautiful than when it is most fraught with loneliness and terror.

Romantic sentimentality is thus only an intellectual, and to this extent a suppositious, element in the painting of Marius Pictor, of which the enduring vitality resides in his direct vision of beauty unphilosophized and felt only as beauty. In his macabraic fancies there figure, we are told, a deep personal sorrow and a temperamental fondness for Edgar Allan Poe. But the genius of De Maria has survived both these influences. Surely, I should feel uncomfortable were I to pass a night in the house of Usher. But I feel also a definite comradeship with those tiny skeletons of Marius Pictor that dance and play about the infected pool of the Palace of Weariness or that gloat over the fallen body of the Merchant of Skeletons. If I should shrink from the handclasp of the Monks of the Rotted Eyes, it would be because I dislike monks with any kind of eyes. And of that girl who lies dying in the pest-house, I can say only that her hair is beautiful, as also are beautiful those bodies that fall from the plague-stricken palaces of Venice. No, it is the virility, the aggressive, active force of De Maria's spirit that gives his paintings an ever fresh modernity, in spite of the sombre romanticism which links them with the past.

And his mythology also, and his architecture, all that magnificence of history which towers before the modern Italian consciousness and too often weighs it down with a sense of its own weakness or inflates it with a futile pride! I remember a painting of a ruined colonnade, brilliant in the sun of afternoon, vanishing in a luxuriance of vines and flowers, among which, in the foreground, red pomegranates shine. Is it a memory of Amalfi, of the Bay of Naples, of some nook of the Sicilian coast? A grinning faun is peering eagerly through the leaves, in pursuit of a snake, perhaps, that moves lightly over the stones. And I remember another picture of a similar classic landscape, but with broader vistas through cypress trees and over the crumbling wall of a Grecian garden. Here, straining in a gigantic leap, a centaur is hurdling in pursuit of a boar, that darts low through the tall grass towards a brook with lilies. These figures of genial fancy have a reality all their own. They are the animation of the landscape, the quivering life and the exultant joy that Marius Pictor sees in the offerings of nature. There is something here more placid than the sensuous reactions of D'Annunzio to light, to sound, to fragrance. It is, however, equally serious, equally vital.

If antiquity likewise is for De Maria as free from pedantry as it is full of life, it is because he approaches it again as ornament pure and simple, or rather as an integral element in landscape, not more impressive than the trees, the fields, the hills themselves. The classic reliefs that nestle by the roadside among the flocks in an Eclogue of the End of a Summer Day, his many temples and colonnades, are filled with all the freshness of new discovery. Above all, they have no cant. And this is true especially of De Maria's Venice. One can understand how a contemporary extremist might find his numerous Venetian subjects offensively photographic. For the lovers of Venice that is precisely their charm. His canals, his palaces, his towers are distorted by no theory of art, nor dimly visioned through some sentimental prejudice. With him the Fondaco de' Turchi returns in Nudentur Mimæ to its grace of line, to the splendor of its crumbling dignity. His many Byzantine arches are frankly clean cut, with the same jewel-like hardness of texture that adds such solidity of effect to the older architecture of the city. This native beauty of Venice De Maria cannot touch. What he contributes is here and there a human figure, imaginary lovers perhaps, as in May Moon, jolly figures of the 1840's, as in Santa Maria Mater Domini, dreamy personages of the Settecento, as in Moon Shadow or in the Decaying Walls of Venice.

But more than this, Venice is always for De Maria, as for D'Annunzio, the city of light, light that burns with fury in the mists of the sunset, or breaks into a thousand streams in the glory of afternoon, light that bathes the city in azure radiance under the full moon, or oozes from every marble projection with a death-like phosphorescence when the waning moon hangs low. This luminousness of Venice was elevated in the "Fuoco" of D'Annunzio to a blazing symbol of the eternity of Venetian beauty and Venetian power. And the poet's imagination paralleled the ancient wedding of Venice with the sea, with a new wedding of Venice with the sun. Was there in this bold conception an apotheosis of modern Italian responsiveness to sensation, a new expression of the yearning of "Roman Elegies" for "a mightier heartbeat, an intenser life"? De Maria with no less cogent genius has brought upon the canvas the wedding of Venice with the moon. It is a less exultant union, surely, more tinged with sorrow, more reserved in tone. But the throb of a mighty life is there, of that new life to which the militant Italy of the present time is more or less consciously aspiring.

Shall we call it a struggle towards freedom from the oppressive memory of a great history, from the inactive contemplation of past delusions? At any rate, there is volition there, a will to confront reality as something forever changing and forever new, to see in life the occasion for action and not simply for brooding. This modern spirit is as definitely foreshadowed in the painting of Marius Pictor as it is triumphantly expressed in D'Annunzio's poetry.

To-day these two poets of modern Italy are together again in Venice, and under conditions so different from the old days in Rome! From the gatherings in the Café Greco of 1885 a new impulse went forth upon Italian art and Italian literature. In the evenings now at Casa Frollo, when the east wind blows, there comes across the water the low rumble of battle on the heights of the Isonzo. Over the face of Marius Pictor floats an expression of bewilderment; over the face of D'Annunzio a flash of joy. And the poet of Pescara has the juster intuition of the two. For he alone, with his more youthful enthusiasm, hears in that sound of conflict the exultant cry of the same spirit which Marius Pictor imprisoned in the canvas, and to which he himself gave freedom in his golden verse!

Finance

THE RAILWAYS AND TRADE REVIVAL.

When the industrial shares were making their perpendicular descent in price, this past week, the railway shares hardly moved. Few of them went below the previous week's figures; some of them stood higher. At the culmination on Thursday of the crash in the "war munition shares," the railway stocks began to move. On Friday their upward movement dominated the market; advances of 3 to 5 per cent., under heavy trading, were numerous.

This rise was a matter of more interest than the frantic speculation in the "war shares" for three reasons—first, because the action of such well-known investment stocks usually reflects the real conditions of prosperity or adversity; then, because their occasional demonstrations of strength have been repeatedly checked by increased selling of Europe's holdings; but next, because a great part of the community has been taught to believe that the railway industry was in desperate straits, and could not share even in a general movement of prosperity.

In this last respect, the case is interesting. Exactly one year ago, the president of the Lackawanna, discussing the railway outlook, said: "Our passenger business has fallen off, which is largely accounted for by stoppage of ocean passenger travel. General merchandise, moreover, is gradually becoming less and less." That very same week the president of the New Haven, explaining the statement of decreased gross earnings given out for the month of September, said that "this decrease is beyond the power of the directors, as it largely reflects depressed business conditions throughout the country." Dividends had already been passed or reduced by old seasoned dividend-paying companies, such as Louisville & Nashville, Atlantic Coast Line, St. Paul, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, and many others. The Southern Railway had gone further. In addition to announcing the passing of dividends, the president of that company stated, during the second week of last October, that all wages and salaries would be reduced, his own by 20 per cent.

A general impression existed that these conditions had continued; therefore, even Wall Street started in some surprise when informed this week that the railways which a couple of months ago had reported the largest number of sidetracked cars since 1907 were finding themselves unable to get cars for their shipping customers. That this was a real situation was shown by the instructions, promptly sent out by the Interstate Commerce Commission, showing railways as well as shippers how the more rapid loading, unloading, and moving of the available equipment might remove the freight embargo. Examination of the facts then showed that, while gross earnings of the railways continued to decrease from the previous year in each month until May, a series of monthly gains then began. It has culminated in this week's statement of net earnings for the Pennsylvania Railway's Eastern system in September, which broke all monthly records. The New York Central system not only reported large increase in net as compared with a year ago, but an increase of $3,500,000 as compared even with 1913. All Eastern roads reporting made a similar showing, and from Chicago came statements that the loadings of railway freight the past week were close to high record for the season.

The question next arises, whether the railways will respond in full to the great improvement in the general trade situation, supplemented on this occasion by the higher passenger and freight rates. This will undoubtedly depend on the nature and scope of the business recovery itself. But it is at least significant that in the great rush this week of export merchandise from ports such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, the trunk-line railways have been confronted with the worst congestion of freight that has existed since the tie-up which occurred in the yards of the Pittsburgh district in the autumn of 1906. One Eastern company actually refused this week to handle any more export business until that on hand had been cleaned up. The dispatches this week from Chicago, the country's transportation centre, reported that, because of the steadily increasing volume of merchandise and miscellaneous freight, as well as grain, all the lines in the West and Southwest were beginning to complain of acute shortage in cars.

There was then, at least, a reasonable prima facie ground of argument for the strength in the railway shares this week—especially when those stocks, although mostly selling well above the year's earlier low prices, have not had a hand in the violent speculation for the rise which converged on the "war industrials." Yet the test of this part of the market will be interesting. If we suppose the trade revival to continue and extend, the railway stocks would be confronted, on the one hand, by the tradition whereby they always reflect increasing business activity and prosperity, but on the other hand, by the overhanging mass of investment holdings which hard-pressed Europe still has on hand to sell. How much is still left in England is difficult to say; but the Stock Exchange testifies that, with every forward movement of prices such as that of the present week, not less than $1,000,000 a day in American investment shares are sold for London in our market.

Perhaps the question of the movement of railway shares will in the long run be determined by the question, whether anything happens to stimulate the imagination of the public. A "car shortage" is something. Increase of weekly or monthly earnings, large enough to attract general attention, would be something more. Resumption or increase of dividends would make the most immediate difference; but the other developments must come first.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Adams, F. R. Molly and I, or The Silver Ring. Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Calhoun, D. D. Blue Gingham Folks. Abingdon Press. 75 cents.
Canfield, D. The Bent Twig. Holt. $1.35 net.
Crump, I. Jack Straw, Lighthouse Builder. McBride. $1 net.
Daviess, M. T. Over Paradise Ridge. Harper. $1 net.
Farnol, J. Beltane the Smith. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Gilliam, D. T. Dick Devereux. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.35 net.
Ingram, E. M. A Man's Hearth. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Lefevre, E. H. R. Harper. $1.25 net.
Lockhart, C. The Man from the Bitter Roots. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
McCall, S. The Stirrup Latch. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Mackenzie, C. Plashers Mead. Harper. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Carmichael, O. H. The Shadow on the Dial. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Converse, F. The Story of Wellesley. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.
Cooper, C. S. American Ideals. Doubleday. Page. $1 net.
Cureau, A. L. Savage Man in Central Africa. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.
Democracy in the Making. Edited by G. W. Coleman. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
French, A., and Hornby, L. G. Old Concord. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Green, L. W. Two American Boys in the War Zone. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Harrington, H. F. Typical Newspaper Stories. Boston: Ginn. $1.60.
Hayes, E. C. Introduction to the Study of Sociology. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Holt, L. H. The Leading English Poets from Chaucer to Browning. Houghton Mifflin.
Hough, E. Out of Doors. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Huebner, S. S. Life Insurance. Appleton. $2 net.
Ker, W. P. Jacob Grimm. Oxford University Press.
Lauriat, C. E. jr. The Lusitania's Last Voyage. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Atkinson, H. A. The Church and the People's Play. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Leete, F. De L. The Church in the City. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Powell, J. W. What Is a Christian? Macmillan. $1 net.
Talmage, J. E. Jesus the Christ. Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret News Book Co.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Foster, W. The English Factories in India. Oxford University Press.
Olivet, F. d'. Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and of the Destiny of the Adamic Race. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Taylor, G. R. Satellite Cities. Appleton. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Andrews, M. R. S. The Three Things. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents net.
Archer, W. The Thirteen Days. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Brette, A. Recueil de Documents relatifs à la convocation des Etats Généraux de 1789. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.
Bryce, P. H. The Illumination of Joseph Keeler, Esq. Amer. Journal of Public Health.
Cram, R. A. Heart of Europe. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Ferrero, G. Who Wanted the European War? Oxford University Press. 8d. net.
Fuehr, A. The Neutrality of Belgium. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Grinnell, G. B. The Fighting Cheyennes. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Hannah, I. C. Arms and the Map. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Jones, J. The Fall of Tsing-Tau. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.

The Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort. Edited by G. S. Hellman. 2 vols. Putnam.

TRAVEL.

Chase, Mrs. L. A Vagabond Voyage Through Brittany. Phila.: Lippincott. $2 net.

POETRY.

Cawein, M. The Cup of Comus. New York: The Cameo Press.
Longley, S. Sonnets of Spinsterhood. San Francisco, Cal.: Paul Elder. 75 cents.
Low, B. R. C. The House That Was. Lane. $1.25 net.
Perin, F. H. Sunlit Days. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Select Early English Poems. Part II. The Parliament of the Three Ages. Edited by I. Gollancz. Oxford University Press.
Walsh, T. The Pilgrim Kings. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Hess, H. W. Productive Advertising. Phila.: Lippincott.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Gaffney, T. J. Birds of a Feather. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Gregory, Lady. Seven Short Plays. Putnam.
McSpadden, J. W. Opera Synopses. Crowell. $1 net.
The World's Best Plays Series: The Legacy. The Wager. The Doctor in Spite of Himself. The Third Man. New York: Samuel French, Ltd. 25 cents net each.

ART.

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Maybeck, B. R., and Todd, F. M. Palace of Fine Arts and Lagoon. San Francisco, Cal.: Paul Elder. 50 cents.
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Turner, W. Great Schools of Painting. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

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Gerstäcker, F. Der Wilddieb. Introd. by W. R. Myers. Heath.
Miller, E. L. Practical English Education. Book I. Houghton Mifflin.
Schenck's French Verb Forms. Heath.
Townsend, E. J. Functions of a Complex Variable. Holt.
Whitney, W. T. Moral Education: An Experimental Investigation. Boston: Leroy Phillips.
Young and Field Literary Readers. Book VI. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.

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THIS MAGAZINE IS PRINTED BY

THE NATION PRESS INC

20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1915.

Summary of the News

The text of the note to Great Britain regarding interference with neutral commerce was published in Monday's papers. The note, a lengthy document of some 7,000 words, exclusive of various papers incorporated in it, takes up the entire question of the British blockade as operated under the Order in Council, disputing its legality and its effectiveness. Comment on the matter will be found in our editorial columns. Public opinion, as reflected in editorials in the daily press, seems to approve the main contentions of the note, but recognizes the probability that full settlement of the differences between the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain will be postponed until after the war shall be over, when they may conveniently be referred to a court of arbitration.

The sensation of the week in the war was the report, circulated in London on November 5, that Lord Kitchener had resigned his office as Secretary of State for War. The report received prompt and forcible official denial, and the London *Globe*, which, despite the denial, reiterated the statement that Lord Kitchener's resignation had been offered, was suppressed by the police. Lord Kitchener, it was announced on Saturday, has gone to the eastern theatre of war. For the present, at any rate, it is stated that he will retain his office of Secretary for War, the duties of it being administered during his absence by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George.

The result of a Cabinet crisis in Greece has been to leave the situation virtually unchanged. Following a stormy debate in the Chamber that lasted through the night of November 3 until five o'clock the following morning M. Venizelos refused longer to support the Government of M. Zaimis. On a vote of confidence the Ministry was defeated by 147 to 114. In the course of the debate M. Venizelos severely criticised the King on account of his unconstitutional attitude. The situation was patched up on Sunday, when M. Skouloudis accepted the Premiership, retaining in his Cabinet all the members of the Ministry of M. Zaimis except the ex-Premier himself. M. Skouloudis, going a step further than his predecessor, has declared his intention of maintaining an attitude of "very benevolent neutrality" towards the Allied Powers. His Government, however, is still at the mercy of M. Venizelos and the situation remains as critical as ever.

The retreat of the Servian army has continued. Nish, the temporary capital, was occupied by Bulgar forces on Saturday of last week, and the Austro-Germans, having crossed the western Morava River, have occupied Krusevac. Nevertheless, the primary object of the invaders will not have been attained until they have obtained control of the railway from Belgrade to Nish and Sofia and uninterrupted passage is established for munitions to the Bulgars and Turks. Movements of the Allied troops are hidden in an almost complete censorship, but there have been reports from Athens that larger numbers than were thought to be near the scene of operations have been landed at Salonica. The campaign of the Allies in the Balkans will have been assisted by the Russian offensive. Determined attacks have been reported at many points, and substantial successes in Galicia and near Dvinsk.

Submarines of the Teutonic allies have displayed great activity in the Mediterranean during the past week. Since November 4, so far as can be ascertained from available reports, seven ships of various nationalities have been sunk in this sea. The last was the Italian liner Ancona, just out from Naples, westward bound, with some 500 persons on board, which was sunk on Tuesday. Full reports are not available as we write. It cannot, for instance, be definitely ascertained as yet whether the liner resisted capture, but the report that nearly half of the total complement of passengers and crew was lost would seem to furnish a strong presumption that the liner was torpedoed without warning. Dispatches state that the Ancona was sunk by a "large submarine flying the Austrian colors." If this is correct, it will be immediately apparent that the legal position of Germany in the matter is as unassailable as was her legal position in the case of Miss Cavell. Germany has broken no pledge. It is her ally that has sunk an unarmed, passenger-carrying liner, and we know from the matter of the Armenian atrocities that Germany can assume no responsibility for the conduct of her allies.

Rumors that Germany has been throwing out tentative feelers for peace have been prevalent during the past ten days, encouraged principally by Prince von Bülow's visit to Switzerland. Prince von Bülow and the Sayville wireless have united in vigorous denial which is doubtless technically correct. Some color, however, is lent to the rumors by the fact, becoming increasingly apparent, that the British blockade is causing serious inconvenience in Germany. Extracts from a remarkable article in *Vorwärts*, calling on the German Government to declare its ultimate intentions in regard to the war, were cabled to the New York *Times* of November 6; in the same paper we read a dispatch of the Associated Press concerning new regulation of prices for hogs and pork in Berlin; on the following day were cabled extracts from another article in *Vorwärts* attacking the Government for incompetence in the measures taken for the regulation of the food supply and of prices.

The Federal grand jury on Monday found indictments against the six Germans who are alleged to have conspired to destroy at sea vessels carrying munitions to the Allies. The names of the six men are: "Lieutenant" Robert Fay, Max Breitung, Walter Scholz, Paul Daeche, Dr. Herbert Kienzle, and Engelbert Bronkhorst. A seventh man is under arrest.

The State Department announced on November 3 that Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, had received leave of absence for two months and would at once return to the United States. Secretary Lansing particularly emphasized the fact that Mr. Whitlock's leave of absence was due solely to reasons of health and had no connection with the case of Miss Cavell.

In a speech at a dinner of the Manhattan Club on November 4 President Wilson announced his programme of national defence. Comment on the President's speech will be found in our editorial columns. Mr. Bryan lost no time in reaffirming his views on the question. His formal statement replying to the President was published on Saturday. On the same day Secretary Garrison made public an official outline of his plans for the army.

The new Seaman's Act went into effect at midnight on November 3.

Estimated returns of the elections held on November 2, which we summarized editorially last week, were published in the daily papers of November 4.

The verdict of the court-martial which has tried Rear-Admiral William M. Little, jr., retired, on charges of carelessness and neglect of duty in "passing" the storage batteries on the submarine K-2, was reached on November 6. The verdict has not, as we write, been published, but has been referred to Secretary Daniels.

From Mexico there is little to record since the defeat of Villa at Agua Prieta. Gen. Carranza is apparently making preparations to press the military campaigns against Villa in Sonora and Zapata in Morelos. Villa, it is thought, is likely to be driven into a corner at Naco by the forces of Gen. Obregon.

M. Briand's new Ministry, on facing the Chamber of Deputies on November 3, received an impressive vote of confidence, the figures being 515 to 1. In his speech the Premier defined his policy as one that looked solely to the vigorous and efficient prosecution of the war to a successful issue.

Announcement was made last week by Premier Asquith that another vote of credit would be introduced in the House of Commons this week. The amount was not stated, but it is supposed that it will be for £250,000,000. In that case the total of British credits since the war began will be $7,559,000,000.

Celebrations have commenced in connection with the coronation of Emperor Yoshihito of Japan at Kioto on November 16.

Some anxiety was caused by dispatches from Peking of November 4 stating that the Secretary of the Japanese Legation had called at the Foreign Office and asked the meaning of China's reply to the recent Japanese note regarding the proposed change of China to a monarchical form of government. Dispatches from Kioto on Tuesday, however, stated that Japan had assured the Powers that she has no intention of coercing China.

The Week

Whatever else the British Government may have to say in reply to the contentions of our note on the rights of neutral shipping, it is to be hoped that it will place as little emphasis as possible on the plea which, in the English newspapers, seems to receive the greatest prominence of all. That England is "fighting for her life" is no better justification for violations of international law than is the like plea in Germany's case, which has been the tap-root of the monstrous deeds that have brought upon her overwhelming odium. There is a vast difference, of course, between a stretching of the accredited usages of war in matters which are essentially questions of degree, and a ruthless disregard of them in matters which admit of no qualification and no compromise; but it is none the less true that any resort on the part of England to the excuse that this war is peculiarly a war of self-preservation must infallibly weaken her moral position both absolutely and in relation to Germany. What this country stands for in the controversy over blockade and seizure is the rights of neutrals, now and hereafter, as against the limitless claims of "military necessity"; and it is for England to reconcile her position, as best she can, with a reasonable view of those rights.

Secretary Lansing is said to have used pretty sharp language in his dispatch to Ambassador Page, requesting him to demand an explanation from the British Government of the recent seizure of American ships. They were taken before a prize court at Halifax, not because they were alleged to have a contraband cargo, but solely on the question of their having a valid American registry. Transfers from one flag to another in war time raise several difficult points in international law. Some of them the Declaration of London sought to clear up, but that Declaration was not ratified and is not binding. Some parts of it the British Government announced that it would abide by, but only last month served notice that it would no longer agree to take the flag as proof of ownership. It is, therefore, this question that is to be laid before the Halifax prize court. It is purely a matter of interpreting international law, in the light of all the facts, and to this our State Department has no reason to object. Appeal will lie, if the decision is adverse to the American claim; and Sir Edward Grey lately conceded that the decision of British prize courts would not necessarily be binding upon the United States. Accordingly, it is to be supposed that what has vexed Secretary Lansing is not the fact that the British have chosen to press this litigation, but the manner of their doing it. This certainly appears to have been both ill-timed and offensive. Already our Government has had an apology for the hauling down of the American flag on the Hocking. It may be that the captain of the English cruiser erred from excess of zeal, or lack of any Germans to fight. In any case, the Department of State will properly stand up for American rights.

On the specific question of England's delay in coming to the aid of Servia, as charged by Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Asquith's statement asserted that the Allied forces acted as promptly as could be; but the impression is strong that the Allied diplomacy with respect to Greece was by no means alert. On September 21, according to Mr. Asquith, Premier Venizelos asked for 150,000 Allied troops to help Greece fulfil her treaty obligations to Servia. Greece at the same time mobilized, and this apparently gave breathing time for the bringing up of Allied forces. But while Venizelos was strong enough to mobilize the army, he could not carry the country into war, "and not until October 6 did he find himself able to agree to the formal landing of British and French troops under formal protest." But had the Allied diplomats sufficient reason for thinking that Venizelos could swing Greece without question? Did not the Parliamentary elections which brought back Venizelos to power reveal a very sizable opposition, which, reinforced by the royal authority, might be enough to frustrate Venizelos a second time within six months?

The make-up of the new Greek Cabinet shows the monarch adopting the prudent course of holding fast to his own will while maintaining constitutional forms. There is nominally a new Premier; therefore the will of the Parliamentary majority has been formally recognized. But it is to all purposes as anti-Venizelos a Cabinet as its predecessor. The Minister of War is the same as in the Zaimis Ministry, the very man who precipitated the fight with the Venizelos majority. The Minister of the Interior is Gounaris, who was Premier after the first fall of Venizelos early this year, and the man whom Venizelos has accused of having entered into secret relations with Bulgaria which enabled the latter to attack Servia without fear of Greek interference. If it comes to extremes, and King Constantine has shown that he is prepared to go far, there is no reason why new Cabinets could not go on being organized until every anti-Venizelos man in Parliament has had a chance to be Premier. Such gain as Venizelos has scored consists in the fact that the Allies have been assured that there will be no sudden attack upon them from behind. As a matter of fact, such a move is virtually impossible, but public opinion in Allied countries needed some such reassurance. The new Premier has gone so far as to change his policy from benevolent neutrality to "very benevolent" neutrality.

Political and social upheavals in the belligerent nations, after the war, have been freely predicted. Something of that sort may easily occur. One thing seems certain, that the higher cost of living, and the increased taxes sure to follow for a long time, will lead to a resolute demand by the working classes that the increased wages which they have been getting in war-time be continued, or even be made larger still. We in this country shall doubtless face that, as well as Germany and England. Already it is a sense of the rôle which the laboring men are going to play which lends importance to what their spokesmen are saying now. In the German press, for example, official and semi-official newspapers do not count for so much, in showing what the masses are thinking, as the chief organ of the Social-Democratic party, the *Vorwärts*. From it we had last Saturday a cabled extract of much significance. It did not question the fact that Germany would fight on to the bitter end, but expressed great impatience with the Government—as also with the Governments of the Allies—for not letting the people know for what precisely they were fighting. It called for an explicit statement of the objects of the war, from which alone, it argued, a clear idea could be got of the way to secure peace. But in asking that mere "rhetoric" and patriotic flourishes be abandoned, *Vorwärts* forgets that the war began with that sort of thing. The Berlin military authorities had nothing at the beginning but vague talk about *Einkreisung* and a "place in the sun," and so on, all rhetorical. If from the first they had been actuated by a clear sense of realities, the war never would have been started. And we fear that the time has not yet come for them to abandon phrases.

Ever since Mr. Bryan left the Cabinet last June, it has been believed that it was only a question of time when he would openly break with the President. He has now done so; and the issue which he has chosen does more credit to his consistency than to his political sagacity. For no one can be better aware than Mr. Bryan that, on the general question, he can get but a corporal's guard in Congress to go with him and against the President. The ground has been mined beneath him in advance. We have seen good Bryan men like Senator Kern, of Indiana, going to the White House and coming away converted to Mr. Wilson's plans. There has been shrewd politics in the affair from the beginning; and the ex-Secretary ought to understand by this time that the ex-professor is a very skilful politician. Whether the President takes any public notice of Mr. Bryan's attack or not, it is certain that he has foreseen it and has not omitted "preparedness" against it. If it comes to a definite fight between the two, there can hardly be doubt which one will win. Indeed, there are some who see in the President's speech a deliberate attempt to force Bryan into the open and to complete his political discomfiture.

The collection printed by the New York *Sun* of German-American views on the part played by the German-American vote in the recent election makes interesting reading. The piece that has the pleasantest sound to our ears is this, from the Cleveland *Anzeiger:* "The German-American vote cut no figure in Tuesday's election, as far as Ohio is concerned." In contrast with this is the view of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, which, speaking of the results in the country generally, says: "This has been the first opportunity offered the 'hyphenated Americans' to express their opinion of the President's course at the ballot box, and they did not hesitate to make the proper use of it." But for cleverness commend us to the interpretation, which comes from Baltimore, of the result in Maryland, where the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected. It may seem difficult to wring from this a proof of the power of the German-American vote, when we consider that "the alleged leading Democratic organ tried to make the foreign policy of President Wilson an issue in the campaign." But in fact it is very easy; as easy as—well, as anything you please:

> In Baltimore the Americans of German origin affiliated with the Democratic party and saved the day for Emerson C. Harrington, the Democratic candidate for Governor. . . . They looked upon the attempt to introduce national questions into the campaign as the height of folly. They resented the attempt. Their natural independence of thought enables the Americans of German origin to divorce national from State questions and State questions from municipal questions.

Heads I win, tails you lose. If a Democrat is defeated, it is because the German-Americans resent Wilson's foreign policy; if he is elected, it is because they resent the attempt to make that policy an issue.

In his essay on political lying, Swift remarks that a short memory is essential to the interpretation of political events, or the interpreter will find himself repeatedly "swearing to both sides of a contradiction." In Massachusetts the anunal elections require an abnormal brevity of recollection. The Republicans are pointing to McCall's vote of 235,918, with its marked increase over the 198,600 votes he received in 1914, as evidence of the sweeping nature of the Republican triumph. But they forget entirely to look at the figures of Gov. Walsh's increase. In 1913 he received over 183,000 votes; in 1914, over 210,000; and this year, though defeated, he polled over 229,000. An extraordinarily large vote was brought out on all sides this year in Massachusetts, and into the result it is easy to read too much by simply looking at one side. As it is, it could be contended with force that the Democrats received a share of the returned Progressive vote. Similarly, examination of the facts makes it impossible for the Republicans to speak of the election as a high-tariff victory. Salem, with its cotton mills, was a Walsh city; so was Gloucester; so were Chicopee, Holyoke, Lynn, Brockton, Woburn, Lowell, and Fitchburg. Eleven of fourteen of the larger manufacturing cities were carried by Walsh. It was obviously an election with an unusual number of cross-currents.

Senator William Alden Smith's comment upon his Presidential boom contains a broad hint for other Favorite Sons. His endorsement by Michigan, mere compliment though he calls it, followed a vigorous campaign which had all the appearance of a determination to make that State the mother of a President. The moral should be plain to Republicans who expect to have the endorsement of their States without making such a fight for it, but, as if to leave them no excuse for the disappointment that he foresees for them at the Convention, Mr. Smith quietly remarks to a reporter that in his opinion "our candidate has not yet developed." This will be momentarily saddening to Senator Sherman of Illinois, for instance, who has given no sign that he regards himself as a mere temporary embodiment of the sentiment of a State that has given one or two great Presidents to the country and is now ready with another. Nevertheless, the remark of the Michigan Senator shows a revival of that ancient get-together spirit which has—almost—always made his party dangerous to its opponent. His acumen is further displayed in his naming of a man whom he would regard as an eminently suitable candidate. Reversing the procedure of the Athenian generals who voted each for himself as first choice, but for Themistocles as second, Senator Smith and most of his rivals give the impression of taking their candidate seriously only if there is no possibility of lassoing one C——— E——— H———.

For a seemingly complicated method of balloting, Cleveland's election machinery seems to have worked to the satisfaction of the city. By the new charter the nominations for city office are to be by petition only, the ballot is non-partisan, and each voter is to indicate a first, second, and third choice. A mere plurality will not decide the contest; and in case no candidate receives a majority of the first-choice vote, the second-choice and, if necessary, the third-choice ballots are added in to determine the election. With five candidates in the field this year, the non-partisan requirement was in effect ignored, it being understood that the bulk of the Democratic vote would go for Witt, the Republican for Davis and Norton. The fact that the Republican voters very largely voted first choice for Davis, second for Norton, gave the former a first-choice plurality, and a count of second and third choices gave him the office. The intent of the preferential ballot is to strengthen non-partisan and reform movements by making it harder for special interests to concentrate on a single candidate, while many votes are divided among better nominees. It would seem to be likely to work as well as Wisconsin's plan for cumulative voting in the Senatorial primaries.

"The dear old city of Newark," in ex-Gov. Franklin Murphy's words, thinks itself entitled to a birthday party next spring, when it is 250 years old; and last week it voted bonds to erect a $1,500,000 memorial building. This is to be used for the celebration, and is then to stand as an auditorium-hall for exhibitions, conventions, and musical festivals. But of broader significance is the

plan of John C. Dana, Newark's librarian, for an exhibit of the textile industries of New Jersey next February and March. It will follow the lines of the exhibition last year of clay products, which was of State-wide scope and value, and which attracted national attention; but New Jersey's 3,000 textile manufacturers are expected to make it much larger. Mr. Dana plans to continue annually these industrial displays, which shall be not only commercial, but scientific and artistic in character. Thus he hopes to show "how inexpensively museums, localities, or groups of manufacturers can arrange a dignified and attractive exhibition which shall give rational and helpful publicity to the manufactures," and at the same time educate the public. These efforts to exhibit the products of a whole State in a single field seem to be without precedent, and in view of the expected decay of our large expositions, there would seem to be a place for them. In time we might progress to the unpretentious but effective exhibitions of related industries and arts which are so common abroad.

Not fear, but bewilderment, must be the feeling of intelligent South Americans towards us. Take the incident of the statue of Bolivar. Thirty years ago, Venezuela, thinking that a memorial of Bolivar in the principal city of this country would be an appropriate recognition of that hero's relation to the United States, where he had visited and whence he had derived inspiration for his fight for liberty in his own land, decided to present New York with a statue of him. The Venezuelans in charge of the matter had a statue made and sent to us. Imagine their surprise and embarrassment when we condemned the object as unsightly! Perhaps they had not succeeded in imitating as they had hoped the masterpieces that adorn Statuary Hall at Washington and other places, but they might have been pardoned for falling a bit short of our ideals. Ultimately, however, horse and rider went to the scrap-heap. Venezuela, however, is to give us another Bolivar—but she will have the statue designed by an American. That the American is Gutzon Borglum, who makes no pretence of admiring Statuary Hall, is the neatest part of the manœuvre.

The annual reports issued by the Bureau of Health for the Philippine Islands furnish statistical information with remarkable detail. The tabular statements are such as to convey at a glance a greater amount of specific knowledge—relating to causes of death, age at death, death-rates in specified classes of the population, frequency of various diseases, etc—than is usually accessible in so convenient shape in similar reports in our home States. A curious instance of special classification is the table of births in Manila, classed "according to number of children borne by mother." In the report just come to hand, the table includes entries up to the twenty-second child, and we have noticed about the same limit in previous years. Only one infant was born in the year who had thus been preceded by twenty-one fellow-children of the same mother; but of twentieth and nineteenth children there were two each, of sixteenth children ten, and of fourteenth children no less than twenty-three. This, in a population only one-twentieth that of New York city, is doing pretty well from Col. Roosevelt's standpoint.

That the efforts of the Bureau are by no means confined to statistics, however, is apparent from a glance at the other contents. The spirit of a modern department of health is evidenced in the great variety of activities which the Bureau has been carrying on. Soil pollution, water supply, sanitary markets, mosquito destruction—in these and other directions the Bureau has been going good work. In the present report, the subject to which greatest prominence is given is that of infant mortality. A vigorous summary of conclusions concerning this, prepared by a committee of physicians appointed under authority of a law enacted by the Philippine Legislature, is given in the Bureau's report. That "less than one-third of the children conceived live to be one year of age" the committee declares to be "a criticism of our Government, a shame to our Christianity, and a sociologic crime." Such a rate is certainly appalling, and justifies the strong language that is used throughout the document. Practical recommendations are made the adoption of which would mean a speedy reduction of the infantile death-rate to a far less terrible figure; and it is declared that the cry of insufficient funds is utterly inadmissible in the face of such a need and of the demonstrated feasibility of improvement. "An additional 1-centavo stamp placed upon every letter mailed in the Philippines would furnish money enough to save the lives of 25,000 babies a year."

When it is remembered that leprosy hospitals were known in Europe in the time of William the Conqueror, and that the specific microbe of the disease was discovered nearly fifty years ago, it must appear remarkable that progress in discovering a cure has been so slow. An achievement of the United States Medical Service, perhaps comparable with the discovery of the means of stamping out yellow fever, appears in the report of lepers cured by Dr. Victor G. Heiser and his assistants in the Philippines. Dr. Heiser's treatment consists in the hypodermic injection of chaulmoogra oil in special preparations. It was begun in 1911; in the autumn of 1913 were reported four cures; and in 1914, out of twelve cases under treatment, half were reported as showing "apparent recovery" and one-third marked improvement. Recent advices from Manila tell of twenty-three cured patients discharged from the leper hospitals. Meanwhile, the treatment has been adopted in foreign countries, and with results that thus far are promising. It would be wrong to place too much confidence in the method; it may be remembered that the X-ray was thought for a time to have effected cures, but that they proved only temporary. But the International Health Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation announces that it is already circulating details of this treatment.

Unlike Topsy, Canada is not to be contented with simply having "growed." A commission has been appointed by the Government to consider all questions of agriculture, industry, transportation, marketing, and immigration connected with national expansion—an evidence of Canada's concern, even in war-time, for her domestic future. Whether the commission is not facing too unwieldy and grandiose a task may be asked; but it is equipped with specific instructions from Premier Borden, and it includes, besides the Senate leader and other statesmen, representatives of labor, the trades, farming, and the railways. It is also to be remembered that Canada, with her enterprises in railway construction, in the subsidizing of ships, and in direct assistance to Western farmers, has always given a large degree of central direction to the Dominion's growth. After the war there will be pressing questions connected with the return of the Canadian contingents, with immigration from Europe, and with the continuation of the policy of borrowing from abroad. Already the completion of the two new transcontinental lines has inspired proposals for the attraction of immigrants, and the opening of the Panama Canal is quickening the West.

THE NOTE TO ENGLAND.

There have long been two conflicting theories of the rights of neutrals. One is that they are merely a gracious—or grudging—concession by belligerents. Originally, of course, the nation at war did whatever it pleased, or had the power to do. Neither non-combatants nor neutrals could appeal against the supremacy of the sword. But little by little, during the course of hundreds of years, a body of custom, gradually taking the form of what we call international law, became recognized. It put certain limits upon belligerents. It accorded to neutrals certain rights. But even so a dispute has remained as regards the underlying theory. Belligerents often maintain, in effect, that they are acting simply out of magnanimity, or a neighborly spirit, when they consult the desires, or demands, of neutrals. The latter, on the contrary, base their claims on a positive legal basis, independent of the will, or whim, of a country at war. The difference is plain. It is very like the difference between a benevolent tyranny and a guaranteed bill of rights.

As a matter of fact, in all wars belligerents seek to exalt their powers, and to win every advantage they can at the expense of neutrals, while the latter protest or threaten. During our Civil War, the United States carried belligerent rights with as high a hand as we could. In the matter of the Trent, we went too far, and had to recede. But in the blockade, and in the cases arising out of it, we successfully maintained new positions, despite British remonstrances. In the war between England and the Boers, it was our turn to protest. When Russia and Japan were fighting, Great Britain objected strongly to certain acts and procedures of the Russian Government. The whole process looks sometimes like an eternal see-saw. But there is more in it than that. What is being driven at all the time, and what, in fact, slowly emerges as the result of this conflict between opposing theories, is a definitely ascertained set of rules by which nations shall be guided.

It is to this end, we take it, that the note of the American Government to England is chiefly directed. A long time in preparation, and frequently delayed beyond the date when it was to have been sent, Secretary Lansing's carefully studied communication sets out our case with precision and force. In denying the validity of British practices, above all in stating clearly that our Government will not be bound by the decisions of British prize courts, Mr. Lansing distinctly looks ahead. He must be contemplating not only continued diplomatic effort to maintain our point of view, and to protect the interests of American citizens, but the establishment, after the war, of the principles for which we contend. This might come about either by submitting the questions at issue to arbitration, or by the calling of an international congress to legislate, as it were, on the whole subject. Either way, the steady assertion of American rights will have been of great value in reaching the final decision. As we said of the notes to Germany, so it may now be said of the note to England, that our Government will thereby have furnished leading cases in international law.

Passing to details, Mr. Lansing's note is a strong arraignment of the British blockade of Germany. He argues that it was wrong in its original theory, and has been ineffective in its application—if so, it is not a blockade which neutrals are bound to recognize. Moreover, under it practices have grown up which have no warrant in international law, as previously understood. Indeed, the British Government has virtually conceded this, pleading the fact that "modern conditions" have made the old rule of search at sea impracticable. This is not wholly denied by Secretary Lansing; but he protests stoutly against taking American ships into port, and bringing them before prize courts, merely "on suspicion." If the boarding officer finds contraband, well and good. But it is another matter to seize a vessel and take her into harbor simply because he believes that if her cargo is entirely unloaded a few packages of goods with enemy destination may be discovered. That is a process not only most vexing and dilatory, but unwarranted; and against it our Department of State lodges a vigorous protest.

One effect of the keeping back of the note all these months is to give it the appearance of not being, in all respects, abreast of the facts. No notice is taken, for example, of the activity of British submarines in the Baltic. They seem to have driven German ships from those waters. The British Government may contend that they have, in fact, completed the blockade of Germany, so as to take away its "partial" character, and make it conform to the Declaration of Paris. No official notice to this effect has, however, yet been given. Furthermore, Mr. Lansing does not refer to the recent statement of Sir Edward Grey that British prize courts were not to proceed merely under British law; and that, in any event, neutral nations would not necessarily be bound by their decisions. This again opens the way for a final settlement of all the matters in controversy between the two Governments, whether by diplomatic adjustment, by reference to the Hague Tribunal, or by a congress of the nations.

The net impression of the note is that our Government has been impartial in watching for the infringement of American rights from any quarter, and means as zealously to maintain them against England as against Germany. Inevitably, the nature of the German outrage made it necessary to deal with it first and with a firm assertion of our national determination. But with that apparently removed from tense controversy, through Germany's backdown and apology and offer to make indemnity, the road was clear for this notably vigorous representation to the British Government. Its force and directness have not been impaired by its having been long discounted; and the whole note stands as an expression not only of American impartiality, as between the belligerents, but of the American purpose to uphold the rights of all neutrals as based more securely than upon the good will, or convenience, of the nations at war.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

President Wilson's address last week before the Manhattan Club of New York was carefully prepared. Departing from his usual habit, he wrote it out in advance, and read it from a printed copy. This was a sign at once of the importance which he attributed to this utterance, and of his feeling that he was beginning a political campaign, to be carried on in Congress and throughout the country. The whole represents not only a new step on the President's part, but a new attitude. Between this speech and his message to Congress last December, there are noticeable differences. Then he referred to "some among us who are nervous and excited" about national defence, and declared that the American policy ought not to be determined by them, since "the question has not changed its aspects because the times are not normal." But now it is the "world ablaze with a terrible war," and the fact that "from one end of our own dear country to another men are asking what our own force is"—men who have, we suppose, got over being nervous and excited—which so impress the President that he comes out for a policy which in December he distinctly deprecated, and

which, by his authority and influence, he squelched in Congress last winter.

It would be unfair to charge the President with advocating ambitious plans of militarism. He would doubtless still assert, as he did in his message to Congress, that he is against turning this country into "a military camp." Then he was opposed to "compulsory military service in times of peace," and we do not question that he would be to-day. The programme which he outlines is tentative. It is, indeed, already denounced by militarists as a wretched makeshift. But the significant thing is not the details but the spirit of the President's announcement. Details can be modified, but a policy, once fixed upon, mortgages the future. And many of the military-minded who to-day are privately laughing at President Wilson's schemes as ludicrously inadequate, will doubtless parade their support of him in the thought that, little by little, he will be inexorably pushed all the way along the military road.

That Mr. Wilson has the faintest idea of allowing himself thus to be captured by the military party, we do not for a moment believe. In fact, he utters plain warnings against the extremists. Our new forces are never to be used for "aggression of any kind," and not "for the satisfaction of any political or international ambition." Yes, so long as Mr. Wilson is President. But can he guarantee or bind his successors? Can he not think of a man who has been President, and who may be again, into whose hands it would be dangerous to put a giant's strength? And we fear that President Wilson has never measured the possibilities of the words "for defence." Purely for defence, we are to arm, he affirms, and he speaks of consulting our most skilled military experts. But to a really agile military expert, "defence" is a juggler's hat out of which can be drawn whatever he pleases. He will prove to you that there is really no defence so good as a violent offensive. Why, Germany is to-day waging a purely defensive war. She was "attacked," and, in order to defend her soil from invasion, was compelled herself to invade Belgium and France and Poland and Servia. Her sons are fighting "defensive" battles on far-flung lines. They may soon be defending Germany in Egypt and Persia. The truth is that when you once pledge yourself to do everything which the military experts say is necessary for defence, you are surrounding yourself with pitfalls, and exposing yourself to a thousand perils. Even if a President like Wilson could withstand them all, it would be easy to conceive of another rushing into them.

Mr. Wilson took occasion again to affirm the unselfish ideals of the United States. For this we must all thank him. He repeated his belief that this country will "never again take another foot of territory by conquest." We make no question that he holds to this with the firmest conviction. But he cannot be ignorant that other Presidents have similarly professed disinterested national motives, only to disown them later. On this point, a reading of the messages of President Polk relating to the Mexican War is instructive. That war, too, was "defensive." The Mexicans "attacked" us, and in order to defend ourselves we had to penetrate their territory a thousand miles and capture their capital. But the particular thing to notice is that Polk also repudiated "conquest." "A just and honorable peace, and not conquest," he told the Senate on August 4, 1846, was "our purpose in the prosecution of the war." But only a little more than a year later, he was blandly informing Congress: "It is well known that the only indemnity which it is in the power of Mexico to make . . . and the only means by which she can reimburse the United States for the expense of the war, is a cession to the United States of a portion of her territory." So much for starting out with the announcement of no "conquest"! President Wilson now says that such things were "the fruit of our thoughtless youth as a nation, and we have put them aside." He has, but have others?

The big questions in all this are whether the President can tie up the country; whether he can give any guarantee that the letting out of the waters may be checked at will; whether he will be able to insist upon his particular plan or be compelled to see it made the basis of an immense militarist agitation and propaganda; whether one Congress can bind another to carry out a scheme of continuous military appropriations; whether log-rolling politicians and army and navy contractors will not so fasten themselves upon the whole project, and muddle it, that the people will be disgusted. There is no disguising the great public and political significance of the President's speech. He is clearly making a hazard of new fortunes. For the moment, we doubt not, he will get an applauding response from all parts of the country. But the real difficulties, the deeper perils, will have to be confronted later.

WHERE THE WAR WILL BE DECIDED.

Kitchener's departure for the Near East has undoubtedly intensified popular opinion regarding the significance of the Balkan campaign as the "beginning of the end." There are anxieties in England concerning Egypt, and possibly India. The German press speaks jubilantly of a victorious thrust at the heart of the British Empire, and foresees Kitchener at the task of defending the Egypt which he consolidated. It was inevitable that from the beginning of the Teutonic invasion of Servia, and Bulgaria's entrance into the conflict, the attention of the world should be directed towards Suez. In part, this is due to the magic of vast possibilities. Unquestionably, the approach of German armies closer to that vital link in England's colonial possessions does raise all sorts of speculations.

No one will venture to say that an extension of the war to Egypt is altogether impossible. But sober and expert critics in England and Germany do not regard such an event as probable. If the war is to be decided on the field of battle, instead of by exhaustion, the decision must fall in what still remains the crucial point of contact, France and Belgium. A recent dispatch quotes from an address of the Kaiser to his troops in Belgium: "Important results are pending in the Balkans, where our troops and those of our courageous allies are bringing glory upon themselves. It is on the western front, however, that all eyes are turned, and the necessity of success here is paramount." Of English students of the war, the best-known, Hilaire Belloc, has declared that the attack on Servia is intended as a political diversion, with the object of creating discord and chaos among the Allies and affecting popular opinion among Germany's enemies. And the able Major Moraht, the most thoughtful of German military commentators, makes very much the same point. He describes the attack on Servia as primarily a strategic operation, of service "to the policies of the Central Powers and the Will to Conquer (*Siegesidee*) which animates us." This is as much as to say that the Balkan campaign is aiming primarily at a moral effect. Moraht insists that the belief in victory among the Allies is thoroughly shattered, that doubts and suspicions have arisen among Germany's opponents, that Italy, for example, has refused to place herself at the orders of Great Britain and France, and is determined to wage her own war.

The Balkan campaign is thus a continuation of German policy as it was determined long before the outbreak of the war, but adapted to present circumstances. The iron ring around Germany had to be broken. It was to be done by victory on the field of battle, first France, then Russia, then England. Later the plan changed. It was to be first Russia and then France. But Russia, though defeated, did not acknowledge herself beaten. Neither was she tired out, and the plan of breaking up the iron ring, not through crushing victory, but through the seductions of a separate peace, fell through. The war became more than ever a war of attrition. In this contest the Allies were bound to win, if it was only a case of matching physical loss against physical loss. So the war, if won, must be won, from the German point of view, by moral attrition. How long would the Allies hold out if Germany held her own in the conquered lands of east and west and at the same time continued to keep up popular spirits at home by physical victories where they were still to be had, namely, in Servia? Observe how Major Moraht describes it. On the one hand, the will to conquer is to be nurtured at home; on the other hand, the belief in victory is to be shattered among the Allies. With German bulletins still recording victories, if only over the Servians, with Allied bulletins recording only deadlock, this war of endurance and "nerves" is bound to turn out as favorable for Germany as the actual test of armies has proved, when measured by the visible fruits of victory.

The vision of England with her back against the wall somewhere around Suez and the Pyramids is just the sort of thing to keep up flagging spirits at home and to accentuate depression among the Allies. And this is why the German press to-day concentrates on Egypt with much of that same finality of tone with which it spoke of the end of the war around Calais and in Russia. Press opinion in Germany, more than in any other country, has a way of dealing with universal and perpetual certainties. And to-morrow, when another opinion rules, that also is universally and perpetually certain. Even observers of the more cautious type cannot escape this tone of finality. Moraht spoke half a year ago of the Russians in retreat as a disorganized and discouraged "soldatesko." To-day he speaks of Germany in the west and in Russia as standing on the defensive. Moraht spoke contemptuously of Kitchener's gathering battalions, and was convinced that Germany's leaders would see to it that Kitchener had no leisure for building up a real army. To-day there are a million English soldiers in the west, and the German effort has turned in altogether a different direction.

If we study the progress of the German campaign in Servia, impressive though it has been, the heralded attack on Egypt is only a remote possibility. The Teutonic armies have been moving forward in Servia with the same machine-like precision which marked their advance into Russia. But that very precision is dependent upon long preparation and the proximity of sources of supply. Operating through the Sinai desert is by no means the same thing as operating close to the Danube.

ENDURANCE AND EFFICIENCY.

The Germans are not alone in their anxieties over the national food supply. High prices obtain in England and France. One of the problems which the Paris press has been discussing is the same that now confronts the German Government, namely, the prevention of speculation in food. This is the plain meaning of Berlin's official announcement that there is enough food for the people, but that prices must be regulated so as to ameliorate the hardships of the poor. Speculation in food is openly charged in the Paris newspapers. We are witnessing one of the inevitable effects of a long war in the wearing down of the first fine instincts of patriotism, and the reassertion of selfish interests. The tone of the German press is bitter in its implication that because of private selfishness and governmental incapacity the burdens of the war have fallen with special weight on the lower classes. The Government is apparently on the defensive when it goes to the pains of declaring in an official note that a large portion of the Socialist party agrees that the new food regulations are sufficient for the needs of "the whole nation." It may be that the problem is just as acute in France, and that our impressions of German conditions are partly shaped by the very foresightedness of the Berlin authorities. Germany is in the habit of taking drastic measures for the purpose of warding off a situation which other nations deal with thoroughly only when it arises.

There is, however, significance in the fact that the problem of a food supply manipulated to the disadvantage of the poor should ever arise in Germany. It compels people to revise fairly established notions about the extraordinary discipline, resourcefulness, patriotism, and unity of the German people. We now begin to discern the same limitations of humanity under which the less efficient and disciplined nations labor. The man who would make an extra profit out of the starvation of the poor is apparently not unknown in Germany. The selfish rich who find ways of evading the regulations for bread cards and meatless days have to be dealt with. The control of the food supply has been taken over from the provincial authorities by the Federal Government, which argues that not every German official, wherever found, is by definition a model of the highest conceivable efficiency. But above all the fact stands out that, while Germany may not be threatened with famine, she is plainly facing a shortage of food. It is all very well to throw the blame on the speculator, but food is usually not cornered when it exists in abundance. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* speaks of sinister conditions brought on by the blockade. Maximilian Harden says the German people are in distress. A South German paper whispers the dread word "famine." Official Berlin, in defending Zeppelin raids, speaks of "millions who are suffering not inconsiderable sacrifices."

This is a situation which will come as a surprise to those who have been persuaded of Germany's limitless capacities in rallying to the needs of a crisis. Last winter Germany's anxieties concerning food were to terminate automatically with the harvest of 1915. It was assumed that this harvest would be sufficient for a year, because it simply had to suffice, because Germany willed it so. The mere fact that four million men were away from the farms was no handicap. German ingenuity would utilize woman's labor, would utilize the Russian prisoners, would devise magic fertilizers by which the earth would give forth in increased abundance. That was nonsense, of course. For one thing, the rains could not be mobilized at the behest of the General Staff, and the crop of 1915 has suffered from drought. The story of extraordinary substitutes devised under pressure of war—substitutes for nitrate, for copper, for cotton, for wool, for foods—has been accepted seriously by a good many people because the story came from Germany. The legend of a Germany that has replaced everything with something just as good has been incorporated into serious economic studies of the war. But now we are beginning to see that there are limits even to what Germany and her people can do. We are brought back

to the thought that perhaps democracy and individual liberty are not always synonymous with muddle, but, as President Eliot implied, in an address last week, may give rise to an efficiency of their own which we have been too ready to discard without waiting for definite results of the war and for knowledge of the price that the different nations are paying for the results so far obtained.

And these doubts of the perfect German efficiency are not confined to the outside world. The German press, in commenting on the Government's handling of the food problem, speaks of "abuses," "insufficient measures," and "dismal and unholy" policies. It is the inevitable outcome of fifteen months of war carried on with prodigious efforts and cost, and no end in sight. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* can only recommend drawing one's belt tighter and hacking a way through. But hacking through to what? The West is out of the question. The hacking process in Russia has come to an end, and the conquest of the Czar's grain lands has not relieved the situation. There is only Servia now to hack through. When Gen. Mackensen opens the way to Constantinople he has come no nearer to a source of food supply for the beleaguered German people. Asiatic Turkey is hardly in a position to feed the German Empire. Hence that very grim jest by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, when it foresees the necessity of the German people "nourishing" itself on hate.

THE SUPREME COURT AND HUMAN RIGHTS.

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States owed its origin to the desire to protect the negro freedmen in their newly acquired rights as human beings and as citizens of the United States. In the course of its application to the vast multitude of questions that have arisen under it, its effects have ranged into domains that have little or no connection with the great purpose that was in the minds of its framers. Our system of government, with the Supreme Court as final arbiter of the validity of all laws, has often been subjected to severe criticism on this account. Most persons who have studied the subject would agree that there is serious basis for the charge that the Fourteenth Amendment has, in important instances, been made, by judicial interpretation, to serve property interests, as distinguished from "human" interests, in a degree beyond that which its terms necessarily infer; and there are many who have the impression that, in point of fact, this has been substantially the only effect of the enactment, its primary purpose having practically played no part at all. That this last is a superficial and mistaken view will be apparent to any one who reflects that in relation to that primary purpose, in cases of unmistakable character, the Amendment operates automatically; as a general rule, it is only in questions that are more or less doubtful that it has been necessary to invoke the interposition of the courts.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of the Arizona Anti-Alien Labor law, apart from its intrinsic importance, has a special interest as bearing not on some indirect or collateral effect of the Fourteenth Amendment, but on the very object that was in the minds of its framers. For while it is true that their primary motive was to protect the freedmen against oppression, it was not by inadvertence that they made the language of the Amendment broad enough to cover every case of such oppression that might arise in the future. Whether or not the thought of corporations as persons was in their mind, it is quite certain that every individual human being in every State of the Union was designedly covered by the language they deliberately chose, when they declared that no State shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." In protecting alien residents of Arizona against a law which it regards as an abridgment of their right to work for a living, the Supreme Court not only acts upon both the letter and the spirit of the Fourteenth Amendment, but is protecting these aliens from precisely the kind of oppression which must have been specifically in the minds of its framers as regards the negroes, and against which, in the case of all persons, it was set up as a permanent and impregnable defence.

So much for the subject-matter of the case; there still remained, of course, the question whether the legislation at issue really came under the prohibition of the Amendment. There is ground for keen satisfaction in the circumstance that the Court, in its opinion handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes, goes to the fundamentals of this question. There is in this respect a great contrast between the action of the Court in this matter and the course which it so long followed concerning the disfranchising provisions of Southern State Constitutions. As to these, the Court pursued, year after year, a policy of staving off decision, while in this matter of anti-alien labor laws it has seized the first opportunity to make a thoroughgoing decision upon fundamental grounds; and, from the point of view of that statesmanship which is an essential element in the Supreme Court's conduct, the reasons for the difference are obvious. How trenchant is the language of Justice Hughes's opinion may be seen from a single extract:

> It requires no argument to show that the right to work for a living in the common occupations of the community is of the very essence of the personal freedom and opportunity that it was the purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment to secure. If this could be refused solely upon the ground of race or nationality, the prohibition of the denial to any person of the equal protection of the laws would be a barren form of words.

And he held that the Arizona law was invalid because the prohibition it laid upon private employers against having among their employees more than 20 per cent. of persons not citizens was "the assertion of an authority to deny to aliens the opportunity of earning a living." That the Court was unanimous except for one dissent based not upon the merits, but upon a question of form, will give to the decision and the opinion the highest possible authority.

It is well to remind ourselves, upon the occasion of such a decision, of the mighty, though unseen, part which our great court of last resort is playing all the time in the shaping of the nation's life. The Arizona Anti-Alien law, even the group of laws of similar character in other States, may not be of enormous import; and there are innumerable cases in which the immediate matter at issue in a decision of the Court is vastly less important than this. But, whether it be a question of keen human interest like this, or a trivial matter like that of the right of a sleeping-car company to put down an unused upper berth, the Supreme Court is ever on guard, protecting not meaningless technicalities, but the broadest and deepest principles of government and of human right. Decision after decision is rendered which makes more secure against invasion the very fundamentals of liberty and order; and there is no telling at what time of real crisis the bulwarks thus built up may prove a priceless protection against some obsession of the moment. This could not be if they were bulwarks of a stodgy standpatism; but, as abundantly shown in the record of recent years, and as especially exemplified in such a man as Justice Hughes, the spirit of the Court is not at all this, but a spirit of mellow conservatism, informed with a full sympathy for rational progress.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE, THE VATICAN, AND PEACE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 23.

An instance of patriotic discretion in speech should be counted to the credit of the French press, and it exists. From the beginning, the utterances—or rather the lack of utterance—of the present Pope with regard to certain flagrant acts of war saddened the hearts of the faithful in Belgium and France. The stand, ambiguous to say the least, which was taken by certain church organs in Rome, the distinctly pro-German attitude of the higher Spanish clergy, and certain incidents in the United States added to the general uneasiness. The official toning down of the sensational interview which the Pope granted to a reputable correspondent of the Paris *Liberté* did little more than encourage French and Belgian Catholics to bear patiently the silence of the Head of the Church in circumstances where any utterance was sure to be misinterpreted by one side or the other.

When Italy finally entered the international conflict, the hearty benediction of her troops by Italian Cardinals and Bishops did more than anything else which has happened to allay the growing religious discomfort. Even the Pope's nephew marched off to the war with his uncle's blessing, which was surely not *ex-officio*. Exaggerated reports of Cardinal Gibbons's peace mission to President Wilson—which seemed possible only for a "German peace"—stirred but for a moment the dull surface of religious resignation.

Even blasphemers recognize that an international spiritual authority cannot easily take sides between its warring children of different nations. Indeed, the very neutral nations which signed the original treaties and later Hague conventions guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg kept silence when treaties and agreements were violated—and Pope Pius the Tenth, who also kept silence, had signed neither.

Surprise was felt that Benedict the Fifteenth found so little to say it was almost worse than nothing, when priests were slaughtered, religious communities violated, and the Catholic University burned in Belgium, and when France saw her most memorable cathedral church ruined wantonly. It seemed that, at Rome, Cardinal Mercier and the Bishop of Namur for the Belgian faithful and the French Cardinals for their own had scant credit. Later came the imperious address of loyalty from German Cardinals to their Emperor, assuring him that they would demand from Rome the condemnation of the French book exposing the wrongs which Catholicism was suffering from Germany. The rector of the Catholic University faculty of Paris, who is responsible for the book, has now received assurances that the German Cardinals have not made their demand.

With the other tumult of this long war, religious feeling has gradually settled down in strictly national channels. It is only the intermittent cry from the Vatican—Peace! peace! when there can be no peace—that now for a casual moment stirs disagreeably the religious consciousness.

To the outside, the only interest of all this is for France after the war. There has not really been the least sign that the Pope ever intended to take sides or—worse still—to try to persuade right to accept wrong in the name of peace. The French mean something more than a formula when they set as the end of their fighting a "just" peace. Peoples whose language was moulded by Catholicism say "just" where Calvinists say "righteous," but they also mean "justice" in the strict sense. It is perhaps not the Pope's duty to judge in the present war, as he was credited with saying in the ill-famed interview; and it is surely prudence as well as duty not to interfere.

Looking back on what has happened so far, the only questions which the outsider has a right to ask are—What influence is the attitude of the Vatican likely to have on religion among the French and Belgian peoples? What effect will it have in the resumption of official relations between the Government of France and the Pope? And what about the participation of the Pope in final negotiations of peace?

No one now denies that the sobering thoughts of ever-present death in war have led to a very general religious revival among soldiers who are exposed, that is, among the able-bodied men of the country who are now in the prime of life. It is not a conversion, which was not to be expected naturally. One of the fallacies regarding France was that the mass of Frenchmen are deliberately irreligious. This war has proved that, when obliged to deliberate, very many turn to religion, as did their fathers before them. If these Frenchmen now show themselves relatively religious, it must be because they had a religion beforehand. Benedict the Fifteenth himself must have remembered that when a Roman Catholic missionary or Sister of Charity is descried by Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand, it is usually a Frenchman or Frenchwoman.

Now religion of this kind, recovered or intensified, pays little heed to what is going on higher up in the organization of the Christian community. When Irish bishops and even the Pope at Rome turned with averted eyes from Home Rule, there was not a ripple in the faith which comforted the deathbed of the Irish peasant. In France, where there is only newspaper talk, and moderate at that, the question of the Pope's stand towards the war does not even arise with regard to the Pope's religion. At most, there may be a diminution in the Peter-pence that comes from France—largely out of the pocket of the seeming infidel.

For any resumption of official relations between the French Republic and the Vatican, the question is different. War has so far produced no essential change in the composition of French Governments to make such a resumption probable. Perhaps it is not desirable, either for religion or for the Republic, that such relations should again exist in home affairs, and some *modus vivendi* may yet be found by which a Republic sternly ignoring religion in theory may in practice protect the religious effort which most advances the interests of France in the Orient. What is to become of Syria will have much more weight with French Governments than the revival of religious practice among those who are now soldiers.

As to eventual negotiation of peace, the same may be said of the Pope as of the President of the United States. Their very neutrality unfits them for settling questions of "justice" in this war. If, however, the Allies are not victorious enough to secure a "just" peace, but have to content themselves with the German "honorable" peace, then we are likely to have further repetitions of Hague proceedings—without guarantee or sanction, while waiting for the next war. Here, too, only the effective demand of Germany and Austria could force the admission of the Pope among the negotiators, and then only in the supposition that Germany is beaten enough to accept neutrals' help in compounding her own quarrel and its consequences. Besides, there is the precedent of the Hague conventions from which Leo the Thirteenth was deliberately excluded.

In a book which was greatly read in my youth, it was told of a man to whom people came with the moral problems which grieved them sorest: *And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said to them, Do violence to no man* [*Put no man in fear,* the margin has it], *neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.*

Of course, there were no Hague conventions at that time.

OXFORD AT WAR.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, October 26.

"The college is a barracks, and our tutors are superior officers, and Fellows are elected because they are lieutenants of the Flying Corps that they may make 'physical research with special reference to aerial warfare.'" In these words the *'Varsity* (the Oxford *Crimson*) sums up the present situation in England's foremost university. An admirable little "Handy Guide to Oxford," just published by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher (formerly Fellow of All Souls and Magdalen), is "specially written for the wounded," and begins with an excursion from the Third Southern Central Hospital (once the Examination Schools) to Magdalen College, just across the way. The hackneyed Latin tag must now be read "Cedat armis toga." A day at Oxford shows at every step that the Grove of Academe has verily been transformed into "the flinty and steel couch of war"; but for the British visitor, at least, the tragedy is glorified by pride in its heroism and devotion.

Instead of the usual crowd of undergraduates (3,000 or more), there are now hardly 600, a number strangely similar to the number of Oxford men (562) who up to now have fallen in the war. The freshmen number a scant 250—a nadir for which we have to go back to the Napoleonic wars of a century ago to find a parallel—and the Britain of that era had much less than half the population of the Britain of to-day. Of the present handful of undergraduates about 100 are Americans, and to judge from the evidence of the college quads, a considerable proportion of the remainder are natives of British India. The Rhodes Scholar of to-day is, in many ways, a melancholy spectacle, "frustrate of his purpose and his hopes." The Oxford he is in is by no means the Oxford of his dreams. He has to consort almost wholly with other Americans, an association for which he scarcely needed to cross the Atlantic. There are no University sports, there are no Union

debates. The American Club is almost the only undergraduates' institution with any life left.

Of the 8,000 Oxford men enrolled in the military forces of England, about one-twelfth are already reported as dead or missing.* The weekly *University Gazette* of to-day has nine or ten black-bordered pages showing each college's quota of slain. The corresponding issues of 1913 announce one or two deaths, occasionally none at all. The rival claims of the colleges for distinction are now sadly different from what they used to be. Balliol boasts the first rowing "Blue" to fall in the war, All Souls the first Don to die for his country. The first Victoria Cross given to a Territorial officer was awarded to a member of Queen's. In March of this year, eighty of the eighty-nine "Blues" of 1913-14 were on active service. The instructors have vied with the students in patriotic sacrifice. At first sight the Lecture List looks much as usual, but the frequency of the cabalistic entry "lecturer on S. and M." is alone enough to tell the tale. This means that the instructors in question, busily engaged in Government work throughout the week, run "up" to Oxford for the week-end to crowd their usual course into lectures on Saturday and Monday. It is notable that the legal instructors tend to give their help at the Ministry of Munitions, the historians (probably in virtue of their linguistic accomplishments) to the War Trade Office. The chemists, happy men, are able to remain in their own laboratories, where, however, they are mainly engaged in researches and experiments for strictly military ends. Some of the instructors will, alas, never give lecture or handle test-tube again; and one cannot help a double portion of sorrow at the apparent "waste" of these gifted young scholars and scientists in the trenches. Many of the dons and officials belong to the Oxford Volunteer Training Corps, which is commanded by the Public Orator, and includes in its ranks the Poet Laureate.

The external signs of the military occupation of Oxford are ubiquitous. The parks are full of trenches; drilling goes on briskly in the open spaces; St. Giles is temporarily an army transport depot for enormous motor lorries and workshops. In several colleges, where members of the Officers Training Corps are quartered, khaki is much more in evidence than gowns. In Magdalen we found Colonial soldiers in sun-helmets, just returned from the Dardanelles, feeding the deer.

The most significant feature of all is, however, the fact that beds for 1,200 wounded soldiers now occupy the Examination Schools, Somerville College, and the Town Hall. It is perhaps not generally known that the Schools (now, officially, the Third Southern General Hospital) were noted among the buildings set apart for base hospitals, in case of need, half-a-dozen years ago under Lord Haldane's sway at the War Office. All requisite arrangements, down to the staffing of the hospital, had been made in advance; and the necessary transformation was thus accomplished at a minimum of time, cost, and labor. To the lay visitor the place certainly looks as if it had always been intended for its present use, and the scent of iodoform seems its natural atmosphere. The commodious modern buildings of Somerville College were found much more suitable for hospital purposes than the conventual cells of the men's colleges. The girls have found temporary quarters in the North Quad of Oriel, which the undergraduates, not to be baulked of their joke, even if the heavens fall, now call Soroiel College. There was, alas, plenty of room for them, as Oriel has sent a larger proportion of her members to the front than any other college.

One other feature of Oxford's arrangements in time of war may be noted. About twenty-four Belgian professors, mostly scientists, have been provided with modest homes and stipends, and are busily at work in the libraries and laboratories of the University.

The immense decrease of fees means a very serious strain on the finances of the University. The difficulties thus arising have been to some extent met by the generosity of the wealthier colleges, the trustees of the Endowment Fund, and private donors; but the problem remains a serious one. The statutes of the University and its colleges are, of course, devised for normal times, and it became necessary to obtain powers to deal with questions arising out of the transference of professors from academic to national functions, the status of Fellows and Scholars, and so on. The University and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge (Emergency Powers) act has thus been passed, in order to help the universities to adapt themselves to the confused conditions of the times and to safeguard the interests of those who have responded to their country's call.

Oxford has kept the flag flying, and is justified of her children. This venerable university, the home of lost causes, the target of the practical man's ridicule, the forum of speculation and discussion, is at this crisis found to have her feet firmly planted on the solid realities of life. The atmosphere of the University is saturated with facts. Oxford knows in a supreme fashion what has taken place and what is taking place. Its members realize the situation so profoundly that they spend little time on speculation as to the future, though they realize that that will involve great breaks with the traditions of the past. It is significant that one at least of the highest University authorities confines his newspaper reading to the official communiqués. There is, I understand, no clique here which skeptically questions the values of those realities which the nation believes to be threatened as they have never been threatened before. Humanitarians like Prof. Gilbert Murray, liberal philosophers like Dr. L. P. Jacks, physicians like Sir William Osler, economists like Prof. W. J. Ashley, publicists like Dr. A. V. Dicey, historians like Mr. A. L. Smith, poets like Laurence Binyon, and artists like Prof. Selwyn Image are all alike "stalwarts" in their attitude as to the prosecution of the war and the danger of an inconclusive peace. Their views, and the views of the University as a whole, have been admirably embodied in the long series of Oxford War Pamphlets.

*Details will be found in "The Oxford Roll of Service" (Oxford University Press; 2s. net), by E. S. Craig, Assistant Registrar to the University. Dr. Alexander Hill, Hon. Sec. of the Bureau of Universities of the Empire, finds that the British universities and colleges have contributed over 50 per cent. of their men to the war. He asserts that, rather contrary to expectation, the German universities have contributed less than 20 per cent. The returns show that the German universities are much less depleted than those of Great Britain.

Vicarious Thinking

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT DEPLORES THE INTELLECTUAL SLOTH OF AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENTS.

By WILLIAM T. FOSTER.

A college undergraduate, writing his "Confession" in a recent number of the *Outlook*, admits that he knows of a few students with a zeal for knowledge so intense that not even a college course can quench it; but everything, he says, "unites to extinguish it—the quality of the instruction, the lack of any demand for scholarship, and, above all, the alluring ease of the environment."

However misleading may be the remarks of this undergraduate, or those of Mr. Dooley, as to details, both of these amiable critics have hit upon the chief weakness of the American college: our students have too much done for them and too little required of them. Mr. Dooley says that, nowadays, when a lad goes to college, "the prisidint takes him into a Turkish room, gives him a cigareet an' says: 'Me dear boy, what special branch iv larnin' wud ye like to have studied f'r ye be our compitint profissors?'"

Too much thinking is done for college students by tutors and lecturers and writers of textbooks. As long as boys and girls are satisfied with such predigested food, we can hardly expect them to have moral or religious convictions. The first need among college students is a quickening of intellectual enthusiasm.

College courses should necessitate less memorizing and more reasoning. There should be fewer lectures. You can lead a boy to lectures, but you cannot make him think—at least, not often by this, the easiest of all methods of instruction. It is possible for a student to graduate from almost any college without an original idea in his head. If he will give back to his professors what they have given him in lectures and in prescribed books, he may don a cap and gown and receive a degree. The highest grade, it is true, is reserved in some colleges for those who show independence of thought; but the "gentleman's grade" is still the badge of mediocrity which many present as their sole passport. I have known students to pass courses in even mathematics and formal logic by memorizing selected pages, with only the vaguest idea of what it all meant.

When a student has to write on any subject, his first idea as a rule is to look it up in a book. The college girl who, when asked to write a description of a sunset, applied to the librarian at once for a book on sunsets, was following the usual method. When students undertake to prepare for a debate and cannot find an argument in the library, all put together, they usually want to change the subject. Another substitute for thinking is suggested by a letter I received the other day which read: "Dear Sir: I have been chosen for our champion State debate on

Government ownership of railroads. Please send me six points on the affirmative. Thanking you in advance, Yours truly." Even the thesis required of a candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy, which is supposed to be original work, does not always reveal original thinking. Some of these theses are no less mechanical and no more valuable than the accounts a bank clerk winds out of his calculating machine. In many colleges boys are virtually required to support their teams, turn up their trousers, choose their companions, and walk across the campus according to tradition. Such courses might better be elective, but thinking should be compulsory.

From year to year I have had young graduates of a number of theological schools in my classes in argumentation. They are difficult to teach because, in many cases, they appear to have acquired fluency of speech without the habit of thought. They do not distinguish between assertion and evidence. As preachers they have become accustomed to assert what they please with no one to answer them back—a dangerous experience for any one, prince or pauper, pope or prelate. They appear to be disciples of the author of a textbook on "Oratory" for young preachers who recommends his own method, as follows: "I went to my room, locked the door, placed the Bible before me on a mantel, opened it at random, and then on whatever passage my eye chanced to rest, proceeded to deliver a discourse of ten minutes. . . . At first I found it very difficult to speak so long right to the point. But, then, if I couldn't talk *on* the subject, I would talk *about* it—making good remarks and moral reflections—being careful to keep up the flow, and say something to the end of the term allotted for the exercise."

Four hundred and thirty-seven essays on "The Essential Place of Religion in Education" have been submitted to the National Education Association in competition for a prize of one thousand dollars. As one of the judges, I have read the best of these essays, many of which were written by ministers and teachers. Nothing in them seemed to me more conspicuous than the lack of logical structure. Most of the writers used undefined terms with shifting meanings, and at times with no apparent meaning at all. Few of the writers felt the necessity of proceeding from evidence to conclusion by logical reasoning; yet all were attempting to prove a proposition. They were arguing, but with little regard for the principles of argumentation. In short, they revealed no power of sustained thinking.

One obstacle to intellectual enthusiasm is the traditional conservatism of colleges. New ideas disturb the academic calm. The teacher is most comfortable who stays in the beaten path, teaching what he was taught and teaching it in the same way. Unless the college teacher takes resolute measures to resist the deadening influences of his position, his thinking is in danger of confinement to a small and diminishing circle. This is the danger referred to in the saying that every occupation has its disease: painters have painters' colic, plumbers have lead poisoning, and college professors have the academic mind. The non-conformist gets into trouble. Woodrow Wilson is safe enough as President of the American people, but as president of a university he had too many new ideas. He made men think about questions which they preferred to regard as settled once and for all by their ancestors.

Certain professors have been refused re-election lately by several universities apparently because they set their students to thinking in ways objectionable to the trustees. It would be well if more teachers were dismissed because they fail to stimulate thinking of any kind. We can afford to forgive a college professor what we regard as the occasional error of his doctrine, especially as we may be wrong, provided he is a contagious centre of intellectual enthusiasm. It is better for students to think about heresies than not to think at all; better for them to climb new trails, and stumble over error if need be, than to ride forever in upholstered ease on the crowded highway. It is a primary duty of a teacher to make a student take an honest account of his stock of ideas, throw out the dead matter, place revised price marks on what is left, and try to fill his empty shelves with new goods.

The "undergraduate" does well to complain of the "alluring ease of the environment," for the growing tendency towards luxurious living is one cause of the wane of intellectual enthusiasm among college students. The New England colleges, one hundred years ago, provided a better environment for study than they provide for all their students to-day, and the most magnificent of modern graduate schools has yet to show whether it will prove more stimulating to scholarship than the humblest college of a generation ago. Even the large universities of our frontier States have increasing numbers of boys who appear to have lost the power of walking from one college building to another. The freshman, stretched out in a barber's chair, with one man working at his head, another at his feet, and a woman at his hands, often acts as though he expected to have his mind taken care of with as little effort on his part. College fraternities, on the whole, have made matters worse. Even their efforts in recent years to prod their delinquent members seem to be prompted by other than intellectual interests. The history of fraternity houses at some colleges is a record of organized competition in luxury, usually maintained on borrowed money.

Another obstacle to intellectual enthusiasm is the dominance of intercollegiate athletics. Out-of-door games should provide recreation as a preparation for study rather than as a substitute for study. But intercollegiate athletics having won supremacy, students do not tolerate conflicting interests. Their own publications, the country over, if distribution of space is a true criterion, indicate that they regard intercollegiate athletics as more important than the combined offerings of art, music, literature, social service, politics, philosophy, and religion. This excessive interest in athletics by proxy is antagonistic to scholarly ambitions and to the cultivation of habits of sustained thinking.

Without habits of this kind students are not likely to find their way to religious foundations. No great truth comes without lasting incentives for the pursuit of truth. Transient and secondary interests in thinking will not suffice. Many college students who think a little about religion find the experience overwhelming. Encountering doubts concerning certain beliefs which they had once accepted without question as essentials of religion, they are inclined to give up everything rather than make the effort necessary to achieve new religious convictions. It is easier to have no convictions. Almost any course is easier for the young people of our time than staying with their difficulties, and bearing the birth-pains of new ideas, until they have builded their own durable bases of faith. For them a little thinking is a dangerous thing. They must come to feel the zest of the struggle—the keen joy of studying their way through—until they can say with Mrs. Browning, "If heads that think must ache, perforce, then I choose headaches."

Notes from Two Capitals

GLADSTONE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

OBSERVED BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

To the November number of the *Cornhill Magazine* Mrs. Asquith contributes some notes of a visit paid to Hawarden in December, 1889. They have the charms of vivacity and frankness. Designed with intent of throwing fresh light on Mr. Gladstone, like the quality of mercy, they are twice blessed, since they unconsciously reveal the personality of another, and in her way scarcely less interesting, individual—to wit, the author.

In a long walk taken with her host through the woods and grounds of Hawarden, Miss Tennant seized the opportunity to put the octogenarian statesman in the confessional. "Do tell me," she winningly said, "if you had to die to-morrow, what particular thing in yourself do you fancy has contributed more than anything else to your fame?"

As the House of Commons well knew, the Old Parliamentary Hand was not easily caught at question time. The inquiry was momentarily left unanswered by putting another. "In a similar situation"—that was his characteristically courteous method of alluding to his companion's suggestion of sudden death on the morrow—"what would you say about yourself?" Miss Tennant, thus posed, modestly admitted possession of "wonderful insight into character." Thus encouraged, Mr. Gladstone named power of concentration as the quality which more than any other had contributed to his success.

Unfortunately, in the course of another ramble this supreme power failed him. On starting, it occurred to a little black Spitz dog that he would like to join the company. This he did uninvited, and made constant demands on Mr. Gladstone's attention by retrieving sticks thrown in baffling directions. "Our conversation," Miss Tennant complains, "was constantly interrupted by Mr. Gladstone's remarks to the dog, while he stooped, as pleased as any schoolboy and quite as active, to pick up sticks and throw them for the brute to retrieve. I internally ached to throw the Spitz after them." Perhaps the reader will be obliged to the dog for creating an interlude that showed the usually grave statesman in a new and charming light. Here is another, different but equally vivid, pen-and-ink portrait. Going into Mr. Gladstone's library just before eight o'clock on a Sunday morning, Miss Tennant found him reading at a little table in front of the fire arrayed in an old black and white gardening hat, "like a sailor's hat, the brim sloping and curly with wear, a short plaid cape reaching below his elbows, and a woollen scarf round his neck. His shutters had not been unfastened, and the room was quite dark except for a single candle behind the old gentleman's head."

Miss Tennant's "wonderful insight into character" is illustrated by many shrewd remarks. "Mr. Gladstone," she writes, "is a deeply, sensitively religious man. He is famous not because the British people think him so clever, but because they think him so good. His critical faculty is not fine. Any one knowing him and wishing to impress him as being clever could easily impose on him. A woman would have to be very stupid or very honest to persuade him that she was not a remarkable woman."

Present visitors to Hawarden are of course excepted from the scope of these reflections.

In another passage she repeats what harsher critics were accustomed to say of Mr. Gladstone during his lifetime. "He is dangerously plausible to himself as well as to other people. He has no idea how much he loves power. It is his passion. It has come out of his heart into his head. At times it has carried obstacles away; at other times it has carried him away."

Miss Tennant graciously concedes to Mr. Gladstone that sense of humor others denied him. "It is a little grim and Scotch when intellectual, and rather clownish in its fun. Street-boy chat, practical joking of an amiable kind, all please him."

While in residence at Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone was always called at half-past seven in the morning, walking across the park to early service at a church where his son-in-law officiated. This early up-getting was one of his daily sacrifices. He did not like turning out at so untimely an hour. Once, falling unconsciously into Miss Tennant's manner, I asked him how long he slept at nights. "I always sleep eight hours. I should like to make it nine, and," he added with that twinkle of the eyes that suffused his countenance with a look of the questioned humor, "I think I could do with ten."

In relation to this question of a sense of humor, there is a well-known story. Some one in his company quoted a cynical remark of Disraeli's, laughing over what he called its humor. "You call it humorous?" said Mr. Gladstone with that angry flash in his eyes that genially reminded Mr. Lecky of the look of a vulture, "I call it devilish."

Though in most ways naturally antagonistic to his lifelong rival, Mr. Gladstone had for him some tenderness in his head if not in his heart. From the top of the bookcase in his cherished Temple of Peace at Hawarden, a bust of Disraeli looked down upon him. Talking to Miss Tennant, he said, certainly in no unfriendly way, "Dizzy was a wonderful judge of his immediate surroundings, friends, secretaries, and officials. Not a very good judge of the House, and absolutely no judge of the country." Oddly enough, Lord Acton, summing up Mr. Gladstone, put things just the other way about. "He is," he said, "a good judge of the country, a fair judge of the House of Commons, and no judge at all of his intimates and family."

While Miss Tennant was disposed to sit entranced at the feet of the great statesman, treasuring every word he uttered, her generous nature declined to let all the advantage of intellectual intercourse be on one side. Mr. Gladstone might know a thing or two, but Margot was acquainted with others, and was not backward in communicating them. On the whole, her companion found her a little hard to please. Discussing Goethe, she chilled his more enthusiastic approval by remarking that beyond "Faust," "Egmont," his lyrics, and some beautiful verses here and there, she "found Goethe rather heavy." Mr. Gladstone venturing on the remark that Shakespeare and Aristophanes contained the best humor in literature, Margot corrected him with the remark that "Shakespeare's sense of humor was very uneven and sometimes (like Goethe) rather heavy." Nor did more or less famous painters of modern and ancient times meet with unqualified approval. Holl's well-known portrait of Mr. Gladstone, hung above the fireplace in the dining-room at Hawarden, she "condemned as a portrait, even suspected it as a work of art." As for Raphael, like a once popular person in London society crossing the Atlantic, she was when in Italy "rather disappointed with this master."

There is striking testimony to the pleasure with which Mr. Gladstone regarded and remembered this visit. Immediately after Miss Tennant's departure, he, as was Mr. Wemmick's custom on an occasional afternoon, dropped into poetry.

When Parliament ceases and comes the recess,
And we seek, in the Country, rest after distress,
As a rule upon visitors place an embargo,
But make an exception in favour of Margot.

For she brings such a treasure of movement and life,
Fun, spirit, and stir, to folk weary with strife.
Though young and though fair, who can hold such a
eargo
Of all the good qualities going, as Margot?

Probably the statesman approaching his third term of Premiership was not so proud of some of his more famous triumphs as he was of writing these verses with their ingenious rhymes for Margot.

WILLIAM PITT KELLOGG.

The news that reaches us from day to day about the progress of affairs in Mexico and Haiti with Governments organized under the auspices of the United States, must make interesting reading for one resident of the District of Columbia. You would hardly think, to look at him, that he would find anything absorbing in the details of riots and revolutions, fugitive rulers, and *de facto* uncertainties. In his unpretentious bearing, his serious face with its frame of white hair and almost white moustache, his broad-brimmed soft hat, demure suit of black, and generally clerical presence, your shrewder guess would be that he was a professional man from the near South—a minister of one of the pioneer churches, a family doctor, or an instructor of youth on vacation, and you would be inclined to skepticism when told that he is one of the politicians who have made real history; a man without whose aid the Republican party would have gone out of power when Grant quitted the White House, and who, during Arthur's Administration, might have made Congress wholly Democratic if at one juncture the President had rebuffed his overtures. He is none other than William Pitt Kellogg, the star actor of the reconstruction drama in Louisiana.

Most people address Mr. Kellogg as "Governor," others as "Senator," still others as "Judge," and a few as "General." In truth, he has borne all these titles, and several more. He was a delegate to the Republican convention that nominated Fremont in 1856, and of that which nominated Lincoln in 1860. He was a Lincoln elector, and believes that he is the only one still living. Born in Vermont, he had migrated to Illinois and become a lawyer there, and one of Lincoln's earliest acts as President was to appoint him, though then only thirty years of age, Chief Justice of the Territory of Nebraska. But the Civil War broke out, and he soon exchanged his ermine for a pair of epaulettes, and rose from a colonelcy to the command of a brigade. In 1865 he was appointed Collector of the Port of New Orleans, and became so active a factor in local politics that the wave of reconstruction swept him into the United States Senate. Then he was named for Governor by the Republicans, whose claim to have elected him was disputed with force and arms by the Democrats, and for a while Louisiana had two governments. Presently, the rioting reached such a stage of fierceness that Kellogg, driven from the State executive buildings, took refuge in the Custom House, and directed his Administration from there. President Grant sided with him, and by the use of Federal troops held him in power till the Hayes-Tilden contest of 1876 came on.

It was to Kellogg that William E. Chandler telegraphed the warning that the Republican cause was lost without Louisiana, and it was Kellogg who, as Governor, signed the certificates of the eight Republican electors who voted for Hayes, with results which for a few days raised the spectre of a second Civil War. He was one of the Governors who had to give way when Hayes put into effect his programme of sectional conciliation, but the Republican Legislature elected him to the Senate again, and the Senate seated him in defiance of the efforts of the Democratic Legislature to get his election nullified. Later he sat in the House for one Congress. Could Anthony Hope have crowded more romance into the career of one of his fictitious heroes?

Kellogg is a pleasant enough conversationalist, but prefers leaving most of the talking to the other party. He is no raconteur. If he were, he could tell the full story of an interview he once had with President Arthur. A controversy had arisen between them over some policy that Kellogg deemed vital, but on which the President was disposed to be stubborn.

"Think twice, Mr. President," Kellogg is

reported as saying. "If you persist in your refusal, nothing is left for me but to resign my seat in the Senate. Would you like that?"

Arthur, who knew Kellogg never uttered bare threats, did think twice. The Senate, by a coalition between the Republicans and the Virginia Readjusters, was evenly divided politically, with David Davis, a Republican, in the chair and privileged to decide the issue when there was a tie vote. For Kellogg to drop out would mean not only the loss of one Republican, but the seating of a Democrat in his place, and the House was already Democratic. It took but a minute or two to review the situation, and Arthur yielded his point.

One of the men whom Kellogg used to like best in Washington, and who seemed to have a very kindly feeling for him, was Gen. Sherman. Both were warmly hated in various parts of the South, the one for his memorable march through Georgia, and the other for his conspicuous activities in the carpet-bag era. A common sight in Congress, while Kellogg was a member, was the grizzled head of the General in confidential proximity to the smoother one of the masterful politician, during one of Sherman's frequent visits to the Capitol, when the two veterans exchanged whispered comments on the men and measures of the day. Kellogg is no longer a power in politics, for he is eighty-four years of age; but his taste for the old game, and his interest in every important move made in it, particularly in the far South, is as keen as ever, and will not die till he does.

TATTLER.

Correspondence.

"THE CASE OF MISS CAVELL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot escape the feeling that much that has been written in this country and in England on the case of Miss Cavell is not only unfair to the Germans, but rather degrading to Miss Cavell, to her sex, and to the cause for which she so nobly sacrificed herself.

The *Nation*, in its issue of October 28, finds it necessary to go back to the reign of James II before it can find a case in English history sufficiently shocking to compare with the action of the German court-martial. It cannot find "the like of" the Cavell case in any occurrence since the execution of Alice Lisle for sheltering fugitives from Monmouth's army, after that army had been defeated and dispersed.

These two cases are surely far from similar. Alice Lisle's act was performed at a time when there was no war. Monmouth's rebellion was utterly crushed. His followers were all either dead, captured, or in hiding. It was humanly impossible for them or any of them, singly or collectively, to do any injury to the government of James II. Alice Lisle simply tried to shelter some wretched, helpless hares from the pursuing hounds. Neither she, nor the men she tried to help, could possibly—if they would—have harmed the powers that were. The proceedings against them were actuated solely by motives of revenge, unmitigated by any element of self-protection.

Miss Cavell, on the other hand, was engaged in furnishing soldiers to the Allied armies. Living in a place under German control, she was secretly recruiting troops for Germany's enemies. Her acts were acts of direct and conscious participation, on the anti-German side, in a war which could by no means be said to be ended. And these acts were being conducted by underground methods within the German lines.

When spies of a hostile army are caught, they are usually executed at once, without regard to sex. This may be a barbarous practice, but all the present belligerent nations, as well as all other civilized and Christian nations, regard it as a just and necessary one. Miss Cavell's act was, perhaps, not technically espionage, but, to my uninitiated mind, her activities seem to have been even more dangerous, to the Government against whom they were directed, than those of most spies. If, then, it is not barbarous to execute spies after a military trial, I cannot see why it was barbarous to execute Miss Cavell after a military trial—granted that the "offence" in both cases is legally recognized, which appears to be an undisputed fact. The French, Belgian, and English soldiers whom Miss Cavell helped across the border are now engaged in killing Germans. Surely, we cannot blame the Germans for wishing to put a stop to this, and to deter other people, if possible, from doing likewise. According to German military law, it appears, these actions are punishable with death. Being opposed to the death penalty under any and all circumstances, I cannot approve of this; but I cannot see why it is more "barbarous" than—for instance—the execution of spies. And no French or English officer would hesitate to execute a German spy caught within his lines—whatever the sex of the spy.

At any rate, it seems to me that only a false "chivalry" can expect a woman to be favored on account of her sex under such circumstances. To make such claims is unworthy of Miss Cavell and is an insult to womankind. Miss Cavell was evidently a strong, brave woman, who deliberately chose to risk her life for her country. All honor to her. She knew what she was doing; her eyes were fully open; when she was caught she scorned to lie or play the baby; she took her medicine—I was about to say, like a man, but her act was one of those which show that courage—of whatever sort—knows no restrictions of sex. All that I have seen of her history seems to indicate that she would have been ashamed of the antiquated "chivalry" which has been so much invoked to condemn her judges. The work which she did for her country was just as good and valuable work (and therefore just as injurious to the Germans) as any man could have done in her place. She did it intelligently, consciously—in short, as any real man or woman would have done it; knowing very well what the consequences would be if she were discovered, and willing to suffer them.

There are, then, only two grounds on which it can be argued that it was "barbarous" to execute her. One is the ground that most or all acts of war, and particularly the customary treatment of spies, are barbarous. With this proposition I should cheerfully—or rather sadly—agree; but it would scarcely furnish a good ground for an indictment against Germany on the part of any of the nations which are at present vying with her in upholding civilization and Christianity. The other is that conception of woman sometimes called "mediæval" (though apparently it still flourishes), which would make all women irresponsible chattels, who cannot be punished for the same reason that children and insane people cannot be punished—because they are not responsible for their acts; they are not, in the full sense of the term, human beings. This is why it seems to me an insult to the whole sex to say that it was exceptionally barbarous, as compared with other acts of war, performed every day by both sides, to execute Miss Cavell.

Mr. E. A. Powell, in the November *Scribner's* (p. 525), tells of the shooting of a German woman for espionage by the French in Alsace. The French were regretful, of course, but "she was endangering the army"; this is the French for "military necessity." Why does military necessity excuse a Frenchman or an Englishman for doing what would be unspeakable barbarity if done by a German? I have heard no lamentations or denunciations anent the death of this German heroine; Mr. Powell does not even give her name.

Lest my views be supposed to be inspired by pro-German sympathies, let me add that I have been "pro-Ally" since the beginning of the war, and still am, as any acquaintance of mine can testify. But I think that the Allies' case would not be weakened (a) if its public advocates would hold fast to their tempers and to their logical faculties, nor (b) if they would criticise the acts of the Allies and the Germans on an equal basis. Thus (a) the *Nation's* historical "parallel" to the Cavell case proves, on the most casual examination, to be no parallel at all; and (b) while the *Nation* cannot find words to denounce the shooting of an Englishwoman by Germans, it does not think it worth while to mention the shooting of a German woman by French—for substantially identical reasons.

FRANKLIN EDGERTON.

Philadelphia, November 2.

[Our correspondent places the case of Miss Cavell throughout on a par with that of a spy, whereas the essential reason both for the interposition of our Minister and for the world's indignation at the brutal disregard of that interposition lay in the fact that she was not a spy. Had she been a spy, it may be presumed that the military authorities would have seen no reason for rushing her execution in the dead of night a few hours after her sentence had been pronounced and without informing our representative that she had been sentenced.

Another point well deserves attention at the hands of those who find fault with the fierce condemnation passed upon Germany by neutral countries for this act, when no such outcry has been raised over executions of spies in England or France. These fault-finders seem to forget that nobody inquired whether in the course of fifteen months of war Germany has not executed an untold number of spies—and whether among these there was not a woman—and that it was not until she committed this barbarous act against a woman who was not a spy that she was made to suffer the reprobation of the world. If Germany wishes to receive no harsher censure than her enemies, let those who govern her policy draw the line of deliberate and ferocious inhumanity some-

where near the point where the other nations of the world draw it.—Ed. The Nation.]

"LES ECRIVAINS FRANCAIS PENDANT LA GUERRE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Madame Fernand Baldensperger has so many friends in America that it may seem superfluous to call attention to the deeply interesting series of books, "Les Ecrivains Français Pendant la Guerre," of which she has general direction. The purpose of this series is to bring together in compact volumes writings, originally occasional and often scattered, in which some of the more eminent living French men of letters have recorded, from day to day, the facts and the meaning of times already among the noblest in spiritual history. The first volume, of some hundred and fifty pages, contains a selection from the articles published between September and March by Maurice Barrès. The next volume will similarly collect writings by Emile Boutroux; the third, writings by Ernest Lavisse. And other volumes will follow. Nothing could more instantly or more deeply appeal to those who care for France.

Barrett Wendell.

Boston, November 4.

IN BELGIUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The press dispatches bring us this morning the particulars of the attempt made by Minister Whitlock and Mr. Gibson to procure some mitigation of the sentence passed by the German officials in Brussels upon Miss Edith Cavell—with the details as to the manner of the carrying out of which sentence we were already too familiar. In another column a telegram from Tiflis estimates that of the million and a quarter of non-combatant Armenian inhabitants of Turkey existing at the outbreak of the war, but two hundred thousand are now alive. In still another column the *Echo de Belge* prints the announcement of the German authorities that, in the event of the bombardment by the Allied aeroplane service of a German military barracks in Belgium, "German soldiers will be quartered in civilian homes and the community where the attack occurs fined in proportion to the damage sustained"—Germany having already given the Belgian people a sample of her methods in the fine levied upon Brussels in July for the destruction by British aeroplanes of a Zeppelin dirigible in the military sheds at Evere.

The question arises once more in all its poignancy as to the responsibility of the nations who are not themselves involved in the war for the existence and the continuance of this régime. In the face of this wholesale and deliberate inhumanity, which depraves alike those who have initiated it and those under whose unprotesting eyes it is persistently carried on, any feeling of complacency over the peace which we enjoy at this Thanksgiving season would seem to be misplaced. What is happening every hour in Europe, while we prepare to feast and praise, is that alike the material and the moral achievements of mankind are being flung into the dust heap by the most pitiless and the most perfidious despotism this earth has ever known.

William Higgs.

Gilroy, Cal., October 22.

THE SEAMAN'S ACT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of October 21 you cite the fact of the Matson Company embarking on the building of a large steamer as proof of the fact that the blighting influence of the Seaman's Act was not so bad as painted, but you overlook the fact that this vessel is for a protected trade, viz., that with Honolulu, which is secure against the competition of foreigners. This instance, therefore, proves nothing, and the fact remains that to-day we have no American tonnage plying across the Pacific to the Orient, and are not likely to have, with the result that business is very much hampered and out of gear. Mr. McAdoo, when here lately, informed us that there was nothing in the Seaman's Act to circumscribe the activities of American tonnage, which shows a strange state of mind. The trouble is, marine matters are being dealt with by landsmen who are absolutely unqualified to deal with laws under which other nations have thriven and grown great. It is the one black mark against the Wilson Administration in these parts.

The new law actually goes to the extent of practically requiring the doubling of crews and lifeboat equipment on the tugs plying on our ocean bar, changing conditions that have obtained from time immemorial!

W. J. B.

Portland, Ore., October 27.

THE LIABILITY OF CORPORATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his letter dated September 10, published in the *Nation* of October 28, Mr. Bagby assigns as the chief cause of the Eastland calamity legislation limiting the liability of shipowners to the value of the vessel plus pending freight, and argues for a wider rule that would enable recovery to be had even to the full extent of the owner's assets, as in the case of land carriers. Unfortunately, a practical consideration stands in the way, except the shipowner be a natural person as distinguished from a corporation; for it is possible so to disintegrate the assets of any maritime company that each unit may be held by a single corporation, substantially all of whose stock would be in the hands of one holding company. With each individual company acting as operator, in effect, the legislative rule will control. Owners of tenement property have for some years, in order to avoid sweeping liability for claims for negligence, incorporated on the lines of one house a company. One accident might wipe out the equity in a single house, but would leave the other assets of the landlord unimpaired—and so the shipowner, taking a leaf from the accident insurance companies and tenement-house owners, will escape all liability except that which the damage-faisant property may incur. No, you will have to cut somewhat deeper into the corporate crust to get anything of substance.

B. T.

New York, November 3.

THE RECOGNITION OF CARRANZA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recognition of Carranza by the Administration may be taken as a masterstroke of enlightened foreign policy, or as an ungraceful backdown from lofty and unaccomplished ideals, according to the temperament of the spectator, but the cold facts remain the same in either case.

Carranza is recognized as the Jefe of Mexico, not as the result of an "orderly, legal election participated in by the whole people," but because he has proved himself in a military sense the strongest of a number of insurrectionist leaders. The same violence, bloodshed, and negation of legal rights characterized his campaign as have characterized most Presidential successions in that unhappy country. He waded through slaughter to a throne—and we have recognized him for that reason, after proclaiming that we should do nothing of the sort. Unofficially and tacitly we have acknowledged that orderly constitutional government in Mexico is an impossibility.

Yet it must be admitted that the Administration has displayed no unseemly haste in the matter. The funeral baked meats of Mr. Bryan's régime have been allowed a decent period to cool.

The difference in the achievements of Carranza and Huerta being not easily comprehended, the uninstructed man in the street will inquire—and the future historian will probably ask the same question—why, if we must accept military success as a criterion, did we not recognize Huerta in the beginning of the rebellion and save our national self-respect and thousands of Mexican lives and millions of Mexican property?

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, October 25.

Literature

A PERSONAL BIOGRAPHY OF HAY.

The Life and Letters of John Hay. By William Roscoe Thayer. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

Mr. Thayer warns in his preface that this is a personal biography of Hay, not a political history. For the latter, even as it merely concerns Hay's public career, the time has not come. Secrets are still locked in official archives. Documents have still to be read in confidence. To the biographer of Cavour, this limitation must have been somewhat irksome. He would have wished to make each hidden record yield its evidence. And the fact that he could not go to the bottom may have inclined him to be a little careless, now and then, about what is to be found on the surface. One example of this is in his account of the stealing of the Panama Canal Zone. Hay was not responsible for this, except as he acquiesced in the crime, after it was committed, and defended it. But it is necessarily an episode in his official life. Mr. Thayer endeavors to treat it dispassionately, but he falls into a serious mistake. Referring to the famous order to prevent the landing of Colombian troops "at any point within fifty miles of Panama," he remarks: "Such orders were by no means novel; similar ones had been issued during many previous upheavals." This is a discovery of Mr. Thayer's own. Senator Spooner would have given much

to know of it. He was put up to defend President Roosevelt in the Senate, but admitted that the fifty-mile order was indefensible, as being both illegal and without precedent. Mr. Thayer confuses a simple order to keep open the traffic across the Isthmus—as we had a right to do under treaty—with the unheard-of order to prevent the Colombian Government from exercising jurisdiction over its own territory. The effect was, as Mr. Roosevelt elegantly puts it in a letter to Mr. Thayer, here printed, "to prevent the bandits . . . from spending months of futile bloodshed in conquering or endeavoring to conquer the Isthmus."

We hasten to add that there is no other slip like this in Mr. Thayer's pages. Occasional minor errors are met with, besides those obviously due to the proof-reader; and some of the political comments seem to lack both due proportion and sureness of touch; but, on the whole, the work merits praise. It is highly readable. John Hay's personality is brought out most engagingly. To make sure that the impression of it is uncolored, Hay's letters and diaries are allowed to speak for themselves. Mr. Thayer's chief material lay in the volumes which Mrs. Hay caused to be privately printed. To one who had the reading of them much here seems familiar. But it will bear re-reading. And by no other means could the true John Hay have been put before us in habit as he lived.

Particularly welcome is the account of John Hay's early life. We see his precocious talent, which led his friends to believe that he would go far. At Brown he impressed his fellows and his teachers as of superior clay. His class poem was very nearly a sensation. The letters and other writings of his which date from those days suffer from being consciously "fine," but he soon acquired a style at once more facile and more witty. He was still young when he began to display that note of character which Mr. Thayer describes as "shy fastidiousness"; and soon in evidence also was a tendency to fits of melancholy, which persisted to the end of his days. It was a sheer gift of fortune which made John Hay secretary to Abraham Lincoln, but he used it so well as not to discourage fate from showering other opportunities upon him. "I really believe," wrote Hay in 1902 to his brother-in-law, "that in all history I never read of a man who has had so much and such varied success as I have had, with so little ability and so little power of sustained industry." That was not feigned modesty. It was a piece of self-analysis. And it had much truth in it. But if Hay was not a man of first-rate mind, he had varied powers ever at command, and a charm of manner and a gayety of wit which knit for him admiration and many warm friendships. It is, after all, John Hay the man of letters, the lover of art, the humorist, that stands out in these volumes more than John Hay the statesman.

Upon his Civil War diaries Hay drew freely for the Life of Lincoln, which he wrote in collaboration with Nicolay, and of which the genesis and slow execution are set before us by Mr. Thayer. A few stories were left over, with many shrewd characterizations of men and things. It was in a later diary, the one which he kept in Paris, that Hay wrote: "Col. Ritchie informed us to-day of Sumner's engagement to Mrs. Sturgis Hooper. He wrote a letter to Mrs. Adams announcing his engagement, but did not even mention the lady's name. This is eminently characteristic. The great point with Sumner is that *he* is to be married. If the lady happens to get married about the same time, all the better for her. But this is quite a secondary consideration." There could hardly be a neater way of bringing out a foible in the man of whom Howells has said that Sumner's egotism was so great as to be a standing affront. Hay saw Motley in London, shortly after the latter had been recalled from Vienna. "I shall never have any more doubt as to the long-mooted question whether it hurts a man to cut off his head. It hurts like the devil." For a literary reference, take this about Henry James, written in 1882: "The worst thing in our time about American taste is the way it treats James. . . . If he lived in Cambridge he could write what he likes, but because he finds London more agreeable, he is the prey of all the patriotisms. Of all vices I hold patriotism the worst when it meddles with matters of taste." Many other things as good or better the reader will find in Hay's diaries and in his letters to Henry Adams, with whom his close friendship was one of the passions of his life.

What was Hay's attitude towards the political movements of his day? This is a large and difficult question. It visibly troubles Mr. Thayer. He is under no compulsion to make out Hay a hero, but he seems at times to labor under the fear lest an impartial recital of all the facts may make out Hay a good deal less than a hero. At all events, he conceals nothing, even if he seeks to explain away much. He does not deny that Hay became a very intense Republican of the Mark Hanna school, with a strong belief in the autocratic rights of property. And if the later John Hay was ever generous to a political opponent, he failed to leave a record of it. The nearest thing to it in these volumes is this remark about Bayard in London in 1894: "How our Ambassador does go it when he gets a big roomful of bovine Britons in front of him. He knocks them all silly. I never so clearly appreciated the power of the unhesitating orotundity of the Yankee speech as in listening—after an hour or two of hum-ha of tongue-tied British men—to the long wash of our Ambassador's sonority." But of all other Democrats Hay thought exceedingly ill. He voted for Tilden as Governor in 1874, but that effort seems to have dried up his milk of Democratic kindness. He saw nothing in Grover Cleveland. Of other Democratic leaders he wrote with a cynical and corrosive pen.

If this method were to be retorted upon Hay himself, a sorry showing could be made. It could be said that he tried the literary life and journalism and reform until he found that it did not pay, and then gave it up. After marrying a fortune, he sedulously attached himself to the rich wing of the Republican party, became a regular and heavy campaign contributor, and expected and got his reward. He was one of those who paid off McKinley's debts, and McKinley promptly made him Ambassador to England. And it could be alleged that if Hay was very deferential to money, he fairly prostrated himself before power. He had no illusions about his men. He made rather a joke of McKinley until he discovered that in him was a potential President and a dispenser of offices. His first opinion of Roosevelt was altogether the Mark Hanna view—partly amused contempt, partly apprehension as in regard to a trouble-maker. But once Roosevelt had a secure grasp on power, no one was more abject at his feet than John Hay. As Secretary of State under McKinley he had written of the "imbecility" of those who wished to fortify the Panama Canal. But as Secretary of State under Roosevelt he speedily recanted. No Republican President could be imbecile—especially if he kept John Hay in office.

Still further might go the pen dipped in gall like that which Hay used against his political enemies. It could point to the anomaly of a man who, though as editor of the *Tribune* he was famous for his invective directed against public men, when himself a public man could only speak of "filthy newspaper abuse." It could dwell upon his pretty talent for flattery, which he used so unblushingly whenever it furthered his own purposes. It could point out moral inconsistencies, as when he denounced "the dirty politicians" in private, but was willing to take what they had to give him in public; when he railed at the Congressional spoils-seekers who thronged his door in the search for Consulates, yet saw to it that his own son was appointed Consul. And from his relations with Whitelaw Reid the envenomed commentator might infer that Hay knew how not only to profit by his friends, but to throw them over.

All this would be grossly unfair—as unfair as John Hay was in writing of Democrats. A complex nature like his cannot be nicely pigeon-holed. His motives were not so simple as he perhaps thought them. We have, indeed, this early and self-revealing record of his: "I am not suited for a reformer. I do not like to meddle with moral ills. I love comfortable people." It is along something of this line that Hay's public career is to be explained. If he was not delicately scrupulous about the means of getting his abilities an opportunity, he used them so as sincerely to do some service to the state. His Ambassadorship in London was too brief to show fully what he might have made of it. What he did do was useful, though it seems to us to be over-praised by Mr. Thayer. But of his long term in the Department of State, all of us can think with honest pride. He was by no means

a perfect Secretary. In the matter of organization he was weak. A born executive like Mr. Root found much to clean up when he succeeded Hay. And Hay was too thin-skinned to bear up well under the slings and arrows of criticism and opposition. He did not suffer Senatorial fools gladly. He offered to resign, in a good deal of a pet, when the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty was rejected by the Senate. But in the great things of the Department he displayed a flexibility and a grasp which delighted his friends and surprised those who did not know him. He fairly earned his place among our greater Secretaries of State.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Glorious Rascal. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. McCarthy here constructs a conventional romance of mediæval Paris around the person of the youth Villon. The story closes with the death of Sermois. The clumsy street brawl of 1455 becomes a fairly fought duel, brought about under circumstances that would afford a spirited final curtain for dramatization. The royal pardon which actually followed the homicide and the biographically blank three years which preceded it, invite the romancer's counterfeit conjecture that the death of Sermois was a timely service to persons of high degree. But the hero, in his idealistic attachment to the wife of the Provost of Paris and daughter of the ex-Provost, has more the tone of a Dante than of a Villon. Even his student pranks and dissipations are matter of spiritual struggle. The author long since showed himself fluently practiced in the cloak and sword conventions. In this unbelievably rehabilitated Villon he has not improved on his earlier portrait in "If I Were King."

The Insulted and Injured. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Russian Silhouettes. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To the extent that Dostoievsky can be imagined as approaching the commonplace he does so in what is at the same time the shortest and the least distinguished of the novels that have so far appeared in the admirable Garnett translation. Here there is melodramatic plot of a kind that is absent from his earlier tales, and which, taken in conjunction with the gray atmosphere of the St. Petersburg slum, strongly suggests Dickens of the sombre parts of "Bleak House" or "Our Mutual Friend." These very qualities of brevity, sustained plot interest, a minimum of the Dostoievsky horror, and a less exasperating subtlety of character and motive analysis, should make "The Injured and Possessed" the most suitable of all his novels for the beginner, who nevertheless will find enough of the peculiar quality of the greater works to carry him forward. The story has the characteristic Dostoievsky setting of poverty and chill winter and sickness of body and soul, the characteristic movement in the form of almost interminable and almost endlessly repeated conversations, interrupted by poignant bits of tragic action. It has the characteristic Dostoievsky hero in the person of a youth who loves two women in alternate half hours, and continues doing so without subsidence or climax to the end of the book. In this feature lies the very serious weakness of an undeniably great writer. Dostoievsky's enigmatic men and women frequently do not pass through a psychological evolution, but simply keep on changing their minds back and forth, with somewhat of the effect produced by the red and white revolving pole of the modern barber shop. Such is the fickle Alyosha of the present story, to whom Dostoievsky by formula opposes the constant Natasha; always you find steadfastness and gentleness sacrificing itself to selfishness and psychic instability. But in spite of these traits the book does come nearest to our own standards in fiction. We have spoken of Dickens. A scene like the death of Nellie in Dostoievsky's story is very close to the tradition of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Bracketing Anton Tchekoff with Dostoievsky at the head of the same book review is justified by something more than the accident of publication dates. Tchekoff has eminent merits of his own, but when one takes up this latest volume of his short tales after going through a volume of Dostoievsky, the thought occurs that Tchekoff has a very distinct use to the foreigner as a corrective, we may say almost an antidote, to other Russian writers. For one thing, Tchekoff is a humorist, second only to Gogol in Russian literature. Laughter is not merely a welcome relief in the sad pages of the Russian novelists just now in vogue among us, but is absolutely essential to a proper view of Russian life; for, after all, people do laugh in Russia. We might have known as much when we used to read Tolstoy and Turgenieff, but now that Russian literature is synonymous with the gloom of Dostoievsky and the morbidities of Artzibasheff, it is well to recall that there is at least one Russian who, knowing life far more intimately than Artzibasheff, and knowing it in its tragic aspects, has nevertheless seen another side. That the Czar's empire is not altogether peopled with victims of poverty and oppression, with half-mad intellectuals and eroticists, with the human dregs of Gorky's Abyss, will be made manifest in the present collection of stories of child life, of adolescence, and of the vagaries of adult character which are not always depressing. We imagine that to many it will come with a shock of surprise to learn that in Russia there are schoolboys who run away from home to fight Indians in quite the normal fashion, having first selected for themselves appropriate appellations like Montezuma Hawkeye and Paleface Brother. Tchekoff would not be a Russian if even in his most extravagant moods there did not appear that immediate sense of reality which is the hallmark of the national literature. It is instructive to compare the unforced humor of child life as Tchekoff sees it, in this charming volume, with the artifices of our own juvenile humor at its contemporary best, as we have it, for instance, in Booth Tarkington's "Penrod." With us the type has apparently been fixed once for all by Huck Finn. A just appreciation of Russian literature calls for a bit of Tchekoff with Dostoievsky, with Gorky, Andreieff, Artzibasheff, who, after all, are representative of only one phase of the Slav soul.

MILITARY REFORM.

The American Army. By William Harding Carter, Major-General, United States Army. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

The casual reader who takes up this book in the hope of finding some account of the Regular Establishment will suffer a momentary disappointment. Gen. Carter's outlook is far broader than a narrow definition of his title would imply. And yet he might very well have written of the Regular Army alone, whose achievements, in both peace and war, would in any other country but ours be a subject of national pride. To the vast majority of Americans these achievements are unknown; it is questionable, given the indifference of our people, if any good purpose could be served by dwelling on them. Be this as it may, Gen. Carter's purpose is wholly different. Under the title chosen by him, he assembles and considers all the elements, regular, militia, or volunteer, that in time of stress would constitute the American army. By that we do not mean that he assumes a national stress as his major premise; on the contrary, he investigates the relations to one another of these elements under normal conditions, and, most important of all, their relations actual or possible to the central authority. Nor is his survey limited to the present day; since the army, or better put the military, question is necessarily an evolution, his exposition involves a discussion of our military policy. In short, as might have been expected from his known studious and scholarly character, from his experience, administrative and executive, and from his researches into our military history, Gen. Carter has given the country a calm and philosophic discussion of the military question as it presents itself to the contemplation of serious inquirers after the truth.

We cannot here name all the subjects covered by this discussion; so to do would be merely to reproduce the table of contents. We must content ourselves with saying that no considerable subject relating to organization has been left untouched, whether pensions, schools, volunteers, the organized militia, reserves. In respect of form, the vol-

ume consists essentially of a series of independent investigations, each complete in itself, save that the great subject of forces outside of the permanent establishment appears and reappears during the course of the argument.

Not so much as a trace of militaristic spirit is to be found in the pages of this volume. Under this head, Gen. Carter's reasoning should make a special appeal to pacifists, to whose earnest consideration we recommend it. For the author does not advocate a great standing army, an army of numbers; indeed, his moderation in this respect is remarkable. But he does point out the fundamental defects in the laws under which troops must be raised if needed, and suggests remedies. These lie mediately with Congress; hence, ultimately, it is the people who must decide: a sufficient answer to any who may see in this book a militaristic tendency.

Gen. Carter makes certain recommendations for the betterment of military affairs in our country, such as the formation of regimental depots; the establishment of an expeditionary force completely organized with its staff and supply system, and the creation of colonial troops for service beyond the seas. He would send enlisted candidates for commissions to West Point, and has the courage to recommend a radical reform in the matter of the appointment of officers from civil life. Although some of these recommendations would call for Congressional sanction, yet they may be regarded as municipal in character, as falling within the domain of the interior administration of the army. It is far otherwise with the great question of militia and volunteers, national in its scope, constitutional in its affections, and vital in its possible results. Unless some change is made in the system, then, in the words of the author, "we are drifting to certain disappointment." For example, under the act of May 27, 1908:

> When the military needs of the Federal Government, arising from the necessity to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrection, or repel invasion, cannot be met by the regular forces, the organized militia shall be called into the service of the United States, *in advance* [author's italics] *of any volunteer forces which it may be determined to raise.*

This act was modified by the statute of April 25, 1914:

> to the extent that after the organized land militia *of any arm or class* shall have been called into the military service of the United States, volunteers *of that particular arm or class* may be raised and accepted into service, in accordance with the terms of the act, regardless of the extent to which other arms or classes of militia shall have been called into service. It should be borne in mind that for any military operations beyond our borders the militia cannot be called into service, but must volunteer, so that until the members of each organization decide whether or not three-fourths of the minimum prescribed as the strength of the particular unit will volunteer, the President is debarred from calling for volunteers of similar arms or classes. *All this* [italics ours], *be it observed, is to take place after war is upon the nation.*

How did this muddle come about? Gen. Carter tells us:

> This status of legislation has resulted from the active efforts of the association of officers representing the interests of the National Guard, who have held the opinion that the organization of volunteer regiments for national purposes would, in time of peace, react unfavorably upon the organized militia.

This numbers, be it added, a little over 100,000 in a population of nearly 100,000,000. A by-product of the laws under remark, is that "the trained and proved officers of active military service . . . must needs be employed under generals appointed by Governors of States in time of peace, and for reasons which perhaps would not have been effective had the Governors recognized that the peace appointments would carry actual command in war." Let us pray for peace, not merely because peace is sweet and right, but also because war would find us with our hands self-tied behind own own backs!

Gen. Carter proposes a remedy, the creation of Federal Volunteers, that commends itself to the attention of those responsible for the destinies of the nation, and even more to the body of our citizens, whose opinions and desires in the long run determine our national policies. For there can be no doubt that the people, whether rightly or wrongly, are taking note of our national defence as never before; to them, and to their representatives in authority, Gen. Carter's book should prove a source of wise suggestion and of useful action.

THE PROBLEM OF TRUSTS.

Trusts and Competition. By John F. Crowell. The National Social Science Series. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 50 cents.

The Prevention and Control of Monopolies. By W. Jethro Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25.

Darling on Trusts. By Joseph R. Darling. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.

The "Trust" problem is really very simple in principle. All we want is that to every man shall be given under "fair competition" the "opportunity" that he ought to have and to every company, big or little, the opportunity that *it* ought to have by means of "coöperative efficiency," provided that it pays to labor the wages labor ought to have, buys its materials from producers at "fair" prices, returns "fair" profits to its stockholders, and sells its products at "fair" prices to the consumer. We are all agreed—except the Socialists—that all these things should be accomplished by legislation or regulation, or both, and some of us hope that such accomplishment is feasible. If there be in these days any so poor as to do reverence at the dilapidated shrine of the "Manchester School," they are not, it would seem, writing books or making laws.

It is admitted by most that government must develop a new function—that of "administration." Dr. Crowell in his excellent little handbook says:

> This extension of public powers is differently interpreted. To some it means incapacity in self-governing industry. But the more scientific view is the truer—that it is only a division of labor, in which government, whose business it is to decide controversies, extends its services over into the field of free enterprise. This is not because its decisions are more nearly ideally just; but, as the cricket umpire explained to the novice, that some sort of a decision may be rendered promptly "so that the game may go on." This is why government by commission has come to play so large a rôle in the complex conditions of modern trade and industry. Where one sort of umpiring proves unequal to the task it is set aside for another. Commissions will be needed until the administrative arm of government, as contrasted with the other three divisions, comes to stand on an equality with them. Then we may have the four cornerstones of a complete system of governmental control in the executive, the judiciary, the legislative, and the administrative (pp. 166, 167).

Mr. W. Jethro Brown comes to much the same conclusion when, speaking of the Anti-Trust acts of Australia, he says:

> To leave the ordinary courts to work out by themselves a definition of what is fair and what is unfair competition or to determine when a monopoly is or is not repressive, or to declare what is or is not to the detriment of the public is to impose upon a purely judicial tribunal the necessity of adjudicating upon issues of which the determination more properly belongs to some body especially created for the purpose of dealing with such subjects. . . . A satisfactory administration of anti-Trust legislation involves powers of negotiation with business concerns, powers of mere investigation, powers of calling upon a Trust to revise its scheme of prices, powers of making specific recommendations to the Legislature, and powers of dissolving a repressive monopoly under conditions which shall adequately secure the purposes which the Legislature has in view. These powers should be exercised by a special administrative body capable of giving a judicial decision as a court of first instance, but also capable of acting in more direct and expeditious ways where the circumstances of the case admit of this being done consistently with the attainment of the purposes which the Legislature has in view (pp. 91, 92).

Both Dr. Crowell and Mr. Brown believe in regulation by commission as a remedy for "unfair" competition and a preventive of monopolization. Dr. Crowell does not think much of "publicity"; Mr. Brown considers it useful within certain limits (chap. v). Neither believes in "limitation of size" for corporations apart from the question of monopoly. Neither believes in nationalization in a general way; but Mr. Brown distinguishes certain kinds of enterprise as suited more or less for that kind of control. Dr. Crowell nowhere discusses the fixing of prices by the state; Mr. Brown believes that such control of prices is possible and desirable in the case of monopolies as the only alternative to nationalization.

The conclusion that one reaches from the

arguments contained in both these books is that experimentation in governmental control through publicity, regulation by commission, and fixing of prices will very probably result in some ultimate improvement of trade conditions from a social point of view, but that up to the present time no one has a very clear idea of how things will work. There is almost as much ground for hoping that the improvement will come from the tacit adoption of a gradually higher standard of morals by "business" itself—especially "big business"'—as there is for hoping for it from the superior wisdom and purer intentions of those entrusted with the administrative powers. Railway history of the last twenty years seems to warrant this statement.

The chief value of Mr. Darling's book is its summary of facts with regard to the principal cases decided under the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Critical Essays of the Eighteenth Century, 1700-1725. Edited by Willard Higley Durham. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.75 net.

Excluding, for practical reasons, Shaftesbury and all Shakespearean critics, the editor "aims to present . . . the more significant criticism published between 1700 and 1725." Later he hopes to cover the second quarter of the century and "to offer as a separate study a history of the development of literary criticism and popular taste in the eighteenth century." Judgment of the present volume, therefore, is only judgment of the first instalment upon a project of very considerable scope.

His editorial apparatus Dr. Durham has intentionally made brief in order to permit the inclusion of more text. Notes and bibliography are slight, and the introduction "aims merely to suggest certain points of view from which the texts may well be read." There is, nevertheless, a great deal in this introduction which makes one look forward eagerly to the promised critical history of the eighteenth century. It is unusually brisk and pointed: "there is nothing half-hearted or undecided" about it, as the editor himself remarks of Allan Ramsay's preface to "The Ever Green." One may well object that many assertions are not proved and that a straw man who knows nothing whatever about the eighteenth century is rather needlessly knocked about. But one cannot help liking very much the vigor with which the reasonableness of the moderate classicist is set forth and the good sense of the final comments upon the two tendencies which have been made so falsely clear and separate in many textbooks:

> If, then, we use the words "classic" and "romantic" merely as convenient terms for two fundamental tendencies in the human mind, they are serviceable. If for more, they are misleading. For the two classes of men exist always side by side; the two tendencies exist in the same men. . . . So in the England of this period what we have called the classic tendency—the monistic, the simplifying—was dominant. But men were still conscious of the other point of view; some of them were trying to make their own broad enough to include it. But their basic attitude remained." (Pages xlii-xliii.)

This seems to us good doctrine, and we hope it may help both to discredit that caricature of eighteenth-century classicism so frequent in misguided attempts to "simplify" the period for beginners, and to moderate the glee of those who may chance to flush from the classic coverts a few stray "beginners of romanticism."

As for the texts themselves, one regrets that Dennis and Gildon, who together make up half of the book, could not have been crowded a bit to make room for some of Bysshe and St. Evremond, a little of Swift, and more of Addison. The text, if one may judge after comparing a dozen pages of Gildon with the original edition, seems to be faithfully reproduced.

Notes

Beckles Willson's "Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal" is announced for publication this month by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, will be published by Henry Holt & Co. on November 13.

"Psychology of the Unconscious," by C. G. Jung, will be published shortly by Moffat, Yard & Co.

T. Fisher Unwin, London, announces the publication of R. W. Frazer's "Indian Thought: Past and Present."

"Our American Wonderlands," by George Wharton James, is announced for immediate publication by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

George Van Schaick's "The Son of the Otter" is announced for early publication by Small, Maynard & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of the following volumes: "Fate and Free-Will," by A. S. Wadia; "British Coal Trade," by H. Stanley Jevons; "Dictionary of Universal Biography," by Albert M. Hyamson.

"The Catalogue de Luxe of the Department of Fine Arts of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition," edited by John E. D. Trask and J. Nilsen Laurvik, will be published early in December by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. The same house announces for early publication "The Fourth Dimensional Reaches of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition," by Cora Lenore Williams.

Houghton Mifflin publishes at fifty cents net the volume a Riverside Uplift series, containing thus far the following titles: "Why I Believe in Poverty," by Edward W. Bok; "The Cultivated Man," by Charles W. Eliot; "The Amateur Spirit," by Bliss Perry; "The Glory of the Imperfect," "Self-Cultivation in English," and "Trades and Professions," these three by George Herbert Palmer, and "Whither?" These little reprints are attractively published, with the double aim, no doubt, of providing inexpensive readable texts and suitable ornaments for parlor tables.

At first sight, it seems hardly fair to the late Dr. Alexander Young to republish his book, "A Short History of the Netherlands," first issued in 1886, and now reprinted under the title "A Short History of Belgium and Holland," without corrections, revision, and continuation to date. This Boston lawyer, one of the first editors of the *Globe*, of that city, was a scholarly writer and student of the history of the Low Countries. There are no strong indications that he was familiar with the Dutch language, or with that rich body of historical writing which our own Motley may be said to have provoked into creditable being. Since, however, the renascence of learning and art in Belgium, following upon the establishment of national sovereignty and independence, in 1830, both Fleming and Walloon archivists and historians, vieing with each other in generous rivalry, have produced a very respectable body of historical and antiquarian literature in the French language. Of this Dr. Young made discriminating use, so far, indeed, as to modify notably some of Motley's conclusions, while at many points furnishing correctives to the American author's virtuous partisanship. Motley was a rich colorist rather than an exact draughtsman. Indeed, there are parts of his work, as, for example, in "John of Barneveldt," which can hardly be accepted as history. Without the brilliancy and dash of his fellow townsman, Dr. Young produced one of the most trustworthy general histories of the Netherlands extant in English. Especially in the notes is this book illuminating, though the text also shows much independent research. Yet the narrative virtually ends with the opening of the nineteenth century, and the last chapter, though announced in the publisher's note as "partially re-written and brought up to date," must be accepted as the work of an amateur who is not overburdened with knowledge of his subject. It is thoroughly unsatisfactory. A really good summary of the history of the two kingdoms to A. D. 1913 is a desideratum. Yet besides being copiously illustrated and well printed, though lacking an index, this work is worthy of a place in our libraries as giving an excellent view of the evolution of the Netherlands as a unit, before their separation into two countries. (London: T. Fisher Unwin: 5 shillings net.)

Sir Gilbert Murray's Conway Memorial Lecture on "The Stoic Philosophy" (Putnam; 75 cents) is, like all his work, clever, scholarly, and interesting; but it does not get very deep into the real difficulties of the subject. "Goodness," said the Stoic, "is the only thing of significance, the only thing worth living for"; and Professor Murray, like the contemporaries of Zeno, asks the inevitable question: "But what is goodness?" and then answers his own question with the modern equivalent of the ancient Stoics:

> Let us in the meantime accept this conception of a force very like that which most of us assume when we speak of evolution; especially, perhaps, it is like what Bergson calls *La Vie* or *L'Elan Vital* at the back of *L'Evolution Créatrice*, though to the Greeks it

seemed still more personal and vivid; a force which is present in all the live world, and is always making things grow towards the fulfilment of their utmost capacity. We see now what goodness is; it is living or acting according to Phusis [nature], working with Phusis in her eternal effort towards perfection.

But what, we ask, is this perfection? It is goodness. And what, again, is goodness? It is working towards perfection. No Stoic ever worked his way out of this circle; and it is not very creditable to a modern scholar that he thinks such a juggling of words an escape from the real difficulties. And there are other dilemmas in the little book of the author's own making—the dilemmas of one who for long years has lapped himself in a sentimental optimism and now is suddenly and harshly shocked out of his ease by the sound of the Prussian guns.

In the Mount Vernon estate Washington held, divided among five farms, 3,250 arable acres in a total of 8,000. He balanced his gain for 1798, not a good year, at £898 16s. 4¼d. Land, improvements, stock, and slaves together are valued for that year by Paul Leland Haworth in his "George Washington, Farmer" (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.50), at $200,000. The return, two and one-quarter per cent., is more, he observes, "than has ever been got out of it (the Mount Vernon land) by any other person." That Washington made a success of his farming, a proposition the author is at pains to defend, is not supported solely on the more or less conjectural financial showing. More important returns which he drew from the land are to be found in the habits he developed of investigation and experiment; in the attempt he made to apply and adapt the scientific temper displayed at the time in Europe by men like Arthur Young, Sir John Sinclair, Duhamel du Monceau. If he was not in advance of what we should now call the scientific farming of his day, he typified the recognition, destined to characterize the agricultural history of his country, that in all husbandry exact knowledge must take precedence over tradition, however venerable.

Brought up in the "rich middle West," the author laments the unproductive character of Washington's much eroded soil. Not holding with the novel excretory theory of soil fertility, he considers exhaustion to be due to actual losses in chemical content. As a student of Tull, Washington may have considered it due to loss by mechanical extraction. Under whatever theory he not only saw the disadvantageous effect of a customarily unvaried crop like tobacco, but went so far as to rule out this crop altogether. His production began to fall off rapidly from 89,000 pounds in 1763, while his wheat crop thereupon rose from 257½ bushels in 1764 to 6,241½ in 1769. At the time of the Constitutional Convention he sowed 700 acres to wheat, 580 to grass, 400 to oats, 700 to corn, with lesser amounts of buckwheat, peas, beans, turnips, and potatoes. He planted alfalfa in 1798. He was constantly testing varieties of grain. Yet whatever his crop, there was little of it returned to the land. Though he studied rotation elaborately and experimented industriously with composts, in his interest in stock, except for horses, sheep, and mules, he was more of a naturalist than an agriculturist. One of his pet projects of fertilization was to utilize the Potomac muck. Noah Webster reports that a favorite toast of the household was "Success to the mud!" He tried the effects of deep-soil ploughing by running the furrow twice. For all farm machinery he showed a characteristically American attitude of radical alertness. He installed one of the newly invented threshing machines at the first opportunity. He constructed harrows, ploughs, and a cumbersome drill, in which he shows the most engaging delight. Such a man, writing his last annual message to Congress, could hardly fail to recommend the creation of the Board which ultimately took shape as the Department of Agriculture. In breaking new ground Mr. Haworth will seem, to readers who take the title too strictly to heart, to roam a good deal over old ground. "Washington as a private citizen, with some special account of his farming," might in more precise and spacious days have been the title. A brief, popular book, yet packed with recondite information assiduously compiled from the "Diary" (beginning January, 1785), and other first-hand sources, this book will earn many thanks and some grumbling.

Dr. Peterson, principal and vice-chancellor of McGill University, has brought together in a substantial volume of some 370-odd pages a number of "Canadian Essays and Addresses" (Longmans; $3.50), written or given during the last ten or twelve years. These essays and addresses cover a variety of subjects, but fall naturally enough into two classes: Canada's relations with the rest of the Empire and with the United States; and Education. In the first, Dr. Peterson discusses such questions as the Relations of the English-speaking Peoples, the Future of Canada, Canada and the Empire, Canada and the United States, True Imperialism, and the Naval Policy. In the second, he includes addresses on National Education, the Place of the University in the Commercial City, Claims of Classical Studies in Modern Education, the Unity of Education, Education and Business, and a number of memorial or other special addresses. Dr. Peterson is an Imperialist, but not in the sense in which what he aptly calls the "Little Canadians" are fond of describing the supposed attitude of the imperial federationist. "To me," he says, "imperialism is not militarism, or jingoism, or megalomania, or flag-waving and the beating of big drums, or the enthralment of other peoples by a superior power; in its sane and sober acceptation it is the expression of an aspiration which may be cherished in full sympathy with democratic ideals—the aspiration, namely, and the desire that, for the high and noble purposes of its world-wide mission, the British Empire may be enabled to hold together in all coming time." And again: "The Empire of the future must satisfy democratic aspirations, and rest on the broad basis of a democratic ideal. Even the old mother is coming to understand that it is not a question of sovereignty, but of what will grow to be more and more a free and equal alliance. The ideal is not one of a 'cluster of subordinate units grouped in deferential pose round an imperial centre,' for it is now accepted as axiomatic that no scheme of empire will be tolerated which fails to take account of national status. Self-government is the guarantee of equality in this regard." Dr. Peterson quotes appreciatively Kipling's happy description of British states within the Empire as "democratic republics under the gentle sovereignty of the parent-state."

There is much that may be read with profit in Dr. Peterson's addresses on educational topics, the triumphs and failures of modern education, the influence thereon of present-day conditions, the relations between education and business, and the effect of education upon public life. Speaking of the public school as we know it in the United States and Canada, he says:

Independently altogether of the religious question, we shall have to give more attention in our schools to ethical teaching—to a training in morals and manners, in habits and conduct, especially as regards fair-play and what may be called good form. Few can tell what an influence for the exorcising of the unclean spirit in public life might be wielded by more systematic efforts to develop a love even for clean sport in the school. There is a tendency, in a modern democratic society, to push the demands of equality so far as to endanger the claims of discipline. That should not and need not be. The wise Greeks knew that of all the evils which may afflict a state there can be none greater than what they called *Anomia* or lawlessness. Perhaps what this people needs most at the present time is that some prophet should arise—some latter-day Savonarola—who shall set himself to stem the tide that is setting in the direction of a decline in reverence and respect for authority, and preach the wider freedom that comes from obedience to law.

A few words from Dr. Peterson's tribute to the late Lord Strathcona are worth quoting, if only to take out of one's mouth the bad taste left by Mr. Preston's rather vindictive biography:

Some are asking whether men who have been so fortunate as Lord Strathcona are really entitled to all the wealth that has passed into their possession. I make no judgment upon that, except to say that it is well for the world when great wealth is in the hands of those who have anything like the sense of responsibility that animated him, and anything like the same desire to serve the public interest. And after all he was no mere sordid seeker after gain, nor did his material prosperity ever blunt the edge of his moral and social ideals and aspirations. In a word, his soul was not submerged, as is sometimes unfortunately the case, by the gathering tide of worldly success. Duty was his guiding star—duty and conscience.

Einhard's "libellus aureus" on the life of Charlemagne has been edited primarily "to satisfy the needs of students in this [Oxford] University reading for the 'Previous Examination in Modern History.'" by H. W. Garrod and R. B. Mowat (Clarendon Press). The work should have a wider vogue, as the authors hope, but not in its present form. Most of the notes and the chapter on the limits and administration of the Carolingian Empire are sensible and helpful. The chapter on German culture in the early Middle Ages is so full of guesses and errors that the best way to emend it is, in Ovid's phrase, is "to give it to the emending flames." The whole book needs a careful revision by somebody who has more than an elementary acquaintance with palæography. The statement that at the time when Charlemagne undertook the reform of education, those favored monks "who could write, wrote a script almost illegible," is typical. "The illegible script which we call 'Merovingian'" is not a palæographer's definition. Not to mention certain fine varieties of embellished Merovingian cursive, the veriest tiro could read with ease the beautiful Bible written at Corbie in the abbacy of Maurdramnus (772-780), considerably before Charlemagne promulgated his capitularies on education or Alcuin retired to Tours. A special absurdity is the attempt to explain the purity of Einhard's Latin style by the assumption that it is not based on the *lingua mixta*, the dialect inherited from antiquity in Italy, France, and Spain; as Einhard came from Germany, we

are told, he necessarily cultivated an artificial manner, "drawn with labor from the sources and not fetched from any common conduit of literary tradition." But Einhard spent the best years of his life at the court, where he hardly escaped the *lingua mixta*. His usual residence was doubtless Aix-la-Chapelle, in a district containing Trèves, one of the strongholds of Latin culture since the fourth century; and he hardly would have been sent as an Ambassador to the Pope had he not had a fluent command of spoken Latin. The chapter on German culture in the early Middle Ages would profitably be replaced by a more general treatment of education before and during the Carolingian Renaissance, with the German culture of the period summed up in a page.

While this edition does not pretend to offer an elaborate critical apparatus, it includes a brief account of the manuscripts and cites representative readings of the three main classes. In the story of Charlemagne's disaster near Roncesvalles, the much-discussed passage (IX, 3) that includes Roland among the slain, is rightly retained, although omitted in class B, and could be further defended by the observation that, as A and B are obviously branches of the same class, the coincidence of A and the clearly independent C in giving the passage is good proof of its genuineness. There is no warrant whatsoever for deriving all our manuscripts from three copies written in a German monastery where, as at Fulda, Anglo-Saxon influence was strongly felt. Some copies, as seems to be the case with B, may have had such an origin, but it is next to impossible that Einhard, who was not particularly fond of the Irish at Charlemagne's court, should have published his work in a copy made by an insular scribe; the editors have surely done unwisely in admitting the Anglo-Saxon character ð into their text in the word *Nordmanni*. A very vexing feature of the edition is the numbering of lines in the sections, and not on the entire page; this makes the apparatus extremely difficult to use, while reference from the introduction to the unnumbered lines of a page adds insult to the injury. In short, if this book is to be useful to a wider circle than that for which it is primarily intended, it deserves, for many reasons, a thorough overhauling.

Miss Violet Barbour's "Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington" (published as the Adams Prize Essay of the American Historical Association) gives an excellent account of England's foreign relations during the earlier part of Charles II's reign. By his devotion to the Stuart cause and by his native shrewdness and ability young Harry Bennet rose steadily in favor until he became Secretary of State in 1662. For a dozen years thereafter he was one of the most influential ministers of his lazy, venal, and capricious master, so influential, in fact, that the French Ambassador described him as Charles II's "other self, for this Minister knows his [the King's] most secret intentions and designs and possesses his confidence, his esteem, and his friendship in the highest degree." Miss Barbour, in pointing out that the shortcomings of the Cabal Ministry have been more cordially recognized than its difficulties, devotes her volume to a discriminating study of the extent of Arlington's responsibility for the Government's measures. Typical of his unscrupulousness was his concealment, even from his own colleagues in the Ministry, of the shameful Secret Treaty of Dover. A few weeks later, however, he went through the farce of negotiating with their coöperation a second sham secret treaty of Dover. The new treaty was identical with the earlier one, except that the clause promising Charles's declaration of Roman Catholicism was omitted, and the French subsidy promised for this was assigned for the conduct of the war. Arlington, however, was no more unscrupulous than his colleague and rival, Buckingham, who, in the very matter of this sham treaty, vehemently denied in public the existence of the treaty which he had signed in private. Through all the tortuous intrigues of Ministers against each other, against Parliament, and against one or other of the foreign Powers, the author carries a clear torch illuminating Arlington's path. When finally the Cabal Ministers were threatened with impeachment by an angry Parliament, Buckingham sought to exculpate himself by attacking Arlington at the bar of the House; he even departed so far from parliamentary usage as to call him a lobster (p. 226). When Arlington in turn appeared before the House, he wisely refrained from any recrimination and spoke with such dignity and skill that the talk of impeachment against him was soon dropped. Miss Barbour writes almost wholly from the sources, using particularly the minute and lengthy dispatches of the French Ambassadors and various manuscript letters in the Carte and Clarendon collections. She is also to be congratulated on her graceful use of English which is quite unlike the arid wastes too often characteristic of doctoral dissertations.

BOOKS ON THE WAR.

On the 25th of September, 1914, Miss May Sinclair set out with a Motor Field Ambulance Corps to serve the Belgian army, her own connection with the party being that of treasurer, secretary, and journal-keeper. From Ostend the corps went to Ghent; from there to Antwerp, while that city was under siege; then back to Ghent, where they remained while the crowds of wounded and refugees were pouring in; at the approach of the Germans they followed the Belgian army to Bruges, Ostend, and Dunkirk, and from Dunkirk Miss Sinclair returned to England. The notes she was able to keep during a considerable part of this adventurous tour were naturally meagre, but from them she has, with the aid of memory, pieced out "A Journal of Impressions in Belgium" (Macmillan; $1.50 net), which has the sharp, sometimes almost hysterical, qualities one would expect from her fiction and biographical writings. Her experiences were got at what might be called the ragged edge of war, and give one that sense of confusion and aimlessness with which we are familiar in the books of those who record perceptions from the outside without being in the counsels of the commanders. But the analysis of her own sensations is often extremely vivid—notably, for example, in the record of what she felt on hearing her first gun (p. 146) and on attending her first wounded man (p. 170). Yet we cannot say that we thoroughly like the book. The personal tone of the whole thing sounds a bit shrill in the midst of a people's agony, and, though the writer was engaged in a noble work, her journal gives the suspicion, unjust it may be, of gloating over horrors.

"The Soul of the War," by Philip Gibbs (McBride; $1.75 net), is a stirring narrative of correspondence and hospital service with the western armies of the Allies. Mr. Gibbs belongs to the tradition of the late George W. Steevens. In the interest of vividness and pathos he leaves no screw unturned and no nerve unwrung. Probably no other correspondent has given so ghastly a picture of the war as a shambles. In the less militant pages, as in the account of stay-at-home Paris, Mr. Gibbs has the grace of a ready sympathy and of a somewhat profuse picturesqueness of style. It is precisely this over-excited quality of much of the writing which, while making the pages quite thrilling, also takes them out of the first class. Originally correspondence to the London *Daily Chronicle*, it is well worth reading in this more permanent form. Nobody has made more vivid the neuroses that grow out of such a war as this. Naturally the writer, appalled by this human wreckage, is something of a pacifist; as naturally overstrain and unrestraint characterize his writing.

George Adam in "Behind the Scenes at the Front" (Duffield & Company; $2 net) has more professional imperturbability, more humor, and a consequently steadier vision. He was Paris correspondent, and his letters are interpretative in a general political sense. The book is excellent of its sort, dealing rather little with states of mind and much with facts and methods. It is correspondence of the classic type as Mr. Gibbs's was impressionistic. For one who wishes to inform himself as to the procedures of a great war —from the antecedent diplomacy to the provisioning in the trenches—the book is of distinct value. Having adventured with the Soul of the War, under Mr. Gibbs's guidance, it will do no one harm to consider also the material body of the war in Mr. Adam's terse and lucid chapters.

The French official report on the German atrocities is now translated by J. O. P. Bland and published by Putnam ($2 net), with the title "Germany's Violations of the Laws of War, 1914-15." Numerous documents, largely German soldiers' diaries, are presented in facsimile. It is difficult to interpret with any composure an array of facts so dreadful. First it must be said that the evidential quality of the exhibit is complete and convincing. These horrors actually happened, and very much as they are recorded. The moral decision as to their import is not quite easy. We do not know how much of this sort of horror is incidental to modern war in masses and unavoidable. We do not know what real or fancied provocation there may have been for the repeated burnings and slayings in French villages. There is the fullest evidence that the Germans in many places, and in obedience to orders, killed the wounded and prisoners. This is a blot on their military history that cannot be effaced. For the rest it appears that they made war as a rather brutal and inadequately civilized folk generally will. There seems to us rather small profit in inventorying their minor outrages. Nobody supposes them a gentle race. Indeed, the value of such an exhibit must be chiefly tactical—to offset in advance any complaint which Germany may make against the severity of the campaign against her.

Science

Fighting Frost

By DAVID TODD.

The late Prof. Lawrence Rotch, founder of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, which is still maintained from the income of funds of Mrs. Rotch's and his own providing, was an eminently practical scientist, and very resourceful in devising new and useful methods of research that at once established and still maintain this institution in the first rank. Blue Hill is now included within the Metropolitan Reservation, the observatory building on its summit has been thrice enlarged, its technical library is probably the best collection in the United States outside of Washington, and the regular observations, continued since 1885 unchanged in both method and environment, constitute a unique series in American meteorology; indeed, the International Solar Commission has made use of them in its study of secular changes of climate. On the death of the founder, Prof. Alexander McAdie, of San Francisco, was called to the directorship of the Observatory, and in the recently issued volume of observations of the past four years he presents a thoroughly practical and very timely essay on inversions of temperature in relation to frosts, a subject in which he is an acknowledged authority.

Only in recent years have aerologists given much attention to those slow-moving currents of the lower strata of the atmosphere which greatly differ from the whirls and cataracts of both high and low levels familiarly known as the winds. The larger and more energetic streams of air play a part in the formation of frost, and their importance is not to be underestimated; but primarily it is a slow surface flow, almost a creeping, of the air near the ground which controls the temperature, and is all-important in frost formation. It is, therefore, of some importance to study the conditions which bring about this slow movement or displacement of air. It is true that there are times when, with thorough mixing and ventilation, and little opportunity for slow displacement, temperature will fall to low points and damage from frost result; but conditions of this kind are more properly described as cold waves. In such cases there is an unusual loss of heat by direct convection and the translation of masses of cold air. Strictly speaking, frosts are connected with inversions of temperature brought about by vertical movements of the air rather than horizontal, and are, therefore, essentially problems in local air drainage. In the valleys of California a slow but well-defined flow of the surface air can be traced and utilized in forecasting frosts: condensed water vapor or fog can be seen drifting into the valleys or settling in the low places. There are well-marked stream lines, and one is led to believe that a mixture of air and water vapor of a given temperature is cooled by contact with the hill-tops, and under the influence of gravity and other causes flows down the slopes.

It is well known that soon after sunset valleys and low places serve as catchment basins for slow-moving air that is densest and coldest. The hilltops, terraces, and even mountain tops, if not too high, are in contact with air of higher temperature, which must be either an in-draft from warm surrounding strata, or the displaced air from below. How the circulation begins and how it is maintained are not clearly understood, and unfortunately we have no instruments sufficiently sensitive for our needs. The cooling of the lower levels, the warming of the upper levels, and the existence of an inversion are evidently not the result of a single cause. But one fact stands out strongly in all of the investigations thus far made; that is, that where the air is in motion there is less likelihood of frost than where the air is stagnant. This may be called the first law of frost formation.

One factor in establishing the circulation is the fact that slopes, especially those facing west or southwest, have been heated by insolation during the day, and therefore radiate more rapidly, since radiation is a function of the absolute temperature; but the energy thus radiated is not absorbed by any layer of vapor and dust particles, as generally is the case with the radiation from the lower levels. The valleys and low levels lose heat by radiation; but soon after sunset there is formed a thin blanket of condensed vapor, which interferes with free radiation and checks the rate of cooling. The air at the higher level is robbed of its vapor and dust nuclei, becoming more and more like a pure gas and permitting freer radiation. Mixed air and vapor is lighter than dry air per unit volume; and thus moist air would naturally tend to rise. The condensed vapor, however, must be regarded in a different light from the vapor before condensation. In condensing, and also, but to less degree, in congealing into frost flakes, heat is set free in the sense that molecular energy is decreased. This heat is not shown as a direct rise in temperature, but does serve to prevent fall in temperature, such as expansion due to rising would produce. Thus we have near the ground an increasing load of condensed vapor, or vapor near the condensing point, which either crystallizes as frost with further cooling or is carried away by convective currents.

We see, then, that there are various conflicting processes: gain and loss of heat by radiation (the upper slopes losing heat by radiation, and the lower air masses gaining heat); retardation or acceleration in rate of change of temperature by the change in state of the water vapor; direct gain or loss of heat by convection or the actual translation of cold and warm air masses, and finally some slight gain or loss by conductivity. As to wind, certain types of storm movement easily recognizable are followed by frosts. Gusty northwest winds dying out at sunset, with unclouded skies and low and decreasing humidity above 100 metres, but increasing in the lower levels, are significant local conditions preceding inversion and favoring frost. In lieu of the usual and unsatisfactory apparatus for recording humidity, Professor McAdie has devised an ingenious instrument which is a decided improvement over the usual form of hygrograph: it is known as a saturation deficit recorder, and gives a continuous record of the weight of the vapor in grams per unit volume.

Precedent to a description of the best methods of protection from injury by frost, he formulates as follows the second law of frost formation: "Frost is more likely to occur when the upper air is dry than when it is moist." It is also true that a dusty atmosphere is less favorable for frost than a dust-free atmosphere. Thus we may generalize and say that whatever favors clear, still, dry air, favors frost. The theory of successful frost fighting, then, is to interfere with or prevent these processes which, as we have seen, facilitate cooling close to the ground.

In what way can this best be done? The most natural way would be to conserve the earth's heat, which could be accomplished by covering plants with cloth, straw, newspaper, or, perhaps better still, modern weather-proof sheeting, or in still another way by a cover of dense smoke, generally called a smudge. A second method would be by means of direct application of heat; and this is accomplished in orange groves by means of improved orchard heaters. Large fires waste heat and are neither economical nor effective. A third method would be based upon some method of mixing the air strata and getting the benefit of the warmer higher levels. Fourthly, advantage might be taken of some agency, like water or water vapor, having a high specific heat. Finally, if the crop is of a certain character, such as the cranberry, it will be found advisable to use sand, and to drain and clean, here again making use of the specific heat of some intermediary. And, furthermore, any one of these methods may be combined with some other method.

Regarding the first method, that of covers, it may be said that the practice goes back to the early husbandmen; but only in the last few years has the true function of the cover been properly interpreted, and we are still far from obtaining maximum efficiency, nor is there yet a suitable, scientific cover available. Any medium that interferes with loss of heat through free radiation before and after sunset is a cover. The best type of cover is a cloud; and clouds, whether high or low, are good frost protectors. On cloudy nights there is little likelihood of frost; nor do inversions occur. We have mentioned above the fact that the earth radiates the heat it has received not in the same, but in longer wavelengths. These are easily trapped and held

by the vapor of water. Furthermore, the rate of radiation is a function of the absolute temperature, and so the rapidity of loss depends somewhat upon the heat received. Therefore, the cover should be used as early in the day as possible, that is, just before sunset. Aside from the water cover or vapor cover there are cheap cloth screens, fibre screens, and also lath screens.

The second method, that of direct heating, has met with much success in the orange groves of California and elsewhere. Modern heating methods date from experiments begun in 1895. A number of basic patents granted to Professor McAdie in this connection are dedicated to the public. At the present time there are on the market some twenty forms of heaters, which have been described with more or less detail in farm journals and official publications. It is not necessary to refer to them further here. The fuel originally used was wood, straw, and coal, but these are now supplanted by crude oil or distillate. It has, too, been seriously proposed to use electric heaters, and also gas. Properly installed and handled, there is no difficulty in raising the temperature of even comparatively large tracts five degrees and maintaining a temperature above freezing.

The third method, that of utilizing the heat of higher levels by mixing, has not yet been commercially developed; while the methods of applying water, either in the spraying of trees or the running of ditches or the flooding of bogs, together with methods of sanding, cleaning, and draining, have all been proved helpful. Methods available and most effective in one section may not necessarily be effective in another section where the requirements of other crops may be quite different. Certain devices most effective in the groves of California may not answer in Florida or Louisiana, because of entirely different conditions of weather. Along the Gulf coast, where water is available, it may be advantageously used to hold back ripening and retard development until after the cold waves of middle and late February have passed; whereas on the west coast conditions are very different, water having a definite value and the critical periods coming in late December or early January.

In what precedes, stress has been laid chiefly upon the fall of temperature and the congelation of the water vapor. There is, however, another important matter connected with injury to plant tissue, and that is the rise in temperature after the frost. A too rapid defrosting may do considerable damage where no damage was originally done by the low temperature. It is in this connection that water may be used to great advantage. Water, water vapor, and ice, compared with other substances, have remarkably high specific heats. If the specific heat under constant pressure of water be taken as unity, that of ice is 0.49, of water vapor 0.45, and of air 0.24. Or, in a general way, we may say that water has four times the capacity for heat that air has. Therefore, it is apparent that water will serve excellently to prevent rapid change in temperature. This is important at sunrise and shortly after, when some portion of the chilled plant tissue may be exposed to a warming sufficient to raise the temperature of the exposed portion ten degrees in an hour.

The latent heat of fusion of ice is 79.6 calories, and the latent heat of vaporization of water is nearly 600 small calories or therms per gram. Therefore, in the process of changing from solid to liquid to vapor, as from ice to water to vapor, a large amount of heat is liberated. This does not mean, as is generally assumed, that the air will be warmed, but it does mean a retardation of change in temperature. And it is essential that the restoration of the tissues and juices to their normal state be accomplished gradually, neither too rapidly nor yet too slowly. There is probably an optimum temperature for thawing or defrosting frozen fruits and flowers.

Finally, the records of temperature as ordinarily obtained need careful interpretation. It may be that the freezing point of liquids under pressure in the plant cells or exposed to the air through the stomata is not the same as in the free air. It is unfortunate, too, that in most places data showing temperatures of soil, plant, and air are of doubtful character. A word of warning may be given against the too ready acceptance of records of the Weather Bureau made in cities and on the roofs of buildings. Conditions in gardens and fields vary greatly from these. It is further advisable to obtain a continuous record of the temperature of evaporation, such as is shown by the records herewith. The two temperature curves made simultaneously and easily read at any moment enable the gardener or orchardist to forecast the probable minimum temperature of the ensuing ten or twelve hours. But not always, and some study is necessary. A slight increase in cloudiness or a slight shift in the direction of the wind will prevent the fall in temperature which otherwise seemed probable. With a persistent inversion of temperature there is sometimes an increasing absolute humidity. In fact, the problem is many-sided, and we must consider the motion of the air vertically as well as horizontally. Air gains and loses heat chiefly by convection, and any gain or loss by conduction may be neglected. The plant gains heat by convection, radiation, and perhaps by conduction of an internal rather than surface character. The ground gains and loses heat chiefly by radiation. But the whole process is complicated, nor are the rates of change uniform. Frosts generally are preceded by a loss of heat from the lower strata of air, due to convection and a horizontal translation of the air. Then follows an equally rapid and great loss of heat by free radiation. There are minor changes, such as the setting free of heat in condensation and its utilization in evaporation, but these latent heats are of less importance than the actual transference of the air and vapor and the removal of the latter as an absorber and retainer of heat.

Frosts are recurrent phenomena reasonably certain to occur within given dates, and, as pointed out above, the cumulative losses are considerable. Methods of protection, to be serviceable, must be available for more than one occasion, for there is no profit in saving a crop on one night and losing it on the succeeding night. But the effort is worth while. Consider that the horticulturist regularly risks the labor of many months on the temperatures of a few hours. An efficient frost-fighting device is in a way the entering wedge for solving problems of control of climate. One may not take a crop indoors, it is true; but in the light of what has been already accomplished, there is no valid reason why at critical periods, which may be anticipated, the needed volume of surface air may not be sufficiently warmed to prevent the losses which have heretofore been considered inevitable. Professor McAdie is to be congratulated on successfully pointing out the practical methods of insurance against such losses which in the past have been excessive.

Drama

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

A title that fits, a neatly constructed plot, and a cast remarkably well chosen, are the considerable assets of "Hobson's Choice," of which the author is Mr. Harold Brighouse. That the public can usually detect a good play is evidenced by the necessity of transferring the piece this week from the Princess to the larger Comedy Theatre. "Hobson's Choice," though cast in the mould of "Bunty," deals with a bit of the British provinces (Lancashire) in a manner sufficiently fresh to merit, in popular estimation, an existence quite its own. Just here it may be remarked that persons who prefer to keep their theatregoing distinct from their slumming will welcome this additional sign of a disposition by managers to substitute the life of the respectable lower middle class for the red-light district which held the stage of yesterday.

"Hobson's Choice," like "Quinneys'" and "Our Children," has the setting of a humble activity. In the present case, it is the bootshop of Henry Hobson, a tyrant among his three motherless daughters, resolved that they shall manage the business, while he pays frequent visits to a neighboring tavern, and shall marry, if at all, men of his choosing. Perhaps he might have had his way if the eldest girl had not possessed a will of her own. But Maggie, diminutive, as played by Molly Pearson, and always unruffled, overrules her father's bluff threats, leaving him only his namesake's choice, and even goes so far as to select for helpmeet Willie, the young apprentice of the head bootmaker, realizing that his deftness joined with her head for business will make a famous combination. The scene in which she woos the bashful boy, after releasing him from the toils of

his landlady, who has engaged him to her daughter, is rich with merriment without being too extravagant. A first act so lavish of dramatic interest left one wondering whether enough material remained to fill out three more acts. But when, at the beginning of the second act, Maggie was revealed planning for her marriage and those of her sisters, who had been quietly encouraging suitors, and also to set up an independent shop for Willie, it was plain that the wrench on the self-centred father would furnish ample matter for a conclusion. Old Hobson is indeed a character worth dwelling on. Having the outlines of Grumpy, without the latter's subtlety, he might have stepped out of Dickens; and in the final act, broken by too much familiarity with the Moonrakers' Tavern, his business fast waning, proud and obstinate still, though yearning for the society of his daughter, he provides the opportunity for a gripping sketch. We are glad to say that the impersonation of Mr. A. G. Andrews could scarcely have been bettered by Mr. Cyril Maude himself.

Perhaps the most amusing scene in the play is that of Maggie's wedding supper, which is attended by her sisters and their fiancés. The latter, with Willie, well played by Whitford Kane, are, of course, notable mainly as types—but such very droll types! Miss Molly Pearson, as might be suspected from her success in "Bunty," is ideally suited to play Maggie. It may be that she shows just a trace more of self-consciousness than was evident in her former triumph, but, if so, it is not annoying. F.

"THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE."

Miss Julia Arthur has not been happy in the play (Forty-eighth Street Theatre) which signalizes her return to the stage. Loose reasoning, especially in regard to the particular subject indicated by the title, we are accustomed to in literature and on the stage and accept with a sigh of resignation; but here loose reasoning is illustrated by looser construction. Mr. Robert McLaughlin has essayed the always perilous "dream-play" with which to elaborate his thesis that justice should be tempered with mercy in our dealings with the class of people truly described as "unfortunate." We give Mr. McLaughlin credit for having originally in mind no more than this, although, carried away by enthusiasm for his subject, he has possibly said a great deal more than he intended. In fact, we leave the theatre at the close of three rather tiresome acts with the distinct impression that we have listened to an impassioned plea for prostitution as an ancient and honorable profession; and this impression is distinctly heightened by the fact that by far the most interesting character in the play, and by all odds the best piece of acting, is the Blanche Dumond, the very refined "Madam" of a brothel, of Miss Lucile Watson.

The plot may be briefly summarized: Elijah Bradshaw, a wealthy bigot, has taken the leading part, even to the extent of hiring an evangelist, in a movement for cleaning up the tenderloin of a Middle Western town. The day has come when the inhabitants of the district are to be driven forth. Where they are to go is the last thought that occurs to the unco' guid. Bradshaw, appealed to on their behalf, has rejected any less strenuous measure than wholesale expulsion as a compromise with Satan. While writing a statement for the local paper he falls asleep. In his dream he experiences a series of misfortunes dimly reminiscent of Job and the Vicar of Wakefield. His daughter, by a woman whom he had betrayed and deserted years before, appears to him and insists on living in his house; his son thieves from the bank and betrays a woman; his legitimate daughter is betrayed by a lover; his wife dies; his reforming friends disown him. Naturally he wakes up chastened and decides not to make his statement on the subject of prostitution quite so strong as he had intended. The illegitimate daughter, known in the play as The Woman, is supposed to represent a kind of embodiment of an idea, not unlike the character of The Stranger, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Miss Arthur's rendering of the part failed to make convincing an unfortunate conception. In Emmett Corrigan a capable actor was wasted on the rôle of Elijah Bradshaw. "The Eternal Magdalene" contains the germs of some ideas that, differently and more capably expressed, might have been welded into an interesting play. The fact that it is for the most part a dreary and futile production is the fault, not of the actors, who did their best with unpromising material, but of the author. S. W.

"AROUND THE MAP."

Although this latest production at the New Amsterdam is not a musical comedy in the sense, demanded a quarter of a century ago, of having more than a thin thread of story, the extraordinary beauty of the costumes and of the scenery do, in themselves, make this a piece worth seeing. For the scenic effects credit is due to Mr. Joseph Urban, who in a similar capacity has recently scored a success at the Manhattan Opera House. To the extent of what meets the eye, including a well-trained chorus, "Around the Map" may be heartily commended. The book and lyrics, by C. M. S. McLellan, and the music, by Herman Finck, are fair, though there is no real "hit" in either. But the main thing is the spectacle, and to set this off there is the neat initial device of two Parisian costumers, male and female, who, insisting that dress makes the woman even more than the man, serve in effect as gods of the machine to ravish hearts by their creations. This, joined with a special condition requiring the entire company to tour the world, provides a chance for gay scenes in Paris, Berlin, Petrograd, Japan, San Francisco, and New York. In this production Else Alder, of the Johann Strauss Theatre, of Vienna, has been brought to this country. Her voice is adequate and her acting vigorous, perhaps a trifle too vigorous. The most engaging figure in the cast is Georgia O'Ramey in the part of the indifferent Lulu Cachou. F.

The half-dozen little one-act plays published under the title of "The Beau of Bath" (Holt; $1.20 net) may be commended to the consideration of our independent and experimental theatrical organizations. The author, Constance D'Arcy Mackay, presumably intended them for amateurs, for whom they are too good. For the regular stage they are somewhat deficient in technical execution and strength of dramatic fibre. Nevertheless, they are effective little sketches, written in facile, simple, and musical rhymed verse, which, without being in any way remarkable, is of good literary quality. They deal with real or imaginary incidents in the lives of conspicuous figures of the eighteenth century. The best of them are "The Beau of Bath" and "The Prince of Court Painters." In the first the faded Beau Nash, in neglected old age, entertains, in a dream, the ghost of a proud beauty whom he had loved in earlier days but never dared to woo. She tells him that she would have proved warmer if he had been bolder. It is a pretty fancy delicately told. In the second the famous painter, George Romney, broken and dying, finds his way, by chance, to the cottage of the wife whom he had abandoned in youth and is by her welcomed and tended as a returning prodigal. Here historical fact supplies the motive of a sympathetic and dramatic scene, excellent in its direct simplicity and genuine feeling. Kitty Clive and Horace Walpole appear in "Ashes of Roses," in which a pretty sentiment is expressed in clever lines. There may or may not be a vestige of truth in the fiction, but, in the light of known facts, it is not easy to think of the vivacious Kitty so faithful to an early rustic love and carrying, as a memento of it, in her halcyon London days, a withered rosebud in her bodice. In "Counsel Retained" Peg Woffington, escaping from a mob of worshippers, takes refuge in the poor quarters of the unknown Edmund Burke. She amuses herself by traducing her own reputation, and is so pleased with the zeal with which he, ignorant of her identity, defends it, that she retains him in a lawsuit in which she is plaintiff, and so gives him the needed start for his career. It is a lively and graceful trifle. "Gretna Green" deals pleasantly with the elopement of Maria Linley and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, while in "The Silver Lining" Fanny Burney is convicted of the authorship of "Evelina." Both these are very light in calibre, but like the others exhibit a dainty literary touch.

Music

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN MUSIC.

English composers have benefited by the war in so far as their works are, for patriotic reasons, receiving more attention than ever before. American composers, for reasons less obvious, are coming into their own this season, not only at vocal and instrumental recitals, but particularly also at orchestral concerts, the conductors of which have specially announced their intention to put on their programmes a larger number of American compositions than heretofore. The Philharmonic began to redeem its promise by opening its season with MacDowell's "Launcelot and Elaine," which had not been heard before at its concerts. Walter Damrosch closed the second concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra with a new suite by John Alden Carpenter, entitled "Adventures in a Perambulator." It is programme (or descriptive) music of a primitive sort, but executed with considerable poetic and orchestral charm. The suite consists of six parts: En Voiture, The Policeman, The Hurdy Gurdy, The Lake, Dogs, Dreams. An elaborate description, which takes up two columns of the programme, tells in detail what

the baby sees and hears on its daily ride with the nurse, and the orchestra attempts to translate its thoughts into music, step by step. In doing this, Mr. Carpenter has shown much ingenuity; every now and then the revolving wheels of the carriage are heard; there is a special motive which stands for the baby, who also has his "private signal," delivered loudly on a stopped trumpet when he is displeased; the hurdy-gurdy plays a stirring waltz, in which novel effects occur; the dogs have their unmistakable "yap, yap"; and so on. It is, as before said, programme music of a primitive sort, and there is no new melodic message in the score; but the orchestra is handled cleverly, there are choice rhythmic and realistic tit-bits, and the pleased audience repeatedly recalled the composer. He is the vice-president of a business concern in Chicago and, unlike most American business men, seems to find time to bestow on the fine arts.

At the same concert the German colorature soprano, Frieda Hempel, sang, with a voice that was delightfully pure and fresh, and with the true Viennese swing, an arrangement of Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube Waltz." It is not generally known that this waltz was originally written with chorus, and that it was a failure! The only other concerts of the week were by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They were given, it is needless to say, before crowded and enthusiastic audiences. This orchestra, during the past summer, made a triumphal tour of the country, extending to San Francisco. Among its New York patrons there was some dissatisfaction last season because of Dr. Muck's queer programmes; but no one, surely, could have found any fault with those offered last week. The first of them included the fourth symphony of Brahms, Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," and, best of all, Dvorák's splendid "Husitzka" overture; the second, Beethoven's seventh symphony, Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oye," Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles," and the most popular of Liszt's symphonic poems, "Les Préludes." In Boston, last season, Dr. Muck won his biggest ovation with Liszt's "Faust" symphony, and it is likely that this composer will have a prominent place on his programmes this year, both at home and on tour.

Among recent entertainments by single artists none was of greater interest to serious lovers of music than the first of the six historic recitals arranged by the great Russian pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. It is the first thing of its kind since the days of Rubinstein, and the series is to be repeated in several other American cities. Beginning with the old English Byrde and Purcell, Mr. Gabrilowitsch took his hearers through the French and Italian gardens of Couperin, Rameau, Scarlatti, before he entered the realms of German and Austrian classical music as represented by Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. The climax of his recital was the "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue" of Bach, a piece which not only foreshadows the modern instrumental recitative, half-way between melody and speech, but also the power and grandeur of the modern grand piano. In the days of Bach the organ alone rose to the heights of his fancy, but he had visions of the piano of the future, and in the piece named, as played by this pianist, they are realized in a way that would have thrilled its composer with delight. All of the other pieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries played on this occasion were more old-fashioned, yet Mr. Gabrilowitsch knew how to make them interesting as such.

One of the cleverest things this Russian pianist ever did was to win the hand of Mark Twain's daughter. As a woman she is as attractive and interesting as the best of her father's books, and she is, moreover, a singer of unusual charm. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch gave a recital last Saturday which made a deep impression on her audience. It cannot be said that her voice has been trained as it should be, yet with that voice, thanks to its noble quality and the soulful way she uses it, she wins the applause of hearers who would be left cold by the more highly polished voices of singers lacking her temperament, and what one might call her literary insight into the songs she sings. All the *lieder* on her programme were by Russian composers, the most enjoyable of them being four by Rubinstein (the entrancing melodist whom most singers so incomprehensibly neglect), and by her husband, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who is one of the best song-writers of the day as well as a leading pianist. By playing his wife's accompaniments he provides her with a tower of strength to lean upon.

Another contralto—still the greatest of them all—was heard last week: Ernestine Schumann-Heink; she has a voice which stands the wear and tear of travel surprisingly well, and which speaks to the heart as perhaps no other voice does. Nellie Melba is another veteran whose voice and singing are as fresh and as enjoyable as they were twenty years ago. Another thing to be said for Mme. Melba is that on three continents she has within a year been converting her golden tones into gold coin for war victims, on a larger scale than that of any artist before the public.

The Boston Opera Company closed its brief season in this city with the proud record of having drawn much larger audiences the second week than the first, which speaks well for its merits, as well as for the discrimination of the local public. The performances were repetitions of the first week's operas, with the exception of "Tosca," in the title part of which Olive Fremstad appeared; but she was not in good voice and, dramatically, she never was entrancing in this rôle. The leading tenor of the Boston company, Mr. Zenatello, is well known to New Yorkers, having been a member of the Hammerstein Opera for several seasons. He appeared last week to special advantage as Don José in "Carmen" and as Otello, winning ovations in both operas. The Russian, Mr. Baklanoff, proved to be a good singer and a subtle actor, especially as Iago and as Manfredo in "The Love of Three Kings," which also brought back a tenor, Mr. Ferrari-Fontana, whom the Metropolitan audiences used to applaud. Maria Gay, who sang in this city formerly, both at the Manhattan and the Metropolitan, did not make so agreeable an impression as Carmen as formerly. Luisa Villani gave a sympathetic interpretation of Desdemona, and of Flora in the "Three Kings." The orchestra, conductors, chorus, and scenery of the Boston company have been previously praised in this column; and it may be said in summing up that Max Rabinoff's combination of this company with the Pavlowa ballet is one of unusual excellence, which deserves good luck on its tour.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

FINANCIAL INFLUENCES IN THIS COUNTRY.

Probably most people watching the stock market of the past week or two will have been most impressed by the fact that the reckoning had come for the extravagant "war-industrial" speculation. A good many other people will, however, have regarded with quite as much interest the relatively great strength of the railway and standard investment shares, at the moment when the industrials were collapsing. But a fact somewhat less immediately apparent, but very striking in itself, has been the extraordinary breadth and activity of the market itself.

The "war-stock liquidation" has occurred in a long series of days in which, at generally well-sustained values, a greater number of separate stocks were dealt in than ever before in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. Since the third week of September, there have been only three days in which less than a million shares were dealt in—something almost unprecedented in that market. Transactions even in bonds, during all that period, have been two or three times as great as they were in the corresponding days or weeks of 1913 and 1912. Last month's total business in stocks has never but once before been equalled in October; the same is true of the business in bonds.

What the course of prices in the immediate future is to be, does not seem entirely clear at the moment—not less so because of the fact that, while the shares of industrial companies are watching the war and ignoring all other influences, the railway shares are watching for trade revival in this country and, apparently, ignoring war news. But whether prices rise, or fall, or merely move uncertainly, the all but unprecedented volume of daily trading continues. At first consideration, the natural comment on this remarkable activity would be that it reflects the peculiar facts of the present situa-

tion; the easy money and the overflowing bank resources; the new and unfamiliar elements in our economic position, at home and in relation to the outside world.

These, it will generally be admitted, are conditions making for speculation in the larger sense. There are, however, two or three other much more general influences at work which should go to explain the peculiar characteristics of this movement. They are not the sort of influences to which Wall Street attaches the most importance. Yet, as often happens, the influences which professional speculators overlook may be the largest factors in an unusual economic situation.

The first of these possible influences is the fact that what we are seeing now is in the nature of a pent-up investment and speculative activity, breaking bounds to-day because of a long and forcible restraint. During five months after July, 1914, accruing capital of our investors and speculators was unable to reach the market. The Stock Exchange was closed; none of the customary large offerings of new securities came in sight to absorb our cash resources. It is not wholly strange that, after the markets had reopened on the ending of this long embargo, the accumulated force of our capital reserves—increased by our relations with the outside world—should have brought about, by successive stages, the situation which exists.

The second economic influence bears in the same direction; it may have to do only with the "Wall Street boom" which has occurred already, or with what is to happen later. The United States had reached in 1912 a position perfectly familiar in the "cycle of prosperity." Our process of wholesome recuperation from the breakdown of 1907 had already lasted nearly or quite as long as the similar interval between the panic of 1873 and the beginning of "boom times" in 1879, or between the panic of 1893 and the prolonged trade revival dating from 1897.

What stopped so very abruptly the revival which had actually begun in 1912, every one knows. It was the Balkan war which broke out in October of that year, and the accompanying shadow, never thereafter removed from the financial markets, of the vastly greater coming conflict. Now, however, by a combination of circumstances which could certainly not have been foreseen, our own markets seem to have been released from this long apprehension. We are facing actual facts, and for the time they are playing the American market's hand.

The third possible influence is more obscure; perhaps it will be called fanciful. Yet, on the broadest economic considerations, and in view of the fact that excited speculation and a "boom"—more or less unwholesome as circumstances dictated—has been an invariable incident of a great war with its prodigious government expenditure, it may not be unreasonable to ask what result would logically follow, if all great stock markets in the world but one were to be tied down arbitrarily, so that they could make no such response.

If these three influences were alone in operation, they would largely explain the phenomena of the day, though they would also leave opportunity for the familiar doubt regarding the longer outlook. What the next few months or the next few years will show is the extent to which the unquestionably sound sub-stratum for a forward movement in America will offset the temporary and precarious character of the impulse to expansion arising directly from the war. Regarded from another point of view, they will possibly show how much or how little of the present strong economic position in the United States is (as popularly imagined) a direct and exclusive consequence of the war itself, and how much a result of conditions in this country, which would sooner or later have asserted themselves, even without a European war.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Castle, A. and E. The Hope of the House. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Couperus, L. The Later Life. Dodd, Mead. 1.35 net.
Conwell, R. H. Acres of Diamonds. Harper. $1 net.
Osborne, W. H. The Boomerang. McBride. $1.35 net.
Raine, W. M. Steve Yeager. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Rice, J. L. Rocher Fendu. Boston: Badger. $1.35 net.
Sabatini, R. The Banner of the Bull. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Standerson, G. The Hundredth Wave. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. $1.35 net.
Streuvels, S. The Path of Life. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Tomlinson, E. T. Prisoners of War. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
White, S. E. The Gray Dawn. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brandt, J. L. Anglo-Saxon Supremacy. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Brown, C. R. The Northern Confederacy. Princeton University Press.
Fraser, Mrs. H. Storied Italy. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Green, H. The Log of a Noncombatant. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Hale, L. C. We Discover New England. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Hearn, L. Interpretations of Literature. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $6 net.
Leach, A. F. Some Results of Research in the History of Education in England. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
Lee, Sir S. Shakespeare and the Italian Renaissance. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
McClung, N. L. In Times Like These. Appleton. $1 net.
Munson, A. Kipling's India. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Okey, T. Speech of His Excellency Signor Antonio Salandra. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Patterson, S. W. The Spirit of the American Revolution. Badger. $1.50 net.
Phelps, E. H. Debater's Manual. H. W. Wilson Co. $1 net.
Preston, T. J. The Bronze Doors. Princeton University Press.
Rocklin, Dr. F. Wishfulfillment and Symbolism in Fairy Tales. New York: The Nervous and Mental Disease Pub. Co.
Sweetser, K. D. Ten Great Adventures. Harper. $1.50 net.
The New Hudson Shakespeare Series: The Merchant of Venice. A Midsummer Night's Dream. The Comedy of the Tempest. Twelfth Night. Julius Cæsar. As You Like It. The Tragedy of Hamlet. The Tragedy of King Lear. The Tragedy of Macbeth. Introduction and notes by H. N. Hudson. Boston: Ginn.
The Sesquicentennial of Brown University, 1764-1914. By the University.
The Yoga System of Patañjali. Harvard Oriental Series. Edited by C. R. Lanman. Volume 17. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Thornton, L. S. Conduct and the Supernatural. Longmans, Green. $2.25 net.
Walsh, W. S. Heroes and Heroines of Fiction. Phila.: Lippincott.
Witmer, L. The Nearing Case. Huebsch. 50 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Coffin, H. S. Some Christian Convictions. Yale University Press. $1 net.
Cole, E. E. The Good Samaritan. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Kisjinami, T. The Development of Philosophy in Japan. Princeton University Press.
Lambert, W. A. Religious Education. Boston: Badger. 75 cents.
Rust, C. H. Personal Religion. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Vincent, E. C. The Madonna in Legend and History. Milwaukee, Wis.: The Young Churchman Co.
Walter, J. E. Subject and Object. West Newton, Pennsylvania: Johnston & Penny.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Fritts, F. The Concept of Equality in Its Relation to a Principle of Political Obligation. Princeton University Press.
Gide, C. and Rist, A. A History of Economic Doctrines. Heath.
Post, L. F. The Taxation of Land Values. Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Sharfman, I. L. Railway Regulation. Chicago: La Salle Extension University. $2.
The Hague Conventions and Declarations of 1899-1907. Edited by J. B. Scott. Oxford University Press. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Barker, E. War Letters from the Living Dead Man. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Caldwell, R. G. The Lopez Expeditions to Cuba. Princeton University Press. $1.25 net.
Ellery, E. Brissot de Warville: A Study in the History of the French Revolution. The Vassar Semi-Centennial Series. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Friedlander, I. The Jews of Russia and Poland. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Gayda, V. Modern Austria. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Harrer, G. A. Studies in the History of the Roman Province of Syria. Princeton University Press.
Kipling, R. France at War. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents.
Le Mesurier, E. A. Genoa. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
McCabe, J. The Kaiser: His Personality and Career. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
MacDonald, J. A. Democracy and the Nations. Doran. $1.35 net.
Maitland, F. W., and Montague, F. C. A Sketch of English Legal History. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Palmer, F. My Year of the Great War. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Pleasures and Palaces: The Memoirs of Princess Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich. Century. $3 net.
Rawlinson, H. G. Shivâji the Marâthâ: His Life and Times. Oxford University Press.
Sanborn, K. Memories and Anecdotes. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Sherrill, C. H. French Memories of 18th Century America. Scribner. $2 net.

TRAVEL.

Anderson, I. The Spell of Belgium. Boston: Page Co. $2.50 net.
Forgo Guides. See America No. 4. Robt. M. McBride & Co. 40 cents.
Paton, D. Egyptian Records of Travel in Western Asia. Vol. 1. Princeton University Press. $7.50 net.

POETRY.

Imperial Japanese Poems of the Meiji Era. Translated from the Japanese by F. A. Lombard. Privately printed.
Palmer, A. F. A Marriage Cycle. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Shevell, P. Stillwater Pastorals. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Dunton, W. R. Occupation Therapy. Philadelphia: Saunders. $1.50 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1915.

Summary of the News

The circumstances under which the Ancona was torpedoed remain technically obscure. That is, the Government at Washington has not at present sufficient exact information on which to base a decision in regard to its future course of action. For the moral aspects of the case there is no need to go beyond the cynically brutal statement given out on Sunday by the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty, the burden of which was that, because all of the passengers and crew had not been able to get into the boats in forty-five minutes, by which time another steamer had appeared, the submarine was justified in sending to the bottom the vessel and what remained of its human freight.

As to the facts, there is direct contradiction between the Austrian statement and the note communicated by the Italian Government to the principal neutral capitals of the world. The former declares that warning was given, and that the Ancona was shelled only when she persisted in efforts to escape. The latter, supporting the statement of the Ancona's captain, asserts that no warning of any kind was given and that, after the disembarkation was begun, the lifeboats were shelled. Despite the assumption of responsibility by the Austrian Government, doubt persists as to the actual nationality of the submarine. Reports from Rome on Saturday were that the Italian Government took the view that it was German. It is stated that an American Consul has been ordered to Tunis to ascertain the facts and obtain sworn statements from survivors, especially from citizens of the United States. According to reports available as we write, 207 persons lost their lives. Only two Americans have been definitely reported among the saved.

The North Sea having been rendered by the British navy unsafe for submarines, these craft appear to have definitely transferred their operations to the Mediterranean. In addition to the Ancona, two Italian ships, the Firenze and the Bosnia, have been sunk in those waters, in both cases with attendant loss of life. It is probable also that most of the seven British ships and one French ship reported torpedoed during the past week were sunk in the Mediterranean, although the locale is not always given in the official announcements. It is worth noting that in Germany, according to the *Vossische Zeitung*, the ingenious idea begins to find favor that failure on the part of the United States to press her demands to Great Britain in regard to interference with neutral commerce will absolve Germany from her undertaking not to sink passenger liners without warning.

Second only in importance in the week's news to the sinking of the Ancona has been the revelation of ever-accumulating evidence regarding Teutonic belligerency in this neutral country. It is not even pretended that the fires which occurred on Wednesday and Thursday of last week in the Bethlehem and Roebling plants, causing damage in each case estimated at more than a million dollars, were of accidental origin. The impression of incendiarism is confirmed by the fact that at the same time three other fires were started in the Bethlehem plant, and that the fire-alarms in the Roebling plant had been tampered with. Dispatches from Berne on November 13 described the rejoicings in Germany over the destruction of part of the Bethlehem works.

It is understood that the Government is giving serious consideration to a series of articles published last week in the Providence *Journal*, which detailed the revelations of Dr. Joseph Goricar, an ex-member of the Austro-Hungarian Consular service, concerning alleged illicit activities of Austrian diplomatic officials in this country. It was stated on Sunday that the German, Fay, and the five other men under indictment for plotting damage to ships carrying munitions to the Allies would be brought to trial in the Federal Court as soon as possible, under statutes which apply to the crime of piracy. Fay was reported as being ready to turn State's evidence, but a long statement that he made on Monday appears to have contained no disclosures calculated to be of value to Federal officials in tracing the conspiracy to its source.

Negotiations between the Allied Powers and Greece appear to be reaching a crisis. The mission of Lord Kitchener, decided on hurriedly, as Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons on November 11, as a result of "serious information," is now generally accepted as having to do with the future attitude of Greece. That attitude appears to be governed by Byzantine subtlety. The renewal early last week to France of pledges of cordial neutrality "with the character of sincerest benevolence towards the Entente Powers" was closely followed (on November 11) by publication of a decree dissolving the Chamber and fixing elections for December 19. Dispatches on Tuesday stated that an intimation had been received from the Greek Government that any Allied troops seeking refuge in Greek territory would be disarmed. Lord Kitchener was reported on Tuesday to have arrived at Lemnos, and M. Denys Cochin, Minister without portfolio in the French Cabinet, to be at Athens. It is suggested that representations which may be made by Lord Kitchener may take the form of pointing out to King Constantine the unconstitutionality of his action in dissolving the Chamber, the ground for such representations being that the constitutionalism of Greece is guaranteed by Great Britain, France, and Russia.

In reply to a request for information in regard to the alleged searching by a British cruiser of the American steamship Zealandia, when the latter was within Mexican territorial waters, the British Embassy in Washington explained to the State Department on November 12 that the vessel at the time of the search was outside the three-mile limit. This statement is said to be in contradiction of the report of the Zealandia's captain. The State Department is endeavoring to ascertain the facts, and the American Consul at Progreso has been instructed to take affidavits of witnesses. In regard to the seizure of the American steamship Hocking, recorded in our issue of November 4, announcement was made by the State Department on November 11 that it had been informed by the British Government that the Hocking was seized in order to determine whether, although flying the American flag, she was an enemy vessel on account of ownership by German capital.

Austrian aeroplanes have conducted raids on Verona and Brescia. In the former place, thirty civilians were killed and forty-nine wounded. At Brescia seven were killed and ten wounded.

The new treaty between Haiti and the United States was ratified by the Haitian Senate on November 12.

A poll of the next Congress conducted by the National Security League, details of which appeared in Sunday's papers, indicates that there will be a majority in favor of the President's proposals for defence.

Dispatches from Berlin, under date of November 12, stated that virtually the entire food supply of Germany was expected soon to pass under governmental control. The German Chancellor in the Reichstag on the same date assured the Socialists that the hopes of the Entente Powers of starving Germany were doomed to disappointment. Dispatches of the following day from The Hague gave details of new regulations concerning foodstuffs, among interesting items of which is the prohibition of painting in oil colors. By way of Amsterdam has come news of a recent food riot in Düsseldorf.

Official announcement was made on November 12 that Winston Spencer Churchill, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, had resigned from the Cabinet, and would join the army in France. The announcement was accompanied by publication of correspondence that had passed between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill in connection with the resignation. On Monday Mr. Churchill made a statement in the House of Commons in which he defended his record at the Admiralty. Mr. Churchill's frank statement was well received by the House. Another interesting incident in the House of Commons occurred on Thursday of last week, when both the Premier and Sir Edward Grey warmly defended Lord Haldane, attacks on whose patriotism have furnished one of the most discreditable episodes in England's conduct of the war. Sir Edward Grey revealed the fact that at the time of Lord Haldane's withdrawal from the Cabinet he himself would have resigned but for a crisis in public affairs.

The Ministers of Great Britain, France, Russia, and Japan were informed by the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs on November 11 that it had never been the intention of the Administration to change the form of Government hastily; that the majority of the provinces had voted in favor of the contemplated change to a monarchy, but that, owing to the preparations necessary for the ceremony, some delay in effecting the change would be inevitable.

The Week

If universal service is the only way to secure real democracy, real justice and fairness, then the Kaiser is the greatest democrat alive. And for that matter, you find a great many Germans who insist that this is so. In Germany the courts of justice function with admirable impartiality. In Germany the laws are equitably enforced. And in Germany they have exactly Col. Roosevelt's habit of describing the particular way one wants to go as the only way. The only way from Germany to Paris was through Liège and Louvain. The only way to England was by sinking the Lusitania. Mr. Chesterton has pointed out this happy way of using a word to include its opposite. I believe in teetotalism if by teetotalism you mean the right of every man to take a drink when he wants it. I believe in quadrupeds if by a quadruped you understand an animal that has two legs or six or twenty-four as well as four. I believe in democracy if by democracy you mean universal service. Ask the man in the street if by democracy he understands a great standing army. Ask him whether America since the beginning has not meant industry as against armaments, and the will of the people as against the "only way" discovered by Kaiser or Bull Moose. Have your tremendous army if you must, but recognize that you will have more preparedness and less democracy.

The description, from a Bulgarian source, of the situation in Macedonia as another Gallipoli for the Allies, should not be altogether discouraging to the latter. For deadlock means a cessation of the Teuton-Bulgar advance. In southern Macedonia such a condition seems to be fairly established. From the Greek frontier along the Orient railway to Krivolak and the River Cerna and then westward along the Babuna heights, the limit for Bulgar progress has been apparently fixed, so that Sofia now intimates that her armies have already attained pretty nearly everything they were after, and failure to press further means no defeat. In central Servia, where the main army is retreating before the Teutons from the north and the Bulgars from the east, the campaign is also slackening up. Last week was a bad one for the Serbs. Their losses in prisoners after the capture of Nish and the battle of Krusevatz, which was the one big fight of the campaign, were considerable for a few days. The Teutonic pursuit has now slackened, the Bulgars are apparently consolidating their positions along the Morava and the Orient railway, and the Serbs are establishing a line of resistance in the heights north and east of the historic plain of Kossovo. On the other hand, of the rumored Allied counter-offensive there have as yet been few indications.

The activity of Teutonic submarines in the Mediterranean is, of course, closely connected with developments in the Balkans. Sending Allied troops into Salonica, on a scale demanded by the seriousness of the situation, imposes a strain upon the Allied fleets such as they have not previously experienced. Hitherto it has been the British boast that two and a half million men have been ferried to and from England with a loss of less than one per cent., and this loss was almost entirely in the Mediterranean. With a larger proportion of troops now going to the Near East, and the German Admiralty transferring its main submarine operations from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, the toll paid by the Allies is bound to rise. There is no possibility of guarding the long sea passage so effectively as the short lane across the Channel has been guarded. From Marseilles to Salonica is a matter of a week's voyage for passenger ships in times of peace. From Alexandria to Salonica is three days. The offset to this difficult situation is that the German submarines must also set out from the North Sea harbors for a long and perilous trip to southern waters. But once in the Mediterranean, there are the Austrian ports to serve as a base. From now on Great Britain must be prepared for much greater casualties at sea than she has hitherto sustained.

In spite of its effectiveness as a raider of enemy transports, the submarine retains its primary importance as a weapon of defence. Its rôle as a factor in the scheme of coast defence has repeatedly been emphasized. Advocates of "preparedness" against invasion of the United States will ultimately be forced to recognize the lesson of Heligoland and the Dardanelles with regard to the effectiveness of shore batteries, mines, and undersea boats against the attack of a fleet. But perhaps the most striking example of such effectiveness has been shown in the Baltic, as part of the general German operations against Russia. It is more than six months since the Germans occupied Libau, and at that time the fall of Riga seemed to be a matter of a week or two. It is nearly three and a half months since the Germans took Mitau, which is only twenty-nine miles by rail from Riga, the fall of which seemed then a matter of a few days. The capture of that great port could not but be a prime objective with the Germans. It would have facilitated the fall of Dvinsk and given them the line of the Dvina for ideal winter quarters. If the German advance there has been halted and turned into a defensive, the failure of the German fleet to break into the Gulf of Riga, with the consequent failure of transport by sea, has been largely responsible. And if Russian coast defence, supplemented by such submarines as England has succeeded in slipping into the Baltic, has been able to keep the Germans out of the Gulf of Riga, the case of coast defence at its weakest against attack at its conceivably strongest is clearly made out.

Reference to the American note to England was made at the Guildhall banquet by the new Attorney-General, Mr. F. E. Smith. He intimated that the British Government would make a reply, in which, he said, it would endeavor to justify its course on legal grounds, "not altogether," he added sarcastically, "without reference to authoritative decisions rendered by American courts." This opens up a fine prospect for the diplomatic lawyers. They will ransack 3 Wallace. They will play battledore and shuttlecock with the Springbok case and the Peterhof case. "It means exactly what we contend for." "Ah, but you have failed to consider what the court says in another passage." We all know the sort of thing that will be done. It will easily occupy the spare time of the Foreign Office and the State Department until the war is over—probably still longer. And when the diplomatic discussion is finally ended, the American claims for damages will doubtless be submitted to arbitration. Whereupon the distinguished jurists who compose the tribunal will in their turn wreak themselves upon the everlasting 3 Wallace, the agile Springbok case, and the Peterhof upon the rock of which international law was apparently *not* founded.

> Had it [the fortress of Dvinsk] been of rock, experts declare, it would have been knocked to pieces long ago, but an artillery bombardment is of little avail against a sand fortress. . . . Exploding projectiles are smothered in the sand trenches skilfully laid out so that they are mutually outflanking.—[Vossische Zeitung.

While we, in this country, are citing the

Bible for preparedness, the Germans, with characteristic enterprise, have discovered that the New Testament is no longer valid as a military textbook. For the Russians have built themselves a fortress upon the sands, and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and Gen. von Hindenburg has been compelled to fall back with his men and his guns out of a region converted into a swamp. At General Headquarters there may be some disappointment with an erroneous theory of fortifications which held from about A. D. 31 to the fall of Maubeuge and Novogeorgievsk, but there is probably no inclination to carry resentment further and say, "Gott strafe Matt. 7:24-27."

It was a year ago that the new Federal Reserve banking system went into operation. That event occurred at a moment when the financial situation in this country was still dark. Foreign exchange ran heavily against New York; our gold was moving out in quantity. The New York banks had but just emerged from a condition of large deficiency in reserves below the legal limit. The Stock Exchange was closed, fearing that its reopening would be followed by an avalanche of European liquidation of American securities, and by a consequent panic in our investment and money markets. How complete and dramatic a change has since then come over the American financial situation is attested by the great rise in our investment markets during 1915; by the unprecedentedly large gold imports; by the swing of the foreign exchanges, in a degree never witnessed during our time, in favor of New York; and finally, by the entry of the American financial community into the international market as the chief lender of money to all the outside world.

The preliminary signs of this reversal of position in American finance came in sight a very few weeks after the new banking system was inaugurated. Yet all discussions of this interesting anniversary are to-day calling attention to the fact that, during the past twelve months, the new banking facilities of the Federal Reserve system have practically remained untouched. Last week, with $329,253,000 cash reserve in all the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, total rediscounts were only $43,148,000, and Federal Reserve notes in circulation, not specifically covered by deposit of cash against them, were only $13,007,000. This is plain evidence that the facilities of the new banking system have not yet had to be employed. The reason lies on the face of things; the country's extraordinary gain in financial power, prestige, and banking resources came from the working-out of economic conditions due to the war itself. Yet it would not be right to overlook the influence which the fact of a sound and scientific banking and currency system may have had in promoting this very confidence of the outside world in the United States. Nor should it be forgotten that the existence, practically unused as yet, of these new safeguards and facilities for our country's financial system, has an immensely important bearing on the economic problems which will confront us in the later stages of the war, and on return of peace.

With the text of the opinions on the Arizona Alien-Labor law before us, it is possible to state not only that Justice McReynolds's dissent related solely to the form of the suit and not to the merits of the question at issue, but that he took care actually to state his accord with the other members of the Court upon the merits. After stating his opinion that the suit was a suit against the State of Arizona, and therefore beyond the powers of the Supreme Court, he adds: "That the challenged act is invalid I think admits of no serious doubt." Thus we have it as the unanimous judgment of the Supreme Court that any anti-alien law of the type of the Arizona enactment is in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, and therefore void. So far, therefore, as private employment is concerned, there is an end of the question of statutory discrimination against aliens; whether the case will be found different as regards employment on public works remains to be seen. It is interesting to note in this regard that in the opinion of the Court, written by Justice Hughes, there occurs this remark: "The discrimination [i. e., that against aliens] defined by the act does not pertain to the regulation or distribution of the public domain, or of the common property or resources of the people of the State, the enjoyment of which may be limited to its citizens as against both aliens and the citizens of other States." A reference to the fact that the Arizona law "is not limited to persons who are engaged on public work or receive the benefit of public moneys," taken in conjunction with the sentence just quoted, would seem to indicate that the Court will find, in a law directed only against alien labor on public works, much more reason for doubt than in the Arizona law.

Booker Washington's death lends double interest to an article of his which has just appeared in the New York *Age* upon American duties in Haiti. It was written with especial reference to Haiti as presenting a race problem. The island's acceptance of the treaty establishing a virtual American protectorate was communicated to the State Department last week. Dr. Washington was concerned lest we send administrators there who might show insufficient sympathy with the black people, and who might attempt to draw a color line. "They must fit themselves to be white men in a black man's country if they want to live there and work there and have any influence whatever." But he hoped that young American colored men and women might go to Haiti to engage in educational and general social work. For this two things are necessary. The American Government must give a constructive direction to the work of its Receiver-General and Minister, as by seeing that part of the customs which we are to supervise goes for agricultural and industrial education. Negro agencies should follow this up by sending workers in education and industrial betterment. What is really to be desired, Dr. Washington's statement does not perhaps make sufficiently clear. It is that the American officers should not interfere in Haitian affairs at all except to correct wrong tendencies and to give helpful advice; and that American negroes should show a practical interest in teaching the race in Haiti some of the lessons in citizenship and governmental stability learned in the United States.

A wagon-load of generalities about the "ruin" of the Philippines is not worth one or two such facts as Governor-General Harrison presents in his letter to the head of the Far Eastern Bureau. By the deposit of Government funds in local banks, well secured, he has in two years made available to sugar and tobacco growers nearly 7,000,000 pesos for the development of their lands. The scope of this plan of rural credits he hopes to see doubled during the coming year. He is pushing the work of land survey and land registration; the courts have been reorganized; the permanent road and bridge system is being extended, while every effort is being made to render these highways profitable by teaching the natives their usefulness in agriculture. Though the removal of the export tax and the disturbances resulting from

the war have made necessary the imposition of a business tax, it has been accepted without complaint, and the present fiscal year—coincident with the calendar year—will close with the first safe surplus for some time. Business conditions are better, according to tourists, than in "any other section of the world"; and "the relations between Filipinos and Americans are constantly growing more friendly." These concrete achievements are the best rebuttal of the allegation that, by a policy the main features of which have been the presentation to the Filipinos of the same ideal of ultimate self-government which Mr. Taft himself had previously held out, and a steady effort to teach the natives to take their due share in the government, the islands have been brought to the verge of disaster.

Mr. Garford, of Ohio, the leader of the Progressive party in that State, has found a new reason why his organization should give up. He tells it to a New York reporter. He has discovered that the American people have a very strong desire that there should be "only two parties" in the Presidential election next year. For a set of polite gentlemen like the Progressives, this hint is enough. If informed that "three is a crowd," they will not hesitate to take themselves out of the way. Yet in thus burying their party they score the complete triumph of one of its leading principles—"let the people rule." The people have ruled that there shall no longer be a Progressive party, and so, in obedience to the inner law of its life, it gracefully seeks death. By expiring, it wins a greater victory than it was able to compass while living.

America does not produce so many Nobel prize-winners that a man thus singled out might not be supposed to have first reached a considerable popular reputation. But another evidence of the Cinderella part played by abstract science in this country appears in the necessity for printing a short identifying biography with the announcement that Prof. Theodore W. Richards has been awarded the belated 1914 prize for the most important chemical discovery or invention. It would be easy to name a half-dozen men in America who have become well known in industrial chemistry, but there is no path to popular fame in the revision of the atomic weights of the more common elements, or in investigations of changing atomic volume. In Germany, where the award to Professor Richards has been noted with a satisfaction born of the fact that he studied under Nernst and Ostwald, and made public his first discoveries under the auspices of the German Chemical Society, he was probably better known than anywhere outside New England. In the scientific world international recognition of marked achievement is prompt, and the Harvard chemist had already received a large number of honors from British and Continental sources. In few other lands would such a prophet have been without more honor at home.

Such a life as that of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau shows what scientific zeal can do when conjoined with humane impulse. He was an investigator, but also a public benefactor. A pioneer in the open-air treatment of tuberculosis, and a tireless worker in his laboratory, his most durable satisfaction he found in the relief of suffering and the cure of tuberculosis patients from among the working classes. It was accident that led him to Saranac Lake, but it was no accident that identified his name with that spot and gave it a reputation all over the world as the site at once of profound studies of the nature of a terrible disease and of a sanatorium where thousands found hope and health. In his lifetime Dr. Trudeau received the fullest professional recognition and, what he valued more, abundant testimonials of personal esteem and gratitude. He lives in Stevenson's pages, and he will live longer in the hearts of those who have known his healing touch and been in contact with his fine nature.

An echo of the legal difficulties of the merger of Harvard and Massachusetts "Tech" comes from Philadelphia, where plans for a union of the University of Pennsylvania and the Medico-Chirurgical College are approaching realization. The legal barriers are now down, and the duplication of plant and effort long existing seems now near an end. Under the new arrangement, the Medico-Chirurgical College will become the graduate school of the University, thus not only ceasing to compete with it, but affording larger opportunities for students of medicine. Philadelphia already has a wide reputation as a centre of schools of medicine, and this virtual absorption of one of them by another should mean a gain rather than a loss in every particular except that of the mere number of institutions. On that point, the report of the Carnegie Foundation a few years ago was not only illuminating, but provocative of changes. The mortality of inefficient or worse than inefficient medical schools since then has been large. But it is easier to get rid of these than to stop the duplication of work by adjoining schools each of which is well established and of good repute.

If any doubt the permanent place of the Indian in American imagination, they need only look at the part he plays in every nature-study movement. The latest example is an open-air club for working girls which was addressed at its first meeting by a Sioux in costume, and which will spend its first indoor hours in Indian study under a special leader. Members are expected to read, not Burroughs or Thoreau, but "at least one standard book on the life of the American Indian." Half the impulse of the boy scouts and such organizations is in this country derived from their imitation of Indian tactics. Scarcely a volume written upon camp life and woodcraft but offers us Indian lore by the chapter. All this is apart from the influence of Cooper's and Mayne Reid's stories in predisposing youth to interest in outdoors. The Indian is rapidly becoming the great god Pan of our natural world, our great mentor in nature study, and the great historical figure that gives romance to every forest path. This is the more true, the more urban we become. When the members of even a working girls' organization have to be able to identify ten native trees, ten native birds, and fifteen wild flowers, the function of the noble red man in educating cockneys cannot be doubted.

One indication of clearing skies in Mexico is the Government figures showing an increase of $1,000,000 over last year in our September exports to that country, and of nearly $3,000,000 in our imports from it. Trade is thus being resumed in the nearly prostrated land. Meanwhile the situation faced by Villa is as desperate as that confronting Lee when Grant and Sherman moved simultaneously upon him in the spring of 1865. His army has just been badly beaten at Agua Prieta and forced away to the west towards Naco, on the border, without adequate supplies or means of getting them. From the south a Carranzista force is approaching Naco along the railway from Hermosillo, while from the east Obregon's army is pressing him from Agua Prieta. At the same time the Zapatistas in Morelos are reported to be losing coherence, and to be surrendering in groups of thousands in response to Carranza's offer of amnesty.

OUR GOVERNMENT AND AUSTRIA.

Our State Department has in its hands a flat contradiction between the official statements of two foreign nations. The Italian Government, believing that the submarine which sank the Ancona and killed 200 noncombatants was German, declares that the ship was fired upon without previous notice to stop. But the Austrian Admiralty, assuming that the submarine was Austrian, asserts that the Ancona refused to heave to when warned, and "fled at full speed." Evidently, here is a question of fact, relating to the laws of naval warfare, which the Washington Administration must clear up before it can take decisive action. In its notes to Germany, it accepted the rule that the captain of a merchant vessel, duly warned by a submarine, took the responsibility upon himself of an attempt to resist or to escape. Whether the captain of the Ancona did this or not goes to the heart of the case. The facts must be established beyond doubt.

One fact, however, stands admitted by the statement of the Austrian Admiralty. This is that the sinking of the Ancona was done in the most brutal manner. Whether the firing upon the Italian ship was technically justified or not, her torpedoing, with many passengers still on board, was nothing less than murder. One has no patience with the Austrian pretence that the crew of the Ancona was at fault. It is adding insult to assassination to say that the victims of the Austrian shell-fire were thrown into a panic. And the excuse that "another steamer was approaching," and that therefore it was not safe for the submarine to stay longer, is very like the excuse of a burglar that he had to kill the man he was robbing, because he heard the police coming. It would have been an excuse for the submarine to submerge and go away. Her commander could have reported his danger as sufficient reason for leaving the Ancona afloat. But ruthlessly to sink her before fleeing to safety himself was exactly what a pirate would have done.

And this, be it remembered, is a part of the deed for which the Austrian Admiralty assumes responsibility, that has nothing to do with the question whether the Ancona was or was not signalled to stop. There are two steps in the capture of an enemy merchantman. She must be warned; next, the safety of her passengers and crew must be provided for. When this cannot be done, the ship must be allowed to proceed. Such was the practice of the Emden repeatedly, in the early months of the war. It was simply a recognition of the duty laid upon the captain of a cruiser. And the commander of a submarine rests under the same obligation. This was distinctly laid down by our Government in the first Lusitania note. In it the German Government was informed that the United States could not contemplate the possibility of allowing a submarine to sink a passenger ship in such a way as to "leave her crew and all on board of her to the mercy of the sea in her small boats." And in the second Lusitania note our Government used strong words about the disregard of law as well as of humanity which would be shown by any commander of a submarine who, without "actual resistance," or "refusal to stop," should "so much as put the lives of those on board in jeopardy."

In all this, surely, President Wilson has laid broad the foundations upon which he may stand in dealing with Austria, as soon as the facts in regard to the Ancona are removed from dispute. Our position is enormously strengthened by what we have been able to exact from Germany. People are already forgetting what was achieved. We do not now refer to those who are publicly rending their garments and heaping ashes upon their heads and crying out upon the cowardice of the President and the shame of the country. In these shrill outcries we hear, first of all, those who keenly regret that this country has not somehow managed to get into the war, and, secondly, those who are ready to use any partisan weapon against the President. But we know that, wholly apart from these hysterical or malicious assailants of Mr. Wilson, there are many who think that he has been too patient and deliberate, and fear that he will be so in this new affair with Austria. But they ought not in fairness to dismiss from memory so soon all that patience and deliberation won in the negotiations with Germany over the Arabic.

That chapter is closed. It was a long one, but the end crowned the work. And there seems no reason to expect that the new chapter, now opened, need be lengthy. As soon as a clear basis for proceeding is established, our Government has only to insist that Austria concede promptly what was slowly wrung from Germany. Certainly, the Austrian Government could, in this matter, look for no aid and comfort from its German ally. It would almost surely get, rather, advice to follow the German example and to yield to the just demands of the United States. As for Americans, they cannot complain of the Administration for waiting till the whole truth is known. Even those of them who want to go to war do not desire a hair-trigger war. And the rest may well be asked to possess their souls in patience until they see whether Austria is not brought to give us satisfaction as Germany has done in the case of the Arabic and as we must presume she will do in the case of the Lusitania, still pending.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NEW YORK POSTMASTERSHIP.

The approaching expiration of Edward M. Morgan's second term as head of the leading post office of the country places before President Wilson a question which admits of no compromise, and the decision of which is bound to have a profound influence upon his standing before the nation. By his entire past record, whether as teacher or as political leader, he is essentially pledged to a view of the public service under which the retention of an officer of Mr. Morgan's ability and life-long experience is a simple duty. If the President should fail in it there would be but one interpretation of the act, no matter how excellent might be the character or general qualifications of the man who was put into Mr. Morgan's place. Plausible reasons might be given for the choice of the new official, plausible excuses might be adduced even for the shelving of the man who has so efficiently filled the important post to which he has risen from the bottom of the ladder. But all this would be brushed aside by the simple and straightforward common-sense of the people. The country would pronounce its verdict in the single word, "politics."

And even if the politics were not Tammany politics, the damage that such a verdict would do the President's moral standing before the country would be very great. This might be more or less of an injustice to him; but it would be sure to happen. No man has set his ideal of public duty higher than has Mr. Wilson. If there is one thing that he stands for more than any other, it is the placing of the public life of the Republic upon the highest possible plane. But nothing is more certain, nothing more notorious, than that this cannot be so long as the administrative offices of the nation—offices in no way involving any question of governmental policy—are treated as party spoils. Here is a thing in which we fall short not only of our own ideals, but of the ordinary practice of all the other leading nations of the world. Moreover, it is a thing in which, in the course of the past thirty years, we have made most gratifying progress, and upon which enlightened public

opinion is unanimous. To throw Postmaster Morgan overboard would be a flagrant offence against standards of action which are no longer mere aspirations, but have come to be regarded as practically binding upon any right-minded Executive. While we have not yet reached the point of excluding "politics" from this whole class of appointments, we *have* attained the stage where it is only at the cost of severe and general condemnation that a man in Mr. Wilson's position can place the demands of party calculation above the claims of public service, in a case where those claims are of such preëminent force as they are in this instance. A false step would deeply grieve a host of the President's friends, and would put into the hands of his opponents a powerful weapon.

All this would be so if the question of Tammany did not enter at all into the case. But the reasons against the displacement of Mr. Morgan are enormously reinforced by the consideration of Tammany's part in the matter. From the standpoint of mere political calculation, it is plain that the President would be worse off if he put an anti-Tammany Democrat into the office than if he simply retained Mr. Morgan. Tammany would be far less resentful of a non-partisan policy in the matter than of a policy directed against the Fourteenth Street organization. If, on the other hand, the President were to name a Tammany man—or even a half-Tammany man, a man agreeable to Tammany—everybody would read in the act a desire on the part of the President to conciliate Tammany, even at the sacrifice of the clear dictates of sound administration. How damaging that would be to the President's reputation, one can best realize by recalling the part that was played by Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Bryan's hostility to Murphy in the proceedings at Baltimore which culminated in Mr. Wilson's nomination.

Viewed, therefore, either as a matter of immediate expediency or as a matter of principle, the displacement of Postmaster Morgan would be one of the most serious errors the President could commit in the field of domestic politics. As for the principle involved, it would be a mistake to regard it as merely a matter of retaining a public servant of exceptional fitness. Far more is involved than that. To make the civil service a career, a career that will attract men of high quality, it is essential that there be held out to those who manifest such quality in long-continued and effective service the reward that naturally attaches to it. Too seldom does it happen that this principle is asserted to the degree that it has been in the case of Mr. Morgan, who, beginning work in the New York post office at the age of eighteen, has risen to be its head, and is universally recognized as possessing a unique mastery of its needs and its problems. To dismiss him would be to turn back, perhaps by many years, the progress we are making towards the general recognition of the principle. We cannot believe that Mr. Wilson will consent to inflict such an injury upon the prospects of governmental improvement. In the midst of the tremendous international problems that beset him, he may not find time to look closely into the case. But fortunately it is a case in which the right answer is also the easy answer. There is no difficulty, no complexity, in saying No. And for the very desire he has most at heart, the desire that he may have behind him the hearty confidence and support of the nation in this crisis, it is of the utmost importance that he shall not give a handle to enemies, detractors, and party opponents by a false step in a matter that does not inherently present any reason for doubt or hesitation.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

In Booker Washington the country loses not only a leader, but one who was in his person a real triumph of democracy. Born a slave, in the aftermath of the war he even slept under the wooden pavements of Richmond, a waif and stray, keeping body and soul together as best he could, but burning with the thirst for education and the desire to get ahead in the world. A colored friend of Dr. Washington's, Richard R. Wright, when also a ragged urchin, answered, in Reconstruction days, a Northern general who asked what message he should take back to the North, with the words: "Tell 'em we'se a-risin', master." Both these boys did rise—to the headship of great educational institutions; but Dr. Washington had the gift of oratory in addition to pluck, ambition, and an innate talent for leadership, and so he forged along until by a single speech in Georgia he achieved national renown. It was Gen. Armstrong, if we recall rightly, who said that if Hampton had done nothing else but graduate Booker Washington, it would have justified its existence and all the labor and money spent upon it.

If there was any secret of his success in overcoming the terrible obstacles which confront every man of color, it lay surely in his unfailing hopefulness, his dogged determination to let no obstacle daunt him, and to be himself above insult or humiliation. He was big enough to see early in life that the man who flouts another because of some difference in natural attributes, injures himself, and not the object of his venom. No disappointment could discourage him; if one benefactor dropped out, he found another for the place; if his audiences were small and the returns disappointing, why, there were other audiences to be found. And so he speedily typified in his person all the great work that Hampton and Tuskegee and a host of other schools were doing for his race, and proved beyond dispute how that work of bringing light to those that would otherwise sit in darkness earns enormous dividends not only for the blacks, but for the entire Republic. Thus thousands who heard him speak realized for the first time what talents, what possibilities of individual usefulness, lie latent among our colored fellow-citizens, and others found in his "Up from Slavery" a real tract for democracy and for the brotherhood of man. A Southern professor nearly lost his position for saying that two colored men, Washington and Du Bois, had written the two greatest books that have come out of the South since the Civil War, but the inaccuracy of his statement has yet to be proved; two more moving human documents are not often the product of travail and suffering.

And so it came about that Booker Washington gradually became the foremost interpreter of one race to another, particularly in the South. When the final verdict is passed upon his achievements, this may well prove to be his greatest claim to renown. Certainly of late years the trips he has taken into the various Southern States, when thousands of both races gathered to hear him wherever he stopped, have been of the utmost value. No one is quite so ignorant of negro aspirations and achievements as the Southerner of the average small town, whose horizon is limited by the negroes he sees upon the street corners. To these Dr. Washington brought a message that opened many an eye and won many a heart. True, he was extremely diplomatic; yet he did not lack courage, for he was never swerved by the threatening letters that often rained upon him. He would not take a guard, and unattended he would go by corners at which he had been told he would be shot like a dog if he dared appear. And, withal, his modest bearing, together with his great devotion to his cause, won him friends wherever he went. Here in the North the doors of many a home swung open to him.

Yet he was not the standard-bearer of a united race. It is a rare educational leader

who does not compromise on some questions, and in his peculiarly trying position, where a single false step might mean the ruining of his work—even the burning of his school—Dr. Washington did not speak out on the things which the intellectual men of the race deemed of far greater moment than bricks and mortar, industrial education, or business leagues—the matter of their social and political liberties. He was silent by choice in the face of many a crying wrong and bitter injustice, and more and more colored men came to resent it. They would not have objected had he, like other heads of schools, kept out of politics and assumed no leadership beyond that of the field of industrial training. But when they saw him, under Taft and Roosevelt, a powerful political factor in the White House, when they saw him in the attitude of a race leader forever dwelling upon the bright side of the picture and having no words of fiery indignation for injustices that cry out to high Heaven for redress, the unhappiness grew until men openly accused him of selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

However he may have erred, the sum total of the good he did far outweighs the rest. One has only to try to picture the situation as it would have been in the South today without him, to realize how much he achieved. True, he preached the gospel the South wished to hear, because it suggested menial labor, but it was a great thing to those who knew the attitude of the South towards any education for the negro in antebellum and post-bellum days to win it over to any form of training that involved books. Some one must lay the foundations, and in preaching industry, thrift, the acquisition of property, correctness of life and bearing, and sticking to the farm, Dr. Washington preached the doctrine most needed by the bulk of the colored people; for it is upon that foundation of orderliness and good citizenship that a superstructure must be built without which the negro cannot come into his own. Other leaders there are to speak for higher ideals and higher aims towards which the evolution must be certain if our American democracy is to be a true democracy, and more and more such leaders will arise. But in this hour of a great loss to both races it is to be hoped that Dr. Washington's death will recall to the nation's attention, as did his life, that there are great talents to be found among the negroes, as there are certain to be great negro contributions to our literature, our science, our drama, our music, our arts, if only we can bring ourselves to strike from the limbs of Lincoln's freedmen the shackles of ignorance, oppression, prejudice, and injustice with which the race that vaunts itself superior still fetters them.

THE WORLD OF TO-MORROW.

Japan has consecrated her Emperor. China has decided to experiment a little longer with republican institutions. India is described as mutinying against English rule; on doubtful authority, but of discontent and ferment in India we have little reason to doubt. Asia's "teeming millions" crop up every little while in our discussions of world-politics, but it is a cold and stereotyped phrase demanded by the conventionalities of the theme. It is still true that when we speak of the world-war and of the world as it will look after the war, we think almost exclusively of the nations of the West. What will happen to seven million Belgians, what will happen to less than five million Serbs, is a more entrancing question than what the war will do for more than three hundred million people in India or nearly three hundred and fifty million in China. Where India and China are taken into account, they still figure as mere appendages to Western interests. Will Teutonic or Allied influence in China be paramount after the war? How seriously are the German threats against British rule in India to be taken? In other words, will India belong to Great Britain or will it pass under Germanic influences? We admit that Asiatic problems have been brought into closer touch with Western problems, but when we speak of the great settlement after the war, the settlement of Asia hardly enters into the reckoning except as it may enter as an incidental factor in the rearrangement of affairs in Europe.

Yet we have the example of Japan to show that Asia cannot go on indefinitely as a mere appendage of Western interests and civilization. The Emperor Yoshihito was crowned with all the rites of an ancient ceremonial, but the Japan of Yoshihito is no longer Asiatic in the sense of being dependent on the West. In the war with Russia the Japanese nation entered into the sphere of world-interests, but only to the extent that Asia was affected. Japan to-day is fully admitted into the confraternity of European nations. She is a member of an alliance that is waging a war arising out of European conditions, and, though her military operations have not extended outside of the Pacific, she is in a very direct fashion contributing her share towards the "settlement" of Europe. She is supplying Russia with munitions. She is reported to be lending money to France. The mere fact that the dispatch of a Japanese army to Europe is a subject of discussion shows to what extent the barriers between the West and Asia have been removed, so far as Japan is concerned. In this suggestion of Japanese troops fighting the battles of the Allies in the West, there is clear proof of how completely, in her case, the traditional superiority of the West to the peoples of Asia has vanished. It is rather a compliment of the highest kind to Japanese resourcefulness and efficiency that statesmen should think it a comparatively simple matter for Japan to send a quarter of a million men five thousand miles away from home with the assurance of victory.

No close parallel can be drawn between Japan and India. But among the people of India there are at work the same desires that actuated the founders of the new Japan, the ambition to be treated, not as anybody's problem or "burden," but as an entity whose own interests must receive consideration independent of the effect on Western world-power. The case against Great Britain, as revolutionary India sees it, has recently been summed up with unmistakable vigor by a native of India. Mr. Wagel's assertions may perhaps be controverted in part. His implication that India should receive complete self-government—if not independence, then autonomy—will impress a great many people as not falling within the field of immediate practical politics. But where the writer's case does hold good is in its protest against a state of mind rather than a set of conditions; the state of mind, namely, that such concessions as are offered to the people of India must be just sufficient to hold discontent in check. The people of India are entitled to more than they can obtain through the threat of general sedition. The object of British statesmanship should not be to keep the people of India quiet, but to facilitate their education towards self-government. The white man's burden as a permanent condition for the people of India has lost its validity in view of the unmistakable trend among the peoples of Asia towards ultimate self-rule. Even partial concessions work to this end. In placating Indian sentiment by the establishment of more and more universities, by the admission of natives to the Executive Council, by supplying wider opportunities in the civil service, the British Government is only strengthening the educated classes in India and feeding the appetite for fuller liberties.

The state of mind against which the new spirit among the peoples in Asia protests is the one which sees the world as made up of two continents only, and which regards a world-settlement as any settlement that regulates matters in these two continents, with a minimum of cutting and trimming here and there in Africa and Asia to make the Western adjustment as smooth as may be. "We shall not falter or pause," said Mr. Asquith, "until we have secured for the smaller states of Europe their charter of independence, and for Europe itself final emancipation from a reign of force." But radical opinion in India fails to understand why a war fought in Asia as well as in Europe, and one in which the people of India are taking part, should leave Asia out of account in the settlement. There are Indian aspirations as well as Serb and Polish aspirations. Asia is part of the world. Unquestionably, the war will bring about a wider recognition of the true area of the globe, if only through the fact that it has brought together on the battlefield a more extraordinary mingling of races than the Roman armies ever witnessed—from America, from Africa, from Australia, and from Asia, as well as from Europe.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

A history of the Harvard Library, just published in connection with the opening of the Widener Memorial building, shows clearly how the University's growth has been marked by its stages of book-collection, how its books have always been its heart. This University library, like most others, has been built up through the care and sacrifice of groups comparatively small. Its beginnings were theological, but before 1700 we not only find critics recognizing the fact, but benefactors remedying it. By the end of the Revolution it contained "thirteen thousand books, disposed in ten alcoves." With the new century began a steady increase which still continues, the library having doubled approximately every twenty years. It received its second special fund only in 1801, but like gifts have come to it till they now total over a million dollars. Almost the first special collections were the Boylston medical books and John Quincy Adams's Russian books; such collections are now enumerated by the score. The expansion of University courses in recent years might be gauged by the appointment of new curators —in Modern Italian History, in South American Literature, and a dozen other subjects. "Sturdy beggars," as the librarians have been called, have been increasingly zealous in making new books lead the way to new fields. There are now nearly two million books, to furnish the facilities in a thousand different studies.

It is not many decades since the place and value of a college library were ill understood. That was the day of texts, with few lectures, and hence little required reading; the students were left almost entirely to their own choice; the libraries were poorly classified and arranged, and many branches were open only on certain days; while administration was so poor that investigation was arduous rather than attractive. There is still remembered the library head who used indignantly to inquire: "No provision for students? Why should there be? They have all they can do to take care of their daily work." The remarkable advance in administration has been the work of a quarter-century. It was not until fifty years ago that Harvard really had a librarian in the modern sense; and it was not until the coming of Justin Winsor that her collections achieved their full usefulness. "The mere accumulation of books," said Winsor in his first report, "is not in itself sufficient: a great library should be a workshop as well as a repository." This the modern college library, with its systems of reserved shelves, its seminar and departmental libraries, presided over by scholars specially qualified to act as guides, its general reading rooms, and its efficient system of classification and cataloguing, has become.

The method of administering a college library by a corps of central officers reached its maximum of efficiency some years ago. A general oversight has to be retained in some officer or officers, and the attention of specialists has consistently been fixed upon the best methods of cataloguing, shelving, delivering, and general organization. But as the peculiar functions of departmental libraries have developed, it has been necessary to have experts who can treat the library of a department as its "laboratory," and who can make the seminar collections of the department of Romance languages or of sociology as useful as—for example—the head of the Harvard Law School Library was making his ten years ago. Harvard now has her eleven departmental libraries and thirty-eight special libraries, administered in partial independence of the general library. And the results upon the student body of the more complex method of book-handling and distribution are now fairly plain. The great gain, in a general literary sense, is probably in the large opportunities to introduce students to the great field of bibliography and book-classification, and to enable them to understand the wealth of information to which a few simple keys will give admission.

That college students no longer browse as they once did, that they do not spend solid hours in library alcoves, is a common complaint. Some libraries may once have neglected the general reader. But there is nowadays a very frequent provision of some central stock of ten thousand volumes or so. If these are attractively arranged, they are a standing temptation to the student. If care is taken in their classification, they reveal the relation among various parts of the world of thought, and may lead the undergraduate to read with some systematic scheme. At any rate, no university library should be without something answering to a "college study" to attract and hold the casual reader.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE AND RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS—IS THERE INTERNATIONAL LAW?

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 30.

The note addressed by the American Government to the English Government concerning the rights and wrongs of Orders in Council and the rights of neutrals to non-contraband trade with belligerents and what does or does not constitute a technically legal blockade interests France vaguely in its details. In substance, whether Germans shall continue to be fed up to prime fighting condition by Chicago preserved meats is of vital interest to her; and France has her own controversy to like effect with Switzerland, and, indirectly, with the United States. In general, the academic discussion is heard with a certain wearied attention—for the previous question presents itself more and more to every French mind, Is there any international law left?

Not the United States nor Switzerland nor any neutral Power protested against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, although such neutrality was supposed to be guaranteed by international law, based on treaties. This is not all. The French nation, relying on the treaties and international law, had never fortified its Belgian frontier; and any attempt at safeguarding such a frontier would have been proclaimed a *casus belli* by Germany in the name of international law. The invasion of France by Germany across Belgium was therefore a doubly flagrant violation of whatever international law existed. That is, Germany invaded precisely a frontier of France which international law pretended to guarantee against invasion.

This is very justly noted by Prof. Ernest Denis, when, in the name of the International League of the Right of Peoples, of which he was president before the war, he declined the recent invitation of a Neutral Peace Association to preliminary conversations intended to lead up to formal conferences and ultimately to a peace congress.

"A part of France is occupied by Germans who burn, pillage, rob, and assassinate—in unceasing violation of the law of nations.

"If a part of France is thus in the power of Germans, it is not as a consequence of battles engaged loyally. This fact has not been brought out in sufficient relief. The German invasion could not have been made by the frontier where France had the right to establish permanent defences. (Herr von Jagow acknowledged this in his conversation with the British Ambassador, on August 4, 1914.) The aggression took place by the frontier of the north (France's Belgian frontier), of whose inviolability France had been assured by treaties, and which, for this reason, she had not fortified."

Whenever, therefore, Americans plead international law against England, they must expect to hear Frenchmen say: "Plead rather your own self-regarding legality—for, indeed, you have not maintained the existence of any international law regarding all nations."

Knowing this, I have asked here and there opinions—without prejudice—concerning the existence and the particulars of an international law between England and the United States in the present conjuncture. The French have fairly threshed out their own contentions with Switzerland, and they are occupying themselves with Spain—and they are quite willing to let England fight her own lawsuits. I have, however, gathered three very general impressions of the average man—the man in the street—who has received those very elementary notions of international law which President Woolsey, of ancient Yale, thought essential to any liberal education.

First, there is the feeling that much of the legality which Americans now claim was made by themselves—quite logically, of course—during their Civil War; and that they ought to admit the possibility of further logical consequences in the new turn war has taken.

Secondly, if Mexico during the Civil War had been a trading neutral country, with easy communication across her frontier into the Confederacy, would the principle now put forward by the Government at Washington with regard to Scandinavian trade and equal rights for neutral America based on it have been admitted in favor of England and France?

Thirdly, since the introduction of non-contraband goods and payments for exported products may suffice to turn the economic and financial scale in favor of a belligerent country having a land frontier with a neutral, may not the legality claimed by Americans as neutrals amount to a very unneutral casting of their influence in favor of said belligerent? At this rate, only an island or a country like the Southern Confederacy having in practice nothing but an ocean frontier could ever be made to undergo an efficient blockade. Thus the military power of England from her navy would run up against all this contradictory legality—which is called international in virtue of precedents rather than of conventions, for these war has now smashed from the base up.

Legally, all this may be very uninteresting, and doubtless, Americans must maintain their own legality. All the same, is there not somewhere here a *reductio ad absurdum* of an international law without logic and without sanction? Surely, it is well that Americans should advert to this consequence of their present contention as well as to its legal principles.

With Switzerland, France has had to deal more "objectively," if I may still use German scientific slang. Switzerland is an island surrounded by land, and all the lands around her are at war one with another. To Switzerland which is neutral in between, each belligerent country—France and Italy, Germany and Austria—may give of her own as she pleases and may allow other neutral nations to send—in transit across her own territory—what she pleases. I do not think Americans have claimed the right to send their wheat and petroleum freely through France or Italy into Switzerland.

So far poor Switzerland has had many things to suffer in her stomach and her pocket; and she runs the risk of suffering cold this winter from lack of coal. In the first months of war a tragic embargo was put on pastry through fear of a flour famine. At the grocers' shops, twice a week, a long line of women, with various vessels in their hands, waited for the dole of a quart of kerosene. Only military automobiles were seen. Little by little, a *modus vivendi* has been reached for many staples of life that must cross suspicious frontiers.

The Federal Council itself has had to take the responsibility of the wheat and petroleum received through France not getting further—into Germany. Germany now threatens to stop off coal if used in manufactures that may help France. On the other hand, Germany demands "compensations" in French imports for her own products which she allows to enter Switzerland! It must be acknowledged that France has shown greater consideration for Swiss necessities, in spite of a home campaign more or less well grounded against that underhand provisioning of Germany which is charged on Switzerland. In this Swiss extremity, with Federal sanction, a funny "trust" S.S.S.—*Société de Surveillance Suisse*—has been organized to reassure both sides; but there are breakers ahead. So there is a republic of neutrals suffering yet more virtuously than the United States from this war puzzle.

The particulars of the Spanish underground railway to and from Germany, into and out of France, might be more racy still if they were known. The French authorities have eyes fully open to them. And this can only furnish one more proof that international law, in the present state of the world's civilization, is very largely a matter of international comity—and of a country's honesty.

THE EXODUS TO HOLLAND IN PICTURES—DISSENSIONS AMONG THE BELGIAN EXILES.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, October 26.

On October 8, the anniversary of the fall of Antwerp, an exhibition was opened at The Hague of sixty-three drawings by the Dutch painter, Leo Gestel, all illustrating the miseries of the Belgian exodus into Holland. Leo Gestel has lived through various episodes of that eventful time, and has recorded them with brush and pencil in scenes so throbbing with woe and speechless agony as to haunt the mind for days after. The most impressive are those in which the artist shows the interminable, wave-like procession of the wearily tramping crowd: young, thin-faced mothers with deep-sunk eyes, dragging their children along and bending under the burden of all their belongings tied up in bundles; old women wheeling a perambulator turned into a removal van; street-walkers in showy furs and painted faces; young fellows with lowering looks, carrying heavy bags slung over their shoulders, or pushing a wheelbarrow in which an old paralyzed father is propped up against a pillow; dirty patriarchal Jews and dangerous-looking hooligans; tottering omnibuses packed on the top with an indistinct mass in which nothing but heads and arms and fists and dangling legs can be descried; and over this sea of tearless despair a dark sky looms, lit up in the far distance by the lurid glare of a town on fire. Pictures like these are mighty epics in black and white. But the artist has also observed these poor exiles in their higgledy-piggledy, makeshift camps, improvised on sodden fields by the roadside, in the shelter of a haystack, and in drenching rain with only a straggling tent or the tilt of a cart to cover them. Still, after the former, these resting scenes are pleasant to behold, and the artist, who drew the flight in black only, has painted these camping episodes in bright, transparent water-colors. The collection reveals the powers of a great artist, and is a lasting monument both to his own fame and to that terror-stricken flight of half a nation.

The Belgians, at that time fraternized by affliction, have, in their exile, resumed the old political quarrels by which the nation was sadly divided before the war. In a letter to the *Nation*, published in its issue of April 22, I considered it possible that the danger from abroad would eventually prove a means of consolidating the Walloon and Flemish elements. But when the first terror of the invasion and flight had subsided, and the war dragged on with hardly a change to stir their flagging hope of a speedy return to their abandoned homes, the refugees, in the monotony of their prolonged residence abroad, fell back upon the discussion of the old political and racial problems, to discuss which means to quarrel about them. The Walloon press, irritated by the cringing attitude of that Germanophile paper *De Vlaamsche Post*, edited at Ghent by a few misguided Flamingants under the German censor's control, began to upbraid the Flemish in general with treason to the Belgian cause, quite disregarding the telling fact that the majority of the Belgian soldiers who are fighting for that cause are true-born Flemings. "Vous suivrez la culture latine ou vous ne serez rien," they were told in that haughty tone which is the Walloon's usual manner in dealing with his Flemish brother.

The challenge was not left unanswered, and, which is worse, became the cause of dissension among the Flemings themselves, dividing them into two hostile camps with widely different ideals and aspirations. The one which seems to be the larger of the two adheres to the cause of Belgium as a matter of paramount interest, second to which comes the cause of Flanders. For that reason, this party disapproves of the gauntlet being taken up by the Flemings which the Walloon press had thrown at them. But the other

group raised the cry: "Flanders first, Belgium second." These Flemings do not care for a free Belgium in which a Walloon Government should again rule over an unenfranchised Flanders, as it did before the war. They demand home rule for Flanders in the Belgium of to-morrow, and they will not wait till the new day dawns, but want to extort from the Government at Havre a definite promise that autonomy shall be granted them. They are the die-hards, the Flamingants through thick and thin. Their principal spokesmen are the poet René de Clercq and a young philologist, Dr. Jacob. Together they edit *De Vlaamsche Stem,* which has lately passed into their hands. Originally this paper, which is published at Amsterdam, was meant to be a meeting ground for all Flemings in exile. The founder, Mr. Alberik de Swarte, conducted his paper in a true spirit of Belgian patriotism, avoiding all fruitless polemics on domestic discord, and representing the liberation of Belgium as the Fleming's nearest duty. But this attitude implied a compromise with the Gallophile Government at Havre, and the die-hards, once roused by the Walloon challenge, would not hear of such a compromise so long as home rule was not guaranteed to Flanders. Either group had its adherents among Mr. de Swarte's staff. Mr. René de Clercq, his co-editor from the beginning, stood up in opposition to him, and succeeded in persuading Mr. de Swarte to resign, leaving *De Vlaamsche Stem* in the hands of the extremists.

The other group, the "Flanders next to Belgium" men, have at once started a new paper, a weekly called *Vrij België* (Free Belgium), by the choice of this title asserting their devotion to King Albert's country. *Vrij België* accuses Mr. de Clercq of bringing grist to the German mill by starting his anti-Government action while this Government is still in exile; Mr. de Clercq, in his turn, reproaches the *Vrij België* leaders with faintheartedness and betrayal of the Flemish cause. "It need not concern us whether a Flemish Flanders is to the interest of Germany, it suffices us to know that it is of the highest importance to our people," writes Mr. de Clercq's co-editor, Dr. Jacob. And while this leader, in happy unconcern of Germany's interests, is dictating to his followers the tenets of true Flamingantism, the anything but disinterested German conqueror at Ghent dictates to a few Germanophile Flemish journalists the tenets of true Pan-Germanism for the edification and instruction of the subscribers to *De Vlaamsche Post.* In this paper, the agitation for an autonomous Flanders has lately, under German auspices, gone to the extent of summoning the Flemish to open rebellion against their exiled rulers. "Thus far," writes one of these hotheads, "we Flemings have been satisfied with begging and talking—we had better smash windows and preach revolt against our Frenchified Government when it returns to Brussels." And while such irresponsible penmen are compromising the Flemish cause, branding it with the suspicion of apostasy, Flemish soldiers are daily shedding their blood in defence of that country for whose unity their writing leaders pretend not to care!

Which must we take as the truer reflex of the Flemish people's mind: the journalist's word or the soldier's deed?

No doubt the latter. The average Fleming cares not for the nice distinctions which cause schism between intellectual Flamingants. He feels one craving: an undisturbed possession of his native soil; he knows one truth: that his enemy, who denies him that peace, is the German. And he expresses that conviction with laconic eloquence by calling *De Vlaamsche Post,* which dickers with the enemy, *De Vlaamsche Pest* (The Flemish Pestilence).

Gogol

A PRECURSOR OF MODERN REALISTS IN RUSSIA.*

By G. R. NOYES.

Not many years ago a lecturer on literature, of more than local reputation, and of unusual talent for catching the attention of the typical summer-school public, commented somewhat as follows on the gloomy, depressing tone of Russian authors: "Just think of even the titles of their works! 'Dead Souls'! The very name is enough to send a shiver through one's frame!" Poor Gogol! This lecturer was not more ignorant of him than are most other professors of literature, but he ought to have read at least a few pages of a book that is a spiritual cousin of "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Gentle Grafter" before he indulged in reflections on its serio-comic title.

Turgenieff, Dostoievski, and Tolstoy have been well translated into English, and have won not only the enthusiastic admiration of discriminating judges, but genuine popularity. Gogol (1809-52), their predecessor, the great realist and satirist who, together with the poet Pushkin, laid the foundations for all modern Russian literature, has had no such good fortune. No collected edition of even his best work has ever been printed in English. Most translations of single works that have appeared are now out of print. There could be no more worthy enterprise for friends of Russia than to prepare a proper edition of Gogol, with an adequate account of his life and literary significance. An edition of this kind ought at least to pay its own way.

The Russophile enthusiasm awakened by the present war has as yet done little for Gogol. In particular, the reissue of an anonymous translation of his masterpiece, "Dead Souls," apparently the version originally published by Vizetelly in 1887, cannot be regarded with satisfaction. The translator seems to have had a competent knowledge of Russian and English, but he capriciously omitted important paragraphs, and even whole pages, of the original. Such are the description of Sobakevich as a bear in chapter v, Gogol's moralizing on his own task in chapter vii, and his famous apostrophe to Russia in chapter xi. Furthermore, Gogol printed only eleven chapters of his projected comic epic, which, however, form a well-rounded whole. Of a sequel, hopelessly inferior in talent, he left only fragments, which were published after his death. The translation prints continuously Gogol's finished work and his fragments, with no hint of the gap between them, and then adds a continuation of the book by one Vaschenko-Zakharchenko that is forgotten and unregarded in Russia. The new introduction furnished by Stephen Graham is perfunctory and uninforming. Altogether, the volume does not command respect.

I.

Gogol is of all Russian writers the nearest akin to Mark Twain or O. Henry. He has the same command of the grotesque, the same blending of fantastic humor with occasional homely pathos, the same lack of any intellectual, philosophic insight into the depths of human character such as lends distinction to the work of his great successors. This very likeness to our American humorists has hindered Gogol from winning the wide fame that he deserves. He is no master of plot; the subjects of both "The Inspector" and "Dead Souls" were suggested to him by Pushkin. His whole narrative art lies in stringing together, around some central figure, a succession of amusing incidents. His genius is in the creation of clear, distinct characters. These characters, however, are not types of universal significance, like Don Quixote and his squire, but rather local, Russian oddities. His humor and pathos are expressed through an unfamiliar medium that in our eyes dims their brilliancy. His grafters are like our own, but, like O. Henry, Gogol emphasizes not their souls but the tools of their trade, and those tools were emphatically made in Russia. Hence the humorous portraits that are so rich in suggestion to Gogol's countrymen may lose their savor in a translation. The difficulty is the same with other humorists, say, with Aristophanes. But no one attempts to read Aristophanes who has not a certain elementary knowledge of Athenian life, while a similar knowledge of Russian conditions is not yet a necessary part of even the most finished literary education.

Yet Gogol was too great a man of letters for us to sum up his genius by any such crude formulas and comparisons as have been suggested. He grew up in the romantic period of Russian literature, and paid toll to its spirit. "Taras Bulba" is a splendidly successful tale of the Cossack wars against Poland. Here we have the Cossack point of view of the conflict described by Sienkiewicz in "With Fire and Sword." A small volume, "Taras Bulba" has a barbaric largeness of setting. This prose epic is full of a boyish delight in conflict that recalls hours spent with "Marmion." The conventional love story is virtually absent; more adventure and bloodshed are raised to the level of art by an Homeric vigor of style. So in the ghost story, "The Viy" (translated as "The King of the Gnomes"), Gogol succeeds in giving literary form to some of the grimmer elements of popular superstition. A gay young student, bethinking him-

**Dead Souls,* by Nikolai V. Gogol. Translated from the Russian, with an introduction by Stephen Graham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25 net.

self of the prayers appropriate to his plight, overcomes and beats to death a witch who has attacked him and ridden him over the fields by night. The witch revenges herself by having the student forced to read prayers for three successive nights over her dead body. For two nights he faces valiantly the evil spirits who crowd about his charmed circle; on the third, just before cock-crow, he dies from terror at the sight of the Viy, a subterranean goblin:

Suddenly the church became quiet. The howling of wolves was heard in the distance, and soon heavy steps echoed through the church. Glancing sideways, Homa saw that they were leading forward a stout, squatty, bandy-legged being. He was all covered with black earth. His legs and arms, sprinkled with earth, resembled stout, sinewy roots. He stepped heavily and continually stumbled. His long eyelashes reached to the floor. With terror Homa remarked that his face was of iron. Supporting him under the arms, they led him up and placed him just opposite the place where Homa was standing.

"Lift up my eyelashes; I cannot see," said the Viy in a subterranean voice, and the whole throng rushed to raise his eyelashes.

"Do not look!" an inner voice whispered to the student. He could not refrain—he looked.

"That is he!" cried the Viy and levelled an iron finger at him. And all the spirits in the church rushed upon the student. Fainting, he crashed upon the floor, and there for very terror his spirit left him.

But "Taras Bulba" and "The Viy," however excellent in themselves, are subordinate incidents in Gogol's career. His genius was essentially realistic and satiric. It expressed itself best in a short story, "The Overcoat"; in a farce-comedy, "The Inspector," and in "Dead Souls."

Akaki Akakievich, the hero of "The Overcoat," is a copying-clerk of some fifty years, who by conscientious, unremitting toil barely earns enough to keep himself alive. His overcoat wears out and he suffers incredible privations in order to buy another:

He thought and thought and decided that he would have to lessen his ordinary expenses, at least for a year; to give up drinking tea in the evening and not to light a candle in the evening, and if he had some work to do, to go into the landlady's room and work by her candle; when he walked the streets, to step over the stones and slabs as lightly and cautiously as he could, almost on tiptoe, in order not to wear out the soles of his boots too fast. . . . To tell the truth, at first it was somewhat hard for him to get accustomed to such privations, but later he got used to them and all went well—he even learned how to get along without eating anything at all in the evening. To make up for that, he nourished himself spiritually, cherishing in his thoughts the eternal idea of his future overcoat.

At last he procures the overcoat, only to have it stolen from him that same evening. He soon catches cold, takes to his bed, and dies, more from a broken heart than from the fever. Such is the slender plot of a tale that is rightly termed the germ of the Russian novel. Gogol loved to discourse on the invisible tears that lay hidden beneath the laughter of his writings. In this tale they are not hidden at all. Sympathy, compelling human sympathy, runs through this portrait of a man of no moment in the great world:

The young clerks laughed and jested at Akaki Akakievich to the full measure of their office wit; they related in his presence various stories that they had made up about him; they told how his landlady, an old woman of seventy, used to beat him, and would ask when they were going to be married; they sprinkled bits of paper on his head and called it snow. But never a word would Akaki Akakievich reply to all this, behaving as though he were quite alone in the room. It did not even have any influence on his work; in the midst of all these annoyances he did not make a single mistake in his writing. Only when the joking became quite unbearable, when they joggled his elbow and kept him from attending to his business, he would say: "Let me alone! Why do you insult me?" And there was something strange in these words and in the voice with which they were uttered. In it could be heard something that moved one to pity, so that one young man, who had only recently entered the office, and who had permitted himself to follow the example of his comrades in making fun of Akaki Akakievich, suddenly stopped as though stricken with fear, and from that time on all seemed changed before his eyes and appeared to him in a different light. Some supernatural force repelled him from the comrades with whom he had become acquainted and whom he had taken for decent, cultivated fellows. And long after that, in his merriest moments, there would arise before him the figure of a short little clerk with a bald spot on his forehead, and with those piercing words of his: "Let me alone! Why do you insult me?" And in these piercing words there rang out other words: "I am thy brother." And the poor young man covered his face in his hands, and many times did he tremble in his later life when he saw how much inhumanity there is in man, how much fierce cruelty is hidden beneath refined, cultivated society manners, and, O God! even in many a man whom the world recognizes as noble and honorable.

Such tears it is difficult to discover beneath the ludicrous satire of "The Inspector." A drunken scapegrace, detained at a provincial inn for want of cash to continue his travels, is mistaken by the mayor and other town functionaries for the inspector sent from St. Petersburg to examine their conduct of affairs. At first nonplussed at the situation in which he finds himself, he has just sense enough to enter into the part, "borrow" money from all whom he meets, and make his escape before the imposture forced upon him is discovered and before the real inspector appears. The comedy portrays a small world of petty graft and bribery. It has held the stage as part of the répertoire of almost every Russian theatre from Gogol's day to our own.

II.

The whole-souled laughter of "The Inspector" (1836) made Gogol dear to the souls of Russian liberals. Here was a man, they argued, who dared to rebuke spiritual wickedness in high places. His fame as a reformer was increased by "Dead Souls" (1842). This book shows the same world of graft, ignorance, and stupidity, but of graft, ignorance, and stupidity that spread over all Russia.

In days before the emancipation of the serfs (1861) the wealth of a Russian country gentleman was estimated by the number of *souls* or serfs whom he possessed, and he was taxed so much per soul for his human property. A census of *souls* was made at irregular intervals. In 1842, nine years after the census of 1833, a serf-owner would still be paying taxes on certain serfs who had died since the official count was made. Furthermore, the Government, in order to encourage colonization, offered tracts of land in southern Russia to any one who would settle there with enough serfs to till the soil. Here, then, are the elements of the bunco scheme that gives the title to Gogol's book. A swindler seeks to buy up *dead souls* by the hundred. With the papers representing his property he will go to the land office and claim a tract of land for colonization. Once possessed of this, he will mortgage serfs and land to the Government for hard cash.

In the portion of the book that he completed Gogol narrates the experiences of his swindler in one town and the surrounding country districts. There he meets different types of landowners: a silly, kindly dreamer, a loose-lived gambler, a wooden-headed old woman, a skinflint, and a miser. He purchases some souls and records the transaction at the proper office. He excites the curiosity and the gossip of the townspeople and drives off in search of further fields to exploit. The volume excels by its wonderfully concrete picture of the seamy side of Russian provincial life. Each satirical portrait is polished with perfect skill. Nothing great is exhibited, not even great villany; murder, robbery, adultery, are not subjects that Gogol cares to treat. But no satire remains longer in the memory and grows less stale with repeated readings. Nozdrev and Sobakevich are types as familiar to the Russians as are Falstaff and Dogberry to ourselves. And a discerning reader finds tears rather than wrath beneath Gogol's ridicule. He has performed with perfect art his task of presenting a series of abhorrent types while preserving an attitude of human kindliness and charity. Even the base Chichikov, the swindler, he hoped some time to bring to redemption.

Gogol was now the idol of all progressive Russians. We are in the time of Nicholas I, be it remembered, when the censorship was at its worst. No criticism of the Government, no open discussion of political, economic, or social problems, was possible in the press. Fiction and literary criticism were, however, a vehicle by means of which at least a point of view as to the state of Russia, and the measures needed to promote its progress, could be put forward. Hence the seriousness with which the Russian public scanned the works of its great

artists for indications of their social theories. And, surely, no man had more bitingly shown the urgent need of reform than Gogol, with his vivid, sad, and true pictures of Russian corruption, ignorance, sloth, and coarse brutality. Suddenly Gogol issued, in 1846, a volume that effected a revolution in the public estimate of him, "Selections from my Correspondence with Friends."

III.

As a matter of fact, when reflecting on public questions rather than picturing real conditions, Gogol had always been a conservative. He believed in personal honesty, decency, piety, and kindliness, morality of the sort that keeps families at peace. Of social philosophy he knew not a word; his ideal was the patriarchal old times, untouched by the money economics that were already creeping into Russia in his day. In serfdom, execrated by all Russians of the least progressive tendencies, he firmly believed as a divinely ordained institution. Into "Dead Souls" he wove lyric passages that breathe an unreflecting, boyish faith in the supreme excellence of Russia and its superiority to all other nations. Always a devoted member of the Russian Church, in his later years he became a religious fanatic. His new book breathes a devotional spirit and is aimed at the instruction of his fellow-countrymen. He adopts the tone of a prophet, proclaiming the virtues of autocracy and orthodoxy, and fulmining forth his scorn of western self-government and western education.

A state without an autocratic monarch is a mere automaton; it will do much, very much if it reaches the point that the United States have reached. And what are the United States? Carrion. Man in them is so withered that he is not worth a sucked egg-shell. A state without an autocratic monarch is like an orchestra without a leader: however good all the musicians may be, if there be not among them one who by the motion of his bâton gives signals to the whole orchestra, the concert will amount to nothing.

Elsewhere he warns serf-owners from teaching their cattle to read, except for the purpose of perusing religious works. A village priest can give better instruction to hard-working peasants than "all the empty little books published for the common people by European philanthropists."

The "Selections" aroused the righteous wrath of the great critic Bielinski, the leader of Russian liberal thought, who addressed to Gogol a letter in which he hailed him as "preacher of the knout, apostle of ignorance, champion of obscurantism and insane bigotry, panegyrist of Tatar manners." Two or three sentences will show the tone of this famous document:

Russia sees its salvation not in mysticism, not in asceticism, not in pietism, but in the progress of civilization, culture, and humanity. It needs neither sermons nor prayers, but the awakening in the people of a feeling of human dignity, for so many ages lost in dirt and filth. . . . The most living, pressing national questions in Russia now are the abolishment of serfdom and of corporal punishment and the strictest possible execution of what laws we have. . . .

Remark one point. When a European, especially a Catholic, is seized by the religious spirit, he becomes a rebuker of unjust authority like the Hebrew prophets who rebuked the lawlessness of the mighty men of the earth. With us the contrary is the case. When a man (even a decent man) is seized by the disease known among psychiatrists as *religiosa mania*, he immediately begins to burn incense to the god on earth rather than to the God in heaven, and so exceeds all due measure that the very man who would like to reward him for his slavish zeal sees that he would thereby compromise himself in the eyes of society.

Bielinski has overstated the case. On the one hand, Gogol was not insincere or a renegade in his piety. On the other, though Bielinski's indictment still holds good against the powerful League of Russian People, Jew-baiters in the name of Christ and sanctimonious champions of despotism, it will not fit the Russian nation as a whole. Of this the most powerful witness is Leo Tolstoy.

Like Gogol, Tolstoy rejected the artistic works that had brought him fame, and in his later years assumed the tone of a prophet. Between the doctrines of the two men one can find now and then a chance resemblance: Gogol's advice to officials' wives that they economize on dress and so preserve their husbands from the temptation to take bribes, might seem a comic first hint of Tolstoy's doctrine of the simple life. But really a whole abyss separates the two men. Just as Gogol's "Overcoat" gave the hint for Dostoievski's "Poor Folk," so Gogol's fanaticism was a more concrete, less mystical forerunner of Dostoievski's chauvinistic religiosity. In contrast to these two panegyrists of the established order, these slaves of a moribund tradition, Tolstoy is a free man and a rebel against government in the name of moral perfection for the individual. Whatever measure of truth there may be in his doctrine, in his character and temper he fulfils Bielinski's description of a religious leader in the free west.

IV.

Gogol died under a cloud, disliked by progressive Russians because of his "Selections," and disliked by the authorities because of the negative tendencies of his artistic works. Turgenieff was punished for writing an article in which he termed him a great man. Bielinski pronounced "Dead Souls" a classic exclusively of Russia, and Korobka, one of the most recent critics of Gogol, chimes in with his opinion. But as time passes and Russian history and life become more familiar to outside nations, "Dead Souls" may after all prove to be a world classic. Rascality and meanness are independent of political barriers. A writer who can depict them as nothing but meanness and rascality, yet with a charity that does not refuse a handshake to the sneak and the rascal, with the light of humor that makes all men brothers, deserves a place among the great satirists and fun-makers of all ages.

Correspondence.

DEATH-SONG OF THE MARINE FUSILIERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *La Maison du Passeur* ("Ferryman's House") was—until it was no more—somewhere on the right bank of the Yser Canal between Ypres and Dixmude. On the 14th of December, 1914, after a month's attacks by French and Belgian marines, it was taken finally from the German invaders; and all counter-attacks, even with the far-famed heavy artillery, have been in vain. As late as the 22d of February, 1915, a Belgian officer fell gloriously fighting there and his King pinned the Leopold Cross to his coat where he lay dead. The Belgian *communiqué* of the 452d day of war (October 29) still speaks of "violent combat" at the place.

Name and place have already entered legend, and four of the canal ferries in this short space claim the honor. They are all stations on what the Belgians call "the way to death." "When our men hear they must go to the 'Thank'—the name they give it at the front—there where death watches and the foe casts without stop his bombs and shells, they look about them wildly; but they hold to this 'Way to Death' and yield not an inch of it."

Of the real Ferryman's House, only ochre-colored bricks and bits of green shutters lie pell-mell with the stones of the foundations where the waterline is still marked by a few surviving poplars and willows and tall elm-trees of these Flanders flats. Those who would know more of the deeds of men done in "this great flat land, streaked with canals, more of the water than of earth," should read "Dixmude—a chapter of the history of the Marine Fusiliers," by Charles le Goffic, although his narrative does not reach as late as the present episode.

To understand the last stanza of the stirring song here translated line by line, remember that, after Joan of Arc, known to all the world, Bara and Vialat are the thirteen-year-old boys sung in the "Chant du Départ," dead at their post like the English boy who stood on the burning deck; d'Assas was the French captain who, scouting alone, fell giving the alarm—*à moi, Auvergne!* while Bayard is, of course, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*

S. D.

Paris, October 29.

LA MAISON DU PASSEUR.

By Lucien Boyer.

Ferryman, ho! In the night so black
Hark to the clank of iron:
'Tis heroes of the Yser,
'Tis sweethearts of glory,
'Tis lads who are unafraid!
Ferryman, ho!

The down is bathed in the dark of night,
Heaven has shut its dead-lights,
And marines, blue-collared lads,
Creeping under the moonless sky,
Come to cut the invaders' throats—
Ferryman, ho!

Ferryman, ho! the task is rude,
But, when time comes for action,
In vain their cannon bellow and roar,
Each of us says as we did at Dixmude:
—"For France, in death or victory."
Ferryman, ho!

Swifter! strain upon your oars,
To the bank where we'll be dying,

We're in a hurry to get to land.
Swifter! you are bringing our souls
To Paradise where men have hearts—
Ferryman, ho!

Joan of Arc, the hero maid,
Bara the boy with Vialat,
D'Assas and Bayard, all are there,
Smiling to us from the other shore
In a blaze of light resplendent—
Ferryman, ho!

EDUARD MEYER'S NOTION OF AMERICAN "RED BLOOD."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his recent book, "Nord-Amerika und Deutschland," Prof. Eduard Meyer, of the University of Berlin, explains to the Germans why they should be indifferent to American opinion or even proud of its disfavor. To strengthen this conviction, he publishes a letter from an unnamed American correspondent.

"Um den Eindruck der kräftigen, schwungvollen Worte nicht abzuschwächen," he gives the English original; and, for the benefit of his countrymen whose mastery of our language is less thorough than his own, he translates it. His correspondent declares (p. 65): "The men in whose veins courses rich red blood are for Germany. . . ." Professor Meyer translates the sentence: "Die Männer, in deren Adern eine reiche Beimischung roten Blutes fliesst, sind für Deutschland. . . . ;" and not content, adds in a footnote the following remarks: "Während die Vermischung mit Negern in Amerika seit dem Bürgerkriege für ein verabscheuenswürdiges Verbrechen gegen die weisse Rasse gilt, und jeder, der sich derartiges zuschulden kommen lässt, aus der Gesellschaft ausgestossen und als Paria behandelt wird, gilt die Vermischung mit Indianern für unanstössig, ja sie wird geradezu gesucht. In Virginia und dessen Nachbargebieten ist es ein stolzer Adelstitel, wenn jemand der Abstammung von Pokahuntas, der halb sagenhaften Häuptlingstochter aus der Zeit der Entdeckung, sich rühmen kann; in Texas besteht die gesamte altansässige Bevölkerung aus Mischlingen von Indianern und Weissen (während Neger aus dem Staat völlig ferngehalten werden), und in dem neuen Staat Oklahoma sind Ehen mit Töchtern von Indianern ganz gewöhnlich, weil diesen ein grosser Teil des Grundbesitzes gehört. Ich bemerke übrigens, dass der Schreiber des Briefes weder selbst indianisches Blut in den Adern hat, noch mit einer Indianerin vermählt ist."

("While intermixture with negroes has been regarded in America ever since the Civil War as a horrible crime against the white race, and every one guilty of it is ostracized from society and treated as a Pariah, intermixture with Indians is not offensive, and is indeed sought after. In Virginia and neighboring States it is considered a claim to the highest aristocracy if one can boast of being descended from Pocahontas, the half legendary daughter of an Indian chieftain at the time of the discovery of America. In Texas the entire old settled population consists of a mixture of Indians and whites (though negroes are excluded altogether), and in the new State of Oklahoma marriages with the daughters of Indians are quite usual, since Indians own a large part of the landed property. I may add that the writer of the letter neither has Indian blood in his veins nor is married to an Indian.")

Professor Meyer, however, expresses no joy over the sympathies of this seemingly large and influential element of our population; nor does he discuss the possibility that our "red-blooded" stock may some time bring us a warlike spirit with, perhaps, the attendant blessings of Prussian *Kultur*. When damning us to the degenerate future of a peace-loving nation, he leaves this important aspect of the case quite untouched.

Richard S. Meriam.

Geneva, Switzerland, October 22.

SENTIMENT ON THE WAR IN THE NORTHWEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reactions of the public in this northwestern part of the country towards the war are worth recording. As everybody knows, the German element here is very strong. St. Paul is almost as German a city as Minneapolis is Scandinavian. And we are close to that great German settlement along the Minnesota River the capital of which is New Ulm. Hence for the first nine months or so of the war German sentiment was most in evidence, and the newspapers, anxious to maintain their circulation, presented the point of view of Berlin with great elaboration, and were constantly alert to say nothing that might offend their Teutonic subscribers. The average man, inclined to that easiest of fallacies that, where there are two opinions, the right must be somewhere between, was often unpleasantly self-righteous in his determination to follow the President's injunction of strict neutrality. Again and again one heard that both sides were to blame. The Scandinavian element—the less intelligent part of it—was on the whole favorable to Germany, though many of the leaders were pro-Ally.

All that seems to have been changed within the last few months. The newspapers, quickly responsive to changes of popular opinion, have at length become plain-spoken, more plain-spoken than they would dare be if their circulation or advertising were in danger. The farmers and the working people, who have been reading for themselves and who know a great deal more about international politics than ever before, have come to fear German ambitions. The Scandinavians, provoked by German interference with Swedish and Danish commerce, and inclined to be fair-minded, are much less favorable to Germany than at first. In this shift of sentiment, the Germans have been of real service. Their ill-judged utterances in defence of the Lusitania and Arabic outrages, as well as of Miss Cavell's execution, have served to interpret the Teutonic spirit to the public.

The change of opinion is decidedly manifest among university students, who in a State university are fairly representative of popular sentiment; it is manifest in street cars and shops, in country hotels, indeed, in all sorts of places. It is significant that, when a former Secretary of State passed through here recently on his errand of peace, he received less notice than an up-State politician in town, and his doved words were listened to by a suburban woman's club. There is still German sentiment, New Ulm is still breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, but it is on the defensive.

Wallace Notestein.

Minneapolis, November 4.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* is "An Indictment of Intercollegiate Athletics," by Mr. W. T. Foster, president of Reed College, on the ground that the system (1) alms to win games, (2) attempts to make money, and (3) has the athletic prestige of the college as the main desideratum. I would like, as an upper-classman of an Eastern university, to express what I consider to be the main arguments which the undergraduates may oppose to President Foster's indictment.

The criticism of the system on the score that its object is to win games is at the same time a criticism of human nature—particularly of human nature as it is found in youths of twenty years. The spirit of good sport is inherent in the blood at that age, and the race may well be thankful that it is. And the fact that the game is desired makes victory desired, for the game that is not worth winning is not worth playing.

As for making money for the college by intercollegiate athletics, the general situation, I think, is that whatever money is made during the football season is turned back to make up the deficit arising from sports and contests during the remainder of the college year. And I know of no case where the object of charging admission to intercollegiate contests is not to carry on the work of building up the physique of all students who are willing to take advantage of the facilities offered them in the form of boathouses, gymnasiums, etc. Further, I know of no case in which these facilities have not tended to lie idle for want of enthusiasm on the part of the students, until some incentive for their use, such as intercollegiate contests, is furnished. Intercollegiate rivalry is of vast importance. It lends an invaluable *esprit de corps* to the undergraduate body—a community interest, and the subordination of the individual to that interest. Every time one college team plays another the whole undergraduate body is put to the test of battle.

In attacking the system President Foster is opposing a custom that is as old as time. It is the same thing that the mediæval chroniclers have in mind when they tell us of whole armies deciding their contest by means of a duel between the leaders. Not that the institution must be worthy because it is an ancient one; yet its very age tends to demonstrate that the athletic system is a natural phase of the physical leadership of the few—just as we have always had religious, intellectual, and political leadership of the few. And here, it seems to me, President Foster fails to point out the greatest possibility of evil pertaining to the system—the danger that social groups may be built about the system on the basis of athletic prowess. It must be admitted that social success based on athletics is a dangerous one, and likely to throw a man's ideas of relative character-values hopelessly out of normal balance. This is, however, a criticism more of the student's personal attitude than of the system itself.

President Foster suggests a system of intracollegiate athletics, which he calls "athletics for education." Yet it seems to me that he fails to show why such a system would necessarily preclude the existence of intercollegiate athletics at the same time. The two systems do exist in several cases without any lack of harmony because of the com-

bination of the two. In fact, every college in the country where there are any facilities for physical development has in reality a system of "athletics for education," in the sense that men engaged in such exercise seldom have a college team as their goal.

As for the sordid accoutrements of intercollegiate athletics—cheap sportsmen, gamblers, and indifferent scholars—these are not, I think, the fault of the system, as President Foster seems to believe. Rather we may say they are not worthy of the system. Intercollegiate athletics are an incentive to, and a means of, acquiring true college spirit—which is the farthest possible removed from the puerile insanity of the "rah-rah boy."

A. L. G., Jr.

Cambridge, Mass., November 5.

WASHINGTON SQUARE AND BOSTON IN FICTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I be allowed to express some surprise at the question raised by your reviewer of "The Crown of Life" (November 4, p. 548)? Is the earlier James completely obscured by his present style? Is Howells entirely a back number? It appears that Washington Square continues in print and "Silas Lapham" is still listed among the best American books; some go so far as to count it our best American novel. I had supposed that James as the inventor and perfecter of the international novel had done that very thing the reviewer laments as undone, namely, to make New York, its atmosphere and influence, as real and potent in fiction as are London and Paris. Certainly a short generation ago it was the glory or the shame of Howells to have become so obsessed with Boston as to be able to write of nothing else. Beacon Street, the Back Bay, even the South End, became to us more familiar than Hoosierdom. If Washington Square is in James quaint, if the Boston society which knew Bromfield Corey was other-worldly, surely these qualities appear not from anything amateurish in the writers, but because of a set purpose so to present them. Surely the success with which Howells has accomplished his purpose of writing the Odyssey of Boston cannot safely be challenged. It is hard for one who has lived there to tell which seems the more real, the Boston of brick and concrete or the Boston of Howells's printed page. If James is less perfect as a gulde to New York, can't Mrs. Wharton supplement his shortcomings? Can't Howells's own aid be invoked as he contrasts ln "A Hazard of New Fortunes" the stald and familar Boston with the new and rapid New York?

Wm. H. Powers.

Brookings, S. D., November 8.

[Of course, Mr. Powers is right; my generalization does not hold water. Oddly enough, "Silas Lapham," which I adore, did not exist in my consciousness when I gave vent to what was not better than a little flare of impatience at the woodenness and amateurishness of the current Boston novel. There was a Boston of Dr. Holmes, and a Boston of Mr. Howells, and now all we have is the Boston of Judge Grant and the rest; a place which has consciously kept or consciously changed its manners—and has lost its personality. Is Boston responsible for the feebleness of her interpreters? That is really what I was asking myself. Certainly, Mr. Howells knew when he had enough of her!—The Reviewer.]

KNOWLEDGE OF THE MILKY WAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Hart need not ask astronomers whether the lines

> Thus unseen stars i' th' Element
> United make the Milky Way

might have been written as early as 1630-1650. As early as 1612 Bacon, in his essay on Fortune, wrote: "The way of fortune is like the Milken Way in the sky, which is a meeting or knot of a number of small stars, *not seen asunder*, but giving light together."

Ernest Bernbaum.

Harvard University, November 8.

Notes from the Capital

SAMUEL WALKER McCALL.

Any commentator on the recent elections must be short-sighted who ignores the significance of the political resurgence of Samuel Walker McCall. There is a common assumption that Massachusetts is normally too well grounded a Republican State to furnish an available candidate for the Presidency in a critical year; but there is one Bay State man already ln the field, and it seems to many shrewd observers that conditions may arise making it necessary to push McCall ln ahead of Weeks to meet an emergency. It would not be the first time that national executive honors have moved his way. In the convention of 1912 which renominated Taft and Sherman, he was very seriously considered by the party managers for Sherman's place. They realized that Sherman was not a well man physically, and the campaign threatened to be a hard one; Taft was not going to arouse any popular enthusiasm, and they felt that he ought to have a running mate who would stir things up. Into the midst of the discussion of McCall some one threw the word "reciprocity," and then it was recalled that one of McCall's speeches ln the House favoring reciprocal tariff concessions had attracted wide attention. This settled it; for among the most difficult tasks of the campaign was likely to be that of explaining away, for the benefit of the old-fashioned, hard-shell rural Republicans, the attitude of Taft on that very point.

In spite of his leanings towards reciprocity, McCall is a protectionist; he demands only that his party shall not drive a willing horse to death. He is a moderationist in everything, and the extremists long ago gave up their fruitless efforts to stampede him. When the Jingoes were prancing up and down the aisles of the House in the early spring of 1898, crazy to jump at Spain's throat, he maintained his usual calm demeanor. Matters presently reached a stage where every man had to declare himself with no uncertain voice. "Now we'll see McCall climb down from his perch!" cried the Jingoes, gleefully. They did, but it was on the wrong side from their point of view, for he voted against the war. It was of no consequence to him that he was warned that he would be the only man in the Massachusetts delegation to take such a stand: his sole regret was that there were not more to look at the question dispassionately, and to exhaust the resources of patience and diplomacy before proceeding to bloodshed. The war came and went, and left us with a colonial system for which the Constitution had made no provision. As a member of the Ways and Means Committee he stood out alone again in warning the United States not to copy, in its treatment of Porto Rico, the blunder of England in her treatment of Ireland, by raising a tariff barrier which would proclaim that "freedom does not follow the flag." And his later protest against American militarism was a denunciation of "a policy which shall tax and burden two-thirds of our people in order that the other third may wear uniforms or be borne upon pension-rolls."

In his quiet, unhysterical way of looking over every public question and carefully weighing its pros and cons before determining the position on which the Government shall plant itself, McCall suggests the teacher rather than the advocate. Indeed, his appearance and air carry out this idea. His spare but strong frame, his bald head, his finely cut profile, the serious expression of his countenance in repose, his clean, well-measured enunciation of his pure English phrases, his slow gait and deliberate motions, are all tributary to a general effect which makes it seem the most natural thing in the world that Dartmouth College, his *alma mater*, should have invited him some years ago to its presidency; and they seem to consist quite as well with his declination on the ground that the work in public life to which he had addressed himself was not lightly undertaken and could not be easily dropped. He deplored the apparent tendency of the time towards throwing off constitutional restraints and listening to the voice of the autocrat, lest "some chance barbarian might overturn our temples, and do more harm in the direction of unelvilizing the country than all our colleges together could possibly repair."

As illustrative of the absent-minded trait we often attribute to the professional scholar, they tell an amusing story of McCall in connection with one of his most important essays as a biographer. Somewhere he had heard of an incident in the career of Thaddeus Stevens which amused him vastly. Stevens, it seems, while a member of the House, had started one morning to walk to the Capitol with a friend, but dropped in a moment at a rather gay resort on the way up the Avenue, took a "flyer" at faro, and won a hundred dollars, which was paid him in a single banknote. He had barely reached the Capitol steps when he was accosted by a party of Quaker constituents, who proceeded to lay before him a religious enterprise in which they had interested themselves, and expressed the hope that he would contribute something in its aid. Stevens at once drew from his pocket, with a considerable flourish, the banknote he had just won at the gaming-table, and handed it to the spokesman, remarking to his friend with oratorical solemnity:

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform!

McCall's delight in the anecdote kept it running in his mind so that he began to read everything he could find about Stevens, and this led to his writing the life of the eccentric commoner, only to discover, after the work was off the press, that he had left out of it the one story which had furnished its original inspiration!

Tattler.

Literature

A DOUBTFUL INTERPRETATION OF AN ANCIENT TABLET.

Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man. By Stephen Langdon. Philadelphia: Publications of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Babylonian Section, Vol. X, No. 1.

The basis of this publication is a cuneiform text in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, which was found in the course of excavations at Nippur and which presumably formed part of the temple or school collection of that ancient centre of Sumerian and Babylonian culture. A small fragment of the text had previously been copied by Dr. Langdon and an account of it published by him about a year ago in one of the numbers of the proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology. Although it was only a fragment, Dr. Langdon was quite sure that he had discovered a Sumerian story of a flood and of the fall of man, with direct bearings on Biblical traditions. Since then two other fragments, one of them very large, the other small, have been found in the course of an examination of the University collection, and as a result we fortunately now have a tolerably complete text.

Having made a study of the entire tablet, Dr. Langdon now enlarges his former announcement by calling the tablet the "Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man." In other words, according to Dr. Langdon's interpretation, we have in this tablet a story or a myth of the same order as the famous Biblical tale of the Garden of Eden, where, as in the Bible, man forfeits the pleasures of Paradise by eating of a forbidden fruit. To be sure, there are some deviations from the Biblical narrative. In Dr. Langdon's tablet the flood comes before the fall of man, and it is the supposed survivor of the flood, whose name Dr. Langdon reads Tagtug, who, after escaping the catastrophe, is foolish enough to eat of the cassia (according to Dr. Langdon's interpretation) and thus forfeits immortality.

In the introduction to his translation of the tablet in the present volume he sets forth at great length the "Nippurian" theory of the fall of man, and also the dependence of the Biblical tradition of Paradise upon the views of Paradise and of the fall of man as developed at Nippur, though other portions of the Biblical tradition he would derive from what he calls the "Eridu" version of man's forfeiture of immortality. Dr. Langdon does not tell us how the Hebrew writers happened to get hold of these old Babylonian tales, and whether they read them in the Sumerian original or in a Babylonian translation; but the general thesis is confidently set forth, and, it must be admitted, the tablet would be of great importance in the study of the Biblical traditions, *provided* Dr. Langdon's interpretation of it were correct.

A close examination of the text reveals that this is far from being the case, that many of Dr. Langdon's renderings of the Sumerian original are exceedingly precarious, that some can be shown to be incorrect, and that a considerable number of his readings of the original text are more or less uncertain. Dr. Langdon appears to be particularly fond of indulging in conjectures, and his interpretation of this tablet is a good example of the dangers to which a scholar is exposed in basing an elaborate theory on slender foundations.

In the first place, it should be remarked that the original of this tablet is in Sumerian, which is the non-Semitic language of Babylonia, spoken and written by Sumerians who came as conquerors into the Euphrates Valley. Now, Babylonian texts written in Semitic Babylonian, or, to use the more correct name, Akkadian, are entirely intelligible to scholars at the present time, but this is not the case with Sumerian texts. It is only within the last ten years that decided progress in the interpretation of Sumerian has been made, and though, thanks to the labors of a number of distinguished German, French, and English scholars, we now can approach a Sumerian text with some degree of confidence, there are still great obstacles in the way of an entirely safe interpretation of a text deciphered for the first time. No one would have criticised Dr. Langdon had he interspersed interrogation marks liberally throughout the translation, but it is a rather serious matter to find a scholar proposing translations as definite which turn out to be uncertain and probably erroneous. Let us take a single example, but one which may be regarded as characteristic of the author's somewhat slovenly, or, let us say, too rapid method of working.

He reads the name of the place in which, according to his interpretation, the Sumerians placed Paradise as Dilmun. Now, Dilmun has been known to Assyriologists for some time, and there is no reason to question the general concurrence of opinion that it is the name of one of the islands lying in the Persian Gulf. Apparently, however, it does not fit in with Dr. Langdon's theory of the relation between Sumerian and Biblical Paradise to have Dilmun an island; accordingly, he suggests a forced interpretation of a perfectly simple passage in one of the inscriptions of Sargon, in which the king speaks of ruling certain districts "as far as the boundaries of Dilmun as one land." Dr. Langdon declares that "one land" proves that Dilmun must be on the mainland, as though a writer could not also refer to islands adjacent as part of a single territory. But now let us look further and see what proof Dr. Langdon has for asserting that the land described as the seat of the supposed Sumerian Paradise is to be read Dilmun.

He confesses in a note that the sign used in his text is not the one which is to be read Dilmun, and then refers us to another text—where there is a sign which is somewhat like the one in our tablet, but not by any means identical, and—what Dr. Langdon fails to tell us—is also *not* the sign for Dilmun. His identification, therefore, is without any warrant, and yet our author assumes throughout the publication that no one will raise the slightest doubt as to the identification itself.

According to Dr. Langdon, the tablet opens with a description of Paradise (identified by him with the doubtful Dilmun) and this Paradise is described as a place where neither raven nor kite shriek, where lions and wolves do not plunder. So far, so good. But what are we to think of a Paradise where there is a lack of water, for, according to Dr. Langdon himself, one of the lines of the description (if one gathers the sense of his somewhat ambiguous English correctly) states that "water was not poured for cleansing in the city one inhabited not." And it is quite evident from the description at the beginning of the second column that some one prays to the god of waters to bring on a rich flow, so that the city may have water in abundance. This passage may possibly furnish a clue to the interpretation of the tablet, and one which, to say the least, will be found to be as satisfactory as Dr. Langdon's purely fanciful notion of a Sumerian Paradise. So far from describing an ideal residence, which might, to be sure, be inferred from the fact that it was free from noises, and that the lion and the wolf did not follow their ordinary occupations, the text seems to describe a deserted and death-like place where all activity had ceased, where even ravens and kites did not shriek, and lions and wolves did not plunder, and that, as suggested, the cause of this desolation was a drought. Such an interpretation furnishes a more satisfactory explanation of some of the lines in the description than does Dr. Langdon's conjectural suggestions. So, for example, Dr. Langdon translates one of the lines: "'A man has changed a canal,' one said not," whereas it should probably be rendered: "The ferryman did not cross over," which indicates still further that the ordinary activities of the place suffering from the drought had ceased. Again, according to Dr. Langdon's interpretation, one of the features of this Paradise is that there were no diseases of the eye, no headaches, and no old women or old men. But the lines in question might be interpreted quite differently. Accepting Dr. Langdon's translation, "'Oh Headache, thou art a headache,' one said not," this does not necessarily prove that there were no headaches, but could also be interpreted as an indication that the disease could not be exorcised, which would be done by a formula beginning with "headache," and when we read further, "'Thou art an old man,' one said not," and "'Thou art an old woman,' one said not," this could be interpreted to indicate, not that people did not grow old, but that people died before they became old.

What Dr. Langdon takes for a deluge which, according to his interpretation, lasted nine months, would seem to be the answer to the appeal made to the god Enki, the god of waters, to inundate the fields. So far from this inundation lasting for nine months, the text seems merely to indicate that each month for nine months in succession there was rain on a certain day, though this, too, is not certain. However, setting this aside, we have another illustration of the ease with which Dr. Langdon throws out his conjectures in his interpretation of a line occurring thrice in the course of the tablet, which reads, "Like fat, like fat, like tallow." Now, it ought to be said that the rendering is by no means certain, but accepting it, what does Dr. Langdon make of this line? He tells us that this line indicates the destruction of all mankind who had "dissolved" in the flood like fat and tallow. The comparison is somewhat halting, for the one thing that fat and tallow do not do is to dissolve in water; but there is not the slightest reference at this point in the text to mankind or to a dissolution. Equally precarious is Dr. Langdon's supposition that in the continuation of this tablet there is an account of a hero who escapes from the deluge in a boat. This rests upon a single line occurring twice in the tablet in which the word boat does occur, but all that is said is, "His one foot he set on the boat," or, as Dr. Langdon has it, "His foot alone upon the boat set." Who is meant is not at all clear. This is the *only* reference to a boat in the tablet, for in another line in which Dr. Langdon introduces the word ship in his translation there is no such sign in the original Sumerian. The entire translation of this line does not tend to inspire one with confidence in our author's conscientiousness, especially as the line occurs again—also without any sign for ship in the original—and yet the word "ship" is introduced in both cases in Dr. Langdon's translation.

Perhaps, however, the most serious example of our author's carelessness in drawing far-reaching conclusions from a purely conjectural starting-point is his endeavor to identify a certain Tagtug, whose name does not even appear till *after* the account of the conjectural "Deluge," with the Noah of Biblical tradition. Here is his reasoning:

This name is written with two characters, the first of which is to be read *Tag*, though it could also be *Shum*, and the second of which might also be read *Ku* or *Tush* as well as *Tug*, which Dr. Langdon selects in order to bring about an assonance between the two syllables. Dr. Langdon needs this assonance as a support for his theory, for, according to his interpretation, the meaning of the name is suggested by the first element, *Tag*, whereas the second is merely added to give emphasis. Now, *Tag* has a variety of meanings, prominent among which is the idea of "overturning." Among other equivalents in Akkadian for the Sumerian *Tag*, we find also *nâkhu*, meaning "to rest," and because this meaning coincides with the stem underlying Biblical Noah, Dr. Langdon reaches the conclusion that Tagtug is the Sumerian equivalent which the Hebrews translated as Noah. Why the Hebrew transmitter of the old tradition should have gone to so much trouble, or how he happened to be so well versed in Sumerian, which ceased to be the current language of Babylonia after the middle of the third millennium, Dr. Langdon does not tell us. But let that pass.

Tag, when it is made the equivalent of *nâkhu* in the sense of "rest," is not intended to convey the idea of cessation from activity or release from trouble, as is the case with the Hebrew stem of Noah, but rather the "rest" that comes through destruction. In other words, the idea of "rest" involved in the Sumerian *Tag* is a synonym of to "destroy"—to put to rest in that sense. What the Sumerian *Tug* (if we are to read it in that way) means, we do not know, because the Akkadian, or Babylonian, equivalent has not yet been found. Dr. Langdon realizes this, and, therefore, suggests that *Tug* has been added to *Tag* by way of assonance and in order to emphasize the idea of "rest." Tagtug would, therefore, be something like our humpty-dumpty or higgledy-piggledy. The Sumerians, however, when they wished to give an emphasis to the meaning of a stem, repeated the stem just as it was. We would, therefore, expect Tagtag, and Dr. Langdon himself confesses that he has not found a single example where, in order to emphasize the meaning of a root, the root was repeated with a change of vowel. In other words, Tagtug, in place of Tagtag, would be an isolated example. The obvious conclusion to be drawn from such an omission is that Tagtug cannot mean "rest" in an emphatic sense, and that there is no reason for selecting *Tug* as the reading of the second sign in preference to *Ku* or *Tush;* but if we select one of the latter readings, Dr. Langdon's already tottering thesis falls completely to pieces. On this flimsy foundation he builds up his theory that Noah is the Hebrew translation of Tagtug.

This specimen of word-juggling, with the heaping of one hypothesis upon another and then drawing far-reaching conclusions, is unfortunately not isolated, and we must confess that with due admiration for Dr. Langdon's ingenuity, this unfortunate habit of making fanciful combinations raises a question as to the validity of all the results set forth by him in the introduction to his translation of the tablet. He makes his favorite Tagtug to be the survivor of a deluge, but we have seen that the "deluge" discovered by him on his tablet is exceedingly problematical, and that there is absolutely no indication that Tagtug has anything to do with the deluge, even as interpreted by Dr. Langdon. Furthermore, Tagtug does not seem to be a human being, but a god. His name is written with a sign attached to the names of gods. In order to get around this, Dr. Langdon calls Tagtug "the divine," and assumes that, though a mortal, he has received immortality from the gods. By such a process any god can be changed into a divine human being. If you can prove that a certain being *was* human, then you are at liberty to conclude, if you find his name written with a sign for god, that he has been changed into a deity, but since Tagtug appears for the first time in Dr. Langdon's tablet, without any indication that he is a human being, we are forced to conclude that, in making Tagtug merely a divine being, we are again dealing with purely fanciful speculation.

Lastly, this same Tagtug is supposed to have eaten a forbidden fruit, and thus to have forfeited immortality and the delights of Paradise. The tablet is particularly fragmentary at this point, and it is not clear on what ground Dr. Langdon supposes that Tagtug has anything to do with the references to certain plants in the concluding portion of the tablet. The name does not appear in that connection. Nevertheless, Dr. Langdon has permitted the sensational announcement to be spread far and wide through the press of this country and England that it was Tagtug-Noah and not Adam who ate the forbidden fruit and thereby forfeited immortality. But the case made out for the forbidden fruit is equally as precarious as the supposition that it was Tagtug who ate it. In order to get this interpretation Dr. Langdon is obliged to supply in one line the sign for plant and in another the sign to eat. Granting these two conjectures, which are probably correct, he would make out the forbidden fruit to be cassia. Now, it happens that cassia is one of the few medicinal remedies mentioned in cuneiform medical texts that can be definitely identified, for the Babylonian term *kasu* is the source of our own cassia, coming down through the medium of the Greek. Kasu, or cassia, occurs as one of the most common remedies in Babylonian-Assyrian medical texts, and since in Babylonian-Assyrian medicine a remedy meant driving out the demon of disease, cassia would obviously be looked upon with great favor. Is it likely that the same people who use a plant as a beneficent remedy would regard such a plant as forbidden, the eating of which entailed punishment? One need merely raise this question in order to see how improbable it is that the concluding portion of Dr. Langdon's tablet has anything in common with the story told in the third chapter of Genesis. As already stated, the tablet at this juncture is rather defective, but an interpretation that suggests itself as a result of a study of the words and lines preserved is that we have here a list of plants that are put together as beneficial, and that these remedies for diseases are traced back to some god through whom they were given to man. A "salt" plant, *e. g.*, is among those mentioned, though apparently not recognized by Langdon as such. At all events, Dr. Langdon's interpretation that the tablet gives us the story of a forbidden fruit is as fanciful as the identifica-

tion of Tagtug with Noah, or that the tablet contained an account of the Deluge, or that Tagtug survived this supposed Deluge, or that at the beginning there is a description of a "Sumerian" Paradise.

Scholars will feel grateful to Dr. Langdon for the publication of this text, which deserves further study. No doubt, its interpretation will be advanced within the next year or so through such further study on the part of Sumerologists; and if Dr. Langdon could only put a restraint upon his too active imagination and curb the vicious tendency to heap combination upon combination and conjecture upon conjecture, there is every reason to believe that he would himself be able to make a contribution to the better interpretation of this difficult text.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Bent Twig. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Three years ago, with "The Squirrel-Cage," Mrs. Fisher took her place among the current novelists who are bent upon a serious interpretation of American life. More recently, in "Hillsboro People," she has carried the scene of her interpretation from the Middle West to New England; and her Vermonters ring true as her Kansans. The setting of "The Bent Twig" shifts from "La Chance" to Vermont, from Vermont to Paris. La Chance is such an upstanding Western town as was pictured in "The Squirrel-Cage." It has its "best families," its pretensions to social elegance, its State University scorned by the aristocracy and obscurely influenced by their standards. Sylvia Marshall's father is an unconventional professor in the university, with a like-minded wife. They choose to live in an old farmhouse in an unfashionable neighborhood, and make no attempt to keep up "dignity" at the cost of solvency. Of society in the foolish sense understood by most of the faculty wives, they have none. Their dress and manners are their own. Their house is open to various queer characters, to "rough-neck" students, and unpresentables of various kinds—notably the old violinist, Reinhardt. It is a place of rough-and-ready hospitality, of free talk, and of good music. There are two daughters, Judith and Sylvia, of very different types. Judith, the younger, inherits her parents' clear-headed independence and their desire to be of use in the world. Sylvia is the softer and commoner type, a born lover of ease and pleasure, with little apparent sense of responsibility, and distaste and resentment for the unworldly life of her home. There is a beautiful and selfish aunt whom Sylvia perilously resembles. The girl has brilliant powers, and makes her mark as a scholar in the university; what she really values is the social advancement her talents bring her, and she seems for a time to be throwing herself away. But always at crucial moments, when a momentous choice must be made between the world of her shallower desires and the real world of which her home has been a microcosm, she finds herself drawing upon sources of strength of which she has been unconscious. So, after engaging herself to the rich young Apollo of her college days, she at once recoils from his brutal passion. And, in the end, after dallying long with the possibility of a worldly choice, she gives herself wholeheartedly to the man who deserves her as a man. Sylvia the lovely, the self-willed, the covetous, the petty intriguer and poser, who yet fights in vain against the deeper principles of pure and noble action which are her heritage—here is a type more common in America, perhaps, than elsewhere. Mrs. Fisher has studied it with sympathy and without sentimentality.

Felix O'Day. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The present book, the last of the late F. Hopkinson Smith, has for narrative outline a story of unusually mysterious and rapid sort, and while it presents as chief personage a type by no means new to Smith—the type of the gentleman vagabond—it is again unusual in making him a highly-born foreigner. Felix O'Day is an Irish baronet who has contracted an unfortunate marriage, his wife Barbara being headstrong, impetuous, and flirtatious. He suddenly loses his fortune, and attempts to persuade her to accompany him to Australia to regain his estate by sheep-farming. She refuses, returns to her father with the lie that O'Day is attempting to force her into a life of ignoble toil, and immediately after flees with an old lover of hers, one who bears the melodramatic name of Dalton. O'Day follows her to New York, resolved to regain possession of her somehow, though he is utterly without a clue as to her whereabouts. His funds fail; he is determined to maintain himself in some cheap boarding-house while he tramps the streets in his quest; and in his extremity he pawns his dressing-case at the shop of an old German curio-dealer, Otto Kling. The acquaintanceship he strikes up with this irascible but good-hearted dealer leads to his employment in the shop as an expert on antiques, and to his residing across the way with a hearty Irishwoman, Kitty Cleary, engaged with her husband in the draying business—a woman highly reminiscent of Tom Grogan herself. The background of the stage is at once peopled with a multitude of lower East Side characters of the better social strata—two old artists of decayed fortunes and engaging eccentricities, rival curio-dealers, children, priests, policemen, and several frank derelicts. Mr. Smith draws all these with a keen eye for individual foibles and with unerring observation of the life of the section. Meanwhile we are introduced to Lady Barbara, who, deserted by her lover in a cheap boarding-house, obtains employment in mending fine garments, endures the insults of a harsh agent in a department store named Mangan, and finally is dragged into court to answer for the loss of a fine piece of lace entrusted to her. It is at this moment that O'Day reappears upon the scene and rescues her, the book closing with their complete reconciliation. But it is as a picture of the lights and shadows of life among the decayed gentle-folk and rising laboring classes of the lower East Side that "Felix O'Day" will be remembered. It is a satisfying book to place beside Mr. Smith's previous descriptions of plantation life in Virginia and Maryland, of Baltimore society, of the rigors of lighthouse labor, and of the lives of the docks—the last in an excellent gallery.

The Gray Dawn. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Two years ago, with "Gold," Mr. White embarked upon the serious enterprise of expressing in the form of a trilogy of novels the development of the Far West as represented by California. He here takes up the narrative in the year 1852, the moment at which the city of San Francisco has emerged from the cruder material conditions of pioneering, but has hardly begun to suspect her need of other qualifications as a civilized community. The bar-room and public gambling-places which are social centres of a frontier town have been overlaid with crude gorgeousness, but have lost nothing of their original status. For the rest, the society and government of the city are in the hands of a spurious Southern "chivalry," a group of fire-eaters, carefully appointed as to dress and bearing and scrupulous as to the defence of their personal "honor," but otherwise without scruple or honor. Duels are openly announced, and public excursions are arranged so that the public may enjoy them as spectacles. Also the frontier privilege of killing on sight has been carried over; and chivalry, aided by perjury and the subtleties of the law, ordains that there shall be no penalty for this kind of murder.

To this city come Milton Keith and his wife, a young pair from Baltimore, lured hither by the fabled charm of a new greatness. Keith is delighted with everything, at first. He becomes a member of one of the most fashionable of those amateur fire companies which played so important a part in the social and political life of the young city. For the rest, the place is overrun with young lawyers like himself, and it is by a clever and unscrupulous stroke of business, at the expense of the city treasury, that he makes a start. He has no qualms about this: "His sense of justice was naturally strong and warm, and an appeal to it outside a courtroom or a law office always got an immediate and common-sense response. But inside the law his mind automatically closed, and a 'case' could have only legal aspects. Which is true of the majority of lawyers to-day." Moreover, there was no local sentiment to combat. Keith is heartily congratulated upon his *coup*. A quaint fact, surely, about "graft" and democracy: "Every last one of these merry, jovial pirates was inordinately proud of the ship he was helping to scuttle! That one fact, attentively considered, explains much." But

the city has a conscience, though it is asleep. The time comes when Keith and thousands of other citizens with sound hearts are forced by the corrupt conditions of the Government and the judiciary, to take up again the work of the Vigilantes, under their old leader, Coleman. We leave the city still in its gray dawn, but with warmer tints upon the horizon.

Mr. White has told with much point and vigor of that episode, in its rawer colors so typical of a nation-wide experience in municipal evolution. If his human figures seem rather to play their parts creditably in the larger action than to exist for their own sake, this is the failing of all but the really great historical romances.

ROMANTIC REALISMS.

The Rose of Youth. By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: John Lane Co.

The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

In Mrs. Mordaunt's volume the bag of tricks of the uncompromising realist is pressed into service by an up-to-date idealist. Her theme is less a biography than a fantasy. She tells what happened to one Teddy Earp, the cockney clerk who was nine parts a poet, and she retails with great particularity the unpleasantnesses of "living-in" and the distressful varieties of downtrodden humanity that did "live-in" and clerk at Finney's. Yet what she really reveals is how the spirit of young romance might keep alive even at Finney's, nourish itself upon the sumptuous and exotic even at those shabby counters, and find at last among the shipping on the Thames an open sesame to the kingdom of its dreams—a vision of adventurous joy, clean and brave as when the world was young, winning out of the heart of commercial London its enlargement and a pathway to the ends of the earth. As to individual episodes, many parallels suggest themselves in the work of contemporary English writers; the originality is in the theme itself, impersonal as an Arabian Nights tale, and in the consistency with which the issue is kept clear of moral and social problems. This author does not attempt to turn knight-errantry into practical reform, her wild swan into a domesticated and useful bird, and she will not suffer love or duty to lay a detaining hand upon the radiant voyager.

Mr. Cabell has attempted something much more difficult and less picturesque. He fain would dissect your old-fashioned Southern gentleman—and then put him together again, turn him inside out, and yet keep him a hero, shatter illusion and retain partiality—in short, he proposes in one and the same book to exercise the acumen of an Ellen Glasgow and indulge the sentiments of a Thomas Nelson Page. It has the look of an incredible feat, and what the reader will chiefly enjoy is the ingenuity of the title as applied to the involuntary heroism of the true-blue aristocrat, and a very cleverly drawn—or shall we say vocalized?—daughter of the newer South. It is the inimitable quality of Patricia Stapylton's speech that better than anything else conveys the woman—vivid, irrepressible, dainty, and, in the last analysis, commonplace. Fluent and convincing, it amounts in itself to a little triumph of art.

A COMPENDIUM OF JAPANESE HISTORY.

A Short History of Japan. By Ernest Wilson Clement. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

In a modest preface the writer of this handy volume, intended to give "a bird's-eye view of the history of Japan," expresses a hope that it may be sufficient for the purposes of the average reader who has not time or inclination to go into the details of Japanese history. He is already favorably known as author of a "Handbook of Modern Japan," and of a revised edition of Hildreth's "Japan as It Was and Is." A long residence in the country, partly in the interior and partly in Tokio, has insured intimate acquaintance with the language and the people, evidences of which appear throughout. His treatment of the prehistoric legendary period is judicious. Quoting from the official "History of the Empire of Japan," he concedes that "in order to understand the history of the Empire's beginnings, the traditional incidents of the age, however singular, must be studied." Moreover, he adds, "the incidents and names of the actors are so inextricably interwoven into the fabric of Japanese art, religion, and literature, and are so influential yet among the common people and even in politics, that one cannot afford to ignore this period."

The account of the rise in the thirteenth century of four new Buddhist sects, "all of which have remained powerful to the present day," comes in appositely at the close of chapter vi. The mystical Zenshiu, or Contemplative, sect, which sought salvation by meditation, and whose doctrines may be summed up in the following injunction: "Look carefully within, and there you will find Buddha," immediately attracted the warrior class. "This was largely due to the fact that, in Zen, each believer must work out his own salvation by austere discipline, and could thus develop the measure of self-control needed by a true knight." To its influence may be traced in part, at least, the chivalrous bearing of the best type of Japanese soldier to-day. But Mr. Clement does not make the deduction; nor in describing the more fanatical and narrowly national Shinshiu sect, "the Jesuits of Japan," as he calls them, does he refer to their missionary propaganda in the Hawaiian Islands and on the Pacific Coast. Recently, in making demands on China, Japan has asserted the right of her subjects to disseminate the Buddhist faith. And yet, as Mr. Clement tells us (page 120), both Buddhism and Shinto were disestablished in 1884. This, his only reference to Buddhism in modern Japan, is surely inadequate, in view of its recent assertiveness. How has the change come about?

The personality of Prince Ito, in many essential ways the maker of new Japan, is perfunctorily dealt with. He is dismissed as follows (p. 144): "In October (1909) Ito was assassinated at Harbin by a Korean fanatic; and he was honored, as the greatest statesman of modern Japan, with a most elaborate funeral." A good opportunity presented itself at page 107, where reference is made to the unification of Italy, of Japan, and of Germany, all within little over a decade, and all presenting much the same features. As Italy had her Cavour, and Germany her Bismarck, so had Japan her Ito. The three paragraphs dealing at length with the character of the late Emperor might be condensed, and one at least devoted to Ito.

Mr. Clement's outlook, as well as his phraseology, is essentially that of the missionary teacher, and yet his treatment of Christian education is feeble and scrappy. He refers to the Doshisha University at Kyoto without explaining that it grew up under the wing of American Congregationalism; and other like institutions of high grade are left unnoticed. While "Count Okuma's well-known institution at Waseda in Tokyo" is remembered, neither the Keio University, founded by the famous editor and patriot, Fukuzawa, nor the great man himself, is deemed worthy of mention. These two universities may be regarded as complementary to the over-Germanized state institutions, which date from 1886. "In 1884 and 1885 the people took up athletics; and in 1886 and 1887 waltzing was the rage. This was also about the time when 'the German measles' prevailed; but it was only a mania for imitating 'things German.'" Now, this epidemic of "German measles," as it was facetiously termed, was pretty well confined to the Government departments of War and Education; it was an official, not a popular, craze. Mr. Clement gives no details regarding the founding of the four Imperial Universities and the eight Higher (Middle) Schools, a result of the "epidemic." The reader meets with one solitary reference to the higher education (p. 156): "The most unique feature of the Imperial University at Tokyo is its department of seismology with a seismograph."

There is a misleading statement in regard to things financial at page 117: "The first decade of the Meiji era closes in 1878, when bimetallism was adopted." The subject is forthwith dismissed for good. Now, in the excellent account Mr. Robert P. Porter gives of the economic progress of the Japanese Empire up to 1911, it is rightly asserted ("The Full Recognition of Japan," chapter xiii, Finance) that

> The evolution of the Japanese currency is one of the most extraordinary in the history of national finance. In 1871, when the work of regeneration was begun, the currency system adopted was one of gold monometallism; in 1878 it had become a system of gold and

silver bimetallism; by 1879 it was to all intents and purposes a system of inconvertible paper money; in 1886 the paper money had been redeemed by silver coins, and at the end of 1897 a gold standard had replaced the silver system (with silver rated at 32 to 1).

Sometimes Mr. Clement's touch upon Japanese life and customs fails him. He makes two references to landscape gardening. It (the Ashikaga period), he tells us, "was a glorious era for architecture, landscape-gardening, decorative painting, the tea-cult, the flower-cult, the incense-cult. . . . It is only in Japan that landscape-gardening can be said to be 'reduced almost to an exact science.' And Japan seems also to be the only land where incense-burning and tea-drinking are likewise systematized." But why does he twice separate landscape-gardening and the tea-cult? All the celebrated gardens of Japan, as Okakura informs us in his delightful "Book of Tea," were laid out by the tea-masters; and the two cults are inseparable, historically and essentially.

The final chapter closes with a naïve expression of the author's wonder at the progress made by Japan since 1867. "As we contemplate the marvellous transformations of the Meiji era, we can only throw up our hands with Dominie Sampson, and exclaim: 'Pro-di-gi-ous!'" This editorial (or platform?) "we" might be replaced with advantage, here and elsewhere in the book, by an honest "I," for the author is well entitled to speak for himself.

THE MECHANISM OF COMMERCE.

International Trade and Exchange: A Study of the Mechanism and Advantages of Commerce. By Harry Gunnison Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

No subject within the field of economics has had so few good books to show as that of foreign exchange; no subject has had so many bad books to its discredit as that of foreign trade and tariff policy. Conditions have changed within the last few years. Several excellent manuals on foreign exchange have recently appeared; and Taussig devoted to international trade a whole book of his "Principles," published in 1911, and for the first time set forth in a general treatise the laws of foreign trade and exchange, with an appreciation of the importance of the topic, and with the knowledge and skill necessary to show its bearings.

The distinguishing feature of the modern treatment is the application of the quantitative theory of money to an analysis of the effects of international trade on price levels, and thereby on the relative position of producers and consumers in various countries. This method of analysis is one in which Dr. Brown is entirely at home. He assisted Irving Fisher in preparing the book on "The Purchasing Power of Money," which is a restatement and amplification of the quantitative theory, and has given evidence in independent articles of marked ability in the field of theoretical economics. He makes no attempt in the present book to go outside his chosen line. He borrows his account of existing business practices from Escher, Clare, and Margraff, and is content to offer only a bare suggestion of the present organization of foreign trade and the actual results of present policies. What he does is to state with precision the principles of foreign trade and exchange, and to carry to conclusion his analysis of the effects of trade and trade regulations under various hypothetical conditions. The book is the most comprehensive and clearest statement of the theory of the subject which we have.

The first part covers foreign exchange in the narrow sense. The author introduces the subject by chapters on the laws of money and the nature of bank credit, and thereby is enabled in the following chapters to carry the reader further than ordinarily is done in the discussion of influences determining the rate of exchange, and of reactions of the rate on the phenomena of business. The section on "Exchange between Two Countries, Assuming Effective Prohibition of Specie Export," is interesting in the light of present conditions, due to the war; and it speaks well for the author's careful habit of statement that nothing in the section appears to require modification as a result of recent experience.

The second part, paged separately and entitled "The Economic Advantages of Commerce," begins with two excellent chapters on the gains of trade and how they are shared. The author makes extensive use, in this part, of hypothetical illustrations. Suppose, for example, that in Canada one man in a week can produce twenty bushels of wheat or fourteen yards of linen cloth, while in Ireland in the same time a man can produce but six bushels of wheat or ten yards of linen. Ireland is at a disadvantage in both wares, and may be forced to offer the product of two weeks' work in exchange for the product of one week of the Canadian. Assuming that a yard of Irish linen is sold for a bushel of Canadian wheat, then Canada, producing in two weeks forty bushels of wheat, can exchange half of it for linen, and will have twenty bushels plus twenty yards instead of twenty plus fourteen; while Ireland, in four weeks' work, will produce forty yards of linen, but will still gain by trade, for by exchanging half of its linen it will have twenty yards plus twenty bushels, instead of twenty plus twelve. Examples of this kind, covering the various situations which may be conceived in the commercial relations of various countries, prove nothing, of course, but they do make definite the principles which govern the distribution of the advantages of trade, and they clear the way excellently for the discussion of commercial policy in the chapters following. If the reader here misses the pungency of the older critics of protectionism, he gains at least by the scientific and exact analysis to which the author subjects the operation of protective duties and the arguments advanced in defence of them. A certain amount of bias towards free trade does appear, in the reviewer's estimation, in the treatment of the military and social arguments; but the analysis of the economic arguments is all the more effective because it concedes the theoretical possibility of gains by restriction, while it suggests the improbability that these will be attained under the actual conditions of politics. The last chapter is an impressive demonstration of the evils consequent on ship subsidies, public canals, improvement of rivers and harbors by general taxes, and government subsidies to railway-building.

The book is written by an economist for economists, and will give slight satisfaction to the general reader or the popular politician. Appealing as it does, however, to a professional class, vigorous protest should be entered against the duplication of the paging in the two parts, which will certainly cause trouble in citing passages, and which appears to offer no advantage of any kind.

Notes

"The Mary Frances Garden Book," by Jane Eayre Fryer, is announced for publication on December 1 by the John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

The Macmillan Co. announces the forthcoming publication of Stephen Graham's "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary."

"The Harim and the Purdah: Studies of Oriental Women," by Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, has been published by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

In "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy" (Lane; $1.25 net) Mr. S. Leacock does some more admirable fooling upon a very great variety of subjects. His is a mind bubbling over with whimsical ideas; one gets the impression that all he can need is time to "get them off," in his rapid sketchy way. The quality of his fun is distinctive. It is based on the English method, does not always escape facetiousness, but is, on the whole, lighter and more limber than the *Punch* standard. In fact, it has much of the spontaneous extravagance which is supposed to belong on this side of the water and this side of the border. The reason may lie partly in the fact that many of these little skits have been written for the American market as catered for by *Life*, *Puck*, and the funny compartments of the magazines. But it may be that we have here a genuine new blend destined to be called Canadian Humor. Why not? Mr. Leacock sees, to begin with, the humor of his own job as a professor. He is and, so far as we know, intends to remain head of a university department of political economy. Such positions are probably safe only for incumbents of the larger lunacy. Mr. Leacock (like the Irish clergyman who writes as G. A. Birmingham) appears to be in no way oppressed or embarrassed by his office. He has, apparently, no conception of that ideal of professional dignity which makes even the gambols of our own parsons and professors so self-conscious and elephantine. The present volume contains various bits of burlesque, in the "Nonsense Novels" vein.

"Spoof: A Thousand-Guinea Novel" very amusingly takes off the fatuity of the conventionalized best-seller. "Passionate Paragraphs," short as it is, is even better as a parody of the latest style of sophisticated prose. But the best fun and keenest satire in the book belongs to the series called "Afternoon Adventures at My Club," which hits off, with great freshness and dispatch, many of the familiar types of club bore or convive or disputant.

Mr. John Jay Chapman sees things simplified and rather tinged with red in his "Notes on Religion" (Laurence J. Gomme; 75 cents). "It is the union of true religion with a perfected system of social tyranny," he believes, "that gives the Roman Church its particular character. . . . The Church Dominant says to a man: 'I am your consciousness of God; therefore obey.'" His essay, in fact, is intended to awaken the dormant consciousness of the American people to the vast plot of Rome, as he sees it, to make good her losses in Europe by laying a strong hand on this Continent. And within the Church, yet scarcely of it, are the Jesuits. Mr. Chapman draws a startling picture of a conspiracy hatching in the Archbishop's palace in Madison Avenue, and of the conspirators departing in two directions, the Jesuits together one way, the rest another. It is all very vivid, and so simple. Besides this essay the book contains a few notes on the nature of religion in itself. Here again things are simplified; but we rather like the essay the best.

Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, for obvious reasons, was not able to give his presidential address at the opening meeting of the Aristotelian Society last year, and as a consequence the first paper in the "Proceedings" (just issued by Williams & Norgate) is the substitute address by Vice-President Bernard Bosanquet on "Science and Philosophy." His starting point is Bertrand Russell's lectures "On Our Knowledge of an External World" (these "Aristotelians" have a delightful way of starting from one another), and against those who have been trying to give to philosophy the exact procedure of scientific investigation he argues subtly and, to us, convincingly. The buffoonery of the book is furnished, as usual, by F. C. S. Schiller, who, having failed to bring other philosophers to consider "the really important issues of logic," now condescends to return to their "immemorial wallowing grounds." A notable discussion on "Instinct and Emotion" is conducted by William McDougall, A. F. Shand, and G. F. Stout. There is a long study of Croce's "Æsthetic," besides other papers, historical and critical, which we must pass over unmentioned. The volume as a whole maintains the value and interest of its predecessors.

That earnest Manxman, Mr. Hall Caine, in "The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days: Scenes in the Great War" (Lippincott; $1 net) cleanses his bosom of the perilous stuff wherewith war and indignation have stuffed it. His is, of course, the indignation of the patriot spellbound by the sacred glories of his own cause, and hag-ridden by the infamy of his foe's. This, however, is no ordinary patriot, of whatever island. It is one who, by his own admission, has been, either as witness or as confidant or as adviser, really in the thick of matters. All things have worked together as by a miracle for his enlightenment. He saw the Kaiser in Rome years ago, and had no trouble in summing him up:

> The glittering eyes, the withered arm, the features that gave signs of frightful periodical pain, the immense energy, the gigantic egotism, the ravenous vanity, the fanaticism amounting to frenzy, the dominating power, the dictatorial temper, the indifference to suffering (whether his own or other people's), the overbearing suppression of opposing opinions, the determination to control everybody's interest, everybody's work—I thought all this was written in the Kaiser's masterful face.

And just as clearly as he recognized this monster, whose arm was written in his face, so clearly did he detect, among the snows of the Engadine, the Crown Prince in his true character: "I saw a young man without a particle of natural distinction, whether physical, moral, or mental." Also, in the course of a month spent in the same hotel with the Archduke Ferdinand, he got to the bottom of that arid, though fateful, personality. Years ago, moreover, his own soul aligned itself with the present partners of England. He travelled in Galicia and Poland and saw the effects of Austrian government; and his "impressions were unfavorable." Germany more or less deceived him. His German friendships and memories helped him to cajole himself and to be cajoled: "Even yet it strikes a chill to the heart to recall those German homes as scenes of prolonged duplicity." Russia he visited only once, but, "under conditions which were calculated, beyond anything that has happened since down to to-day, to reveal to me the whole secret of the Russian soul." He saw, in short, that the Russians were not barbarians, but a simple, religious, and kindly people with great reserve forces of character.

From such vantage-points of previous knowledge, he has seen the war unfold with more grief than surprise. As he reviews the first year of the conflict, he is unable to find anything but merit in the conduct of the Allies, anything but shame in the conduct of the Powers. Like so many other British writers whose only permitted weapon is the pen, he is determined to make the most of it, as a weapon. For the rest, it was he, we learn, who persuaded the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* to publish "King Albert's Book." Mr. Caine's sincerity cannot be doubted, but it is the sincerity of the recruiting officer who must get his results for the cause, not that of a trustworthy chronicler of events. He ends with a plea for prayer also as a weapon:

> Let us, then, pray with all the fervor of our souls for Belgium, for Poland, for Italy, for Russia, for France, but, above all, for our own beloved country, mother of nations, mother, too, of some of the bravest and best yet born on to the earth, that, as long as there remains one man or woman of British blood above British soil, this England and her Empire may be ours—ours and our children's.

Shades of the Fourth Reader! Echoes of D'Annunzio! It is too clear that among the primitive habits to which, under the stress of war, we are destined to revert, spouting will be one.

To most of us, it is to be feared, the mention of Saint-Simon's "Memoirs" recalls chiefly the rather forbidding vista of M. de Chéruel's twenty tomes and the echo of Macaulay's remark: "I finished Saint-Simon's Memoirs and am more struck with the good parts than ever. To be sure, the road from fountain to fountain lies through a very dry desert." And not unnaturally. Saint-Simon, in the words of another authority, is "not a writer to be 'sampled' easily, inasmuch as his most characteristic phrases sometimes occur in the midst of quite uninteresting matter." What we need, therefore, is the good offices of an editor who will make Saint-Simon readable and—an essential requirement—still leave him Saint-Simon. A book of extracts will not do; condensation must not, as heretofore, be carried too far—a difficult task, but one that has been successfully begun by Francis Arkwright in two volumes, entitled, somewhat fancifully, "Gossip and Glory of Versailles" and "The Silver Age of Louis XIV" (Brentano's; $3 net, each), the first ending appropriately with the year 1701 and the signing of the Grand Alliance, with which, as the memoirist says, "ended all the King's prosperity." The second takes us to 1707, the year of the death of Mme. de Montespan, which, if not the end of an epoch, is well enough as a milestone in the path of a writer of court gossip.

There is, of course, as much difference between these volumes and the works of modern popular compilers as between dry bones and the living flesh. In the one case, we sit in our easy chair while Mr. Gribble or *qui quc ce soit* tells us pleasing anecdotes of this period or that, with his own point of view, and too often his own personality, well to the fore. Here, on the contrary, we are, as it were, transported back to old France, where the picaresque Cardinal Borgia, possessed of a family Bull permitting, nay exhorting, him to eat meat on Good Friday, is part of the landscape; where the medical faculty orders D'Harcourt to return to his beloved snuff, "to recall the humors to their old courses; but it was too late, he had left it off too long, and a return to it did him no good." Through the eyes of Saint-Simon we see the first as not only funny, but "in the picture"; and the same may be said of the adventure of Mme. de Nemours, who, going for confession to a strange church and in mean attire, told the priest the exact truth about herself, her position, her riches, and, above all, her sins, with the result that the good father thought her mad and advised her to "go home and, if she could afford it, to take some good strengthening broth," doubtless accompanying the advice with the coveted absolution. The prescription of the doctor was quite *secundum artem*. We have picked out these trifling anecdotes as some slight suggestion of what the reader misses if he is content to accept the annexations of historian and compiler as all that is to be obtained from the work of one who, professedly, set great store by small things, and who gratefully remembered Chamillart's daughters because they "told me an immense number of feminine trifles, often more important than they were aware of." We understand that the present translation is to be completed in four additional volumes within the twelvemonth.

"The Spell of Southern Shores," by Caroline Atwater Mason (The Page Company; $2.50), a sequel to "The Spell of Italy," by the same author, like many another book of

travel may be described in the words of the old French chronicler, "Ne tot mençonge, ne tot voir, Tot folie ne tot savoir." In it we follow in their wanderings one of the pairs of American mothers and daughters, familiar to all tourists on the Continent. Their route leads them from Genoa down the Riviera di Levante to Viterbo, Rome, Naples, Capri, Sicily, Venice, Lago di Garda, Ravenna, Rimini, Padua, and back to Venice. Pleasant and usually not too exuberant descriptions of natural scenery are mingled with historical sketches, and an enlivening element is added by a slender thread of fiction in the romance of an English girl and a *marchese,* whose experiences furnish an opportunity for the typical reflections on international marriages. Our pair of travellers are agreeable, "Mother" well read and communicative, "Filia" impressionable and receptive, and their interchange of information and emotions in dialogues which recall Rollo or Plato, according to the habits of the individual reader, supplies us with the facts and the sentiments suitable to the places visited. The author has an admirable acquaintance with the general stock of historical facts that may be found in the best guidebooks, from which she supplements her own intelligent narrative by well-selected quotations. She occasionally gives brief chronological summaries of the history of certain places, which many travellers may find convenient, but which may seem to others inappropriate in a book written distinctly in the vein of light narration. Her interest, it is evident, lies primarily in the field of history, and some of us will question whether any account of Southern Italy that takes so little cognizance of its art can be said adequately to convey its "spell"—whatever that may be understood to mean. For example, the precious sculptured architectural bits still lingering in the midst of squalor at Viterbo receive merely a passing notice; the highly interesting frescoes of Lorenzo di Viterbo in Sta. Maria della Verità, the beautiful Pietà, a *capolavoro* of Sebastiano del Piombo in the Museo Municipale, are not mentioned at all, yet these go quite as far in forming the charm of Viterbo as do its associations with Papal history, to which several pages are devoted.

Occasionally the author is to be caught in slight inaccuracies. We might suppose from her description of the theatre at Syracuse that the sixty rows of seats are all "marvellously well preserved," but as a matter of fact, although it is estimated that there were originally sixty tiers, only forty-six remain. One would like to know the authority for the statement that in this theatre "some of the great tragedies of Aeschylus first were rendered under the eyes of the poet himself." Aeschylus was twice in Sicily; the first time in 470 B. C., when the "Persians," which had previously been given in Athens, was produced in Syracuse; his second visit was in 456-5, and the chronology of the plays would make it improbable that any of them were given before him then in the Syracusan Theatre. On page 365 it is implied that the Spozalizio del Mar was instituted at Venice in the year 1000; but this was the year in which the ceremony of supplication and aspersion celebrated on Ascension Day was instituted, while the Spozalizio del Mar itself dates from 1177, when the Venetians, having succeeded in gaining certain indulgences from the Pope after the Congress of Venice, gave a sacramental character to the celebration of Ascension Day and made it a nuptial rite. We may note, too, that the battle of Curzola was fought in 1298, not 1290 (p. 367); Selinus was founded in 628 B. C., not 623 (p. 177); "two centuries" is a rather loose term for the period of the war between Genoa and Pisa, which began in 1120 and ended nominally with the battle of Meloria in 1284; the chains taken from Porto Pisano by the Genoese hang on the west, not the north, wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa (p. 31); four doges, though the author finds only three (p. 367), are buried in S. Marco—Vitale Falier, Marino Morosini, Giovanni Soranzo, and Andrea Dandolo. The most serious blemish is one regrettably common to books on Italy written by Americans who have far too slender an acquaintance with Italian to risk using it in print. The English used in the advertisement of the Hôtel des Temples at Girgenti, which Mrs. Mason quotes with a jest, is scarcely less extraordinary than the Italian with which she sprinkles her pages. We mention a few errors from a copious selection. She regularly summons a *carozze* instead of a *carrozza;* when she wishes to say *Aspetti* ("wait"), the command with which all tourists in Italy become familiar, she says *Aspetto* ("I wait"); she turns *sì* ("yes") into *si* ("if"). But the book as a whole, with its many attractive illustrations, belongs to the type that we are all glad to find in a hotel library wherewith to while away an evening hour after sight-seeing in the places described. It will in the future have an additional interest of its own, for Mrs. Mason sailed from Trieste for America in May, 1914, and it is therefore one of the latest records of travel in Italy before the war. What the first after the war will have to tell us, *chi lo sa?*

It is perhaps not generally known that the Government of British Columbia has gathered a large and rich collection of historical materials. This work has been in the competent hands of Mr. E. O. S. Scholefield, Provincial Librarian and Archivist, who possesses unbounded enthusiasm coupled with a fine sense of discrimination. The books, pamphlets, maps, and manuscripts relating to the discovery, exploration, and settlement of Northwestern America which he has garnered are of the utmost importance. Many of the items are of great rarity. Mr. Scholefield is a collector of the uncommon sort; his labors in this direction, however, have hitherto been known but slightly beyond the borders of his own province. Until very recently, it has not been possible to make these treasures available. Now that the Government has generously added a handsome wing to the Parliament Building, the library is charmingly housed, with all the apparatus which makes for comfort and efficiency. The writer of this note was much impressed by the extent and richness of these collections, and gratified indeed to learn that the "open-door" policy will be inaugurated. Scholars from all sections may freely make use of the library's resources. And now that the great work of gathering is in a large measure accomplished, Mr. Scholefield's aim will be to make available in the best sense the materials in his keeping. No one who is studying the history of the Pacific Northwest, exploratory or otherwise, can afford to pass them by.

The Archives Department of British Columbia should have no reason to regret the publication of the initial number of its series of Memoirs. "The First Circumnavigation of Vancouver Island," by Dr. C. F. Newcombe, is the result of years of painstaking investigation. Although the question is not one of great historical importance, it has far more than a local interest; and it will be remembered that it has in the past been productive of much discussion and not a little controversy. Dr. Newcombe has presented a convincing case, which is "to vindicate the contention of Capt. George Vancouver that his ships [in 1792] were the first to complete the navigation of the inner channels which separate the island, now called by his name, from the mainland of British Columbia." The author writes frankly from the British point of view, but he is fair and judicial throughout. It would be pleasant, of course, to claim the honor of the first circumnavigation of Vancouver Island for the American Capt. John Kendrick in the autumn of 1789. Dr. Newcombe, however, appears effectually to have disposed of that question. The monograph is well printed, with marginal notes, and contains eight maps. It would have been better if some of the matter appearing in the text had found a place in foot-notes. The marginal style made this impossible, and for that reason the usual form should have been used.

"Scandinavia of the Scandinavians" (Scribner; $1.50 net), by H. G. Leach, secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, is a well-organized and interesting hand-book of information about Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. After a succinct résumé of the history of the three nations, the book is divided into three almost equal parts, each one of which is devoted to an exposition of modern conditions in one of the countries of the North. The author treats successively the politics, the economic and social organization of the country, the educational system, the literary and artistic life of the nation, and even the customs and manners of social life. As a book of reference the work is invaluable. The writer has evidently scanned innumerable tables of statistics, many of which he has incorporated in his book, and assembled almost every fact about Scandinavia in which the general reader could be interested. Besides, Dr. Leach, from his frequent sojourns in the North and extensive travels there, has been able to present the actual life of the countries suggestively and graphically. The comparatively unimportant blemishes in the book are the result of the author's great enthusiasm for his subject. The unwary reader might be charmed into believing that only the people of the North have labor unions and various forms of industrial insurance, and that only they have "the inherent power to analyze character swiftly and accurately" which "gives a dramatic zest to conversation and letter-writing." Ungoverned enthusiasm, too, leads him to describe Drachmann as "a Walt Whitman blessed with the lyrical talents of a Poe" and to state that "Jacobsen's Irmelin Rose may well be compared to Sappho's Ode to Aphrodite." Usually, however, the style of the book is at once lively and sensible. The volume is provided with a number of attractive photographs. In the selection of these, too, the author has been influenced by a peculiar democratic enthusiasm which has prompted him to insert a photograph of Amundsen in conventional street costume; but one of King Haakon on skis; and one of King Gustav engaging in a game of tennis.

"The Divine Mystery," by Allen Upward (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75), is an attempt to set forth "the history of Christianity down to the time of Christ," that is, to sketch the origin of the administrative ideas (concerning the divine government of the world and the salvation of men) that took full shape in Christianity. It is, in fact, a grandiose generalization, a definition of the lines of advance by which man has created all religions, but with special reference to Christianity; and it is, at the same time, an exhibition of the persistence with which primitive conceptions have maintained themselves in the great religions alongside of spiritual ideas; it is not the author's purpose to describe these last, but he recognizes their value. His scheme of religious progress is indicated by the titles of his chapters (which are so worded as to point to Christian dogmas): the Divine Man (the Wizard, the master of the powers of nature, or the Genius, the chief man of the clan and its protector); the Wise Men (the enchanters, forerunners of modern fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, and faith-healers); the Divine Child (the son of any mother, especially of the Queen, the clan-woman who dwells apart and receives her partners in her own tent); the King (whose office results from the marriage of the Wizard and the Queen, whence he is both religious and political chief—and the Son inherits the Father's powers, but is subordinate to him and becomes Mediator and Saviour); the Kingdom of Heaven (the development of the worship of the sun); the End of the World (the fall of kings and gods through advance of scientific knowledge); the Baptism of Fire (Zoroastrianism as the culmination of sun-worship—the heat wave). Four concluding chapters deal with Israelite history and the beginnings of Christianity.

Mr. Upward has produced a volume attractive in content and style, to be read, however, with caution. He brings out the fact of the survival of primitive beliefs in the orthodox Christian creeds, and he follows in a general way the commonly accepted sequence of ideas leading up to Christianity. But his fondness for personalizing the tendencies of thought and his desire to trace Christian terms and expressions through them lead him insensibly into colorings and interpretations that are or may be misleading. His description of the genealogy of the divine Son as Saviour (p. 78) is logically and historically insufficient. The rôle that he assigns to the cult of fire and to Zoroaster as its apostle is not borne out by known facts. The introduction of astrological (zodiacal) science as an element of religious development is not illumining. Some etymologies adopted by the author are unfortunate; such is the identification of Assyrian Assur (p. 137) with Iranian Ahura (Sanscrit Asura); and the derivation of the Christian ejaculation "Amen" from the name of the Egyptian deity Amen (p. 144) has no better support. In the sphere of sociology the view that the discovery of paternal heredity, the reorganization of society in the patriarchal group, and the institution of marriage may be attributed to the institution of slavery, since the free woman had many consorts, while the slave concubine and her children belonged to her master alone (p. 70), is not essential to the author's argument, and may be left to students of social relations. The history of origins is necessarily obscure, and may easily give occasion to hypotheses that explain nothing, as in our author's assertion (p. 139) that the name of the prehistoric Copernicus, to whom we owe the discovery that the sun's heat is the cause of vegetable life, has been confounded with that of Zarathustra. Bold or rash generalizations and hazardous hypotheses will confront the reader of this volume, but he will also find not only acute remarks, but useful suggestions for the solution of the questions herein considered.

Drama

MR. MASEFIELD'S TRAGEDY.

The Faithful: Tragedy in Three Acts. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This is a true tragedy, embodying a somewhat dismal philosophy, but inspirational in its dominant theme that, in the end, love and endurance will conquer all imaginable evil. Picturesque and strong as drama, it is yet more remarkable for its literary qualities. Written in rarely pure, simple, and pregnant English, it is rich in epigrammatic point and passages of genuine poetic beauty. A story of old Japan, dated two hundred years ago, and exceedingly felicitous in its reproduction of an appropriate spirit and atmosphere, it is nevertheless modern in much of its thought and satire, and it is difficult to think that it was composed without reference to existing conditions, although the connection with them is by no means clear. The most obvious moral is the nobility of resistance unto death against unjust tyranny.

There is no real plot. Facts and consequences are depicted, very vividly, in three episodes, with a minimum of exhibited intrigue. The protagonists are Asano; an idealistic, philanthropic Daimio; Kira, the embodiment of bold, unscrupulous craft, and Kurano, Asano's devoted friend and avenger. In the first act, or episode, Asano, who has governed a small patrimony upon patriarchal principles, thinking only of the welfare of his dependants, is tricked by Kira into violation of sacred ritual, and doomed to harakiri, with confiscation of his property. In the second, Kurano renounces his wife—who has been instrumental in preventing him from going to Asano's assistance—binds the dependants of the latter by a solemn oath to devote their lives to the pursuance of revenge upon Kira, and feigns madness to deceive the agents appointed for his destruction. In the third, Kurano, with the remnant of his faithful followers, after pitiful suffering, makes his way by stealth into the palace of Kira, who hitherto has triumphed all along the line and been made a duke, and slays him in the temporary absence of his guards. Then, in obedience to official decree, they all, rejoicing, kill themselves on Asano's grave. Future glory is to be their reward.

Set forth thus in the barest outline the tale might seem ordinary Oriental melodrama, but it is something much more than that. Having no love interest, or very little, it does not fall within the category of romance. It is a veritable tragedy, of which the burthen is the impotency of benevolent and courageous virtue, even with precedent, law, and justice on its side, to prevail against malignant greed and cunning aided by power. In other words, there can be no successful appeal against the doctrine that might makes right, except that of brute force, and that can only be made at the hazard of life and everything that makes it worth having. The poetic value of the piece resides in its general conception, in its imaginative, concise, expressive prose and occasional interludes of heroic or plaintive lyrical verse, some of which is exquisite. Of descriptive or explanatory passages there are none, all the action properly unfolding itself on the stage. The environment, of course, could be made highly pictorial, and there is no lack of effective theatrical incidents. Among them may be noted the ritual scene in the first act, with the betrayal of Asano, his futile assault upon Kira, and his condemnation; the final meeting of the leaguers, and the last scene, in which Kira, defying omens and exulting in his security, makes love to a terrified dancing girl, while his deadly foes are creeping upon him from without. Here there is a growing tension of suspense until the thrilling climax.

The best act of all, however, from the literary point of view, is the second, in which Kurano, after dismissing his wife, feigns madness to escape the death which Kira has ordained for him. This is admirably written in all its moods. Very poignant is the scene in which the embittered counsellor renounces his repentant wife. But the imaginative genius of the writer is best displayed in the mad scenes, in which wayward humors, despairing pessimism, fierce satire, and broad raillery are commingled with striking realism. Bits of them, though utterly unlike, are strangely suggestive of kindred passages in "Hamlet" and "Lear." A diatribe on woman is quite Elizabethan in its style. All the principal personages are drawn with a fine consistency. The benevolent but skeptical Asano—too wise to appeal against the machine of the world, the strong, unscrupulous man, and old custom—the shrewd, valorous, devoted Kurano; the specious, bullying, crafty, and insatiate Kira; his wily counsellor, Sagasaka; the hotheaded old Daimio, Kamei, and his faithful Honzo, are all vital sketches, while even the minor characters have their distinct individualities. That the play, with its pictorial attributes and simplicity of construction, and its variety of histrionic opportunity, is well suited to the theatre, is beyond question, although it is not likely to be seen there. The fine spirit of fearless and tireless revolt against unjust tyranny with which it is animated would scarcely, in the managerial mind, compensate for its lack of a love story and its gloomy pessimism. But it is a notable work that will meet with the hearty appreciation of discerning readers.

J. Ranken Towse.

"THE GREAT LOVER."

This is a pleasant trifle, written by Leo Ditrichstein in collaboration with Frederic and Fanny Hatton, and presented by Messrs. Cohan and Harris at the Longacre Theatre. Mr. Ditrichstein, in the particular kind of rôle which he affects and which, since he is playwright as well as actor, he is fortunate enough to be able to provide for himself, is always interesting, an extremely clever and graceful player within his limitations, but not a versatile one. As "The Great Lover," namely, Jean Paurel, a famous baritone idolized by women, Mr. Ditrichstein has just such another part as he made conspicuously successful in "The Concert," but the setting is vastly inferior. The story is a hackneyed one: the loss of voice by a middle-aged operatic star; the yielding of his laurels, and incidentally of his fiancée, to a younger rival. The piece is typically an "actor's play," exhibiting at once the strength and the weakness that one expects when the actor turns playwright, especially his own playwright. No technical artifice is neglected that shall get a situation or a line "across" to the audience, and the first act is a clever piece of dramatic writing. The scene is in the office of an operatic impresario, when the constellation of singers from all parts of the world has come together preparatory to the opening of the operatic season in New York. In a setting of lively and very amusing satire on the foibles of the artistic temperament the main motive of the play is developed, the fatal charms and no less fatal impressionability of the great baritone.

As the curtain goes down on this very successful act the experienced playgoer suspects that this is too good to be kept up. And his fears are justified, for by the middle of the next act the authors have shot their bolt. Having exposed the theme of the play, they have little more to say. There is not enough real stuff in the piece to carry it on. It is Leo Ditrichstein to the rescue, and for the rest of the play we listen, willingly enough, to the pleasant patter of the middle-aged and flirtatious singer and rest our eyes on really delectable stage settings. It is all well enough, but it is pretty thin even for the label attached to it, "Romantic Comedy." If the psychology of Jean Paurel had been more clearly defined, that rôle might have carried the play; but it is not a study in psychology that we see, it is a study of Mr. Ditrichstein's engaging methods. In point of fact, the authors seem to have had in their hands an opportunity, and by some odd chance to have missed it. Considerable emphasis is laid on the superstitious element in Paurel's character—he knocks wood, he refuses to commence an engagement on a Friday, he puts faith in charms and amulets—but these qualities are accidental and bear only an arbitrary relation both to Paurel's character and to the development of the plot.

Mr. Ditrichstein's was, of course, a finished performance, and William Ricciardi and John Bedouin, among the principals, were excellent as, respectively, an Italian conductor and Paurel's valet. The part of Ethel Warren was overplayed by Miss Virginia Fox Brooks, as was the Bianca Sonino of Miss Camilla Bertolini. On the other hand, Miss Beverley Sitgreaves might have infused more fire and spitefulness into the rôle of a jealous and vindictive prima donna. The various types of operatic artists in the first act were admirably portrayed, and the stage management of these scenes was noteworthy. The play was received by the audience with manifest approval. S. W.

"THE LIARS."

The second production of Miss Grace George and her company at the Playhouse, though perhaps not quite so successful as the rendering of "The New York Idea," has been welcomed by large, enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Jones's play, like Mr. Mitchell's, provides an opportunity for a great variety of acting, and, if Miss George's company has not carried out in every detail the author's intention, it has at least adapted the drama in excellent fashion to American tastes. The play itself is not above criticism. Avowedly artificial, it characterizes with much shrewdness certain foibles of English society of the upper class. The kernel of the satire is much the same as that of Clyde Fitch's "The Truth," in that it lays bare the complications, especially domestic, which result from fashionable fibbing. But "The Liars" is weak in two important details. The first and more significant is the part of a man who spies on his brother's wife and makes methodical reports of her flirtations to the husband. Whether it is because spies are held in special disfavor just now, or because such a part is that of a cad, this rôle seemed out of place in a play of some pretensions. It is, too, the key to the central situation, for without it the husband would have remained in ignorance. The second weakness follows from the first and concerns the reconciliation at the final curtain. This seems entirely arbitrary. Put the matter in this way: if the wife had not been forced into a confession by the espionage of the brother, would she have given up her exciting flirtations? And is there any guarantee that her dull husband will long hold her interest?

So much is said in order to put part of the blame upon the author for the lack of entire conviction which is noticeable in this production of "The Liars." As Lady Jessica Nepean, Miss George is all that Americans expect of a woman of quick mind and personal charm who requires to be interested, even if that involves turning to other men than her husband. Conway Tearle is a spirited lover, yet his rôle is not entirely satisfying. Here again the author is probably at fault; for Falkner is too sincere to be a villain and too brilliant to be an utter fool. He loves Lady Jessica madly and almost persuades her to elope with him; in the end, he returns to his work in South Africa, not because he has seen the folly of his conduct, but because Lady Jessica has been led to see the folly of hers. Altogether the character of Falkner is unmeaning in any true dramatic sense. The one personage in the play who commands instant sympathy is Col. Sir Christopher Deering, as played by Ernest Lawford. This actor deserves all praise for his performance. Usually cast in some eccentric rôle, he here has a chance to impersonate what we like to think of as the typical Englishman—a person worldly wise, well-rooted, and possessing common-sense of the sort which helps one's friends out of their follies. Mary Nash, who takes the part of Lady Rosamund, has the considerable asset of being able to wear good clothes effectively; in the two productions thus far she has been a satisfactory figure as a lady of fashion. F.

"FAIR AND WARMER."

Those who were entertained last season by the farcical comedy "Twin Beds" will know what to expect of Mr. Avery Hopwood's "Fair and Warmer," (Eltinge Theatre) and will find much to their liking. Here, again, there are compromising situations, innocent in themselves, but suggesting the gravest possibilities, until the course of the action finally clears them of reproach. And here again is Miss Madge Kennedy as fair and engaging as ever. Without the special qualifications of Miss Kennedy, let it be said, the play would prove to be altogether suggestive and even raw. Even as it is, the author in certain moments, especially at the close of the second act, has overstepped the bounds of delicacy and has prejudiced a situation which in other respects is most amusing. A mitigating element is the tact with which Mr. John Cumberland plays the part opposite to that of Miss Kennedy. In the hands of the usual road company, the play would be quite unpalatable.

Laura Bartlett (Janet Beecher), after two years of married life, finds herself heartily bored by her husband, whose only mistake has been that he has acquired none of the natural vices and has yielded to her every desire. No other woman exists for him, and, therefore, he exists for no other woman. The situation is sharpened by the return of a former lover to whom, indeed, she was once engaged. Unable to bear her present plight any longer, she has decided to break with her husband and to marry the suitor. As a preliminary, she consents to go with the latter to the opera and then to supper, leaving her husband at home to meditate on his errors. But, meanwhile, a married couple in the same apartment building have dropped in, and the man (Ralph Morgan), hearing of Billy's troubles, undertakes to advise him how to win back his wife. He must take a night off once a week, in order to set her to wondering, etc. Jack phrases the whole programme in extravagant terms and starts forth on one of his own (really innocent) evenings, leaving his wife alone with Billy. She, upon worming Jack's advice from Billy, at once regards herself as a much mistreated woman, and by way of retaliation suggests that she and Billy compromise themselves. The first step is to the wine cellar, with results that might be expected in the case of two persons as innocent as they. Enough of the plot has been related to indicate the serious complications which arise when the other husband and the other wife come upon them at two in the morning. There is a "morning after" scene, which is of course funny. F.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

English and American tastes disagree on this play. The work of Eden Phillpotts and MacDonald Hastings, it is representative of a body of writing which vainly strives for the manner of Bernard Shaw. When wit gives out, farce is brought in for substitute. Now, "The Angel in the House," which had a run of two hundred nights in London and which satirizes the fads of cubism and eugenics, fell flat in New York because it was manifestly not what it pretended to be—an airy nothing with a sting. It lacked both airiness and sting, and degenerated into the sort of extravaganza permitted in comic opera. For the sake of argument it may be admitted that, as a whole, the play was not performed as ably here as in

London. Mr. Arnold Daly, as the æsthete bachelor of forty years, who can glibly espouse any newest movement, showed that he had caught the outlines of the part and would improve with practice, and George Giddens was excellent as the foster father of this prodigy and the victim of the new nonsense. But others of the company kept the stage in a continual clatter; perhaps they thought to carry the audience off its feet by their own vociferous good humor. They were not equal to it, and the play met with a speedier death than it might have met with in more capable hands. Why it should have survived so long in England is a mystery. F.

"SECRET SERVICE."

Originally produced in 1896, William Gillette's play of the Civil War was successfully revived for a short engagement at the Empire Theatre last week. If it be admitted that the play, which never pretended to be a piece of dramatic writing of high order, shows some signs of age, we must also remember that our conception of war has also aged with astonishing rapidity during the last sixteen months. Nevertheless, the play was cordially received and the revival is welcome. William Gillette is as gallant and sympathetic a figure as ever in the rôle of Lewis Dumont, of the United States Secret Service—the secret service men of those days appear to have been more sagacious than they are to-day—and the whole caste acquits itself well. Joseph Brennan, the only one, with the exception of Mr. Gillette, who was in the original cast, is seen in the rôle of General Nelson Randolph; Miss Helen Freeman is a pleasing Edith Varney, and Miss Irene Haisman, charming and sprightly, scores a distinct individual success in the ingenue part of Caroline Mitford. S. W.

Music

A GIRL PIANIST FROM BRAZIL.

When Liszt, in 1840, played the group of twenty short pieces included in Schumann's "Carnival" in Leipzig, he did not succeed in interesting his audience in it—he, the greatest pianist the world has ever heard. Schumann was so impressed by this failure that he modestly declared that "the whole has no artistic value whatever." Details in it, he added, might interest some, "but the musical moods change too rapidly for a whole audience, that does not want to be startled every minute, to follow them. My good friend, Franz Liszt, failed to bear this in mind at his Gewandhaus concert; and, sympathetic and inspired though his playing was, he may have touched some, but the multitude was not affected."

One could not but recall this historic incident last Thursday when the same group of pieces was played in New York by Guiomar Novaes, a charming Portuguese girl, who was born in the backwoods of Brazil twenty years ago. This young girl succeeded in interesting not only individuals, but a large audience, including many prominent professionals, in Schumann's work. Concert-goers have learned, since 1840, through familiarity with Slavic music, not to mind being "startled by frequent changes of mood." Schumann's music otherwise presents no puzzles to modern audiences. And yet it was strange that this girl from the Province of Sao Paulo should win such cordial approval from a select and critical audience in New York.

Miss Novaes does not come of musical stock; neither her parents nor her seventeen sisters and brothers have revealed any talent for the tonal art; yet, at the age of six, she improvised tunes on the piano for her playmates, and ten years later the Brazilian Government sent her at its expense to Paris, where she promptly won the first prize for piano-playing at the Conservatoire. At her public appearances in that city, as well as in London and other European centres, she won applause and encomiums which her playing here of works by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, and Moszkowski proved to have been well earned. She belongs to the rare species of musicians who love their art more than themselves. After one of her pieces, when the applause was particularly persistent, she ended it abruptly by beginning to play, with an air of saying: "Please stop and let me show you how beautiful the next piece is." Better than columns of technical criticism, this indicates her artistic stature. Her technique leaves nothing to be desired, yet it is, to her, always a means to an end. Her playing is uneven; almost commonplace at times, it suddenly soars into regions which thrill the hearer. It is safe to predict a brilliant career for this Brazilian girl, South America's most important gift to the musical world since Teresa Carreño came from Venezuela.

Two world-famed pianists competed for hearers last Saturday. Mr. Godowski played a Chopin programme in one hall, while in another Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave the second of his historic piano recitals. Such conflicts are frequent; indeed, it is not unusual for the critics to be expected to be in from six to eight places at once, especially on Sundays. Last Sunday Melanie Kurt was to have made her first appearance of the season as soloist of the Philharmonic, but was not able to appear, wherefore Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" and Grieg's lovely orchestral versions of his songs "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring" were substituted. The concert opened with Dvorák's fourth symphony, too long overlooked because of the great (and deserved) popularity of the same composer's "New World Symphony." If less inspired than the later work (which was composed in America), it is nevertheless well worth hearing once or twice a year. The final number was Liszt's "Tasso," that brilliant proclamation of Liszt's genius which, as performed by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Stransky, always arouses as much enthusiasm as a Liszt rhapsody played by Paderewski.

The past week gave striking evidence of the growing popularity of Grieg's music. With the people it has, indeed, always been popular; five months before his death, the great Norwegian wrote to a friend from Berlin, telling how whole families came to him there, among them "a mother with two sons who, with tears in their eyes, told me about the happiness my music had brought into their homes and that I could have no idea what I had done for them through many years." Most of the professionals, on the other hand, for reasons hard to guess, have long been neglecting Grieg; but the reaction has set in. Besides the two pieces played by the Philharmonic, there were Grieg songs on the programmes of the recent recitals of Frances Alda and Evan Williams, while Albert Spalding played the third of the Grieg sonatas for violin and piano with André Benoist. It is a difficult work, not so much on the technical side as because of the temperament required to do it justice; but the two artists named played it with real sympathy and expression. Mr. Spalding was also represented on the programme as a composer by a new suite, the prelude of which, in particular, is a virile, effective piece that may be cordially commended to other violinists. Another choice specimen of American music on his programme was Edwin Grasse's dainty "Waves at Play," which has been made famous by Maud Powell. These two are America's foremost violinists.

Great singers were less busy last week than usual, but mention must be made of a recital given by Emilio de Gogorza. Unlike most "prima-donna husbands" (his wife is Emma Eames), this Cuban baritone is himself a great artist—a singer endowed not only with a glorious voice, but with a style that few can boast. As is natural, he makes a specialty of Spanish songs; his programme included several by Granados, whose "Goyescas" is to be the most important novelty of the Metropolitan Opera season.

That season began on Monday with a revival of "Samson and Delilah," the most popular of the many operas composed by Saint-Saëns. It was one of the most successful productions of Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House a few years ago, but had not been sung at the Metropolitan for twenty years. Its choice for the opening night may seem singular, for, while there is much beautiful music in it, on the whole the work is more of an oratorio than an opera, being, indeed, often sung in concert halls. The Metropolitan has, however, a particularly well trained body of singers to cope with the choruses in the grand style of oratorio. Moreover, Caruso was in the cast, and when he is in the cast it matters little what the opera is. It was his first appearance anywhere as the Hebrew Hercules, and he acted the part with dignity and pathos. His singing in the first act was so labored as to awaken apprehensions, but in the second and third acts he was himself again, his voice being as luscious and smooth as ever. Honors were shared with him chiefly by Mme. Matzenauer, Amato, and the new conductor-in-chief, Polacco.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

THE INTERNATIONAL.

London, October 25.

The unfortunate effects of war upon art are more keenly felt this autumn than they were last. The season begins with the opening of the exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, a society which by name and tradition represents all that is most independent and accomplished not only in Great Britain, but in the world. Of late it has threatened to throw off the responsibilities of both name and tradition, but this year it has actually succeeded in making its exhibition as national as any other held in London, and almost as mediocre. Work that of old would never have been admitted now helps to cover spaces that might more profitably have been left bare. Many of the more distinguished members are absent altogether, many of those who do show have been unable to conceal the labor and strain of invention and perseverance under the shadow that now hangs blacker than ever over their country.

William Strang, the vice-president, has come out of the ordeal less perturbed than most. He has not allowed emotion to modify his shrill color, his harsh outlines, his prosaic vision. It is said that he paints for posterity, that time is to give his paintings the quality he deliberately withholds from them. If this be so, it means virtually that he exhibits his canvases unfinished, and therefore, as it is inevitable, nothing strikes one so much in them as their rawness. They should be put away, like other things which improve with time, until time, his collaborator, has completed its task. The largest of his three this year is typical: A Café Bar, a fairly large canvas filled with several figures. A man and a woman sit at the bar, the woman raising a cup to her lips; a man stands behind the bar; a third man, the portrait of Strang himself, and a woman doing nothing in particular, are crowded into the opposite corner. All have that air of arrested motion he seems to go out of his way to give to his figures; none has the least relation to the others either in the scene depicted or in the design. There is no apparent reason why they should have been brought together, except the artist's need of covering his large stretch of canvas somehow. They do not belong to each other, like the figures grouped in the old masters' "conversation pieces." Nor is there any pattern, any cohesion of design, any scheme of color, to explain or justify their haphazard meeting. The lines so emphatically insisted upon have no meaning, no use in the general arrangement, nor have they the beauty in themselves that might make up for their meaninglessness. It is not easy to pass a painting like this without looking at it—it does not merely call, it screams from the walls; but a poster can do that as well and for a more legitimate end.

William Nicholson is another exhibitor who evades the increasing depression of the times by the use of strong color. His sitters have the advantage of being Hindus, and their costumes give him his excuse. The uniform of Duffadar Rar Singh, in his half-length portrait, supplies him with a vibrant, brilliant note of red, and a still more vivid space of white is his pictorial motive for his large full-length of The Viceroy's Orderly. But beyond this arresting vividness, Nicholson has nothing in common with Strang. The one thing he never disdains is design; he goes rather to the other extreme, he makes too much of design, forgets too easily that he is painting not formal decoration, but human beings of flesh and blood. Both his scarlet space and his white space take their right place on the canvas and are not dragged in by haphazard to fill up an odd corner. But preoccupied as he is always tempted to be with his decorative intention, he is apt to overlook the fact that the head of his sitter should have something more than a secondary decorative value in the composition, that there should be solid bodies inside the most gorgeous uniforms, and that men move in a world of light and atmosphere. His spaces of scarlet and white have none of the gradation, the quality, the subtle suggestion of form and movement, the magic of modelling that are the gifts Velasquez brought to painting when he first made his men and women within their frames stand upon their feet. Nicholson has never quite emancipated himself from the conventions of the wood block to which he owed his first fame and triumphs. Glyn Philpot, no less than Strang and Nicholson, is all for a strong effect. In his Countess Beauchamp and Daughter the mother stands, a sumptuous figure in a richly brocaded gown of gold, gold-red hair crowning her florid face, in almost startling relief against a sober background. But this piece of brilliant painting must have exhausted the painter, for the little flaxen-haired, white-robed girl who nestles close to her mother's side is as lifeless as a wooden lay figure.

I am not sure that it is not Philip Connard who has suffered least from the storm and stress of the day. His big portrait group of two little pig-tailed girls, one seated with a black cat on her lap—The Mascot, he calls it—has the curious jerkiness, the dazzling restlessness, the over-emphasis of detail, the spotty color that tire the eyes in so much of his work. But his Nude is a good, restrained, straightforward study of a woman lying on a couch, the figure well-placed, well-observed, well-modelled, and the painting of it free from the usual meretricious glitter. Like so much else in the gallery, however, it strikes one as less original than reminiscent. Something in the pose and the treatment of the flesh suggests that the painter had come to his study straight from the Louvre and the large room where Manet's Olympia now hangs in the company of Ingres and Delacroix.

To turn to Lavery, once vice-president, is to wonder at the transformation. In the beginning he invented a formula for himself, founded on sympathetic study of many masters, by which his portraits could be recognized at a glance. It was by no means an unpleasing formula, though it tended to over-picturesqueness of pose and a dangerous misuse of black in the painting of flesh. Now, as if conscious of the danger that lies in any formula for the painter who becomes a slave to it, he has suddenly broken away from his own and substituted in its place emptiness pure and simple. Instead of trusting to his eyes, he has borrowed a convention from the eighteenth century. The largest of his three portraits —Mrs. F. A. Konig—shows a lady and a greyhound standing on a vast expanse of canvas, with, for background, the conventionalized arrangement of landscape and architecture that was the fashion in an artificial age. The masses of foliage are heavy, the architecture, with the prominent column dear to Reynolds and Gainsborough, is an unpleasant yellow-gray in tone, the lady is out of all proportion to her setting—you simply do not see her. Reynolds and Gainsborough, despite their convention, gave dignity and distinction to their figures; Lavery's is lost in a scheme as ineffective as no doubt it was meant to be grandiose and fine. Another of his portraits, Miss Jean Crombie, much smaller and less pretentious, is singularly colorless and characterless, while in painting The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill he could invent no better device to express the force and determination supposed to belong by right, or election, to every prominent politician, than to exaggerate and concentrate the effect of light until the figure seems to be jumping out of the canvas.

Weariness is the dominant note in Charles H. Shannon's decorative panel. It is one of a series of five, and Autumn is its subject. Playing their parts in a gray-blue and green harmony, a group of women, shadowy apple-gatherers, stand with arms uplifted, as exhausted by their pose as unmistakably the painter was by his task of weaving them into his decorative schemes. The stooping figures below are no less exhausted by the necessity of fitting into the space reserved for them, and the fruit upon the ground fades from very weariness. Really, the effort in this and many of the other canvases is so obvious that for once the manufactured compositions of Charles Ricketts appear by comparison almost spontaneous. The wheels creak audibly in his choice of subject, which is nothing less remote from reality, nothing less familiar to him, nothing less removed from the distracting and difficult observation of Nature at first hand than Montezuma Sacrificing to the Sun. He cannot quite escape the memory of Delacroix, he cannot quite forego the pleasure he always has in introducing into his composition a mass of naked, distorted figures.

But the machinery this time has turned out an agreeable, if forced, arrangement of color, the altar rising, a tall structure of sombre red, the lines repeated in the long upstretched arm of the officiating Montezuma, against a sky of the deep, rich blue never yet seen anywhere save in the painter's land of romance.

If Lavery has abandoned his formula, D. Y. Cameron and A. D. Peppercorn cling trustfully to theirs. Cameron's skies and waters have not lost their ivory smoothness, nor have Peppercorn's rivers and shores sacrificed their sadness. The feebleness of the landscapes, as a whole, bears witness possibly to the restrictions the war has placed upon the landscape painter, who is no longer free to do his work out-of-doors. James Pryde also is among the painters who pin their faith to formula and risk falling its victim; his tall, out-of-all-proportion Bed, in a new Variation, is simply a bore. Curiously, the Post-Impressionists, with their strident formula, have entirely disappeared for the moment. And altogether the failure of modern inspiration in the exhibition that was its home makes it a relief to come upon even so self-conscious a crib from Van Dyck as Kelly's Lady Norah Brassey, or so undisguised a reëcho of Velasquez as Roybet's Return from the Chase, for they are at least reminders of the repose, the reticence, the dignity in painting that the earlier masters did not despise.

The prevailing dulness or inertia among the British exhibitors makes the loss of foreign work all the more keenly felt. Last autumn, though the war was already a few months old, it was still possible to obtain the paintings of a group of American artists who had been showing in the Anglo-American Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. In the spring the Belgian artists who are in London managed to send striking examples from a collection that, before the war, had been lent to British provincial galleries. This autumn one picture by one of the same group of Americans can make but a slight impression in so large a gallery, and the only Belgian who seems to have had the heart for new work is Emil Claus. He has not let slip his opportunity for a study of London, and his note of Leicester Square—with touches of warm red in its tawdry architecture and with a pleasant subdued brilliancy in the March sunlight of the music-halls and hotels so ugly in themselves, and the open space where children play—has a freshness, a gayety, a tender illumination that the Londoner does not often discover in his grimy town. But Claus has brought to it unprejudiced eyes. His interest and pleasure in the atmospheric effect are unmistakable, which means that the little painting has the life and vivacity so few painters have managed to give any sign of this year.

Sculptors are forlornly few, but among the few it is the sculptor from abroad who counts. Rodin's bust of the Countess of Warwick is a reminder that, after all, the Society's president is a Frenchman, and also a reproach that, in his honor, more has not been done to uphold its international name. The bust has, I think, been exhibited before. It is not one of his most successful nor one of his most typical performances. The modelling has a tendency to slickness, the face is unexpectedly without character, while the care with which the head is finished makes its emergence from a great mass of rough marble seem but mere affectation, a misplaced mannerism. There is far more character in Mestrovic's Lady Cunard, though evidently his sitter did not appeal as emotionally to him as the stronger, simpler models who sat for the Servian women in his great monument, or for the holy women in his bas-reliefs, while his direct, primitive method does not harmonize with a highly conventionalized modern type. An almost barbaric touch is in the exaggeration of the long, expressive neck, and in the archaic treatment of the hair. But all the same this head and another of Thomas Beecham, Esq., have more distinct character than anything in the gallery. Beside them, the Rodin dwindles into commonplace.

One of the great glories of the International has been from the beginning the black-and-white section. No trouble was spared to get together all that was best in illustration, all that was finest in etching and lithography and wood-engraving. For the first time in a big London exhibition, drawings and prints were rescued from the dark and hidden nooks and corners usually reserved for them, and hung with a feeling for their decorative value on the walls that amounted to genius. The result was that, for the first time in a big London exhibition, drawings and prints were looked at; for the first time people began to see in black-and-white not a lesser medium, but a form of art as important and as full of possibilities as painting and sculpture. And this year? The black-and-white room is given over to water-colors and pastels, and might be an annex to the New English Art Club. Drawings and prints are banished to the long, narrow hall that leads from the street into the gallery, where it never occurs to the visitor that anything of any account is to be found. There is no work from abroad, if I except two or three lithographs by Claus, and next to no work from the men at home to whom black-and-white owes its chief distinction. On every side, indeed, the International emphasized for me the fact that the country is at war and that the country begins to realize it, and I should not be surprised if the rumor is true that there will be no more Internationals until the war is over. Of one thing I am certain: in its prime the International would far sooner have shut its doors without delay than have made a mediocre showing so little worthy of its reputation. N. N.

It is disconcerting to the reader of "Barbizon Painters," by Arthur Hoeber (Stokes; $1.75), to run into pages of quotations from Muther and similar accessible books of reference. One apparently has to do with lectures worked over into essay form. The tone is sympathetic, the method biographical rather than critical, and while in the preface the author claims, modestly enough, the special competence of the practicing landscape painter, the actual contribution from this intimate knowledge is rather slight. Besides such major figures as Millet, Rousseau, and Corot, the affiliated figures of Diaz, Dupré, Troyon, Daubigny, and Jacque are included. There are 87 well-selected illustrations, many from unfamiliar originals. It would have added to the usefulness of the book if the ownership of these pictures had invariably been indicated.

A popular summary of information lately revived regarding several workers in the applied arts has been undertaken by Walter A. Dyer in "Early American Craftsmen" (Century Company; $2.40 net). This compilation will interest the general reader and prove valuable even to the professional collector. The researches of Messrs. L. V. Lockwood, E. Alfred Jones, R. T. Haines Halsey, E. A. Barber, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, Miss Esther Singleton, and many others have revised the life stories of personalities as important in their way as our military and political worthies. Mr. Dyer has drawn liberally from these sources, his original contribution being a statement at the end of each chapter of recent prices brought by the works of the artists named. Craftsmen to whom large space is rightly allotted are Samuel McIntire, designer of Salem doorways; Duncan Phyfe, furniture-maker of New York; the Massachusetts Willards, clock-makers; Baron Stiegel, who manufactured glass in Pennsylvania; Paul Revere, silversmith and manufacturer of munitions. Defective proofreading caused the slip on page 285: "In the same year 1869 [obviously 1769], efforts were made to start and maintain a china factory in Boston."

Finance

ANOTHER ECONOMIC PREDICTION UPSET.

Of all the many apprehensions which arose in the public mind when the war broke out, in regard to its economic consequences, one superseded all others. Whatever else might happen, an immense depreciation of high-grade investment securities, the world over, was inevitable. That result seemed to be a logical certainty. Government war loans to a total value ten times or more the usual total issue of new securities were bound to be, and actually were, placed on the market in the first year of war. For military purposes alone, something like $20,000,000,000 of investment capital was destined to be used up before the end of 1915.

The inference was plain. There is a limit to the whole world's accumulated or accruing capital. Therefore this stupendous increase in the supply of Government securities would, first, use up the supply of investment money which ordinarily flows into the general bond market; next, it would compel realizing sales of older securities, at sacrifice prices, and on an unprecedented scale;

finally, it would necessitate such advance in the interest rate on the new Government war loans that the old 4 and 5 per cent. bonds would lose caste with the investor. It was a perfectly plausible assumption that this triple process would cause a disastrous fall in prices of investment bonds already outstanding. When the war began, the popular prediction was for an "all-around 20 per cent. decline." What this would mean to savings banks, trust estates, even to individuals who had raised money on their bond investments, nobody dared to picture. These gloomy expectations were the main reason why the New York Stock Exchange, from July 30 to November 28, 1911, refused to reopen.

On this view of a year ago, regarding the outlook of the bond market, the course of events, particularly in this present week, throws a very curious light. In the first place, the business done on the Stock Exchange in bonds this week was the largest since the Exchange reopened last November. It was double the weekly average of so recent a month as August, and well above the average of October, which itself comprised the highest total transactions of any month in half-a-dozen years.

But activity might have been equally great, even with the "all-around 20 per cent. decline." How about prices—as compared not only with the early months of this year, but with the months before the war was even thought of? That even the "gilt-edged" railway bonds should now be selling 4 to 6 points above the low prices of the year is less surprising than the fact that their present price is in nearly all cases above that reached just before the war began, and as a rule within 1 or 2 points of the highest level of 1914. This is in fact the story of the bond market as a whole, except only where influences peculiar to one security have prevailed.

One might suppose that bonds of municipalities would have been particularly affected by the foreign Government issues of the war—especially after our own market had subscribed for the $500,000,000 Anglo-French 5 per cents, the largest subscription to any single loan in the American market's history. Yet New York city bonds have not only risen 3 and 4 points from the low price of the year (touched not many weeks ago), but are within 1 to 3 points of the highest of 1914. What is perhaps the most striking fact of all is the increasing possibility of placing new bond issues, even of smaller American municipalities, on a 4½ per cent. basis—the rate prevailing before the war began—whereas 5 per cent. was the only obtainable basis in the middle of the present year, if indeed the bonds could be sold at all. In short, the indication of the moment is that the market for investment securities is moving back with a good deal of rapidity to the position which it occupied before the war began.

How is this very extraordinary upsetting of so convincing an economic prediction to be explained? A good many other financial forecasts have gone similarly by the board, but none had been so plausible as this. In the larger economic sense, one explanation for the seeming paradox is to be found in the crowding into our powerful and prosperous neutral market of the investment capital of the whole neutral outside world. The United States had become the one secure place for investment capital.

From a narrower view, the immensely increased bank resources in this country (wholly irrespective of the Federal Reserve Banks), the mounting-up of reserve money through the inflow of gold from Europe, the easy money market in America, and the large profits of industries connected with the war, combined to bring into the investment bond market an aggregate fund of capital perhaps unprecedented. Perhaps, also, the long decline in bond prices during the years when this war was dimly threatened may have been in some sense an instinctive preparation for it. But the salient fact, after all, is that, so far as our own market is concerned, the enormous issue of war loans by belligerent Europe has failed entirely of what would have seemed to be its logical effect.

The question will remain, as in all other branches of finance and industry, whether such conditions as exist to-day can continue after peace. It is possible that this will be determined by the extent to which our own investors, when the war is over, transfer their capital from good home securities to the Government loans of Europe. But the American investment market has not had to wait for the end of war for this process to be tested. A highly important consideration, with a bearing on this very problem, lies in the fact that exactly such a process has been going on while prices were rising for our home securities, and apparently without the least effect on them. Ever since our Stock Exchange reopened, twelve months ago, European holders of American investment bonds have been realizing in our market on an enormous scale, and investing the proceeds in the war bonds.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bennett, A. These Twain. Doran. $1.50 net.
Garshin, W. M. The Signal, and Other Stories. New York: Knopf. $1.35 net.
Gogol, N. V. Taras Bulba. Edited by I. F. Hapgood. New York: Knopf. $1.25 net.
Goncharov, I. The Precipice. New York: Knopf. $1.35 net.
Green, A. K. The Golden Slipper. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Przybyszewski, S. Homo Sapiens. New York: Knopf. $1.50 net.
Taber, R. G. Chained Lightning. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Thompson, F. S., and Galvin, G. W. A Thousand Faces. Boston: Badger. $1.35 net.
Trevena, J. Moyle Church-Town. New York: Knopf. $1.40 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chapman, J. J. Greek Genius and Other Essays. Moffat, Yard. $1.75 net.
Duckworth, Sir D. Views on Some Social Subjects. Macmillan.
Evans, M. S. Black and White in the Southern States. Longmans, Green. $2.25 net.
Francilion. R. E. Gods and Heroes. Boston: Ginn. New Edition. 48 cents.
Goncharov, I. Oblomov. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Gwynn, S. The Famous Cities of Ireland. Macmillan. $2 net.
Hay, I. Scally: The Story of a Perfect Gentleman. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
La Boetie, E. de. Montaigne's Essay on Friendship. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Lamb, C. and M. Tales from Shakespeare. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Mackaye, P. A Substitute for War. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Morris, W. Stories from the Earthly Paradise. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Smith, R. M. The Baby's First Two Years. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Stephens, W. French Novelists of To-day. Second series. Lane. $1.50 net.
Tarbell, I. M. The Ways of Women. Macmillan. $1 net.
Van Hoesen, H. B. Roman Cursive Writing. Princeton University Press. $2 net.
Wald, L. D. The House on Henry Street. Holt. $2 net.
Woodbridge, E. More Jonathan Papers. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Wyss, J. D. The Swiss Family Robinson. New edition. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Dawson, M. M. The Ethics of Confucius. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Decker, F. H. Christ's Experience of God. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Anthony, K. Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia. Holt. $1.25 net.
Barnett, Mrs. S. A. Practicable Socialism. New series. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.
Gowin, E. B. The Executive and His Control of Men. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hobson, J. A. Towards International Government. Macmillan.
Holmes, A. Backward Children. Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Huidekoper, F. L. The Military Unpreparedness of the United States. Macmillan. $4 net.
Husband, J. America at Work. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Mackaye, P. The New Citizenship. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Morgan, D. T. Land Credits. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Orth, S. P. The Relation of Government to Property and Industry. Boston: Ginn. $2.25 net.
Scott, M. F. How to Know Your Child. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Taussig, F. W. Inventors and Money-Makers. Macmillan. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Angell, N. The World's Highway. Doran. $1.50 net.
Bennett, A. Over There. Doran. $1.25 net.
Cable, B. Between the Lines. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Crile, G. W. A Mechanistic View of War and Peace. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Epler, P. H. The Life of Clara Barton. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Jordan, J. C. Robert Greene. Columbia University Press.
MacDonald, J. R. M. A History of France. 3 vols. Macmillan. $6 net.
Margo, A. D. V. D. Italy and the European War. (Two political addresses.) Putnam.
Newbolt, H. The Book of the Thin Red Line. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Palmer, J. Rudyard Kipling. Holt. 50 cents net.

TRAVEL.

Johnson, C. Highways and Byways of New England. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

Morris, W. The Pilgrims of Hope and Chants for Socialists. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.
Neihardt, J. G. The Song of Hugh Glass. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Noyes, A. The Lord of Misrule and Other Poems. Stokes. $1.60 net.
Stephens, J. The Rocky Road to Dublin. Macmillan. $1 net.
The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. Introduction by G. E. Woodberry and Note by M. Lavington. Lane. $1.25 net.

Thomas, E. M. The White Messenger. Boston: Badger. 50 cents.

SCIENCE.

Herrick, C. J. An Introduction to Neurology. Philadelphia: Saunders. $1.75 net.
McFarland, J. H. My Growing Garden. Macmillan. $2 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Augher, E. Four Plays. Translated from the French by B. H. Clark. New York: Knopf. $1.50 net.
Elson, A. The Book of Musical Knowledge. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Plays by Clyde Fitch. 4 volumes. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net each.
Whittlesey, W. R., and Sonneck, O. G. Catalogue of First Editions of Stephen C. Foster. Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office.

ART.

Frothingham, A. L. A History of Architecture. Vols. III, IV. Doubleday, Page.

JUVENILE.

Garis, H. R. Uncle Wiggily Longears. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50 net.
North, G. M. The Bylow Bunnies. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

TEXTBOOKS.

Cooper, L. Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature. Boston: Ginn. $1.20.
McLaren, J. A Concise Kaffir-English Dictionary. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Moffett, E. Lectures Historiques. Heath.

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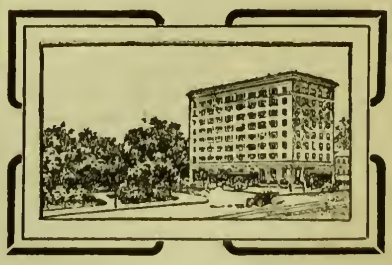

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1915.

Summary of the News

Lord Kitchener's interview with King Constantine of Greece took place last Saturday, but as we write we are without official word as to any agreement that may have been reached. Unofficially, the mission of Lord Kitchener and of M. Denys Cochin is thought to have had satisfactory results for the Allied Powers to the extent that Greece may consent to partial demobilization and that "benevolent neutrality" may be interpreted in terms of guarantees that Servian and Allied troops who may be compelled to retire into Greece will not be disarmed. Germany, on the other hand, according to unofficial reports to Athens, has warned Greece that if her neutrality is to be observed by Teuton and Bulgarian armies, troops of the Allies crossing into her territory must be disarmed. That the Allies, as was reported, have brought pressure to bear on the Greek Government by a declaration of a commercial blockade of the country, was denied on Tuesday by the British Foreign Office.

One result of Lord Kitchener's mission to the Near East appears to be certain: that is, that the campaign in Gallipoli is not to be abandoned. Closely following on an admission by the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords on November 18, that Gen. Monro, the new British commander in Gallipoli, had recommended the withdrawal of the troops from the Peninsula, came the news of the renewal of the Allied offensive there, which resulted in the capture of Turkish positions along a front of 280 yards at Krithia. The offensive might have been explained as a covering movement for the withdrawal of troops, but that it is of an extensive nature is apparently confirmed by dispatches from Germany and by the Turkish official report of Monday's date. We may presume, then, that this is Lord Kitchener's reply to reports that the campaign was to be abandoned.

The decision of Rumania is still in the balance. Austria and Russia have both concentrated considerable forces near the Rumanian frontier. Evidence that there are serious dissensions in the country itself was contained in dispatches from Bucharest to the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* of November 19, which stated that Premier Bratiano had summoned for consultation with the King a number of Liberal Senators and Deputies.

The text of the Austrian official version of the sinking of the Ancona, duplicating that given out by the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty, was received by the State Department on November 17. Directly contradicting the Austrian version of the attack is the exceedingly clear and straightforward affidavit of Dr. Cecile L. Greil, of New York, believed to be the only native American survivor of the disaster, which was cabled to the State Department on November 18 by the American Consul at Algiers. Dr. Greil declares that "the bombardment lasted forty-five minutes and was continued after the vessel had stopped, killing and wounding many persons." So far as is known at present 139 passengers were lost on the Ancona, of whom eleven were American citizens. No official information has been vouchsafed by the State Department as to what action the Government contemplates taking to hold the Austro-Hungarian Government to a "strict accountability" for the murder of American citizens. Dispatches from Washington of Monday's date indicate that Secretary Lansing and Count von Bernstorff are still discussing the Lusitania.

Submarines have not been particularly active during the past week. The Italian liner Verona reported by wireless on Saturday that she was being chased by a submarine in the Mediterranean, but she escaped. With Belgian relief ships German submarines have had better luck. Confirmation was received by the State Department on November 20 that the Norwegian steamer Ulriken, carrying wheat for the Belgian Relief Committee, was torpedoed without warning on November 17. Four lives were lost, and it is understood that the State Department has instituted inquiries to ascertain if any of these were Americans. One American citizen on board was saved. According to a statement made by him, another Belgian relief ship, the Greek steamer Otamas, was torpedoed at the same time as the Uriken, but did not sink. Two British ships were reported sunk in the war zone in dispatches on Monday. It is perhaps recalling old, unhappy, far-off things to note the official announcement made by the British Embassy in Washington on November 19, based on an affidavit by the commander of the Hesperian, which pretends to supply the evidence lacking that the piece of metal shown by experts to be the fragment of a torpedo was actually picked up on the Hesperian's deck.

The position of the Allied forces in Servia remains critical. Virtually the whole of Old Servia is in the possession of the invaders, and the Teutonic forces and the Bulgarians report the capture of considerable numbers of prisoners. The situation was somewhat improved, according to reports on Monday, by a Servian victory over the Bulgarians at Leskovac, on the Nish-Salonica railway, which has relieved the pressure on that part of the line and has also held up the Bulgarian advance on Monastir. On the Russian front the situation remains virtually unchanged. In the west a heavy bombardment of the German trenches by the Allies has been taken as a sign that a new offensive may be expected.

Washington is reticent concerning the investigation by Federal authorities into Teutonic conspiracies conducted in this country, but the mass of evidence continues to pile up in such proportions that it is impossible even to summarize it. Federal laws are apparently inadequate to deal with the conspiracies, and it is understood that the cooperation of the States has been invited by the Federal authorities. On Monday the trial began of Dr. Karl Buenz, director of the Hamburg-American Line and formerly German Consul-General in New York, and others on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the United States by procuring false manifests and clearance papers under which, early in the war, steamers left New York, ostensibly bound for neutral ports, but really to carry supplies to German ships of war.

German statements that British hospital ships were being used for the transport of troops and munitions to the Dardanelles received explicit denial by the British Admiralty on Monday.

Reports circulated from German sources regarding serious disorders in India were denied last week in the House of Commons by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India, and by a formal announcement issued by the India Office.

The first meeting of the joint Anglo-French war council was held in Paris on November 17. Those who took part were: Premier Asquith, A. J. Balfour, David Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey, Premier Briand, Gen. Gallieni, Admiral Lacaze, and Gen. Joffre.

According to dispatches from Washington of November 19, the State Department is engaged in the preparation of notes regarding contraband which will be sent impartially to all the belligerent Powers.

Associate Justice Hughes, of the Supreme Court, on November 18, wrote to the Secretary of State of Nebraska declining the nomination to the Presidency put forward there by petition and formally requesting that his name be kept off the primary ballot.

A curious incident occurred last week in connection with the execution of Hillstrom, the I. W. W. man convicted of murder at Salt Lake City, who had already received one respite on account of the intervention of the President. On November 17 President Wilson addressed a second plea for a reconsideration of the case to Gov. Spry of Utah, without, however, stating any reason for his action. Gov. Spry declined to grant the President's request, and the sentence was carried out on Friday of last week.

News came from Washington on November 19 that efforts are being made to induce China to ally herself with the Powers of the Entente, the object of the negotiations being, it is stated, to put a stop to certain German activities in the Orient. Specifically, the fomenting of an anti-Russian movement in Manchuria and the forwarding of arms to India are mentioned as instances.

Three documents bearing on the war came from Berlin last week. The German Foreign Office has published a collection of diplomatic correspondence unearthed at Brussels in August, 1914, which the official editor declares reveals the intrigues of England against Germany during the nine years preceding the war. In the *Lokal-Anzeiger* has appeared what purport to be the instructions of the British Admiralty to masters of merchantmen in regard to the use of neutral flags and methods to be employed in escaping submarines. In Sunday's papers was published Ambassador Gerard's highly unfavorable report concerning the condition of British prisoners of war in the camp at Wittenberg, Prussia.

The Week

As the session of Congress approaches, the question of ways and means is bound to loom into greater and greater prominence. And whenever the project of increased preparation for war takes anything like definite shape, the problem of the wherewithal will of necessity become insistent. Some time ago, the notion that the Administration might favor a jacking-up of the tariff was put forward, without any particular authority, and possibly only as a feeler; but it soon appeared that there was little reason to expect anything of the kind, except as to retaining the present duties on sugar, instead of carrying out the programme of the Underwood act calling for their gradual extinction. This is manifestly desirable from the standpoint of revenue, and is open to but the minimum of objection from any other; but to "monkey" with the wool schedule, or any similar one, would be to put all the fat into the fire, and that with very little assurance of results at all worth while in the shape of revenue. Accordingly, attention is beginning to be markedly directed to the possibilities of increase in the income tax, and also to the question of an inheritance tax.

In relation to the income tax, some tentative schemes have been set forth, and are more or less discussed. The chief question, in case it should be increased, is whether that increase should take the shape of a lower exemption or a higher rate, or both. Naturally enough, increase in rates offers the greatest temptation, both from the fiscal and from the political standpoint. It is easy to decree, and it is easy to execute; the 350,000 or 400,000 persons subject to the tax are already there—they are birds in the hand, and good fat ones at that. An increase in the "normal rate" to 1½ per cent. in place of 1 per cent., the beginning of the surtax at $10,000 instead of $20,000, and the increase of surtax rates so as to run to a maximum of 9 per cent. instead of 6 per cent. as at present, would obviously mean an increase of many millions in the revenue. On the other hand, it is said to have been estimated at the Treasury Department that a lowering of the exemption limit to $2,000 for unmarried and $3,000 for married men (in place of $3,000 and $4,000) would, if the rates remained as at present, yield only $5,000,000 of added revenue. Of this, it is to be noted, about $3,500,000 would be got from persons already on the lists. Still, the principle of a lower exemption is a sound one; but the question is whether any party would be willing to enact it on the eve of a Presidential campaign.

The defence of the Greek Government's policy by M. Rhallis, a veteran statesman and a member of the present Cabinet, contains one argument of some apparent force. M. Rhallis complains that Great Britain, after inexcusable delay in sending troops to the Balkans, would now have the Greek army save a situation precipitated by her own neglect. "Now, when you have only a few thousand troops to help us, you want to force us to step in and die." The other side of the argument consists in the fact that Great Britain's inaction was largely based upon the expectation that Greece would live up to its treaty obligations with regard to Servia, and its promises, through the mouth of its most influential statesman, with regard to the Allies. The Teuton-Bulgar attack upon Servia brought about 400,000 men into the field against that nation. Servia has just half the number of men. Had Greece entered the war with Servia in compliance with its treaty, the disparity in numbers would have been almost entirely redressed; especially as Bulgaria, under the circumstances, would have been obliged to detach large forces for the purpose of watching Rumania. The overwhelming of Servia would have moved forward at no such pace as has occurred, and the Allied aid thrown forward from Salonica would have seemed less inadequate than it does now, when operations must be carried on with a rush in order to save a remnant of Servian territory and the Serb forces. Neither would there have been the fears and hesitancies aroused by the present Greek attitude, a factor which has certainly operated to delay the development of the Allied movement from Salonica.

The testimony of Dr. Cecile L. Greil, of New York, in her affidavit of which a summary account has been sent to the State Department by the United States Consul at Algiers, is in itself fairly convincing evidence of the falsehood of the Austrian statement as to what happened. The very fact that Dr. Greil's deposition is, as the Consul says, "not conclusive as to whether any effort was made to escape by the Ancona" makes what she does say in conclusive fashion the more trustworthy. Being in the dining-saloon when she first became aware of the danger, she was not in a position to state of her own knowledge what happened at the beginning of the shelling of the ship. But when she says that the bombardment continued after the vessel had stopped, killing and wounding many persons, she states what she had an opportunity to observe, and what there is every reason to believe she reports truthfully. So much for the mere question of credibility; but the inherent probabilities of the case serve immeasurably to reinforce what this trustworthy witness asserts. To suppose that the captain persisted in trying to escape when subjected to that murderous fire, when in charge of hundreds of non-combatants—men, women, and children—and when in pursuit of no errand connected with the war, is to suppose what is without any known precedent, and is contrary to the ordinary operation of human nature.

The latest advices from Washington put the facts concerning the Zealandia case as follows:

> Reports both from American naval officers on the battleship Kentucky, which was sent to Progreso to investigate, and from the American Consul at that port, say that the officers from a British cruiser searched the Zealandia at a point which was 2.66 miles from shore. The reports to the British Embassy from the officer of the British cruiser said the search was made 3.25 miles from shore.

The question of whether the Zealandia was or was not within the three-mile limit thus reduces itself to a matter of pretty close measurement. Nevertheless, if in point of fact the British commander transgressed the limit—whether through an honest mistake or otherwise—our State Department will be right in holding the British Government responsible for the offence. But it is not without instructiveness to contrast the issue involved in such a case as this with the kind of issue which has been involved throughout our controversy with Germany, and is involved again in the matter of the Austrian submarine that sank the Ancona. What must always be borne in mind—and this is true even of the British contentions in the matter of blockade and contraband, however wrong they may be—is that Great Britain's offences, however serious, lie in a domain in which definition is difficult, in which the stretching of precedents, the remaking of rules, has always been going on, while the German pretension of a right to kill non-combatants on merchant ships is in flat violation of a principle of international right which has been held inviolable for generations, and the abandonment of which would be a betrayal of the cause of humanity itself.

The Armenian massacres, which, when

news of them first came, were dismissed by Ambassador von Bernstorff—if correctly reported—as "pure inventions," very soon reached the stage of merely "gross exaggerations," but in only too short a time after that were shown to be horrible beyond exaggeration. Then began the business of justifying what could not be denied. We do not refer to the attitude of Reventlow, but to the alleged provocation given by the victims in rebelling against the Turks. Of the falseness of this excuse there have been many declarations from sources entitled to credence; but a statement more authoritative than any we had seen before is contained in a letter to the New York *Tribune* by Dr. C. D. Ussher, chief of staff of the American Red Cross Hospital at Van, Turkey. In the most circumstantial detail he presents the facts, as they came to his personal knowledge.

Dr. Ussher's account of what actually happened to the Armenians, and how they came at last to make such resistance as they could to wholesale massacre, is concise, but harrowing. "From the beginning of the mobilization," he says, "it was made perfectly evident that it was the determination of the Government to ruin the non-Moslems." Some of the ways in which the purpose of the Turks was shown are thus set down:

> Both in the army and out of it many Armenians were shot down, and payment of "badal," or exemption money, was no protection. . . . Turkish officers took Armenians out of the ranks, on the march, tied them to telegraph poles and shot them, with no better excuse than the accusation that they wanted to desert. Self-respecting and faithful Armenians in the army were disarmed and made the slaves of Turkish soldiers.

That these atrocities resulted in many desertions of Armenians, Dr. Ussher admits; but, he says, "in spite of all this and a thousand times more, of which I must not write, the Armenians did not rebel," and only "when it was evident that a general massacre was on did the Armenians begin to resist." The story of the particular massacre the news of which led to the heroic defence undertaken by the Armenians in Van, and maintained throughout a siege of twenty-eight days, is thus narrated by Dr. Ussher:

> The Kaimakam of Arjesh, trusted by the Armenians, called the men to the government building and, marching them out under guard in companies of fifty, shot down two thousand five hundred, regardless of their having paid their "badal" and contributed in many ways to the Government.

But of course it is open to the Kaimakam of Arjesh to plead that he shot down these 2,500 villagers in self-defence, since he had trustworthy information that they had made a secret agreement with England to attack the Turkish army with scythes and pitchforks, the moment its back was turned.

The President has been universally commended for his prompt and sensible action in the case of the Illinois postmaster, dismissed for alleged criticism of him. He has had the man put back. Hereafter, no fussy or super-serviceable superior will undertake to remove a postal employee for private remarks supposed to reflect upon the President. As Mr. Tumulty said to the correspondents, when announcing the President's decision: "This is a free country." We know no *Majestätsbeleidigung*. In putting his foot upon this attempt to establish it, the President has shown both a proper sense of official dignity—so high that it cannot be touched by mere gossip—and a due regard for the rights of men working for the Government. He will not have the Post Office made an instrument of personal punishment. We can but hope that Mr. Wilson will display an equal justice and a like indignation against prostituting the postal service when it comes to a question of removing the Postmaster of New York, purely for political reasons. The thing which the President has to bear in mind is the public good. If that forbids the dismissing of a postmaster in Illinois for having said something derogatory to Mr. Wilson, it even more strongly forbids the displacement of a man like Mr. Morgan at the behest of politicians.

Mr. Root has told his Minnesota friends, who are urging him for the Presidency, that he is not seeking the nomination, and does not expect it to come to him. But he added, in words vouched for by Mr. Carroll, of Minneapolis: "Of course, if the nomination were offered to me, I should feel it my duty to accept, even if it killed me." This is a perfectly dignified and correct position. The only doubt left is whether so keen and crystal-clear a mind as Mr. Root's can cherish any illusions about what is most probable in the immediate political future. We ourselves do not think so. No man is wise enough to read the book of fate in advance, especially to be sure that he knows every line of the chapter of accidents in that volume. But on the assumption that we must "fend miracles," nothing seems more certain than that Mr. Root will not be the Republican candidate in 1916. Of this, we believe, nobody is more thoroughly convinced than himself. When he retired from the Senate and spoke of his office-holding career as closed, he was, we do not question, entirely sincere. If he is not equally so now in expressing the belief that the Presidency will not come his way, then his intellect, so remarkable in power of analysis, must be a little less accurate an instrument than we had thought in self-analysis.

If the chances of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks for the Republican nomination for President are as good as the logic of his sponsor, ex-Gov. Durbin, of Indiana, it is all over but the shouting. "Personally," President Wilson is unobjectionable, but there is great dissatisfaction with "business conditions brought about by the Administration." The interview should have ended here, but the ex-Governor was anxious to prove the case up to the hilt, and so he added this crushing statement: "It is true that general business has started up again, but that is not due to the Administration, but is in spite of it." This shows the country the utter incapacity of the Democrats to manage things at Washington. They are not able to keep prosperity away, but it breaks in upon us despite all their efforts to discourage it! Once they were more capable, and with a man in the White House and a majority at both ends of the Capitol, they could put up a barrier against good times overnight. The only trouble with Mr. Durbin's logic is that unthinking people will be apt to forget the nice distinction that prosperity under a Republican Administration is to be credited to the Administration, while under a Democratic Administration it is but one more count against the party in power.

Among happy thoughts for producing full-grown a dye industry in America has been that embodied in the so-called Paige amendment to the patent laws. Its purpose is "to compel the working of patents" issued upon the extraction of chemical dyes by special processes—to see that this class of patent-protected goods, as made chiefly in Germany, is also made in the United States by the holders of United States patents, regardless of nationality. The experience of nations is that this "compulsory working" has never been successful. It encourages dumping rather than home production, and has usually led to treaties abrogating the original legislation. An attempt to enforce it in this country in 1832 was given up in 1836. But at the recent meeting of the American Chemical Society in Rochester the weighty arguments against it in the case of the dye industry were well pre-

sented. The contention that German primacy is due to a compulsory working clause in her patent laws was easily demolished. In 1856 the French and British coal-tar dye industries were started; in 1859 the Swiss; in 1860 the German, and in 1866 the American. In 1874 Germany was making 90 per cent. of the world's coal-tar dyes, and her compulsory working clause was not enacted till 1877. In 1896 the Swiss coal-tar dye product was equal to that of France and England combined, and the Swiss clause was not enacted till 1907. The clauses have obviously had no influence in determining the seat of the industry; and it is asserted that European countries are only waiting for an opportunity to coöperate in repealing them. Further, Germany holds American patents for much less than half of those marketed dyes which she originated. And a great objection to the Paige bill is that it would provoke retaliatory legislation in chemical lines in which we are foremost.

Another verdict attesting the promise of surer justice to the negro in our courts comes from Colleton County, South Carolina. Some months ago a negro, falling in with two white men the worse for liquor, was threatened by one of them, and when he attempted to flee was shot. Last week the county jury, after twenty minutes' deliberation, found the assailant guilty of murder. This verdict is the first of its kind in the community since the war, yet the unanimous decision of the jurors has been warmly applauded, as has that part of the judge's charge in which he denounced the superstition that the presence of the negroes in the South justifies the carrying of concealed weapons. "It is not true," Judge Thomas, of Alabama, has observed, "that the negro fails to get justice before the courts in the trial of the specific indictment against him, but too often it is that the white man escapes it."

It is a cold day when one of our States refuses to profit by Uncle Sam's munificence, as the nation-wide response to the Smith-Lever act is just showing. That act provides that, in amounts increasing year by year, the Federal Government shall give one of its dollars for every dollar appropriated by the States to promote instruction in agriculture. An initial appropriation of $480,000 became available last July, it is increased by $600,000 for the fiscal year 1915, and by 1922, when the act "matures," there will be a continuing Federal appropriation of nearly $9,000,000 annually for agricultural extension. It was feared last year that the cooperative scheme might fail because of indifference on the part of the States. Yet, as shown by the national convention on farm marketing in St. Louis, under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, every State has responded. The net result is that there are now over 1,100 county agricultural agents at work in as many counties or groups of counties, teaching the best methods of stock breeding, conservation of soil, and rotation and disposal of crops. In the Middle West such "county advisers" had already proved their worth, coöperative farmers' and business organizations paying some as high as $4,000 a year. The new arrangement makes possible their introduction into even the poorest sections of the South.

If the National Institute of Arts and Letters was to award a gold medal for distinguished service to American letters, there could be no question that its recipient would be the man on whom that honor was bestowed last Friday. There might, indeed, be those who would favor Henry James; but, aside from the circumstance of Mr. James's recent adoption of British nationality, there could not, at any time, have been in his case anything like the unanimity which marks the recognition of Mr. Howells's deserving. There is, essentially, between the two, somewhat the same kind of difference as that which, in medicine, distinguishes the great general practitioner from the eminent specialist. In Mr. Howells, we have the qualities of grace, and sympathy, and winning humor, and all-round comprehension, as well as—at his best—the art of the true story-teller; and the man that one sees in the books, like the man as he is known in the flesh, is as much loved as the author. The occasion was worthily marked by Brand Whitlock's address, which touched with understanding and insight many a phase of the perennial questions of literary art, and especially those which pertain to our American aspirations in the domain of letters. Mr. Whitlock's reference to the long-cherished vision of the Great American Novel will revive memories half-amusing, half-pathetic. He does not claim for Mr. Howells the actual achievement of that somewhat indefinite dream; and if we cannot accept his view that its non-fulfilment is due to the vastness and complexity of our strange new country, it is perhaps as good as any explanation that can be given of a thing that neither admits of explanation nor requires it.

As a well-wisher of the *Unpopular Review*, the *Nation* is glad to call the attention of its readers to the current issue of this distinguished quarterly, which is admirable alike in variety and in quality. If to be unpopular means, as Mr. Holt appears to apprehend it, to subject topics of the day to reason, and not merely to ventilate them or to clamor over them, then unpopularity should be our refuge and strength in this time of trouble. The present number contains articles on such pressing matters as the war, prohibition, equal suffrage, vocational guidance, the psychology of advertising, and the minimum wage, not to exhaust the list, and though they will not all command general assent even among thoughtful people, they do at least show reasonableness and, what is equally to be desired just now, a philosophic breadth of treatment. Perhaps it is not too early in the life of the *Unpopular* to predict that Mr. Holt, by this venture, will have done much to reinvest the American essay with some of the characteristics which once made it a vehicle of both charm and power. His avowed distrust, at the outset, of minds that placed their main reliance upon a process of "counting noses" was a guarantee that truth would be served by his journal, and that ideas would take on the full implications which they should have.

The tributes to Dr. Schechter which the press has collected from a number of representative Americans testify to the place that was gained in American life, after a residence of little over a decade, by a Hebrew scholar whose chief interests lay in fields that can concern but few. His catholic tastes, his warm sympathy for American ideals, and the vitality with which he caused his personal influence to be transmitted by the various agencies of American Judaism, made him far more than a sectarian figure. Yet the notices of his death have properly emphasized his scholarship, with some sense of the profundity of the erudition required to give him first place among the English-speaking scholars of his race. About the discoveries he made at the University of Cambridge among the Genizah manuscripts there was fortunately something of that dramatic quality which so often illuminates outwardly dry research. To find the Jewish originals of Biblical writings known only in the Greek, to bring to light an entire kingdom lost to history, were achievements to give new vitality to popular conceptions of Jewish literature and Jewish history.

LET US HAVE THE TRUTH.

"I have been in favor of a reasonable programme of preparedness, especially with reference to a reasonable enlargement of the navy; but I begin to believe that we are losing our heads over the subject. I am certainly opposed to a large standing army." This is the word that comes to us from one of the leading Republican Senators. We heartily agree with him. The country is losing its balance, and is in danger of being swept away by an unreasoning fear of the Germans, which must rejoice the hearts of the militarists in Berlin. The public in the East appears no longer able to distinguish between fact and rumor, between what is possible and impossible, credible and incredible—a state of mind intensified by the President's and Mr. Daniels's reversal of their position of a year ago without giving a single valid reason why we are not even to await the outcome of the European war. More than that, there is such a multitude of experts and counsellors that people do not know what to believe as to matters of fact about which there should be no question.

Take the case of the navy. Until the present wave of fear swept over the country, it had always borne a good reputation. Its exploits in 1898 were remembered, its personnel was well thought of, its ships, if not always up to the British standard, ranked high none the less, and it was generally considered a source of pride to the nation. Suddenly we are told by many that it is of no value at all, and sensational writers on every hand demolish the fleet daily. To-day it is Henry Reuterdahl who dismisses our enormously costly armada with the statement that "it has been demonstrated and proved beyond argument [in the pages of the magazine he writes for] that the American navy is not strong enough to maintain the command of the sea and uphold the Monroe Doctrine," after which the American fleet is "swept off the sea"—by him as by so many others who are asking for the introduction of Prussian militarism, under the cover of another name, in America. But at the very moment at which we have such shrill, almost hysterical, outbursts as this, we have much testimony on the other side. Congressman Kitchin, for instance, reiterates in the convincing statement of his position that our navy is the best and largest in the world save that of England, and that we have nothing to fear from Germany or Japan.

Mr. Kitchin himself challenges anybody to dispute his statement of facts. He has served for years on the House Naval Affairs Committee, voting each year for a considerable increase, and knows the navy from top to bottom. But he is not content to rest the case upon his own opinion, knowing that it will be challenged as a layman's. Hence he quotes the statements of three of our highest naval officers—Admiral Fletcher, now in command of the Atlantic fleet; Admiral Winterhalter, commanding the Asiatic fleet, and Rear-Admiral Badger, a former commander of the Atlantic fleet—all of whom testified before the House Committee on Naval Affairs last winter (1915) that our fleet was superior to that of Germany. Surely, the testimony of such experts on this question of fact ought to be accepted, if any expert opinion is convincing. Secretary Daniels said that he would rather have Admiral Fletcher's opinion than that of any living man. More than that, Mr. Kitchin makes a very serious charge against the Year-Book issued by our Navy Department, that it deliberately falsifies as to the German navy, carrying in one place, as afloat, two vessels sunk by the British; in another ranking four pre-Dreadnoughts as Dreadnoughts, though Jane, the English naval authority, ranks them correctly, and also adds that they are "defective, unsuccessful ships," topheavy because of over-armament. Finally, Mr. Kitchin asserts that the last five Dreadnoughts authorized by Congress are superior to the last *six* Dreadnoughts laid down in Germany.

Now, in this confusion of counsel, is it not highly desirable that some means should be found of establishing the facts, as regards both the army and the navy, before we embark on any new programme? Sensible people and sensible nations ought to legislate on a matter so vital and so far-reaching only in cold blood and upon exact information. And so Congressman Bailey, of Pennsylvania, has offered the suggestion that there be an immediate Congressional inquiry into the actual status of both the navy and army before a programme is entered upon which involves two billions of dollars' outlay in the next five years. Shall we vote first and inquire afterwards, and make ourselves a laughing-stock, or shall we act like reasonable persons? The country ought surely to know if its navy is as worthless as so many think it.

We do not believe that the President knows, because he, too, must receive highly conflicting evidence—there are doubtless naval officers who disagree with the three high Admirals quoted by Mr. Kitchin. But it ought to be possible to establish where the preponderance of evidence lies. With that determined, the question what policy the country should pursue, and whether it should make any radical change in the size of the army and navy before the world-war is over, would be in order, as it is not now. We need to calm down and consider, to refute the statements of Mr. Kitchin if they are false, before we take any hasty step whatever under the lead of Mr. Wilson or of any one else.

THE FINE ART OF GARBLING.

We had last week another publication in this country by the German Foreign Office, designed to correct American opinion about the origin of the war. It consists of dispatches of Belgian Ministers in Berlin and London and Paris, during the years 1905-1914. They were captured by the Germans in the archives of the Belgian Ministry for Foreign Affairs at Brussels. Large extracts from them have before been given out by the German authorities. Now they are printed in full, the French originals being accompanied by an English translation—the latter not always happy.

The documents themselves are interesting, and have a certain evidential value. This is obviously, however, at second or third hand. None of these Belgian representatives was directly concerned in the negotiations to which they refer. They reported the diplomatic gossip, and gave their personal opinions. These have, undeniably, a good deal of weight. But they are not conclusive. The best proof that they are not is that they lean, now to the side of the German contention, now against it. And here comes in the most significant part of this German publication. It begins with a long "Introduction" in which are massed what the German Foreign Office considers the new proofs that the war was a "monstrous crime," long plotted against Germany by England, France, and Russia, and culminating in a wicked attack against which she was compelled to defend herself. But the strange thing is that this Introduction seems to take it for granted that no one will read the subjoined documents; for it sometimes garbles them, often makes a strained use of them, and leaves out every scrap of them that makes against the German view.

One extract, for example, the Introduction considers so important that it prints it in capital letters. It is from a dispatch sent from Berlin on April 24, 1914, by the Belgian Minister, Baron Beyens, apropos of the visit of the King and Queen of England to Paris. This raised the question whether

England would be inclined, "as three years ago, to range itself by the side of France in the case of a conflict of the latter with Germany." Baron Beyens asked—and this is the deadly matter of the German capital letters:

> Would it be the same to-day, and *should we still have to fear* THE ENTRY OF BRITISH SOLDIERS INTO BELGIUM IN ORDER TO HELP US DEFEND OUR NEUTRALITY BY FIRST COMPROMISING IT?

Now, will it be believed that the Belgian Minister immediately answered his own question, and that the Introduction entirely omits what directly follows in the dispatch? What Baron Beyens wrote was as follows:

> *If the question is examined from the German point of view alone—the only one which I can consider—a negative answer is not doubtful. To an observer living at Berlin it seems that the ties of the entente cordiale have loosened somewhat, that the point of that weapon of defence is no longer exclusively directed at Germany, as it was at the time of King Edward, and that the Triple Entente has rather become a concert than a union of Powers acting together in certain questions which are determined by considerations of common interest.*

If Germany appeals to the Belgian Cæsar, to Cæsar must she go. A Minister whose dispatch is good enough to prove the infamous conspiracy against Germany, must be good enough to disprove it. Here we have him, only in April of last year, affirming that the Triple Entente was a "weapon of *defence*"—not of attack, mind you—and that it was not "exclusively directed at Germany."

These Belgian documents undoubtedly throw some indirect light upon the long negotiations leading to the formation of the Triple Entente. The facts have long been known. At no time during the past five years has it been questioned that France and England and Russia were drawing together. And their chief motive was admittedly to place themselves in a position where they could make head against Germany. This aim they always represented as purely defensive. Germany has chosen to picture it as deliberately offensive. But to assert this is to ignore the fact that England in 1912 offered to make a treaty with Germany binding Great Britain never to take part in an aggressive war upon her. It is also to forget that, in July of 1914, Sir Edward Grey urged the Kaiser to call an international conference, where and when he pleased, in order to settle the dispute between Austria and Servia without war. Such a proposal would have been impossible if the theory of this Introduction were correct—namely, that England, out of jealousy and hate of Germany, had for years been scheming to attack her, and jumped at the opportunity offered by the Austro-Servian imbroglio in July of last year.

It would take too much space to cite from these Belgian dispatches all the passages which fly in the face of what is affirmed in the Introduction. For instance, it declares roundly that the French military law of three years' service was a provocative measure looking directly to war. Nowhere is it hinted that the measure was in response to what Germany had first done. But note these extracts from the very Belgian Ministers whom the German Foreign Office summons as witnesses:

> The German press showed astonishment at the military measures which the French Government was going to take in answer to the increase of the forces of the Empire.
>
> The French Government in declaring its readiness to impose the three years' conscription has adopted the only attitude worthy of the great Republic in face of a German provocation.
>
> The considerable increase of Germany's armament at the moment when M. Poincaré enters the Elysée will increase the danger of a too nationalistic trend of the French policy.

We quote, finally, from the favorite witness of the German Foreign Office—the Belgian Minister in Berlin—a passage from a dispatch of June 12, 1914, which contains more truth of more weight than anything adduced in the Introduction. It is as follows:

> The result of the agitation shown by the French has been an increased tension in their relations with the neighboring Empire, and the idea which is falsely spread or accepted without verification by the best heads in this country [*i. e.*, Germany] that war is inevitable in the near future because France desires it ardently and is arming feverishly to prepare for it. At Paris the same intentions are being imputed to the Imperial Government, some of whose members have, it must be admitted, occasionally used unfortunate words, as the Minister of War in speaking of a "lightning offensive" and of an "unexpected attack" which were to secure victory for the German army. Perhaps even to-day there is nothing but a terrible misunderstanding on the part of either of the two countries. The majority of the French nation certainly does not want war and Germany has no need of it. In a few years no balance of forces will any longer be possible between her and her neighbor. Germany has only to be patient, to pursue in peace the incessant development of her economic and financial power, and to wait for the effect of her preponderant birth-rate, in order to dominate without dispute and fight in all of central Europe.

If that dispatch could have been captured by the Germans before it ever left Berlin, and if their statesmen had been wise enough to follow its counsels, there would have been no war.

ITALY IN THE WAR.

It is almost exactly half a year since Italy declared war on Austria, yet it is no exaggeration to say that even to the fairly conscientious reader of the dispatches it looks as though she might as well have remained neutral. We read of Alpine fighting and attacks along the Isonzo, but in both regions progress has been apparently small and the nature of the fighting desultory. The facts are otherwise, but such is the common impression. Peculiarly puzzling is the lack of perceptible effect on the general progress of the war produced by Italy's entrance on the side of the Allies. If we consider the results of Bulgaria's entrance into the war and the anxieties now centring upon the possible action of Greece, with a population of less than five millions, it is nothing less than astounding that Italy, with a population seven times that of Greece, and a potential fighting strength of at least two million men, should have failed to affect the general situation. Italy entered the war three weeks after the initial Russian disaster in Galicia. Yet the new danger Austria was compelled to face did not seemingly slacken the Teutonic operations in Galicia. The Austrian armies continued for months to press the attack against the Russian left wing, and only within the last two months has there been evidence of a weakening of their operations in that direction. Even then Austria has been in the position of sparing some troops for the work in Servia without undue anxiety regarding what was going on in the west.

A closer study of the situation shows that Italy's rôle has been far from negative. The fact remains that she has after all kept the attention of important Austrian forces which might have been used with effect against Russia or Servia. In Karl von Wiegand's account of the Isonzo campaign in the New York *World*—one of the most remarkable pieces of war reporting that have appeared—the Austrian commander estimated his own forces on the Isonzo at one-third of the Italian strength. Take it at that minimum, and it would mean that at least 150,000 men are engaged in the defence of Görz and Tolmino. If these had been available in Russia, the Teutonic forces might, indeed, have pressed on to Kiev in the south and to Riga in the north. Or the invasion of Servia might have been begun two months earlier, and all of the Balkans would have been definitely lost to the Allies.

This result has not been attained by Italy's

standing upon the defensive. Her armies have pressed the attack. On the Tyrol front they have been engaged in the conquest of the mountain passes. On the eastern front they have delivered three great attacks on a fifty-mile line from Tolmino to the Adriatic Sea, and are now engaged in a fourth assault on a narrower front, with Görz as the sole objective. If one may argue from the tone of Mr. von Wiegand's story, the Austrians are not at all confident of their position. He speaks of Görz and Tolmino as "still" in their possession. He speaks of the Austrian defensive position as one not particularly favorable and one which it was originally intended to abandon altogether. There may be here the foreshadowing of an ultimate evacuation of the line. Nevertheless, the Austrian showing on this front emphasizes the enormous advantages of the defensive in the present war.

The actual gain in territory by the Italian armies is small when measured by the standard of Teutonic achievements in eastern and southern Europe, and considerable when measured by the rate of progress in France and Belgium. On the Tyrol front the Italians have occupied a strip about forty miles long by ten miles wide along both shores of the Lago di Garda, with Riva and Rovereto as their objective. On the Isonzo front they have occupied a zone about fifty miles long and fifteen miles wide at its southern extremity on the Adriatic, narrowing to less than five miles at Plava to the north of Görz and five miles at Tolmino. Of important places they hold Monfalcone, Gradisca, and Plava, some six or seven miles to the north of Görz and on the eastern bank of the Isonzo. On the heights of Podgora they are almost at the gates of Görz, which by this time must be denuded of its civilian population. The bombardment of the city has been recently reported from Vienna. Hitherto it has been rumored that the Italian artillery has been checked in its operations by considerations for the civilian population, which is largely Italian. In Italy's operations, both in the Tyrol and along the Isonzo, the usual advantages of the defensive have been enormously enhanced by the nature of the country. It has been a case either of mountain fighting or of frontal attacks on trenches cut in the solid rock.

Except as her pressure on Austria's western line has affected the general situation, Italy has apparently not participated in the common strategy of the Allies. It is conceivable that in a perfectly unified scheme of Allied operations, Italy might have been content to stand on the defensive as against Austria, and place part of her armies at the disposal of the Allies outside of Italy. She is more favorably situated than either France or England for throwing considerable forces into the Balkans. But she refrained from doing so in Gallipoli at a time when her help might have been precious, she has not as yet participated in the landing at Salonica, and we are still to have confirmation of the rumors about the landing of an Italian army in Albania.

Yet it is not necessary to suppose that in this policy she has been actuated by purely selfish motives. In France and England there has been serious question of the wisdom of the Gallipoli and Salonica campaigns. It has been described as a frittering away of strength on a mere diversion. Expert opinion on both sides still holds that the war will be decided along the main battle-fronts. Gen. Cadorna, head of the Italian army, has been reported as firmly opposed to any policy of adventure outside of Italy. And his reasons may be two-fold. It is not only that more decisive results can be won by operations from a near base directed against the flank of the enemy, but in the special case of Italy there is always the danger of a concentrated attack by Germans and Austrians in case the Italian offensive should definitely fail. If Germany has found troops for a distant campaign in Servia, she could operate with much greater ease and advantage from her own frontiers through the Tyrol. Events in the Balkans dictate a policy of caution. Berlin and Vienna speak of pressing on to the Suez Canal. But it is not at all unlikely that, with Servia beaten down, the next blow will fall upon Italy's northern frontiers.

A YEAR OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM.

Last week occurred the first anniversary of the formal inauguration, on November 16, 1914, of the new banking system in the United States. During the three months which had preceded that date, the putting into operation of the new facilities for safeguarding American finance was considered, in the face of the European storm, to be an immediate and urgent necessity. This was done with the utmost expedition; it was done while financial conditions in this country, as a result of war, were still obscure and precarious. Nevertheless, expert comment on the first year of the new banking system has, during the past week, been unanimous to the effect that the broad facilities which that system offers to the country's machinery of credit and currency are now, after twelve months, substantially untouched.

The questions are therefore very pertinent: Why were those new facilities not instantly made use of, when the economic strain of last November was what it was? What part, if any, did the new banking system really play in the subsequent revival? When is it likely to exert a really powerful influence on the American situation, and with what results? The answer to the first question is, that the financial situation was in actual fact already turning in favor of this country when the new system was introduced. Gold exports had just come to an end through a fall in sterling to the normal par of exchange. A few weeks before that event, the New York banks had turned the September deficit of $38,000,000 into a surplus reserve of $15,000,000. Money rates at New York, which had stood at 8 per cent. since the war broke out, had got down to normal figures early in November.

How swiftly this turn of events was followed by the dramatic movement of the exchanges in our favor, and by the largest monthly gold imports in the country's history, everybody knows. No doubt, if the Federal Reserve system had been in operation when the war began, the $369,000,000 "Aldrich emergency currency" would never have been issued. The banks would have taken out Federal Reserve notes against their rediscounted paper. But even so, the emergency currency had passed its maximum, and was rapidly declining, in the last week of October.

The second of the above questions, therefore—as to the part which the new régime actually played in the great financial recovery of the twelve past months—must be answered by saying that it has probably played directly no part at all. In effecting a thorough organization of the country's banking; in standardizing many methods and practices of the business, and in breaking ground for the new business in "acceptances" of foreign trade bills, the Reserve Board has already accomplished results of high importance. But the main achievements to which the public and the framers of the law had looked forward, as a result of the actual establishment of the new reserve banks, were in connection with the rediscounting of paper for the member banks, and with providing an elastic currency, based on commercial assets.

At the start the twelve regional institutions together held $262,000,000 cash re-

serve; they hold $348,000,000 to-day. Yet their total rediscounts are even now only $45,000,000—an utterly insignificant use of their facilities. But when the New York banks, for instance, held at the end of December a surplus reserve of $117,000,000, and increased it continuously to $224,000,000 last September (the very period when "harvest demands" used to pull the surplus down), it was hardly to be expected that they would ask relief from the burden of their loans.

As for the new Federal Reserve notes, it is true that $160,000,000 of them are now in circulation, as against $80,000,000 at the end of June and $17,000,000 on January 1. This at least would appear to indicate use of the new facilities. But the singular fact is that nearly all of such notes now in circulation are based, not on the commercial assets which were designed to stand beneath the new bank currency, but on special gold deposits by the issuing banks, to an amount as large as that of the notes outstanding. Notes thus secured are actually nothing more or less than gold certificates. Of Federal Reserve notes issued and secured on the basis chiefly contemplated by the law, less than $13,000,000 are to-day outstanding. In other words, the Reserve banks have not yet been called upon to perform either of the principal functions expected of them.

What, then, of the new banking system in the future? When will its real facilities begin to have their full effect? That does not seem likely to happen until the abnormal flow of foreign gold in this direction slackens, or until financial and industrial expansion in the United States rises far beyond its present magnitude. But the provisions of the organization would almost certainly be brought into play when the war ends and the world is plunged into the unknown economic conditions which will follow return of peace.

This country may conceivably be confronted in the new and confusing conditions then prevailing, in and out of Europe, by a wholly unprecedented demand for credit facilities from the outside world. Or it may have its share of the profound economic reaction which will undoubtedly ensue in Europe. The Federal Reserve system was equally designed to facilitate a heavy legitimate demand on the country's resources, and to act as a safeguard against a financial strain. It could perform the one function by its great and as yet unused rediscounting powers. It could perform the other by its as yet unused facilities for both currency and credit.

In either possible sequel to the return of peace, it is certain to operate as a reassuring influence. The salient fact is that, in the changed world in which we shall then be living, and with financial relationships inevitably altered as between the nations, the United States will confront those new conditions with complete and up-to-date machinery for sound financial expansion. This will be true at the very moment when Europe is brought face to face with the results of its own financial exhaustion and of the overstrain in its credit system.

LESCHETIZKY AND HIS PUPILS.

The death of Theodor Leschetizky removes from the world of music the man who in one respect came nearer to Liszt than any one else. No one has ever approached Liszt in the combination of his supreme gifts as pianist, composer, editor, educator, and writer, not to speak of his missionary work for composers or artists who needed help, all of which, considered in their ensemble, made Wagner proclaim his father-in-law "the greatest musician of all time." But as his successor in the field of musical pedagogy, as an inspirer of other pianists, Leschetizky accomplished wonders second only to Liszt. Pupils of Liszt are not so abundant as they were a decade or two ago; but the woods are full of pupils of Leschetizky, and, what is more, many of them are excellent pianists, and some of them good composers. To be able to teach the "Leschetizky method" from personal experience is undoubtedly, also, the greatest recommendation a piano instructor at present can have.

What that "method" is cannot be stated in a sentence or two. Leschetizky himself objected to the term; "I have no technical method," he said. "There are certain ways of producing certain effects, and I have found those which succeed best; but I have no iron rules. . . . There can be no rule. I am a doctor to whom my pupils come as patients to be cured of their musical ailments, and the remedy must vary in each case." This attitude accounts for the fact that not a few pianists who had already won fame came to him for advice. He told each one frankly what was lacking. Less considerate than Liszt of the feelings of his pupils, he commented on their faults freely in class, excusing this seeming rudeness with the question: "If a pupil has not sufficient courage to stand buffetings from me, how will he stand them later on from the world?" His critical judgment seldom failed him in prophesying which of his pupils would make a stir in the world, and from those whom he liked particularly he refused to accept payment. According to his English biographer, Annette Hullah, he used to say to a group of pupils: "Ah, what a marvel I could make could I mix you all up!"

Probably the most important factor in Leschetizky's teaching was the importance he attached to pedalling. Moscheles once declared that the test of a great pianist was his ability to get along without the pedal, and that was true in the olden days, the days before the scattered chords brought together by the use of the sustaining pedal. But Rubinstein called the pedal the soul of the pianoforte, and Chopin said it was the study of a lifetime. In the pieces of Chopin and Liszt, and all good modern pianoforte music, the sustaining pedal is of extreme importance, because it lifts the dampers from the strings and thus enriches each tone struck, by the sympathetic vibration of other strings (overtones). Leschetizky had the wisdom to recognize this importance of the pedal in tone production, and gave his pupils, including Paderewski, hints that helped to make them famous for their "touch," which, as we thus see, was quite as much a matter of the right foot as of the fingers.

Modern pianists have a great advantage over those of a generation or more ago in that the instruments at their disposal have a much richer tone than those played on by their predecessors. But Leschetizky would not allow his pupils to rely too much on this advantage. He wanted them to be prepared to get a good tone, if need be, out of an inferior instrument, modifying their touch to suit the case. While thus insistent on the importance of touch he by no means neglected questions of interpretation. As a young man he listened intently to the great pianists of the day, to Liszt, Herz, Kalkbrenner, Saint-Saëns, Tausig, Henselt, Thalberg, and others, and what they did served him as material for the "method" he subsequently developed.

He himself played in public for a time, but soon realized that his proper sphere was in the classroom. His career and his world-fame show that a teacher may become as great a man as a public player; earning as much, too, and receiving the same kind of homage. Though he was often extremely "temperamental"—slamming doors, crushing the music and throwing it on the floor, remarking to one of his class that he had better spend his future as a "tomato-grower," or turning off the gas and leaving the

class in darkness—all his pupils seem to have loved him. One of the most prominent of them, an American, burst into tears when she heard of his death last week. Though he was eighty-five years old, she had hoped to see him once more.

Besides teaching his pupils how to acquire a touch that commanded all shades of tone production, Leschetizky probably did most good to them—and in turn to the thousands of pupils of his pupils—by emphasizing the importance of concentration. A vast amount of time is wasted by most young people in practicing with the fingers only. Some teachers even allow their pupils to read a book while practicing on the piano. On this custom Leschetizky frowned. The player, he taught, must have his attention fixed every moment on what he is doing. "The brain must guide the fingers, not the fingers the brain," was one of his maxims. As an illustration of his graphic way of teaching the meaning of expression-marks this will serve: "To make an effective *accelerando* you must glide into rapidity as steadily as a train increases its speed when steaming out of a station."

Foreign Correspondence

AMERICAN OPINION—WHAT ENGLAND IS DOING.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, November 2.

Two messages from America, received within the last few days, have evoked in us a certain amount of astonishment, though in totally different ways. The optimistic article of October 28 in the New York *Tribune* ("Germany Is Beaten") coming at a time when we were rather lugubriously reaping the bitter Bulgarian fruit of an unavoidable lack of military success on the East front, and a perhaps not quite so unavoidable lack of statesmanlike foresight, was all the more welcome because so wholly unexpected. To know that a competent and impartial neutral observer, so far from feeling qualms about our errors and rebuffs, cherishes a strong and positive conviction that our cause is on the highway to victory, revives us like a cordial, or like a cup of cold water in the desert.

The shock received from Mr. Roosevelt's article in the *Metropolitan Magazine* is that of cold water applied in a very different manner. That so warm a friend of England and the Allies should, at this juncture, feel called upon to state his belief that Great Britain has failed, on the whole, to take her duties seriously enough, is something to make us indeed search our hearts and find out what measure of truth really lurks in an assertion that certainly seems on the face of it far too sweeping. One is assuredly tempted to think that Mr. Roosevelt would have moderated his judgment if he had personally visited England or any of her battle fronts within the last month; and one wonders also whether any one is entitled to pass so very cocksure a verdict who has not been in actual touch with his evidence. In plain words, I believe that our honest and friendly, but impulsive, critic is speaking to a large extent out of a cloud of ignorance. That he ventures to speak as he does, is, I suspect, greatly due to the attitude of a certain section of the English press. But Mr. Roosevelt should have realized how very deceptive the printed word can be in cases like this.

The action of the journals I refer to, in belittling our efforts and emphasizing our failures, does not in the least call for any such ugly brand as unpatriotic. I am quite ready to believe that the fundamental wishes and intentions of the journalists in question are sound and loyal, and that they really think it is desirable to induce a sort of mild panic in the breast of John Bull, in order to stimulate him to do his best. This rests, however, on a shallow analysis of British psychology; and it moreover forgets that, in any case, the disastrous effect produced on antagonists and neutrals is likely to outweigh any possible good effect on ourselves.

We must, I think, also admit that the attitude of our Press Bureau has provided Mr. Roosevelt with some excuse for the imperfection of his information. No intelligent British patriot is opposed to the principle of rigid censorship of the press in such a crisis as we are now passing through. But he must be a blind partisan who is not willing to express regret and astonishment at some of the vagaries of our present staff of censors. To ordinary common-sense, many things seem to have been passed that should have been deleted, and many things have been suppressed or delayed for no apparent good reason. All men are likely to err, and no doubt some of the actions we now take for errors are quite susceptible of justification at a later stage of the game. In any case, a neutral observer, who, with all his sympathy for England, is not quite so British as a Briton in his psychology, may be pardoned if he misinterprets or exaggerates something that we understand, in part at least, and so can make allowance for.

For indeed it is not by any means sure that England is not approaching the point when it can be truly said that we are realizing the situation to the full, and are ready to do our utmost. It seems to us almost absurd to say that the size of our army is "utterly inadequate," compared with those of the other Powers. To pass over the point that we are not supposed to be a great military power, or to be called on to rival the numbers of the great Continental armies, the bare and actual fact stares us in the face that when the troops on all our different fronts and in all our Oriental garrisons are taken into account, our army is not, after all, so very much smaller than that of France. This is still more true if we include our partly-trained troops, because it would have been physically impossible for us to have produced and equipped more trained troops in the time at our disposal. How could we, starting from zero, hope to equal within a year an ally who started somewhere about normal summer heat?

I wish Mr. Roosevelt could see the men who are now flocking to the colors in response to Lord Derby's recruiting scheme. This, coming on the top of the National Registry, has had a most encouraging effect in awakening the doubters to the gravity of the situation, and in convincing them that this is their last chance to volunteer. I hazard the prediction that the War Office will have all it can do, during the next six months, to train and equip the men who are now offering themselves. Mr. Lloyd George would have something to say to Mr. Roosevelt on the score of his reproach as to our production of the artillery and munitions of war. Here, at least, it is evident that Mr. Roosevelt cannot have the latest information. Strikes, too, on which Mr. Roosevelt lays much stress, have pretty well ceased; and moreover, as I have already tried to show in the *Nation*, it is easy to read a much too sinister interpretation into these regrettable events. Great Britain is, at this present moment, one great hive of industry for purposes of war. Our women, our old men, our physical weaklings are practically all doing their bit. If Mr. Roosevelt had neighbors such as mine, he could never have written what he did—neighbors whose sacrifices range from giving up three or four sons (alive or dead) to the army, down through dismal, cold hours of night-guard duty by sexagenarians, to eating margarine instead of butter, and abjuring alcohol and tobacco.

Much might be said, too, of the financial side of the question. It hardly seems unfair to affirm that part of the armies of our allies may, in a sense, be reckoned as belonging to the military organization of the country that supplies them with rifles and ammunition. The sums already advanced are said to be enough to equip and maintain 8,000,000 men.

The readers of the *Nation* may possibly be interested by two illustrations of the quality of our sacrifices. These happen to have come under my notice because they refer to sons of old friends of my own; but doubtless they are typical of many others. The following passage is quoted from the letter of a young Oxford man, written shortly before his death in a charge at the head of his company—a captain at twenty. The extract is, perhaps, enough to show that he was a youth of unusual intellectual promise, and his character and personality were of an equally rare order:

"The chess players are no longer waiting so infernally long between their moves, and the patient pawns are all in movement, hourly expecting further advances whether to be taken or reach the back lines and be queened. 'Tis sweet this pawn being; there are no cares, nor doubts; therefore no regrets. The burden which I am sure is the burden of ill-temper, drunkenness, and premature old age, to wit, the making up of one's own mind, is lifted from our shoulders. I can now understand the value of dogma, which is the General Commander-in-Chief of the mind. I am now beginning to think that free-thinkers should give their minds into subjection; for we who have given our actions and volitions into subjection gain such marvellous rest thereby. Only, of course, it is the subjecting of their powers of will and deed to the wrong master, on the part of a great nation, that has led Europe into war. Perhaps afterwards, I and my like will again become indiscriminate rebels."

The other young man I have in mind, just a shade older than the one already mentioned, was a scion of a Scottish family well known for its intellectual achievements in more than one field. The following sonnet, referring to the last place he had seen in Scotland, was

written on the battlefield not long before his heroic death:

ST. MARY'S LOCH.

Dropping their veils the hills receive the sun
And hold him till old Silence beckons Night
To cover their last kisses one by one.
Here restless spirits would delay their flight,
And antique deities from wrath incline.
Sometimes young Love, too passionate grown, here dips
His glowing wings, lays his hot cheek by thine,
Touching thy waters with his ardent lips;
War's hissing axles here their way explored,
Then broken lay before the enemy Peace.
Some day in weariness our latest lord
Will from his smoky temples have release,
And, leaning from the hills, will sigh to see
The furrows of his forehead glassed in thee.

L'UNION SACREE—A LESSON IN PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 6.

Americans for the most part decline to understand why and how the French change their Government, and Germans regularly misunderstand. The French people quite commonly sum up their own experience in the refrain of Madame Angot's daughter:

C'était pas la peine assurément
De changer le gouvernement.

Or else they say over with resignation their proverb in which the political wisdom of the ages is condensed: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

This time, surely, the change has made a Government which is "more the same thing," that is, a strengthening of that Sacred Union which, for a year and a quarter, has kept the French people united. And so, this time, the change is worth the trouble. It is also a lesson in Parliamentary rule, which is so strange to us whose Republic is not Parliamentary. In like way, French Republicans cannot understand why Congress is not "controlling" President Wilson.

A singularity of the present French change is that it has not been made with the regulation ceremonies of Parliamentary opposition. There was no vote of lack of confidence in the Viviani Ministry; on the contrary, it had what in normal times would have been considered a good working majority. But the work before Government and Parliament is not normal now, and it is no longer majority-rule which is needed, but *l'Union sacrée*—the union of all in the sacred work of saving France. If the enemy counted on self-counteracting operations of Parliamentary rule in the French Republic—

Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass—

he must have lost his illusions by this time. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* denounces the new Government in France as nothing better than a scheme to silence opposition.

Let us go back to the beginning. War found M. Viviani at the head of Government, travelling officially with the President of the Republic in Russia. Such absence by itself proves that the French, at least, did not expect the breaking out of war. Also, they cannot have understood how thoroughly the German Government had been preparing its army and its people for a sudden attack on France. It was not until the disastrous fighting at Charleroi and Mons revealed the superiority of the enemy in men and guns that the French—and tardily the English—Governments wakened to the life and death struggle before them.

Then, for a first time, Prime Minister Viviani made a change in his Government. It was chiefly signalized by making M. Millerand War Minister, by leaving military operations entirely in the hands of the General-in-Chief—and by silence in Parliament for a time. What General Joffre has done is known to the world. The inconceivable amount of labor of the lawyer Minister of War Millerand, during fourteen months, will perhaps never be appreciated.

After a time the many voices of Parliament (in accord with the derivation of its name) began making themselves heard *crescendo*. Various Under Secretaries were appointed in various Ministries, but this did not change Government sufficiently for the traditions of a Parliament to which change means change of label. With great tact, still in possession of his own majority, Prime Minister Viviani has yielded the first place to his Minister of Justice, Briand, and has himself stepped down to second place—without rejoicing the enemy by any Parliamentary disputes.

The *Strassburger Post* pronounces that "President Poincaré could not have found a cleverer artist for his purpose"; that Briand's "oratory is the essential quality to please the French people"; and that, "thanks to his voice, Briand can produce all the effects desired." So opium produces sleep because it has a soporific quality!

The French Parliament, no doubt, has often experienced the effects of M. Briand's voice, for he has more than once in the past been a notable Prime Minister; and, no doubt, too, his oratory is effective for the simple reason that it is Parliamentary, in other words, he is first and foremost a great debater. His early experience in the give and take of seaport politics has stood him in good stead through his whole career. But he has some thing "cleverer" than oratory and debate to his credit. When the English lately had to face the strike of coal miners who could not be made to understand that their country was at war for its life, many Britons who never will be slaves regretted the absence of a compulsory military service law—for that enabled Briand, in time of peace, to "militarize" French railway strikers with instantaneous cessation of their strike. At the time, I had the luck to see the measure at work, having permission to await at the tracks the arrival of the train bringing an aged lady from Switzerland. Each railwayman had his military band around his sleeve, to show that he had been mobilized in accordance with the personal record book which every Frenchman has for his military service. They laughed themselves at the feat of Government, legal and constitutional.

Any sane observer might have predicted there and then that the German Socialist illusion that French workmen would strike rather than obey their country's call would be dispelled the moment real war came. For that matter, not a German Socialist struck against war either—for the red blood of families and neighbors and fellow-countrymen is thicker than the water of Internationalist theories.

Another German organ—of Stuttgart—says that "the Viviani Cabinet has succumbed to the sickness of unsuccessfulness." As the Viviani Cabinet has been taken up essentially into the Briand Government, this German sour saying may be doubted. The open failure of the diplomacy of all the Allies in dealing with the Balkan nations did make the position of M. Delcassé very difficult, although the French Republic owes more to him in its foreign affairs than is appreciated now. His resignation may or may not have been necessary—at least, he had carried out the tradition of France, to take it for granted that nations, too, have their honor.

There is no secret in the new change of Government in France. Such change is the legal, constitutional procedure of a Parliamentary Republic—which the United States is not. The new Government is an evolution, a widening out and strengthening of the rule which all Frenchmen from the beginning of war decided was essential to their existence as a people.

In France, Parliament represents the people and Government represents Parliament. This principle leads in ordinary times to absolute rule of the country by a party majority in Parliament. But when all the people, of every party and class, must stand or fall together, Government must be made to represent them all. Parties—Socialist and Radical and Conservative—and classes—workmen and peasants and nobles and *bourgeois*, Freemasons, and Catholics—must all have their representatives in Government as they have in the armies fighting afield. This is everybody's theory, and the new Government is only striving to bring it at last into full practice.

It is extended even to the class of old men, of whom it has been said foolishly—as if that were possible—that this is their war. In the Tuileries gardens, there are still vast marble benches in semicircles which Robespiere placed that the Ancients of the Republic might look on at the sports of Young France. So M. Freycinet, in his eighty-eighth year, after nearly half a century's watching the foreign affairs of France, sits in Government "without portfolio."

Notes from the Capital

JAMES EDGAR MARTINE.

Now that it is definitely settled that, no matter who else may come to the United States Senate from New Jersey in the Sixty-fifth Congress, James Edgar Martine is out of the running, the question arises, who will there be in that august body competent to represent in his own person the interests and aspirations of the Great American Farmer? Tillman, of South Carolina, remains, to be sure, but Tillman's sphere is parochial, and, besides, he has not brandished his pitchfork in so many years that he probably has forgotten how. There are one or two Senators who include farming in a varied catalogue of their occupations, one who makes a specialty of cattle-raising, one who has grown rich by trading in the raw hides of calves—which is only a short remove from stock-farming—and a few who maintain a suspicious silence about their non-political means of livelihood. But Martine began by posing as the simon-pure, unadulterated human embodiment of Agriculture with a capital A. He was also a product of the People with a capital P, being the first Senator elected in New Jersey as the result of a popular expression of preference registered at the polls. His formal response when apprised of his election was characteristic. "This contest," he announced, with portentous solemnity, "has been for a

principle, one vital to our country and to the future of self-government. The victory is not that of an individual, but of the people. . . . My candidacy personified an eternal truth in government. Public opinion vitalized it!"

From the day he took his Senatorial oath he let no opportunity slip to emphasize his identification with the horny-fisted sons of toil. One afternoon, during a tariff debate on the agricultural schedules, when all the Senators were voicing in generalities their notions on the market for milch-cows, Martine plunged into his first recorded speech. "As a farmer all my life," he declared, "I can assert that throughout New Jersey and the most of New York it is a rarity to find a milch-cow in the dairy districts that will command over fifty dollars. There are instances where dairy cows will run from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars, and I have neighbors who have paid as high as twenty-five hundred dollars for a cow. But the average cow throughout the dairy districts of New York State, up in great Orange County and through Sussex County, will not bring more than from forty-five to fifty dollars."

He presented these statistics with an air of authority so final that nobody ventured at the time to challenge his pretension to speak for the whole agricultural community; and this emboldened him on a subsequent afternoon to break summarily into a speech in which Elihu Root was expounding the virtues of protection, by asking permission to put a question. Root was annoyed at the interruption, but Martine was so importunate that he presently yielded for a moment. "The farmers," cried Martine, as soon as Root had suspended his remarks, "have been looking for forty-odd years for the magnificent dream and the rainbow that was to come. But each year the struggle for the bread-and-butter winner and toiler has grown harder and harder and more and more bitter, while they have seen their farms sold out under foreclosure, and the manufacturers growing wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. Hence the farmers of this land have held up their hands to God and said, 'Pray, how long!' And the last election decreed that it should be short. I can say to the distinguished Senator from my neighboring State, in which I was born, that your day of promise is too far off with your Republican talk of protection, and we want no more of it!" Root's only comment was that the Senator from New Jersey "really ought not, under permission to put a question, to make my poor, dull remarks the matrix in which shall shine the bright jewels of his eloquence!"

This sort of thing went on till one day Martine tackled Borah, of Idaho. Borah was in the midst of a speech to which he had given considerable study. But he looked as harmless as a spring lamb, and was demurely rehearsing some of the conditions which had made for the decline of agriculture in the East, among them the growing tendency of farmers to leave their farms and crowd into the cities, where life was easier and money more plenty. Suddenly Martine strode forward with a suggestion that, being a farmer himself, he was prepared to dispute that statement. Borah, without the slightest sign of irritation, turned towards his opponent. "The Senator," said he, "has been speaking here in the interest of the American farmer for some days. I could not believe that the distinguished-looking gentleman, with his gold spectacles and his Hyperion curl, was indeed a farmer, so I began to investigate. I found that my friend, eighteen or twenty years ago, had a farm in New Jersey, and that he farmed it for a while and played politics some. Years afterward, a great manufacturing town grew to his farm, and he cut his farm into little lots, and built seventy-five or a hundred houses on them, and sold or rented the houses and lots, and came to the Senate."

The whole Senate sat back and stared at Martine, expecting him to retort. Instead, he recognized his master, and made no attempt to respond, except to confess that what Borah had said was true. The end of his farmer comedy had come.

The late Senator Gorman remarked of a certain politician of his day: "He entered public life with universal acclamation, and quitted it by unanimous consent." It might be unfair to apply this epigram to Martine's whole career, which, whatever its absurdities, has at least been free from scandals. But it would fit not badly his theatrical part of a modern Cincinnatus, which many an actor on the political stage at the Capitol has performed so much better. TATTLER.

Shall Professors Form a Union?

By WILLIAM MACDONALD.

The American Association of University Professors, whose second annual meeting is to be held early in January, has before it a problem upon whose solution may very possibly depend, in considerable measure, the future usefulness of the organization. Briefly stated, the question is whether the Association shall confine itself mainly to the investigation of abuses, trusting to the publication of its findings and the support of a friendly and enlightened public opinion to bring redress; or whether it shall so enlarge and perfect its organization as also to secure, for the university professoriate, the full measure of rights, position, and recognition to which that body is entitled.

Those who were privileged to participate in the first meeting of the Association, last January, could hardly have failed to watch the course of discussion with mixed emotions. Men and women from several institutions, and representing the various departments of learning, often did not know one another, and had to identify themselves when they rose to address the chair. Members of recognized leadership in particular institutions could not predict how other members, of equal prominence elsewhere, might think or vote on any proposition before the Association; nor could they venture to speak with confidence either for their own institutions or for colleagues in their own departments. That prevailing vice of faculties and educational conventions, the disposition to split hairs over phraseology or definition until the main question is almost lost sight of, and to view general problems from the local or personal standpoint only, was not absent from the debates. But the rapidity with which the Association, after a brief period of unsteady but earnest groping, at last found itself and realized the solidarity of its interests, was inspiring; and its emphatic exclusion from membership of presidents and of deans or other administrative officials not chiefly engaged in teaching or research, together with its clear determination to debate in due time the grave question of academic freedom, constituted an unmistakable assertion of corporate unity to which the history of American higher education had hitherto been stranger.

The question now is whether or not the Association, numbering a charter membership of 862 professors from sixty-one institutions, and already well organized for investigation, publication, and protest, ought at its next meeting to go further, and organize its forces for the positive redress of grievances. I am aware that any allusion to the principles or methods of unionism is pretty certain to suggest a procedure widely believed to be foreign to the professorial habit, and out of harmony with the dignity and restraint long associated with the occupation of university teaching. No organization for peace can wholly lay the suspicion that it includes also, if need be, organization for war. Yet it is not putting the case too strongly to say that the American professorial world is characterized to-day by profound and increasing dissatisfaction, suspicion, and unrest; that the grievances of university professors are fundamental and real; that the situation as a whole is not improving, but rather getting worse; and that the efficiency of university education is threatened by the continuance of untoward conditions which are in no way inherent in a healthy academic life, and which it is within the power of the organized professoriate to remedy if it will.

What, briefly, ought to be the assured and recognized status of the professor? First of all and above all, he should be competent. Whatever the grade or special field of the institution, professorial chairs ought to be forever barred to men or women who have not clearly demonstrated ability and productive power as scholars, and efficiency as teachers, lecturers, or directors of research. It is indeed a saving grace that our universities have been able to gather into their faculties as many scholars and teachers of ability and distinction as they have; but it must be sadly admitted that the average is not high, that professors who are neither sound scholars nor respectable teachers encumber every faculty list, and that either the acquisition or the retention of strong men is quite as often the result of accident as of design. Yet it is hard to see why any other condition should be expected. There is no common standard for first appointment, no recognized and carefully observed system of promotion save in a few universities, and no rational discipline for insuring harmony, coöperation, or continued efficiency. It is notorious that promotion too often goes by favor, or follows mere physical continuance or the accident of a "call." Hence it is

that persons who ought never to have been made members of a faculty at all are to be found occupying high positions under what amounts to permanent tenure, while colleagues of ability, ambition, and ripe experience are kept back or crowded out because the president, or the trustees, or some influential alumnus or donor is unfriendly. No wonder, therefore, that the intelligent public speaks flippantly of professors as a class, and rejects their expressions of opinion as "academic" or inconsequential. We may not expect the title of professor to receive again the recognition which it deserves until those who hold it have earned it, and until those who begin their progress towards it can be assured that it may, by ability and faithfulness alone, be realized as a goal.

In the second place, a professor ought to be adequately paid. The situation in this respect to-day is as lamentable as it is frankly notorious. In scarcely any institution has the advance in salaries kept pace, even approximately, with the increased cost of living; and it will hardly be questioned that professors as a class are financially worse off at the present time than they were a generation ago. What accentuates the grievance is the fact that few colleges or universities have a fixed scale of salaries, or in practice adhere to one if they have it; that men of lower rank sometimes receive more than men of higher grades; that nominal schedules in different departments or schools of the same institution show wide variations, and that a few highly paid professors at the top usually mean a depressingly large number of underpaid men below.

I have long been convinced that the demand for a living profesorial wage ought everywhere to be accompanied by a demand for equal pay to professors of equal rank. The theory of university finance which insists upon a variable salary within the same grade of appointment, on the ground that without such "elasticity" it may be impossible to get or retain specially desirable professors, is both fallacious and demoralizing. Beyond the means afforded by graded differences in salary or tenure, there is no rational method of determining the relative worth of professors to an institution. Not every professor can hope to make some great discovery, or render some notable public service, or even contrive a "call"; and when special salaries, above the maximum of the group, are accorded, as they commonly are, in recognition of such fortuitous conditions, they are a discouragement to all other members of the faculty or group, for the obvious reason that few can ever hope to be so honored. Unequal pay for equal rank is demoralizing because the real grounds upon which the excess stipend is based are rarely stated, and could rarely be made to commend themselves to the judgment of the group or faculty as a whole; because it opens the way to all sorts of private "understandings" and allowances, infallibly gendering dissatisfaction and suspicion; and because, wherever it exists, it is widely believed to be the result of presidential favoritism, or personal "pull," or both. Most of all, it lowers the value and standing of a professorship by making its emoluments uncertain, strikes a blow at academic freedom and solidarity, and puts it in the power of a president to cajole, punish, coerce, or reward the faculty at his discretion.

In the third place, a professor should be free; and in order that he may be free, his tenure should be secure. It is no part of my present purpose to discuss either the nature or the precise limits of academic freedom; on the other hand, I certainly hold no brief for professorial freaks, or for the spectacular teachers of whom the most charitable can only say, as of the horses of Scripture, that "their power is in their mouth." The melancholy fact, however, and the only one to which I wish now to advert, is that the American professor to-day is not free. So long as he keeps well within conventional lines, or, if he oversteps them, does so with daintiness or apology, he may talk or act about as he pleases. He may even, now and then, make a fool of himself without incurring any more weighty punishment than that of being laughed at. But if, unable to follow the crowd and also retain his self-respect, he attacks the social evils of his time, or questions the soundness or efficacy of conventional morals, or runs athwart the prejudices or schemes of rich donors of university funds, he runs the risk of jeopardizing both his professorship and his reputation. Only a strong man, or one financially independent, may ordinarily venture to take the risk; and university professors know only too well the devices, some open and some tortuous, by which punishment may be meted out. I have no confidence that the evils of this situation, constantly growing as our universities come to lean more and more upon the state or upon large personal or corporate wealth, will be cured by mere publicity. The report of the American Association of University Professors in the case of the University of Utah ought to convince any one that the Association will proceed, in any matter of the kind, with painstaking care and judicial impartiality; but neither the existence of the Association nor the knowledge that it was investigating this particular matter appears to have weighed with the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. Something more than words will be needed before the American professor is free.

I have mentioned only three of the fundamental rights which the professorial class in this country ought to enjoy in full measure, but which they now enjoy either very imperfectly or not at all. What can the American Association of University Professors do to bring these rights to realization?

For one thing, the Association can institute a searching inquiry into the status of the professor in American colleges and universities: the conditions of appointment and promotion, the tenure of office, the services required or expected, and the organization or discipline of faculties, departments, or schools. A properly constituted committee, with a comparatively small sum of money at its disposal for secretarial purposes, could prepare such a report in a year. Secondly, the Association can make a similar investigation of professorial salaries, not only with reference to the amounts paid to members of different grades, but also with regard to the relative salary lists of departments or schools, and the relation of the salary list to other items of university expenditure. With these two reports before it, the Association would be in a position to consider the whole subject of professorial organization and pay. Incidentally, the ease or difficulty with which the information called for under these two heads was obtained would be a suggestive intimation of the attitude which university executives are likely to take towards the Association and its work.

Lastly, the Association can draw up a code of professorial ethics. The most powerful labor union in the world—the medical profession—has long had an ethical code to which not only its own members, but pretty much the whole community as well, must bend; and there is need of one for professors. Pending the adoption of a code, the members of the Association can pledge themselves to take up, through the machinery of the organization, every case of dismissal in which it is asserted that professorial rights or academic freedom are involved; and in the event that such dismissal shall be found, upon full investigation, to have been without proper justification, to refuse to accept for themselves, or to recommend for any colleague, an appointment to the vacant chair, or to give further professional recognition to any one who shall accept such appointment, until assurance is forthcoming that the rights of professors in the institution in question will henceforth be respected. So long as men or women, otherwise of respectable standing in their profession, are willing not only to accept, but actually to seek, appointments regardless of the way in which the vacancy has been brought about, so long will professors as a class be held in light esteem.

American colleges and universities are everywhere struggling to-day with the problem of executive usurpation. The arbitrary conduct of presidents and governing boards is a perennial topic of conversation in every academic circle, and now and then the public overhears snatches of the tawdry tale. I venture to think that executive usurpation, pervasive and baneful as it often is, is more the fault of faculties than it is of presidents. One who is called upon to lead a loosely aggregated crowd rather than an organized and disciplined army must needs rule arbitrarily, if the enterprise is not to go to pieces on his hands. We of the professoriate, however exalted the plane on which we may conceive of our work, are without organization, without discipline, without professional solidarity; and we are led when we ought to lead. It is for the American Association of University Professors, if it will, to put the slumbering giant upon his feet and set him at his task.

The National Institute of Arts and Letters

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL JOINT MEETING OF THE INSTITUTE AND THE ACADEMY.

The National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters held their seventh annual joint meeting in Jordan Hall, Boston, on November 18 and 19. About fifty members of the Institute—of whom perhaps twenty were Academicians—attended the sessions. The Institute, limited to two hundred and fifty members, comprehends the Academy, a body of fifty men chosen as the most distinguished in the departments of literature, art, and music.

Mr. Howells, president of the Academy, who it had been expected would occupy the chair at the first session, was unable to be present; Professor William M. Sloane, chancellor of the Academy, took his place. First on the programme was an address by Mr. Brooks Adams on "The Revolt of Democracy Against Standards of Duty." Mr. Adams put forward his views with diffidence; he felt that in convictions he was so sundered from the mass of the people of this country as to invite by the expression of his ideas either censure or derision. He would not have obtruded them upon the public; but having been asked by the committee of the Institute to prepare a paper, he had deemed it his duty to respond. In brilliant and trenchant fashion he attacked what he conceived to be American ideals of democracy. He found in the German system of compulsory military service the truest democracy, and denied that it was a system foisted upon an unwilling nation by a tyrannical junker class; rather it was the cheerfully assumed obligation of the entire people, who had been educated for it by the Seven Years' War. A nation that abhorred universal military service had set its face in the wrong direction. The men of our nation should be willing to bear the burden of a man, just as the women had once been willing to bear the burden of a woman—though apparently they were so no longer. Mr. Adams earnestly asserted that American ideals of democracy tend to establish the habit of supreme selfishness in both men and women.

In striking contrast to Mr. Adams's address was that of Mr. William Allen White, the next speaker. Mr. White eulogized the course that American democracy was taking as enthusiastically as Mr. Adams had decried it. His treatment of his subject, "The Country Newspaper," was so unfettered as to allow for the expression of his tolerant and optimistic philosophy. In contemporary American life he saw the old fairy tales becoming again new: Cinderella the factory girl is finding her fairy prince now in the whole world; Sindbad is being relieved almost daily of some one of his burdens—the twelve-hour day is vanishing into the limbo of an evil past; leisure and recreation are, under the magic wand of democracy, ceasing to be the privilege of a few, and are becoming the inheritance of all.

Mr. Paul W. Bartlett had taken for his subject "An American Mania as Seen by a Foreigner." The mania in question proved to be that for portrait sculpture. The theme of the witty dialogue which Mr. Bartlett rendered as having passed between himself and a royal art commissioner from Europe was the distressing quality of our sculptural decorations. Mr. Bartlett castigated the trousered enormities of park and market-place, the artists who created them, and the public that accepted and retained them. He deplored the practice of riveting them to their pedestals by solemn and public ceremonies. A community seldom had the courage to rid itself of a statue, however atrocious, that had once furnished the occasion for one of these semi-religious dedicatory rites. Mr. Adams's stimulating pessimism, Mr. White's humorous optimism, and Mr. Bartlett's denunciatory picturesqueness made certainly a well-balanced entertainment, to which the reading by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson of two highly uncutral war poems by Dr. Henry van Dyke provided an effective climax.

In the afternoon a concert of compositions by members of the Institute was given by the Boston String Quartet, with Mr. Charles Bennett as soloist. The composers represented in the programme were Mr. Charles M. Loeffler, with "Lyrisches Kammermusikstück in F Major for Strings"; Mr. David Stanley Smith, with four songs; Mr. Howard Brockway, with three selections; Mr. George W. Chadwick, Mr. Frederick S. Converse, Mr. Arthur Foote, and Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, all with songs; and Mr. Henry Hadley with "Quintet in A Minor for Pianoforte and Strings."

On Thursday evening, November 18, the annual dinner was held at the Harvard Club, and the following were elected to membership in the Institute: In the department of literature, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Mr. Charles R. Miller, Hon. Elihu Root, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, and Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor; in the department of art, Mr. Robert I. Aitken, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue, Mr. James Earle Fraser, and Mr. Breck Trowbridge; in the department of music, Mr. Arne Oldberg and Mr. Ernest R. Kroeger. At the annual meeting of the Academy, held the same day, Judge Robert Grant, Mr. J. Alden Weir, Mr. William Gillette, Hon. George L. Rives, Mr. Frederick Macmonnies, and Mr. Paul Elmer More were elected to membership.

At the session on Friday morning, November 19, Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, president of the Institute, presided. Mr. Arnold W. Brunner read an epigrammatic and entertaining paper entitled "Architecture and the Man." He expressed the opinion that people underestimate the influence that their background, their scenery, exert on them. The influence of such a street as Broadway, for example, is necessarily vicious. It is a street that is, architecturally speaking, in the mob state. How can men and women in such surroundings be expected to "fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run"? And Broadway cannot be excused on the ground that it is picturesque. The picturesque results from the happy collaboration of time and chance.

President Nicholas Murray Butler read a paper on "Discipline and the Social Aim in Education." His ideas of American democracy might seem to lie midway between those of Mr. Adams and Mr. White. He believed that the difficulties of democracy are the opportunities of education. He also believed that the service and the sacrifice which are the result of self-imposed limitation are worth many times the service and the sacrifice that are directed by prescription and compulsion.

Mr. Percy MacKaye read a short poem, "Federation," in which he declared the belief that out of the war a federation of world-wide democracy would emerge.

Mr. Hamlin Garland read Mr. Brand Whitlock's paper, "The American Quality in American Literature," a paper most striking perhaps by reason of the power of detachment it suggested on the part of the author. It seemed extraordinary that the Minister to Belgium could have found time or inclination in the midst of the harrowing sights he has seen and the harassing labors that he has so well performed to compose a thoughtful and finished essay of purely literary character. His tribute to Mr. Howells as the man who "gave the first impulse towards a native and indigenous fiction" was, as it proved, a happy touch; for immediately after the reading of his paper the announcement of the conferring of the gold medal of the Institute for fiction upon Mr. Howells was made by Mr. Mabie. Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, secretary of the Institute, read a letter from Mr. Howells, in which he wrote: "A rumor of one of the good things which seem too good to be true has come to me with such insistence that I must take it for fact," and after expressing his appreciation of the honor done him he added, "I have been writing novels now for nearly fifty years, and I have outlived nearly every contemporary who might have outrivalled me in the competition. If this triumph of longevity has its inevitable sadness, I hoped that there might be some touch of the kindness which sweetens the acclaim of his arrival to the man who is out of the running."

So closed a truly noteworthy meeting.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

Correspondence.

DR. LEPSIUS AND THE ARMENIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his communication concerning the possible fate of Armenia in the *Nation* for November 4, the Archbishop of Dioclea falls into an error of fact from which a misleading inference is drawn. Dr. Johannes Lepsius (son of the famous Egyptologist) is a man of brilliant parts, but he was decidedly not a "court preacher," but pastor in the little town of Friesdorf, near the Harz Mountains, when in 1896 he published his flaming appeal in behalf of the Armenian Christians: "Armenien und Europa, eine Anklageschrift" (it soon appeared also in English and French versions). In 1897 Lepsius asked for a leave of absence from his pastoral charge for a term of six months, in order to devote himself entirely to the cause of the Armenians. When this request was denied he resigned his pastorate. He was now able to continue his work for the Armenians unhindered; and he pursued it with much vigor and no little success. One of the fruits of the agitation in behalf of the Armenian widows and orphans, led chiefly by Lepsius and Pastor Lohmann, was the establishment of the German Orient Mission. After a time Lohmann brought the German work in Armenia under the direction of the American Board, while Lepsius continued the work of the Orient Mission elsewhere in the East as a mission among the Mohammedans.

That upon his first espousing the cause of

the Armenians in Berlin the Kaiser "promptly discharged him from his office" (of court preacher!) is indeed a strange fancy. It may be that the superior ecclesiastical authorities were moved to deny Lepsius his request by the fear that to grant him a furlough for this specific purpose would be interpreted as giving governmental sanction to an agitation that must inevitably involve criticism of another Government, and so might naturally lead to international misunderstandings. If such was the motive we must deplore it. But it is clearly desirable that we should not be led, by a flagrant misapprehension of the facts, to entertain a grossly exaggerated notion of the relative degree of the guilt of *one* of the Christian nations, which, as passive witnesses of the unspeakable tragedy, are all essentially one in the guilt and the shame.

J. R. Van Pelt.

Mount Vernon, Ia., November 10.

SIMONIDES TO BELGIUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The epigrams, written by Simonides in the fifth century before Christ about the Greeks who died for their country in the Persian wars fit so peculiarly the heroes of Belgium that I have made an arrangement and translation of some of them—for the Belgians. I have kept the metres of the Greek to emphasize, by contrast with the old form, the new meaning.

A VISION.

One startled night, I saw Simonides
Rise from the dark, a great and angust shade,
And as I waited, breathless, half afraid,
On tablets gold he wrote such words as these:

I.

Champions here for the world, the Belgians held this fortress.
Gold-bearing Huns they stayed. Lasting shall be their renown.

II.

Stranger, announce to the British that here we fell on our borders,
True to neutrality's law,—no open road to their foes.

III.

Deathless the glory these men have won for their country forever.
Heavy about themselves death's black cloud they wrapped.
Yet, though dead, they live, for Valor, doing them honor,
Leads them back from the grave, Hades' abhorred abode.

IV.

If to die bravely is called the greatest portion of valor,
Then to us beyond all, Fortune has granted this boon.
Hastening were we to keep for Belgium the right of her freedom.
Fallen, we yet have won deathless praise among men.

V.

Due to the valor of Belgians was it the smoke curled not upward,
Eddying black to the sky, rising from Paris in flames.
They wished only one thing, to leave as a gift to their children
Belgium safe and free,—death in the front for themselves.

VI.

You, Monarch, living, still are alive far less than the men you slaughtered.

Sad was his mien, but bright his eyes.
I read and wept. In stern surprise,
He chanted as he went away
Another lasting, solemn lay:

VII.

Glorious the fate and fair the fame of these men.
Their tomb is an altar, not tears, but fame is for them—and compassion!

Elizabeth Hazelton Haight.

Vassar College, September 6.

PAUL HERVIEU.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With the death of Hervieu the French drama loses its chief representative in the domain of high tragedy. An artist in sentiment and expression, a rigorous logician in technique, a moralist in his penetration of the destiny of character, this writer, better than any other modern, recalls the tragic elevation of Corneille and Racine. He has especially voiced two underlying conflicts: the conflict of man-made laws with individual passion, of character in the clutch of circumstance.

Born in 1857, Hervieu was a schoolboy at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, an advocate for a brief space of time, a journalist and novelist during the 'eighties and early 'nineties. Among his best-known novels are: "L'Inconnu" (1887), "Peints par Eux-mêmes" (1894), and "L'Armature" (1895). The first is a fantastic humorsome sketch of insanity, remarkable mainly for its psychological delving into dreams. The second depicts the adventurous and material struggles of various unengaging types, whose letters radiate from a country house. "L'Armature," more dramatic, has been turned into a play by M. Brieux.

In these and other similar stories, Hervieu does not appear at his best. Besides evincing the faults of his generation, the preoccupation with the ignoble, the addiction to a certain perverse hardness, he scarcely shows the broad sustained power of the true novelist. It is in his dramas that he sounds a higher and clearer note.

His first play of consequence was "Les Paroles restent" (1892). This concerns an officer who has carelessly slandered a young woman, who later wishes to marry her, and makes the *amende honorable* by a duel and his death. The treatment, which has romantic touches, is not tragic throughout, but a strong and painful scene, of a novel sort, is that in which the officer confesses to the girl at once his slander and his love. His wound proves dangerous only because of a revival of the gossip which he has started; this makes a *dénouement* which, if not inevitable, is at least in accord with the exigencies of the theme and with poetic justice.

"Les Tenailles" (1895), more tensely tragic and far better known, opens the series of Hervieu's problem-plays. It is the first drama to stage the conflict between law and the individual. It deals with a disunited married couple, of whom the wife is wilful and passionate, the husband as tenaciously logical and grimly unsympathetic as the doctor in Lavedan's "Duel." The "pincers" of matrimony are applied by the husband to grip the wife when she wishes to divorce and remarry; they are applied by the wife to grip the husband when, after ten years, she makes him continue to sustain the burden of herself and of her child by the former lover. In each case, the too moderate divorce-laws, as Hervieu considers them, operate not for freedom, but to compel the bearing of the yoke. The characters are excellently studied, here and elsewhere, the "seeds" anticipating the main events are carefully planted, and the Egoism of Barrès and the Nietzschean 'nineties is clearly indicated.

The dramatic swing of the pendulum and the injustice of the Code are again features of "La Loi de l'homme" (1897). The thesis is that "man's law" is unjust in two respects: it is difficult for a woman to obtain legal proof of her husband's infidelity, and it is hard that her control of her daughter's marriage should be subordinated to that of the father. The conclusion is that the older generation, as frequently with this author, must be sacrificed to the younger. It is the first play in which Hervieu shows himself clearly feminist. "L'Enigme" (1901) presents the rigor of a mathematical puzzle. It is a question of determining, almost by the methods of a detective-story, which of two women has taken a certain lover, and the audience is kept in the dark as well as the actors. In both of these plays the characters tend to become simple exponents of the problem or pawns in the game.

It is far otherwise in "La Course du flambeau" (1901), which is probably Hervieu's masterpiece. Here the main characters are profoundly analyzed and revealed, the struggles of mother-love are universalized in the manner of the greatest classical tragedy, and there is straightforward, exact measuring of the means to the end. The title suggests the theme, which is that love and sacrifice descend through the generations. Of the three women concerned, Mme. Fontenais, the grandmother, will be devoted to her daughter, Sabine Revel, who for *her* daughter, Marie-Louise, will immolate everything, including Mme. Fontenais and herself. This motive of sacrifice is sounded constantly through the play, thus recalling the martyrdom stories of Balzac and the cumulative blows of Dumas *fils*, whose influence also seems responsible for a too evident arrangement of the minor characters around the same theme, and for certain speeches of a *raisonneur*. But this excess of demonstration hampers only the first act, after which the movement is natural, concentrated, inevitable. Sabine successively loses, for her daughter's sake, an opportunity for remarriage, her self-respect, and her own mother. She sends away her American suitor rather than compromise the fortune of Marie-Louise. But the latter immediately marries, and, as a result of her husband's difficulties, she instigates Sabine to write to the American, imploring aid. The next sacrifice, vainly attempted, is where Sabine forges the name of Mme. Fontenais, in order to realize on bonds. Finally, for the health of Marie-Louise, Sabine drags the old lady to an altitude which is dangerous for her heart. The grandmother dies, the daughter leaves her mother, and the latter is left alone.

Each step in this poignant drama seems necessitated. It is as cruel and keen as nature, whose processes it depicts as inexorable and unlovely. The money-question introduces the modern note, but the ancient sense of doom still pervades the play. It is the most impressive, the widest in appeal that the author has written. It has already been twice revived, with Mme. Réjane still in the leading rôle.

In "Thérolgne de Méricourt" (1902), written for Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, Hervieu achieved success in a field not peculiarly his own—the large historical "machine," inaugurated by the Romanticists, and recently represented by Mendès and Rostand. In "Le Dédale" (1903), our author returns to the triangle and to the hard situation of French women in the matter of divorce. A woman, divorcée for adequate reasons, remarries and is then attracted back to her former hus-

band. As in "Les Tenailles," the child again appears as a great influence, and finally as the solving feature for the heroine. As for the men, they perish by the will and strength of the second husband. We have not only the legal, but also the Catholic view of divorce as personified respectively in the father and the mother of the woman. The former allows remarriage—but not with the first husband. The latter regards marriage as indissoluble, and so condones Marianne's return to her first husband, whom she should never have left. Marianne appears as a new Phèdre, jealous and passionate. The *dénouement* through the death of the men has been criticised, but seems indicated in that Marianne could never live satisfactorily with either husband, and is left with the love of her child.

Subsequent plays are "Le Réveil" (1905), "Modestie" (1909), "Connais-toi" (1909), and "Bagatelle" (1912). Of these, "Connais-toi" may be selected for especial mention. It is interesting as showing how a psychological crisis may still be capably handled within the limits of the three unities. It develops a theme already used in "Le Réveil"—the unknown and dormant depths of character revealed under stress. A severe, uncompromising general urges a friend to use vigorous measures towards an unfaithful wife. When it is discovered that the corespondent is the son of the general himself, the latter slackens in his zeal. He abandons altogether his severe attitude on the discovery that his own wife, repelled by his harshness, has been listening to the wooing of a better man. Thus Hervieu, who stands for a logical rigor derived from Henry Becque and Dumas *fils*, exhibits towards the end a more philosophic charity and a mellower dramatic touch.

His style went through the opposite process. Obscure and affected in the novels and the earlier plays, it struggles forth towards a clearer expression, a closer relation with dramatic necessities in his best work. Still, there remain traces of difficulty, especially in the first acts, and of an over-literary, flowery tendency, like that of Lavedan. But in the strongest portions of his theatre, the language becomes simply the algebra of a direct mathematical demonstration. "The play's the thing." Yet his prose generally maintains a classic elegance in precision and an effect of elevated harmony.

His main idea is that society and individuals are tainted with grievous failings which laws can scarcely remedy. In the operations of the latter so much hard injustice is wrought, paticularly on women, that human motives seem preferable to their correctives. Consequently, Hervieu is not a social propagandist or apostle of the type of Brieux. He is interested rather in individuals, he is a feminist and an aristocrat. Rarely pathetic on his own account, he yet apparently commiserates, like Racine, the plight of his tempest-driven heroines. Their hope, their future, is bound up more with children than with husbands, and this solution is emphasized in at least four plays.

He conceives each small group of people as fatally gripped together ("Les Tenailles"), as squeezed inexorably in a vise, according to Faguet's figure, or as drifting, at daggers' ends, on a raft that is headed for destruction. It is true that Fatality is represented with a countenance of more concentrated grimness than she ordinarily wears.

Hervieu is certainly a very distinguished dramatist. The *pièce rosse*, the deliberate indulgence in cynicism, is absent from his system; he knows better than to limelight high tragedy with the knowing leer of the *boulevardier*. He is distinguished in the refinement of his language, the breeding of his characters, the delicacy of his analysis and sentiment. Ironic rather than tender, philosophical rather than social, aloof from the grosser discords, he has slowly elaborated this series of painfully powerful tragedies, depicting in classical form the ultra-modern conflicts of the One and the Many, beauty and the beast, the law and the lady.

E. Preston Dargan.

University of Chicago, November 19.

Literature

IS WAR EVER JUSTIFIED?

Evolution and the War. By P. Chalmers Mitchell. New York: Dutton & Co. $1 net.

The World Crisis and Its Meaning. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

The International Crisis in Its Ethical and Psychological Aspects. Lectures by Various Writers. London: Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

The Soul of Germany. By Thomas F. A. Smith. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

The War and After. By Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Methuen. 1 shilling net.

The War and Its Issues. By John Oman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 90 cents net.

The first books on the war—written at the beginning of the great struggle—concerned themselves almost exclusively with its immediate causes and with the question where the direct responsibility for it lay. We were all so dazed by the suddenness of the catastrophe that most of us could only ask whom to blame; and those who found it possible to write were too busy answering our questions to have any leisure for philosophic reflection upon the broader aspects of the problem. The last year and a quarter, however, has brought opportunity for thought; and the books now appearing upon the war are coming to view the question in its wider relationships. Of the six books under review, not one deals with the immediate causes of the struggle.

The title which Dr. Chalmers Mitchell has chosen for his book would be more descriptive had he left out the article; for it is war in general and its relation to the Darwinian theory that he discusses. Dr. Mitchell is a zoölogist of note, as well as a patriotic Briton, and it is in both capacities that he feels moved to challenge the view of German militarists (and of many other militarists nearer home) that war is a fundamental law of nature, and that (in Bernhardi's words) "this great verity has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin." Writing as "a hard-shell Darwinian evolutionist," Dr. Mitchell analyzes this attempt, so popular to-day, to justify war by biology, and concludes that it is quite unscientific. By the "struggle for existence," Darwin did not mean chiefly the violent kind of contest which the popular militaristic view seeks to justify, but rather competition in adjustment to environment. Nor is it scientific to speak of modern nations as if they were "units of the same order as the units of the animal and vegetable kingdom from which the law of struggle for existence is a supposed inference." Darwin's "struggle for existence" takes place chiefly *within* species and among individuals; and the nations of Europe are not even biological divisions of the human race. Modern war, in short, is so different in every way from the struggle which Darwinism finds in Nature that the two things have little but a name in common; and to seek to justify one of them by the other is a cheap and flimsy piece of argument from analogy.

If Dr. Mitchell dips below the surface, Dr. Adler's work is fundamental. In fact, the advertisement on the cover of "The World Crisis and Its Meaning" says: "This volume is not a war book, but primarily a work on social ethics." While this is true, the chief interest of the book for most of its readers will lie in the large way in which its author treats the fundamental questions involved in the war. Essentially the volume *is* a war book, and one of the right kind, though very different in nature from most books on the war. Things like the ultimatum of Austria, the mobilization of Russia, the violation of Belgian neutrality, the author tells us, bulk too large in our view, "and we forget or relegate to a secondary place the really most vital question of all, namely, What blame ought to attach to *all* the belligerents, to those who in this immediate contest have the larger measure of justice on their side, and to those who have not? —the question, *What is wrong in our civilization as a whole?* What deep flaw penetrates it to its core? What is the radical cause that has led to this universal strife?"

This radical cause is not to be found in particular acts of men or governments, nor even in the militarism of Germany or of Europe. Far behind militarism and explaining it is the selfish blindness of nationalism and individualism, which are unable and unwilling to take any point of view but their own or to recognize the importance of other people's values. "We are witnessing a vast struggle of the types of civilization with one another, each claiming superlative and exclusive values for itself, and therefore intolerant of the existence and claims of the others. Each of the great stocks that are at war is fighting for its supremacy in the belief that on its supremacy depends the existence of the mental pattern which it cherishes above all else—above peace, above pecuniary prosperity, above the millions who are sacrificed in the conflict." "And yet it is so plain that no one type of civilization as yet achieved by any of the nations of the world is perfect or exclusive. They not

only can, and should, exist side by side, but each requires the others to supplement its defects." "We have dwelt too long upon the cosmopolitan ideal of the likeness subsisting underneath the differences that distinguish men from one another. We must insist, as we have never yet done, on respect for the differences themselves, on the right of men and of nations to be unlike ourselves, on our obligation not only to tolerate, but to welcome the differences, recognizing their fruitful interdependence and seeking to achieve their eventual harmony. This is the new conception of human brotherhood, without which war and the preparation for war will not cease."

The strong nations of the world have been doing everything they could during the years of peace preceding this war to make this necessary tolerance of differences hard if not impossible. They have vied with one another in intolerance, as may be seen in their treatment of the "lower races." And it is merely the spirit of the "white man's burden" that has now transferred the struggle for dominance to Europe itself. There is little hope for international justice among the strong unless there be established international justice as between the strong and the weak. "The sinister spirit of aggression on the part of the strong against the weak" is the poison that has permeated our whole system of international relations, and there can be no change for the better until the poison is driven out.

How may the war spirit, resting upon such deep-lying foundations, be attacked? Dr. Adler has several suggestions to make. As more superficial remedies he proposes an international conference, whenever peace seems endangered, to be made up not only of representatives of the governments, but "of representatives of the laboring class, of the manufacturing class, of the chambers of commerce, of the agriculturists, of the universities, of each country—say, two for each of the groups mentioned within each nation." This would give some opportunity for the two peoples to come better to understand each other's points of view. Some kind of international law-making body is also advocated, consisting of representatives of the peoples. But the fundamental evil, of course, cannot be rooted out by any sort of mechanism. It lies in the heart of man, and there it must be met and dealt with. Only the substitution of a far-reaching *goodwill* for the present provincial selfishness can bring about the permanent peace that we long for.

"The International Crisis in Its Ethical and Psychological Aspects" has for its subtitle "Lectures Delivered in February and March, 1915, by Eleanor M. Sidgwick, Gilbert Murray, A. C. Bradley, L. P. Jacks, G. F. Stout, B. Bosanquet, under the scheme for Imperial Studies in the University of London, at Bedford College for Women." The brilliant galaxy of authors here brought together makes the reader approach the book with much the same feelings of keen anticipation with which the theatre-goer takes a ticket for an "all-star performance." The result, however, is somewhat disappointing. The first of the authors begins her lecture by confessing that she is entirely without such special knowledge on anything connected with her subject as would enable her to speak about it with authority, and although most of the six authors are distinguished in the field of ethics or in that of psychology, few of them seem to have anything original to contribute on the Ethical and Psychological Aspects of the War. That does not mean that the papers lack interest, as readers of the *Atlantic* can testify; for two of them have appeared in that periodical, namely, Gilbert Murray's "Herd Instinct and the War," and L. P. Jacks's "The Changing Mind of a Nation at War." And nearly all the papers show that unwillingness to exaggerate the virtues of one's own nation, and that calmly objective view and earnest desire to be fair in judging one's adversary, which are distinctively English. Mr. Bradley and Mr. Bosanquet both go out of their way to defend German philosophy against the attacks that have been made upon it by those English, French, and American writers who have suddenly discovered that there never has been and never can possibly be anything good in Germany. And Professor Stout devotes his lecture (which is easily the best of the six) to a very able analysis of the precept, "Love your enemies." Is it ethically wrong to hate the enemies of one's country? asks the Professor. And his answer is emphatically in the affirmative. Hatred is evil, but it must be carefully distinguished from just resentment or righteous indignation. It is evil "inasmuch as it is blind, inasmuch as it perpetuates at a higher level the original blind and undiscriminating character of the primitive emotion of animal anger. . . . It blinds us to the fact that the essential good of man is to be sought in union with his fellowman and impels us to maintain disunion with them and to seek our highest good in hurting and destroying them." It is true that Germany has been blinded in just this way. "But if this is taken to imply that the German people is much worse by nature in this respect than other peoples, I must disagree. I doubt whether under like historical conditions any people would have done better." This sentence is typical of the author's openmindedness; and throughout the lecture Professor Stout tries to make his hearers see the German point of view, and, while not lessening their grim determination to "see the thing through to the end," urges upon them the avoidance of that determination to be blind to all possible virtues in one's adversary which is the essence of hatred.

A very different type of book is Dr. Smith's "The Soul of Germany." Its aim, in fact, may be said to be the very reverse of Professor Stout's. Dr. Smith lived for twelve years in Germany as instructor in gymnasium and university, and during all that time apparently failed to find a single redeeming feature in the German character. German homes are uncomfortable, ill-aired, and inhospitable. "Although the writer is a sincere admirer of Germany's splendid system of schools," he has hardly a good word to say for them. He singles out, instead, all their unfortunate and un-English (and hence ridiculous) aspects, to tickle the palates of his fellow-countrymen. Much the same is true of his chapter on German Universities—whose sub-heading is High-Schools of Kultur and Brutality. "Germans," he assures us, "are naturally quarrelsome." The German state makes it impossible for any of them to be gentlemen. German social life is "hollow, unsatisfactory, and lonely." Every-day intercourse in the Fatherland is lacking in true feeling, and is characterized by "superficiality, mistrust, and hard-heartedness." Germans are not even "sentimental"—for "officialdom, militarism, and intellectualism, as well as financial prosperity, have all done their part in restraining the growth or in obliterating the finer feelings." The Germans are notably lacking in sympathy, chivalry, and gratitude. In fact, "the only virtues which could be unreservedly ascribed to the German are obedience and thrift." "In summing up Germans are characterized by unbounded vanity, love of secrecy, morbid sensitiveness, envy, absence of consideration for others, a strong tendency to revert to the ape and tiger; Germans lack true sentiment and affection, but have a remarkable inclination to reckless brutal self-assertion."

It may be desirable from military considerations to lash the British lion into fury; but it is hard to conceive how a book like "The Soul of Germany" can do anything but harm. One can only hope that its readers will be few, and that those few will refuse to be prodded into the very attitude of blind hate which they are urged to despise in their enemies.

Sir Oliver Lodge's "The War and After" is characteristic of the man. Having cleared up for us most questions of science, philosophy, and religion, of this world and the next, he now enlightens his readers on every aspect of the present war that he can think of, whether it be historical, political, social, economic, ethical, or religious. Most of his book is merely a rehash of what has been said much better by various previous writers—from whom he quotes extensively. But it would be unfair to Sir Oliver to imply that he *merely* reproduces other people's opinions; for he is a thinker as well as a wide reader, and has views of his own. Among other subjects, he has views on a question that has occupied several of the other writers whose books are under review—namely, the proper mental attitude towards the enemies of one's country. Non-resistance, he reminds us, is not the only lesson taught by Christianity. "When there was a revolt in Heaven, orthodox people are given to understand that it was put down by suitable means, by contest and violence, in other words, by war. It was not tolerated nor treated leniently. . . . When a nation has behaved as the German nation

has behaved we are justified in sharing with the Highest a blaze of righteous anger, and we are summoned to the activities which accompany such anger." We should indeed love our enemies. But "to love people as ourselves does not mean to be uncritical towards them or to refrain from blaming or punishing them. But it does mean trying to understand, to see their point of view, to rejoice at any spark of good and of honorable conduct which may be detected. In so far as there are none such—approbation and affection would be utterly misplaced." A conclusion which in theory seems to agree with Professor Stout, and in fact with Dr. Smith.

To love your enemies is in practice a difficult matter; and to adjust and, if possible, to harmonize the claims of Christianity and patriotism is not easy, even in theory. No one has seen more clearly into the real difficulties of the situation than Mr. John Oman; and in no book that has come under the reviewer's notice have the relations between these seemingly rival loyalties been better stated than in Mr. Oman's "The War and Its Issues." How far the real problem is from coming home to the average ecclesiastic is indicated in one of the early pages: "If one were to judge by such outward manifestations as the tone of the religious press, resolutions at ecclesiastical gatherings, sermons on the war, occasional deliverances of persons prominent in the religious world, and by the frequency with which in private gatherings the religious official is the most belligerent person present, no kind of problem exists for the religious mind to solve. To defend the political justice of our cause, not without satisfaction that a good thousand years of Christianity have passed over our enemies in vain, would appear to be the sole religious task. And the sounder the orthodoxy the less the sense of any possibility of conflict between war and Christianity or any sense that the causes of the war may be deeper than politics and be in the idolatry of riches and pleasure, and private disregard to obligations, and blindness to the claims of poverty and need."

A man to whom the whole matter has seemed, from the beginning, perfectly simple, and who has never been perplexed over the moral aspect of the war, may be sure that he has never squarely faced the problem. For on the one hand, no one can doubt that the war presents tremendous moral issues; and if a man's Christianity prevent him from taking any part in it or lending all his forces to the cause he considers the righteous cause, that man's Christianity is unimportant and insignificant in the moral world. Yet on the other hand, Mr. Oman insists, the whole of Christian teaching is opposed to the *spirit* of violence; and neither the solution of the problem quoted above from Sir Oliver Lodge nor that of Professor Stout is fully satisfactory. "The matter does not end with precepts, which might have their justification in the occasion, so that, while they might be absolute as against personal rancour, they might not be absolute as against moral indignation; or, while they might be absolute against personal injury, they might not apply to the oppression of others or to public resistance to an act which wrongs humanity. A more general and a more impressive consideration springs from the nature of the kingdom of God as righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Such a combination of righteousness and peace and joy in spiritual blessings is presented as possible, precisely because their security is not by might nor by power, but by God's Spirit, because the strong thing in the world in the end is not violence, but the sacrifice and service of love." "How is our kindly nature changed!" Many of us have known the Germans as generous and warm-hearted friends, "yet in these days we hear with ever-diminishing pain that two thousand of them have gone to the bottom or that their casualties are to be numbered in millions. Can a strife which breeds in us such a temper be rightly regarded with anything except detestation and horror?"

The question at issue is too complex for any simple solution. It involves both one's immediate attitude towards the present struggle and one's relation to the wider considerations. There can be no doubt that it is one's duty to fight for one's country if thoroughly convinced that one's country stands in the large for spiritual freedom, and that only by defending it can one defend that cause from a foe who respects only force. To say this "is not to hold life a light possession or war a small evil, but it is to hold that there are worse evils than war—moral surrenders against which one must contend even to blood, and it may be the blood of others as well as our own."

Such a view is not in contravention to the teachings of Christianity. It embodies their very spirit. The real doctrine of "non-resistance" as Christ meant it is still in force, and from it one may derive at least these four applications for our present guidance: "(1) We should never accept war as eternally necessary. . . . (2) We must never consent to fight merely for a material triumph. . . . (3) We can have no part in any gospel of hate, as if at the present time the Germans were mere fiends in human shape. . . . (4) We should recognize that a peace to be abiding must be established in righteousness and a sense of mutual benefit and good-will." For no victory of arms is ultimate, and the real victory of righteousness cannot come by might or by power, but only by the spread of the spirit of love. When thus regarded, the present war—and, in fact, war in general—will be seen to be, not an isolated fact, but merely a simple expression of a larger evil. The important struggle is not between Germany and England, nor even between militarism and pacifism, but ultimately between the material and the spiritual. And this struggle goes on within each of the countries now at war, and through all the years of peace, as well as in war time. "All who live for position, money, or any kind of material power, are involved in the tyranny of immoral force as much as if they were fighting in an unjust and predatory war."

The ultimate solution of our problem demands, moreover, that the State shall be regarded as subordinate to the welfare of humanity, and that our first loyalty should be not to it, but to mankind. This does not mean that the state must cease to exist, but that it "must find itself by losing itself in a higher fellowship and in serving a larger purpose than its own, and upon that subjection all its security as an organization for justice and freedom depends."

In short, "a Christian is a member of a society which represents the kingdom of God. That, at least, means a rule not established by force, and a peace victory in war cannot give nor defeat take away. And he belongs to it by faith, which means he has rejoiced to see for himself that to the methods of the kingdom of God all might ultimately belongs. This society he finds wheresoever two or three of any nationality are met in Christ's name. To meet in His name means to believe in the powers in which He believed and to use them by the service of love He rendered."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Path of Life. By Stijn Streuvels. Translated from the West-Flemish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Later Life. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is always a pleasure to take up fresh work by this translator. One may be sure that his material will not be trifling, and that he will have dealt skilfully with it. He has almost uniform success in rendering the atmosphere of exotic literary art without doing violence to English idiom. And he seems to work always with enthusiasm. The two Netherlandish writers whom he here conveys—and, it is not too much to say, interprets—are, to begin with, objects of his admiration. Of "Stijn Streuvels," who first comes before English readers in these tales, his opinion seems, on the evidence, somewhat extravagant. "Stijn Streuvels," he says, "is accepted, not only in Belgium, but also in Holland, as the most distinguished Low-Dutch author of our time; his vogue, indeed, is even greater in the North Netherlands than in the southern kingdom. And I will go further and say that I know no greater living writer of imaginative prose in any land or any language."

The writer who calls himself Stijn Streuvels, and whose real name is Frank Lateur, is a native of West Flanders, that little district of little Belgium marked by such names of present omen as Ostend, Bruges, Dixmude, Ypres, and Courtrai. Within a decade he was a baker in a village near Courtrai. He writes in the West Flemish dialect, the tongue of not more than a million persons, but, according to Mr. de

Mattos, a speech of uncommon richness and power. The tales and sketches here collected are of peasant life, most of them concerned with the sorrows and the hardly less pathetic pleasures of peasant children. Some of the shortest among them, like "In a Squall" and "A Pipe or No Pipe," are especially poignant. Two longer tales, "White Life" and "The End," interpret with grim and unsparing realism certain typical episodes of adult experience. Power is here, not only of keen sight, but of inner vision; though the scope of the group is not sufficient to impress the reader as a larger acquaintance with the author's work has impressed the translator.

"The Later Life" is the second of the four "Books of the Small Souls," the later volumes of which Mr. de Mattos has now in hand. It carries on the family chronicle begun in "Small Souls," which appeared in English something more than a year ago. Couperus also is a recorder of facts, the minute facts which make up the experience of a group of ordinary people. But his minute facts are not set down haphazard, or for their own sake. One may say that the facts of his choice are themselves interpreters of these small souls of our study. And our guide, ruthlessly as he exposes their pettiness, seems to invite us, not to sneer at it, but to muse upon it in all kindness and sympathy. Addie, now a boy of fifteen, remains the strongest figure of the group. That strange wisdom and commonsense which as a child gave him authority over his childlike parents, have grown with his growth. He has saved them from each other; now by merely being what he is, he brings out of each of them, against the strongest temptation towards individual happiness for them both, unexpected elements of strength which in the end save them from themselves. Through the hapless passion of the father for simple little Marianne, and of the mother for the dreamer Brauws, they seem on the way to the fulfilment of their natures. Addie himself consents to his parents' separation; but there he is, and to him, at the moment of crisis, both of them are bound more closely, not by duty (as the conventional situation would have it), but by love, than to anything else in the world or out of it. The translator says that in this book Couperus reverts to an earlier "sensitivist" method which he did not use in "Small Souls" or in the third and fourth novels of the series, "The Twilight of the Souls" and "Dr. Adriaan." We trust the warmer human quality of this chapter may not be traceable to a lapse!

The Proving of Virginia. By Daisy Rhodes Campbell. Boston: The Page Co.

This bright story of college life and after has for theme an idea which has been treated numberless times since Louisa M. Alcott's "An Old-Fashioned Girl"—the conception of a fresh young woman of unsophisticated training thrown into contact with a group of more experienced and worldly-wise young people, but maintaining her unspoiled personality through all vicissitudes, and emerging into well-rounded womanhood at the end. The didacticism of the book is implicit rather than expressed, and lies in the wholesomeness of the principal character, who is drawn with delicacy as well as warmth. If there is a certain commonplaceness about the incidents chosen to depict the development of Virginia Hammond, this but harmonizes with the naturalness of the narrative, and never results in dulness. Half the book is given over to a description of college days—games, dances, and study. It is upon Virginia's emergence that the test to which the title refers comes, in the shape of family losses which make impossible a continuation of the musical study, and which force her to begin playing in public to earn her living. How she pursues her ambition, despite disappointments, hardships, and sundry offers of marriage, how she manages to cultivate social cheerfulness, and disseminate some of it, and how she finally wins her coveted course of study abroad, complete the story. The young men of the novel are without exception priggish, and the older personages, such as the lyceum managers and other folk with whom Virginia comes into contact in her professional work, are mere shadows. But the centre of the stage is always occupied by the group of young girls, and they want neither vitality nor geniality. The victorious career of Virginia, who is not too far idealized to be real, should carry inspiration to almost any youthful reader, and a certain amount of entertainment to adults. The style of the narrative too often lacks due dignity.

The Little Iliad. By Maurice Hewlett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Of the details of the plot of Mr. Hewlett's latest book it is unnecessary to speak at length. It is a story of the skilled social fencing that can be carried on in little groups of the European élite when met in one or another of the aristocratic centres of Italy, Switzerland, or Southern France. The personages are chiefly English and German, but nationality plays no part in the narrative. There is a sufficiency of sharp characterization, and this, with the cultivated style which distinguishes all Mr. Hewlett's work, is the chief merit of the book. Helen, or Helena, as she is called, is a young Austrian baroness of sedate but winning type. The Menelaus is a disagreeable and contemptible old satyr, who plays the villain's part in the piece; the Priam is a silly and tiresome fellow; the Hector is far more attractive, but is annoyingly faddish and impulsive. Paris takes the chief place in the action, but for a hero he is a very insipid gentleman. Inasmuch as there is no Hecuba or Andromache, Helena has two extra lovers to her string, and upon it she keeps them all through three hundred pages. Our interest is never keenly enlisted in the fate of any of her suitors, and it is this fact which prevents an unpleasant ending from being intolerably so; for her final marriage is not, as we have been led to expect, with Paris or with Hector, but with Hector's father, old Theseus—and an extraordinarily ill-assorted one it is.

HISTORIC NEW YORK.

Old Roads from the Heart of New York: Journeys To-day by Ways of Yesterday Within Thirty Miles Around the Battery. By Sarah Comstock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Few subjects probably awaken a more fleeting interest in the bosom of the average New Yorker than historic New York. His daily rush along the island in the tube or on the elevated, with eyes glued to the morning paper, endows him with a perfect obliviousness to the past. The preoccupations of the moment render him blissfully indifferent to the early stages of the development he is furthering. His recreations are of a nonchalantly episodic and unpremeditated character. An evening at the musical show, an afternoon at the ball-game, an occasional visit to the theatre probably exhaust his normal relaxations away from the apartment. The country cousin may rouse him to a trip to the museums, the parks, and the zoo. But the chances are that the country cousin will shock him with too minute a knowledge of many points of interest of which he has barely heard.

Yet it is the average New Yorker whom Miss Sarah Comstock apparently addresses. In a light and gossipy style far removed from the business-like brevity of Baedeker she endeavors to lure him towards figures and events of the past connected with many vicinities within thirty miles of the Battery. For example, she directs his footsteps to Morningside Heights to trace the Battle of Harlem Heights. Harlem Heights, by the way, she extends southward only to 110th Street, whereas the district was anciently supposed to reach the present 106th Street. With a light-hearted renunciation of exactness, she places St. Luke's Home for Aged Women "on Broadway, north of 113th Street." It is on the corner of 114th Street. By merely mentioning the memorial window on the staircase landing there, possibly she thinks to pique the native's curiosity. The tablet on the Engineering Building at Columbia University she describes thus: "The flags, swords, muskets, and smoke of battle, and heroic figures, are depicted." Does the fear of the guide-book manner restrain her from pointing out in that bronze picture the fallen Major Andrew Leitch, and the valiant Col. Thomas Knowlton with waving sword encouraging his men? Her love of anecdote should have led her to describe the action fully enough to record Knowlton's words, "I do not value my life if we but get the day." The inclusion would be the more natural as she details the patriotic hospitality of Mrs. Lindley Murray in detaining Howe and his men and the concluding action begun in the

buckwheat field on the present grounds of Barnard College.

With such mingled haste and leisure, she describes Dutch homesteads not far from the beaten path to the Mecca of the average New Yorker—Coney Island. She recites many a tale and legend of Staten Island and New Jersey. She moves on around the circle till she reaches the Sound and turns back to the heart of the metropolis. She unaccountably overlooks some opportunities. She often indulges in copious quotation. Nevertheless, she has put together an inspiriting account of the historical and traditional associations with which Gothamites should be familiar. They have a past rich with romantic personages and heroic deeds. They have outgrown and also forgotten their picturesque development. They too seldom seek out the memorials of an elder age yet lingering to refresh one with their quaintness or the beauty of their surroundings. The hundred illustrations that garnish Miss Comstock's chatty pages, even though they are but indifferent half-tone reproductions of photographs, should entice many to a personal acquaintance with the originals. Two maps clarify her accounts (wherein may be found Paterson, N. J., endowed with two t's). Besides, although hers is in no sense a guidebook such as the one compiled for the City History Club, a group of itineraries makes easy for the enthusiast journeys by trolley or on foot, and an index will enable the curious to scan among her four hundred pages those dwelling on any topic. Even if the volume should prove futile in its aim of drawing forth the inhabitant of Manhattan or Brooklyn from the rush of his daily routine, it may at any rate entice the more leisurely and less preoccupied denizen of Iowa or Texas to inspect on his summer visits the relics at Morristown or explore the haunts of Sleepy Hollow.

ARGENTINA OF TO-DAY.

The Real Argentine: Notes and Impressions of a Year in the Argentine and Uruguay. By J. A. Hammerton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

It hardly needs to be said that the Argentine Republic is so different from all other Spanish-American countries that it is in a class by itself. Its climate, its vast fertile plains, its agricultural and pastoral possibilities, remind one more of our own Mississippi Valley than any other part of the world. Furthermore, there is no country among our neighbors to the south that can compare with Argentina in quality of population. Peru, Bolivia, and the other Andean republics are permanently handicapped by the great preponderance of native Indian stock. Brazil has too many negroes and too few Europeans in proportion to her size and extent. Argentina alone has a very small percentage of the so-called "backward races of mankind" and a very large percentage of virile European stock. This, in addition to her climate, her soil, and the ease with which her systems of transportation are extended, gives her a tremendous advantage. No other country in the world to-day is more likely to make great advances in the next twenty-five years than Argentina. Since the war began we have begun to purchase her foodstuffs in ever increasing quantities. A few years ago it was said that we could not increase our exports to Argentina because we bought so little from her. Now the reverse is true, and we do not begin to pay for what we import with what we sell her.

Authors and publishers have not been slow in grasping the significance of Argentina's greatness, and more books have been published about that country in the last ten years than about Brazil and Chili combined. Yet most of these books are either compilations of old standard encyclopædic material or tales of casual travellers. It is decidedly refreshing to encounter the present informing and fair-minded volume. Mr. Hammerton has taken advantage of a year's residence in Argentina and the skill acquired in a lifetime of literary effort (particularly in studies of Stevenson) to give us that unusual combination, a travel book of literary merit.

Some of the characterizations are delightful. Those who have been in Buenos Aires will appreciate the author's description of far-heralded, fashionable Palermo as "a great dusty meeting of wide roads." Those who have been disappointed in their first sight of the Southern Cross will agree with his remark that it is "a lop-sided and unimpressive group of four stars." There are a few mistakes. The Brazilian *milreis* is not worth 54 cents (p. 23), but only about half that. Though it is true that the theoretical value of the gold milreis is 54 cents in United States currency, the actual value of the current milreis varies from 22 to 27 cents. The figures given in United States currency for the cost of living in Rio are therefore misleading, and should be reduced by at least 50 per cent. The pictures are excellent and new. Unfortunately, they seldom illustrate the immediate text.

An Englishman, Mr. Hammerton is yet not partial to his countrymen, and is ready to praise admirable qualities in strangers. For instance, he says, regarding modern building construction in Buenos Aires: "It would be impossible to find more inspiring examples of human energy and ingenuity in the face of extraordinary difficulties than in the erection of these great buildings." He praises the temperance of the Argentines, and adds the candid *obiter dictum:* "If ever one saw a face that had been made repulsive by drink, a nose that was reddening with malt, it was invariably the guilty possession of a Britisher." A systematic study of the Argentines has resulted in giving him a real insight into their character. He lays stress on their most admirable trait, strength of the family tie, and that intense feeling of family pride which enables any unfortunate member of a clan to be sure of the immediate sympathy and practical help of his relatives. "What we consider generosity," says the author, "the Argentine brother-in-law regards as a simple duty, and there is hardly a limit to what he will do in the shape of service to the family of his dead brother."

Perhaps the most valuable part of the book is the keen comment on business conditions. Though it is true that the possibilities of the Argentine Republic are colossal, and its power of recuperation after ruined harvests and the destruction of cattle and sheep amazing, Mr. Hammerton finds that enormous sums of money are annually being wasted. It has been very easy to borrow from Europe, and these heavy borrowings have led to general extravagance:

> Right through the Argentine this spirit of borrowing prevails. They are a nation of borrowers; and in all ranks of society—by which is meant the various divisions graded according to the supposed dimensions of their banking accounts or their credit—the one notion of doing business is by drawing on the Bank of the Future.

The ease with which the Republic has been able to borrow and the avidity with which foreign manufacturers have rushed into the market, and more particularly the readiness with which the Argentine people are willing to burden themselves with responsibilities, make it all the more important for our business men to practice caution rather than boldness in approaching this, the richest and most attractive field in South America. Although the Argentine offers almost unequalled opportunities and will give a rich return for intelligence, industry, and honest merit, it is a field that should be entered only after thorough understanding of the difficulties. Such an understanding cannot be obtained by the official visitor or the widely heralded Chamber-of-Commerce tourist.

> Honesty is a quality that does not bulk unduly in South American character. Having had peculiar opportunities of testing the honesty of the general public throughout the Argentine, Uruguay, and Chili, and having listened to all sorts of local and foreign stories about the shameless disregard for the ordinary usages of decent straightforward business, said to be characteristic of one country more than another, I am persuaded that there is little to choose in this matter between South Americans in general.

But the author candidly adds that "in Buenos Aires it takes very little searching indeed to discover Englishmen as dishonest and unworthy of trust as any scoundrelly native." Furthermore, he admits that he found among the native population a high percentage of men of the strictest commercial integrity, even though feeling bound to confess that "the business world teems with minor employees who have been guilty of all sorts of thefts and dishonest practices, but whom employers have not prosecuted because conviction is so difficult to secure and legal expenses are so heavy." This Mr. Hammerton thinks is the real reason for the feeling of low morality in business; namely, the laxness of the law and the difficulty of obtaining justice.

Just at the present time, when we are

hearing so much about the necessity for increasing our trade with South America and the importance and necessity of extending long and liberal credits, when we find statesmen like ex-Senator Burton urging us to make investments in South America and give liberal assistance in the matter of loans, it is most important that our business men should read carefully the fearless opinions of this Englishman who knows so well the chief business centre of South America.

Mr. Hammerton has a clear perception of two of the difficulties in the way of our increasing our trade in Latin America. He tells us truly that:

It is the misfortune of the United States that not a few of its citizens who have gone south in search of "Spanish gold" have not always been noted for their business rectitude. The result is that, while *palabra inglésa* has become an accepted phrase in the language of the country, so has *yanqui bluff*, which may be said to stand for any sort of crookedness.

Finally, he emphasizes the necessity in our international acts of proving to the business men of the southern continent that we "are actuated by nothing but the strongest desire to cultivate a friendly commercial intercourse and an increasing exchange of commodities between the North and the South."

Altogether this is the best book on the Argentine, and in particular on Buenos Aires, that has appeared in recent years.

Notes

"Vive La France," by E. Alexander Powell, will be published shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Houghton Mifflin Co. publishes this month "David Penstephen," by Richard Pryce.

The following volumes are announced for publication to-day by the Macmillan Co.: "Women at The Hague," by Jane Addams and others; "Making the Movies," by Ernest Dench; "Six French Poets," by Amy Lowell; "A Handbook of Weaves," by G. H. Oelsner and Samuel S. Dale.

A representative committee, headed by ex-President Taft, has been formed for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial to the late Robert C. Ogden in commemoration of the unique services which he rendered to the cause of education in the South. The Southern Education Board, which has done so much for the advancement of Southern schools, was constituted under Mr. Ogden's leadership, and he was for forty years a trustee of Hampton Institute, for twenty years president of its board. It is proposed that the memorial shall fittingly take the form of an auditorium at this institute. The sum required is $100,000, of which, we are informed, one-third has already been contributed by a few of Mr. Ogden's friends. The committee now appeals to the public to subscribe the balance. Inquiries and subscriptions should be addressed to the Executive Secretary of the Robert C. Ogden Memorial Committee, Mr. Sydney Dodd Frissell, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

William S. Walsh has supplemented his former convenient volume of reference on "Heroes and Heroines of Fiction" found in modern prose and poetry with one bearing the same title, but dealing with classical, mediæval, and legendary heroes (Philadelphia: Lippincott). The dividing line between the two volumes, the author tells us in his preface, is, "roughly speaking," the year 1500, but there are inevitable instances of overlapping, as in the case of Captain Kidd, who belongs historically to the former volume, but, as a legendary character of piracy, is included in the present one. Are we wrong in assuming that similar reasons, legendary and piratical, account for the inclusion of so up-to-date a saint as Tammany, "a corruption of Tamenund, the tutelary patron of a branch of the Democratic party in New York politics"? "Tradition," continues our author cautiously, "represents him as a wise and just ruler over his tribe." Within the defined limits of the book it is not easy to see what principle of inclusion or exclusion is employed. Obviously some standard of selection was necessary if the book was to be kept within reasonable bounds, but why, for instance, of the Virgilian heroes, is Anchises included, but not Ascanius? Cross-references could be used to better advantage: Numa Pompilius is mentioned under the heading Egeria, but is not to be found under either Numa or Pompilius. This matter of cross-reference is important; a book of this kind is intended particularly for those of treacherous memory, and such a memory, recalling Numa Pompilius, might easily find itself eluded by the name of the nymph with whom he consorted, or of the grove in which the two met. These instances are revealed in a cursory testing of the volume. Apart from blemishes of this kind—and we readily concede that some imperfections are bound to occur in a volume of this nature—Mr. Walsh's book will be found exceedingly convenient for reference. We have discovered only one serious misprint, Stetsichorus for Stesichorus, on page 296.

One need not be an admirer of John Muir to be thoroughly entertained by the lively pages of "Alaska Days with John Muir" (Revell; $1 net), by S. Hall Young. The author is a minister who, as a close friend, accompanied Muir on some of his canoe trips of exploration in Alaska: he will be endeared to the sentimental as the owner of "Stickeen." This little book, the record of these trips, is written in a style animated and vivid without being journalistic—a style not unlike that of the lover of glaciers himself. Exciting narratives abound; apt description of Nature in her forlornly beautiful aspects—description never unduly protracted—is usually capped with Muir's "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" or the more cogent "My God!" The Muir of this book is the familiar vibrant personality; one day, for example, he was away from camp, alone, for seventeen hours, "with only a bite of bread to eat, and never rested a minute of that time, but was battling with the storm all day and often racing at full speed across the glacier, yet he got up at daylight the next morning, breakfasted with me, and was gone all day again." There is a genuinely thrilling account of the author's all but losing his life by dislocating both shoulders and almost sliding over a precipice. Muir, the superhuman, rescued him: "holding me by his teeth as a panther her cub and clinging like a squirrel to a tree, he climbed with me straight up ten or twelve feet, with only the help of my iron-shod feet scrambling on the rock. It was utterly impossible, yet he did it!"

In "The Soul of Europe," (Dodd, Mead; $3 net), Dr. Joseph McCabe studies carefully the historical growth of the national temper of the several belligerent states. He scouts the notion of race—as advanced by Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain—as a chief factor in national psychology. He has little difficulty in showing that as regards all the warring nations the idea of race has no biological validity. Nationality rests not on blood but on common moral environment and common political training. "The Slav and the Teuton are not born, but made; or, to be accurate, the preponderating influence is that of the moral and mental environment into which they are born." Physical environment is, in Dr. McCabe's opinion, a relatively unimportant factor in national character; "climatic psychology, as one may call it, is in the main a piece of superficial nonsense. The fact that the work of civilization was conducted for thousands of years in a latitude far south of Europe, and that the more vigorous nations of the north of Europe were the last to be civilized, ought to impose a check on these superficial speculations." The case is cogently argued, and the book should do much good in weakening the racial and deterministic theories of national destiny. Dr. McCabe brings to his task not merely learning, but hard sense. His destructive analysis of the easy theory that Europe can readily be divided along lines of race and speech is exemplary. The tendency of this useful and able book may be summed up in the following extract: "We may discard as foolish and mischievous superstitions all the claims of particular races to innate superiority over others. It will be found in every case that a series of definitely assignable external circumstances have permitted or impelled certain races to advance more than others."

A publication far more important than its brevity would indicate is "La guerre et ses principaux facteurs sociologiques" of Prof. Vilfredo Pareto, of Lausanne (Bologna: Zanichelli, in Italian and French). It is an extract from *Scientia*, an Italian review which sets as its major programme "the counterbalancing of the evil effects of exaggerated specialization in science." It may be unjust perhaps to label Professor Pareto and his colleagues as anti-intellectualists. It is certain only that, with some justice, they emphasize the subordination of certain rational processes to a fundamental emotion which is blind to opposing reasons and controls will despite the dictates of logic. One might suggest that this method, if followed with sincerity of purpose, might lead to a poise of mind, a sort of academic "neutrality" quite futile in the present crisis, where the man behind the gun has a definite advantage over the man armed solely with an unbiassed intellect. But this is not the conclusion of this article, which attempts rather to call attention to the fact that none of the belligerents "are guided by an abstract love of the right, but by considerations of

sympathy for some individuals, or antipathy for others." There is no harm surely in their understanding the real motives of their conduct. By this method the Freudian psychopaths attack common cases of insanity. Who knows but that the same method might bear fruit even when applied to the insanity of the world war? Professor Pareto does not examine the causes and formation of these sympathies and antipathies. Disposing summarily and trenchantly of the principal captions in the hypocritical propagandas of both sides, he passes rather to describe, in some remarkable pages, what these sympathies and antipathies are. In England, France, Italy, and America, he finds a dominant "democratic plutocracy on the way to becoming demagogic plutocracy," a plutocracy, that is, which is hampered, or, if you wish, sustained by the proletarian electorate. In Germany, on the other hand, we have an aristocracy which has subjugated both the sovereign and the plutocracy. The solidarity of Russian despotism with the democratic powers is explained because "Russia is really governed by a bureaucracy, which has more in common with the democratic plutocracies than with the military and aristocratic bureaucracies of Germany and Austria, for in Russia the aristocracy derives its power from the sovereign, whereas in Germany the sovereign depends on the aristocracy, a fundamental difference." Around these differences in social and governmental structure differing types of "faiths" or "emotion" have sprung up, rising from divergent "plutocratic" interests, but also from differing systems of emotional education, or social ideals. Interesting particularly is the author's review of the internal struggles between these dominant "faiths" and opposing "creeds," such as the socialistic, the pacifistic, the humanitarian, all destined, he believes, for ever to be swept away in the rush of the stronger passions of patriotism which have deeper springs in economic interest.

A subsidiary effect of this method of studying the war is to bring the vast production of war literature into true perspective, by showing that it has precisely and only a literary or "metaphysical" value, contributing indeed to sustain the enthusiasms necessary for successful combat, but without scientific or "experimental" worth. But especially it permits us "to see more or less correctly the future course of events." Here the outlook is rather gloomy. "It is an illusion to believe that the present conflict can bring a firm and stable peace. . . . Scarcely a half-century ago (especially after Waterloo) prophets tried to persuade the world that war had become impossible . . . they pointed out its enormous financial cost . . . its terrible destructive effects . . . that current wars appeared only on the confines of civilization against the barbarians . . . that the popular electorate, faithful to the Marxian doctrine, would refuse to fight, acting through ballot, general strike, or sabotage; all this chatter led up to the present slaughter." The author concludes that if the war proves a draw, it will be but a truce; if Germany wins, she will not be able to destroy her foes, but will simply throw them into an alliance with the United States to prepare a future revenge; if the Allies win, they will be no more able to prevent the reconstitution of German militarism than they were after the downfall of Napoleon. A ray of hope appears from the democratic strength in Germany: "Human feelings change but little and that but gradually . . . however, it is by no means impossible that between the Germany of to-day and that of the end of this century there may not be as much difference as between the England of Wellington and the England of Lloyd George. It is probable that the evolution of the democratic and plutocratic régime in the civilized countries will go on, coming to an end only by virtue of its own development and as a result of forces and obstacles arising within from its own nature." Professor Pareto is quite certain that the humanitarian idealism of our progressives is as superficial "emotionally" as socialistic sentiment, the impulse to proletarian solidarity in syndicalism, and so on, no one of which is ever likely to sweep the will of all humanity before it. Is he right? The reviewer, at any rate, while admitting the posteriority of much of our reasoning to emotion and interest, is still inclined to think that that passion has the best chance of becoming dominant which can present the best intellectual defence; and that in the growth of the anti-militarist spirit we find not only materialistic and emotional factors, but also a deal of common-sense.

In the midst of war's alarums, a new edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" should prove not unwelcome reading; of its magic effect one should recall Lamb's remark that a reading is enough to sweeten any man's temper. Apart from the perennial appeal to lovers of the sport, and the interest provoked even at this day by checking up Charles Cotton's classic notes on Fly-fishing, Mr. Marston's attractive edition (Oxford University Press; 1s. 6d. net) is of use to bibliophiles interested in the various editions that have appeared since 1653 of this classic by Byron's "sentimental savage." Mr. Marston estimates these at about 162 editions. The first American reprint appeared at Philadelphia about 1844, inedited, and bearing the imprint of Lippincott. In 1847 Wiley & Putnam, of New York, issued an edition with notes by Bethune, which Mr. Marston considers "one of the best of any." The following year Bethune put forth another New York edition. In 1825 the famous London publisher Pickering, also an ardent angler, issued a watch-pocket edition, the smallest complete edition ever issued, bound in full morocco, 3½ inches in length, and 2 in width, and ⅝ of an inch in thickness. Of interesting editions not the least, says Mr. Marston, is that owned by the well-known American collector of Waltoniana, Daniel B. Fearing, of Newport, which is not mentioned in any bibliography of Walton, and is supposed to be the only known copy. It is inedited, and was published in London by Septimus Powlett in 1826. Mr. Marston's painstaking task is to be welcomed by bibliophiles, and he appeals for any information on reprints that may have escaped his attention.

In the department of theological doctrine, Dr. Charles Harris, in his "Pro Fide" (Dutton; $3.50), offers a defence of natural and revealed religion, the material of which may be described as respectable commonplace. In a more restricted field the appearance of a new edition of Dr. George Salmon's "Infallibility of the Church" (Dutton; $1.25) shows that the interest in this subject has not died out in Protestant circles. There is much good historical matter in this volume, but a full discussion of the subject would show that the assumption of infallibility is not confined to any one religious body, and that the acceptance of the dogma has a constantly diminishing effect on the actual beliefs and life of the religious world. A. S. Hobart's "Transplanted Truths" (Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press; 75 cents), consists of expository addresses on the Epistle to the Ephesians. The Rev. G. G. Berry's "Commentary on the Psalms" (Ps. 1-50), with the imprimatur of Cardinal Farley (New York: Benziger Bros.; $2), adopts the text of the Latin Vulgate, which, however, is modified here and there in accordance with other ancient versions and modern critical research.

An attractive picture of life in Palestine is given in "The Spell of the Holy Land," by Archie Bell (Boston: The Page Company; $2.50). The author saw many things and observed them closely, and his descriptions may be taken to be generally correct. The style of the narrative is pleasantly familiar and the illustrations are numerous and good. The author has avoided most of the identifications of Bible sites so freely furnished by the guides. The reading of such books of travel should be accompanied by a reference to trustworthy work on the geography of Palestine and the historical material in the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha. The following brief compendiums may be mentioned as useful in this regard: "Testing a Nation's Ideals" (a history of Israel to the Assyrian period), by Profs. C. F. Kent and J. W. Jenks; "How to Study the Old Testament," by President F. K. Sanders and H. A. Herman; and an Historical Atlas of Bible Lands, by R. M. Hodge—all published by Scribner.

He who would watch the archæologist at work unearthing and interpreting those relics of bygone civilizations by whose help we are to-day remaking much history, cannot do better than accompany R. Campbell Thompson ("A Pilgrim's Scrip"; Lane; $3.50 net), as, with pick and shovel, his merry men bring to light the long-buried past of nations that strove for mastery in Babylonia, Persia, Egypt, and Arabia, some now in process of reconstitution under the British Raj, some still under the deadening influence of Turkish misrule, and some vanished beneath the sands of the desert. Nor is it only with the past that our author concerns himself. As we follow him on his travels from city to city and from "site" to "site," we meet with the descendants of the mighty dead, fallen, alas, from their high estate, yet strangely like their forebears whom we have known in the pages of Greek and Hebrew historians. There is a weird modernity in the "ancient Babylonian's letter home to his family . . . an inch or two of baked clay impressed with minute characters, enclosed in a clay envelope, scrawled with homesick pleading for news. 'In the name of the gods,' cries one, in a letter to his wife, written about the time of Darius, 'why has news of thee to me been delayed?' And again, 'Why have I not seen a single letter from thee for a whole month?' Or another to his wife called Mouse: 'Be not remiss in the housework, be observant; pray the gods on my behalf and let me speedily have news of thee by some traveller.'" A for history, there is food for thought in th author's moralizing on the great Behistu

inscription that "ends long before the Persian troops fought at Marathon, so that posterity must be satisfied with the one-sided account of the Greeks until some new record comes to light from Jamshyd's courts. . . . Some day this great nation of Persia, where youth was taught to ride and shoot and speak the truth, will be accorded a fairer portion of praise among the comity of proud, ancient peoples." The book is adequately, if not impressively, illustrated.

Mr. Norman Douglas's "Old Calabria" (Houghton Mifflin; $4 net) gives ample evidence that the author has a knowledge of southern Italy both broad and deep. He has traversed all parts of it, has read widely in its earlier and later legends and in its authentic history, and seems to be at home in the original texts of the Greek and Latin authors whose paths he has occasion to cross. One may draw from his pages a vast amount of information on the vicissitudes of Calabria in the past, as well as its present condition. The book is full of descriptive passages effectively drawn, leaving definite and lasting images upon the memory. And yet with all these good points and others that might be enumerated, many a reader will peruse these chapters with a growing sense of irritation. The source of this irritation can perhaps best be indicated by quoting a paragraph from the closing page, referring to the region about Cotrone:

> This corner of Magna Graecia is a severely parsimonious manifestation of nature. Rocks and waters! But these rocks and waters are actualities; the stuff whereof man is made. A landscape so luminous, so resolutely scornful of accessories, hints at brave and simple forms of expression; it brings us to the ground, where we belong; it medicines to the disease of introspection and stimulates a capacity which we (Englishmen) are in danger of unlearning amid our morbid hyperborean gloom—the capacity for honest contempt; contempt of that scarecrow of a theory which would have us neglect what is earthly, tangible.

This might pass as unobjectionable in itself, but standing at the close of the volume it will firmly clinch for many readers the impression formed and strengthened by scores of passages that the capacity of Mr. Douglas for contempt has been stimulated, whether by Calabrian rocks and waters or otherwise, out of due proportion to his other faculties. Pythagoras is to him "a glorified marabout," whose speculative vigor adventitiously hit upon one or two good things, but whose chief occupation was to talk bland balderdash to a generation of Crotoniates who had become so highly civilized as to appreciate the charm of being regenerated and to find a new and subtle form of pleasure in repenting of their sins. And thus was introduced "that oriental introspectiveness which culminated in the idly-splendid yearnings of Plato, paved the way for the quaint Alexandrian *tutti-frutti* known as Christianity, and tainted the well-springs of honest research for two thousand years." Calabria is not a region of rapid change, and yet the reader would be glad to have more light on the chronology of the author's travels. Here and there one learns that he is dealing with a period before or after the Reggio-Messina earthquake, or some other definite event, but in general there is an annoying absence of temporal indication. A chapter on Milton in Calabria is with but slight change a reprint of an article which appeared in the *Atlantic* a few years ago, asserting a considerable indebtedness of "Paradise Lost" to the "Adamo Caduto" of Serafino della Salandra, a sacred tragedy printed at Cosenza in 1647, but so rare that its very existence could probably be plausibly disputed were it not for a copy in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Naples. The substance, at least, of another part of the book, the story of the flying monk, Joseph of Copertino, appeared a few years ago in the *North American Review*. There are about thirty inset photographic illustrations, well reproduced.

Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

IMPORTANT PAPERS ON AERIAL TRANSMISSION, EVOLUTION, HEREDITY, AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

The National Academy of Sciences held its regular autumn meeting at the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, on November 15, 16, and 17. A large and varied programme of papers had been provided, mainly through the exertions of the efficient local committee, but the exigencies of time permitted the reading of only twenty-two, which were happily grouped so that the biological papers came on the second day, while those having to do with the physical sciences came on the third.

The meeting was introduced by a reception, preceded by a lecture by Prof. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University, on "The Problem of Aerial Transmission," in which the lecturer, with a happy avoidance of technicalities, and by the employment of homely and simple analogies, was able, without the use of experiment, or any but the simplest diagrams, to explain the mysteries and difficulties of wireless transmission. A feature of the lecture, in spite of its title, was the concentration of the attention on the function of the conducting earth in the case of wireless, similar to that of the wire in ordinary transmission. After sketching the history of the development of wireless, from the experiments of Joseph Henry, made in this country eighty years ago, the theoretical prediction by Clerk Maxwell of electric waves fifty-one years ago, their production by Heinrich Hertz in 1888, and their application to telegraphy nine years later by Marconi, the lecturer described the recent great achievement of telephonic transmission from Washington to Hawaii, and finally his own recently announced invention for overcoming the difficulties caused by the "static," or disturbance, due to atmospheric electricity. While Mr. Pupin did not give the details of this invention, which the German Government is extremely anxious to get for the station at Sayville, enough was said to show that it depends upon a very ingeniously devised electro-magnetic structure arranged to let through vibrations of a definite wave length, and to exclude all others. This invention, if successful, is undoubtedly an advance of the first order for wireless, and of an importance comparable with Pupin's great improvement in telephone lines.

W. E. Castle, of Harvard University, presented a paper on the fundamental question, "Is Selection or Mutation the More Important Agency in Evolution?" Evolution, like geological change, is very slow. About fifteen years ago there came a change of opinion, and a reversion to the belief in sudden changes and creation of species. According to this view, the question of natural selection was now limited to inquiring what species shall survive. The idea of sudden and spontaneous origin of species, the so-called mutation theory, has much in common with the catastrophic theories in geology and astronomy. It owes its present popularity to De Vries and Johannsen, who have attempted to show the inability of selection to produce new species. Mendelian studies on discontinuous variation show that several factors may produce continuous variation, but if these factors are constant it is possible to alter the character only in a limited degree. Professor Castle's experiments on over 16,000 black and white rats tend to show that these factors are not constant, and thus that new species can be actually produced during the experimentation. The experiments were made on inbreeding, attended by selection, beginning with piebald or hooded rats, white with black heads. The blackest rats being chosen to start a positive series, and the whitest rats to start a negative series, after seventeen generations the positive series became darker, and the negative series whiter, so that finally a race of rats was developed blacker than any of those at the start, the hooded character having disappeared altogether. The changes had come in gradually so that the selection was progressively evolved. Accordingly, selection must be restored to the position it had in Darwin's estimation.

A. E. Verrill, in a paper on "Inheritance of Clubbed Feet through Five Known Generations; Inheritance of Abnormal or Defective Thumbs through Four Known Generations," described the inheritance from a father and mother who lived to be one hundred years old of five clubfooted generations known to the author. The diagrams showed the remarkable persistence of both sorts of deformities.

E. C. MacDowell, of the Station for Experimental Evolution, Cold Spring Harbor, presented the results of an interesting study on "Parental Alcoholism and Mental Ability," the subjects studied being rats. These rats themselves were not alcoholic, but were descended from alcoholic parents, and compared with normal rats as to their ability to form mental habits. The habit to be learned consists of a trip around a puzzle box, breaking an electric circuit, and opening a door, and then returning and entering the box for a reward of food. The data were summarized by graphs, which, in the opinion of the present writer, showed chiefly the increased regularity as to the times required to perform the trick with increased practice, but also in some degree that alcohol was less harmful to males than to females.

A paper was presented by James B. Murphy, of the Rockefeller Institute, on the "Rôle of the Lymphocytes in Resistance to Cancer." When foreign tissue is grafted into an animal, there is during the period of absorption an accumulation of small, round cells called lymphocytes around the edge of the graft. In animals exposed to X-rays the lymphoid tissue is first affected. Thus it is possible to make experiments on the effect on animals immune to cancer of the destruction of the lymphocytes, and it is found that their removal causes complete destruction of immunity.

Graham Lusk, of Cornell Medical College,

in a paper on "The Calorimeter as an Interpreter of Life Processes," pointed out that the production of heat in an adult man is closely proportional to surface area. In only a few conditions of disease is the heat production decidedly changed. In conditions such as fever and exophthalmic goitre, there is a largely increased heat production, but, fortunately, the ingestion of food under these circumstances does not cause a greater production of heat than such food would effect in a normal man. This is true in all diseased conditions, with the striking exception of diabetes.

Herbert S. Jennings, of Johns Hopkins University, has been among those whose experiments have led them to doubt whether evolution can be observed in progress. All the more interesting was, accordingly, his paper on the question, "Can We Observe Organic Evolution in Progress?" Since experiments on biparental reproduction had led to negative results, Jennings undertook an examination of a simple case of uniparental inheritance. The subject chosen was Difflugia Corona, a small, globular animal with a shell, having spines and teeth of definite sizes, upon which the attention was concentrated. Photographs of many parents and descendants were shown, and the correlation noted. Experiments were made upon over thirty-five generations, with selection according to various characteristics. As a result, it was shown that in all cases racial differentiation is occurring, giving rise to diverse stocks. In other words, evolution is a visible fact. Thus the conclusions of Jennings and Castle confirm each other, and make this meeting notable for its contributions to evolutionary theory and experiment.

Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard University, to whom the award of the Nobel prize in chemistry has just been announced, described "Investigations Recently Conducted in the Wolcott Gibbs Memorial Laboratory." This laboratory, which with the Faraday Davy Laboratory in London, the Van't Hoff Laboratory in Utrecht, and the Hoffmann Haus in Berlin, enjoys the distinction of being devoted entirely to chemical research, was due to the generous initiative of the late Dr. Morris Loeb and his brother James, and during the last three years has been generously subsidized by the Carnegie Institution. Under the direction of Professor Richards, twenty-four young men from half a dozen countries have printed twenty-four papers, and prepared still others. These are all for the common object of finding correlations among the fundamental properties of the elements. Of these the most important is the atomic weight. This has been determined for carbon, sulphur, and radioactive lead, the last giving the number 206.3, compared with 207.18 for ordinary lead. Although the ultra-violet spectrum is exactly like that of ordinary lead, and no other substance could be separated out, it is probable that there is some distinct substance in the radioactive lead, which furnishes a problem for the chemist still to solve. The question of the compressibility of the elements is one that has interested Professor Richards the most, and he has made the most accurate determinations that have been made in the case of over thirty elements. This has led him to his hypothesis of compressible atoms, and to a remarkable presentation in graphic form of parallel relations among the reciprocals of the absolute temperatures of melting points, the coefficients of expansion, the atomic volumes, and the compressibilities of the commonly solid and liquid elements. Such a table is a monument, not only for one man, but for a laboratory.

B. B. Boltwood, of Yale University, presented a paper on "The Life of Radium," meaning by that term the length of time in which a radioactive element will lose half its amount by transformation into something else. After describing the several independent ways by which Sir Ernest Rutherford had, with remarkable intuition, determined this important constant, Mr. Boltwood described his own experiments made by an original method depending upon the growth of radium from its grandparent, uranium, through its parent, ionium, discovered by Boltwood himself. The amount of ionium changing into radium can be accurately determined, and by recent improved chemical methods of purifying the material, Miss Ellen Gleditch has carried out Boltwood's method with an accuracy hitherto not obtained, arriving at the time of about 1700 years, in striking agreement with Rutherford's best value.

G. C. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, gave a further report upon his classical determinations of "The Solar Radiation and its Variability." The experiments have been made with the spectrobolometer of Langley, which measures the amount of heating of a thin strip of platinum exposed in various parts of the sun's spectrum, and by various ingenious pyrheliometers, or instruments for measuring the whole amount of heat received from the sun, devised by Abbot himself. Experiments have been made at Washington, at Mt. Wilson, Cal., at Mt. Whitney in the Rockies, and at Bassour in Algeria. In addition, pyrheliometers have now been sent up with free balloons, which have reached heights entirely inaccessible to man, so that only one-twenty-fifth of the whole amount of air remains above. It is the absorption of the radiation by the air that makes the chief difficulty of the determination. Suffice it to say that the agreement in the results obtained by the various methods and at these most diverse stations is most satisfactory, and leads to the important result that 690 observations give for the number of small calories received per square centimetre of the earth's surface per minute 1.933, a value much below that formerly held.

A. G. Webster, of Clark University, presented together three papers on "Experiments and Theory of Conical Horns; Instruments for Measurements of Sound; An Instrument for Finding the Direction of a Fog-Signal." As horns are used in so many acoustic instruments, as megaphones, phonographs, telephones, etc., and as there is at present no mathematical theory for an open horn, the author attempted a simple hypothesis, which was amply verified by experiment, and was utilized in his apparatus. The apparatus shown consisted of a standard or sound or "phone" for producing a sound of measurable intensity measured in absolute measure, that is, independent of any instrument, so that a sound might be reproduced from specification. The other instrument, the "phonometer," is for the purpose of measuring the sound at any point in space produced by a constant source of sound, also in absoluto measure. By the aid of these two instruments, both of which depend on the principle of resonance, and the invention of a tunable diaphragm of extremely small damping, nearly all questions that may be asked concerning sound can be investigated. An application was shown for the purpose of determining the direction from which a sound comes, such as a fog-signal, the apparatus to be used aboard ship.

H. R. Russell, of Princeton University, presented a paper entitled "On the Albedo of the Moon and Planets," that is the fraction of the whole light falling upon a body to that reflected. Mr. Russell possesses in a high degree the faculty of using results obtained by the observations of others to reach the most illuminating conclusions, as was shown in this paper. Certain inconsistencies of various observers were reconciled by the simple observation that cracks in a surface such as that of the moon would make a great difference in the amount of light reflected vertically and in other directions. Venus being smooth and the moon rough, it is possible to account for the observed fact that the half-moon is only one-tenth as bright as the full moon, while in the case of similar phases of Venus, the fraction is one-fourth.

George F. Becker, of the U. S. Geological Survey, in a paper on "A Possible Origin for some Spiral Nebulæ," after calling attention to the fact that Laplace never used the word *gas*, of which nebulæ are generally supposed to consist, returned to the notion as old as Kant, and now in vogue, that nebulæ are formed of small solids moving about and colliding like the molecules of a gas. By a simple application of Kepler's law of areas, Mr. Becker is able to arrive at the equation of a spiral, the comparison of which with the photograph of a certain nebula gave a most striking agreement.

L. A. Bauer, of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution, read a paper on "Concomitant Changes in the Earth's Magnetism and Solar Radiation," in which he was able to show that a time of decreased solar radiation is a time when the earth is a stronger magnet, and thus studies of terrestrial magnetism confirm Abbot's studies on the variability of the sun's heat.

Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory, described "The New Draper Catalogue," whose object is to furnish the classification of the spectra of all the stars so far as they can be determined from existing photographs. In four years Miss Annie J. Cannon has classified 233,050 spectra, thus covering the whole sky. The work will fill nine quarto volumes, and will also give photometric and photographic magnitudes of all the stars on the same scale.

Fred E. Wright and J. C. Hostetter, of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, in a paper on "Experiments on the Mean Free Path of Gases; Observations on Wood's One-Dimensional Gas," showed that Wood's production of a gas in which all the molecules move parallel to a given direction was illusory, and that the phenomena are to be accounted for by the ordinary kinetic theory. Reflection of molecules of mercury from a plate of crystal did not lead to a dependence on the crystalline structure.

Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, ended the session with a paper on "Extremes of Adaptation in Carnivorous Dinosaurs, Tyrannosaurs, and Ornithomiums"—the last so-called from its resemblance to a bird—describing two of the most remarkable types of these gigantic lizards, which were mounted and specially exhibited at this session of the academy.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Drama

MISS CALHOUN'S MEMOIRS.

Pleasures and Palaces: Memoirs of Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

These extracts from the memoirs of the Princess Lazarovich, more widely known as Eleanor Calhoun, constitute an exceedingly interesting, naïve, and self-revelatory book. A little extravagant at times in their girlish enthusiasm over the new and strange, they are the work of a highly accomplished and capable woman, with uncommon powers of keen and humorous observation and sound reflection. Incidentally, they excite profound regret that an American actress of such notable achievement and promise should have won her chief triumphs abroad and been lost so early to the stage. The fact that she was launched upon her public career with all the advantages conferred by powerful social support, does not detract from her personal talent, much as it may have contributed to its speedy recognition. Fortune smiled upon her from the first. The daughter of a distinguished American family, gently reared, and with a full measure of natural ability, she went to England under conditions which insured her ready admission into the choicest circles of political, literary, artistic, and social life. Her pages are occasionally suggestive of clippings from the Court Circular, and if she seems, now and again, a trifle dazzled in the more exalted regions in which she found herself, it must be set down to her credit that her shrewd comments show a sturdy fidelity to her democratic instincts and training. If her estimate of the generally benevolent and altruistic attitude of the English upper classes towards the less fortunate masses is founded upon a too limited and singularly happy experience, her remarks upon the urgent problems presented by the vivid contrasts between great wealth and cruel poverty show clear vision and unspoiled humanity.

With two American Ambassadors, Phelps and Lowell, and two such women as Lady Jeune and Lady Dorothy Nevill, as her friends and sponsors, Miss Calhoun was brought into more or less intimate contact with a vast number of celebrities. She gives interesting and tantalizing glimpses of W. G. Gladstone, A. J. Balfour, Robert Browning, Whistler, "Barry Cornwall," Edmund Gosse, Henry James, Israel Zangwill, Margot Tennant (Mrs. Asquith), Herkomer, W. T. Stead, W. Story, and hosts of titled but lesser lights. She writes with admirable but provoking discretion. Mr. Balfour, discussing John Stuart Mill, said that he feared that his teaching had not availed much. Browning told her that the one thing he could not understand was a Browning Society, and that he heard that America was full of them. He did not relish the notion of needing so many interpreters. Lord Wolseley, at Fonthill, speaking of the burning by the British of the Summer Palace at Peking and the loot of the priceless porcelains, said: "I tried to prevent the carrying off of these things, but control was impossible." Henry Irving confessed that the part of Romeo did not suit him, and that he had never been able to project his ideal of Macbeth. Boughton, the Royal Academician, told her how Whistler, after a supper party, had fallen down stairs with a tremendous crash. When picked up he asked angrily: "Who built your house?" "Cubitt," was the reply. "The damned teetotaller!" said he. When Mark Twain, clad in speckless white, was entertained at Windsor, King Edward, laughing with him, blazed with all the colors of the rainbow. A princess, greatly daring, said: "I am looking, sir, at your purple waistcoat. Your coat is a kind of—pea-green, and your—h'm—upon my word! Really! How did it happen?" The good-humored King laughingly replied that different tailors had sent him the garments at different times and he had put them on all at once, "to do them a good turn." The tale has its value. It was Joseph Chamberlain who uttered the most significant sentence. He believed, he said, that all ambition could be fulfilled by unremitting effort. Why, then, she asked, did so many fail? "They come," he said, "to the place, when they turn back. They may have killed the dragon at the first, second, or even third bridge; very few will meet the monsters to the end. Almost none is willing to meet the dragon at the last bridge. If he does, he has won for ever."

Miss Calhoun has many bright and illuminative pages on social life in Kissengen—where she had a glimpse of Bismarck—Monte Carlo, Paris, and elsewhere, well worth the reading; but it is time to revert to her theatrical career, which, in its brevity, solid accomplishment, and especially in its golden opportunities, may well be called extraordinary. It is not necessary to take at their face value all the encomiums of which she was the object, but there can be no question of her uncommon intelligence and marked histrionic capacity. These are attested by her analyses of the characters she essayed and her success in them. Her Rosalind won the cordial praise of the most competent critics, and she set the seal upon her triumph by organizing, with the potent aid of the Princess Louise and Lady Archibald Campbell, the first open-air performance of "As You Like It" ever given in England—at all events in modern times. This representation, given by carefully selected professionals and amateurs, was witnessed by one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled upon such an occasion, and was the original inspiration of all the open-air masques and pageants which since have been so popular in England and this country. Here, certainly, was a memorable achievement, and it is pleasant to record Miss Calhoun's assertion of her absolute faith in the capacity of the masses to appreciate the noblest poetic works when fitly presented. Perhaps the finest compliment to her individual acting was paid by Coquelin when he asked her to play with him in Paris. And her account of her studies in that city, preparatory to the event, the methods of instruction, system of rehearsals, the wonderful care bestowed upon intonation, artistic coöperation, etc.—with sketches of Sardou, Leconte de l'Isle, Mounet Sully, Victor Hugo, and innumerable other celebrities—is of exceeding interest and value. She acted with Coquelin in "The Taming of the Shrew," but her most ambitious essay was Hermione in Racine's "Andromaque," at the Odéon, where she challenged comparison with Rachel and did not fail. Considering the audience, no stronger testimony to her ability could be desired. As in England, so in France, there were many elements of romance in Miss Calhoun's daily life, but it is impossible to dwell upon them here. Hers was a crowded existence.

Soon she recrossed the Channel to play Lady Macbeth at a Shakespearean Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. There, too, she achieved indisputable success with choice critical commendation. Judicious selection would have excluded the tributes of Clement Scott and Marie Corelli, but her own analysis of the character evinces full and subtle understanding. The same qualities and a glowing artistic imagination are revealed in a scheme, in which she next engaged, for a sumptuous revival of "Romeo and Juliet" in the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. With the influences at her command there is no reason to doubt that she might have brought it to realization, with memorable consequences, but fate ordained otherwise, and she abandoned her theatrical ambitions to identify herself with the life work of Prince Lazarovich, whom she married. The pages which relate to her courtship, and the arousal of her deepest sympathies with the victims of generations of Turkish tyranny in the Balkans, are by no means the least interesting in this singularly fascinating book. To many readers, unfamiliar with the ancient history of the races in those troubled regions they will show the inhabitants of Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia in an entirely new light. Especially illuminative is her animated description of the character and aspirations of the political refugees in London, into whose inner circles, totally unknown to the great world about them, she was admitted with her husband, for years their hope and champion. Those aspirations which, when she wrote, seemed to be on the brink of fruition, now hang upon the issues of the present appalling conflict. Every advocate of national freedom and moral right will pray that the legendary prophecy of the Servian seer, Mata, uttered five centuries ago, and curiously justified by past events, may find its perfect fulfilment when the prescribed period of five hundred years, now close at hand, has been completed. Few readers who take up Miss Calhoun's book will lay it aside before finishing it.

J. Ranken Towse.

"WHEN THE YOUNG VINE BLOOMS."

Emanuel Reicher's first production for the second season of The Modern Stage, Björnstjerne Björnson's "When the Young Vine Blooms," may be taken as indicating the nature of the dramas with which Mr. Reicher intends to vary the dramatic fare of New York this winter. It is assuredly a play which no Broadway producer would ever have chosen. Yet it is one of considerable literary charm, if of dramatic weakness; it serves to introduce us to the spirit of Scandinavian life, and its exotic qualities are well adapted to presentation through Herr Reicher's expert but decidedly foreign stage interpretation. The story is an elaboration of a popular Norwegian proverb—"When the young vine blooms, the old wine ferments." The old Norwegian farmer and forester, Mr. Arvik, has lived for some years upon the most cordial terms with his wife, but is in a state of virtual separation from her, as she is engrossed in business. Still a man of great vital force, he is insensibly wrought upon by the spectacle of love-making which his three daughters and their suitors present. Upon some whimsy which he himself perhaps hardly understands, he leaves home, and takes steamer for England—the same steamer on which is a young girl whom he has long befriended. He disembarks, however, at the first Norwegian stopping place, and returns to his wife, whom his absence has shocked into realization of her duties towards him; and the closing scene is an amusing one of reconciliation. This action is enriched by the vicissitudes of the minor love affairs of the daughters, and the return of a third child estranged from her husband. Together with some inane dialogue, there are several capital scenes of comedy and satire, principally reflecting upon the attitude of women towards married life; and the glimpses we have of Norwegian home economy give the whole a quaint and semi-pastoral atmosphere. A. N.

"ABE AND MAWRUSS."

It was hardly to be expected that another play written around the two amusing characters of Mr. Glass's creation should equal the high standard of entertainment set by "Potash & Perlmutter." That piece, slight as it was, was so brightly written that it was played to the accompaniment of an almost continuous gale of laughter from the audience. In the present production, made by A. H. Woods at the Lyric Theatre, the laughter comes only in gusts. It illustrates the familiar danger of attempting to repeat a great popular success. "Abe and Mawruss," sufficiently amusing in itself, suffers by the inevitable comparison with the other play.

This time we see the two partners in the cloak and suit establishment of Potash & Perlmutter at odds over the conversion of the firm into a large and over-capitalized company, The Cloak & Suit Company of North America. Mawruss, ambitious and anxious to be up to date, is all for the change; Abe, conservative and fundamentally honest, is unable to put his finger precisely on the weak spot in the proposed enterprise, but is convinced that the business that gives the partners a modest income is not worth the million dollars at which it is proposed to capitalize it. When he learns that Mr. B. Gans, who is promoting the company, is to receive $50,000 a year as president, the weak spot is revealed to him, and the break in partnership between Potash and Perlmutter, threatened several times a day during twenty years, at last is accomplished. The new corporation, of course, comes to grief; the great B. Gans is a rascal, and Mawruss is only saved from jail by the intervention of his ex-partner. In the last act we find Abe and Mawruss reconciled and starting life again in a humble way, but extremely content.

In the story, as told by Montague Glass and Roi Cooper Megrue, there are many amusing incidents and some good dialogue, but it is only occasionally that the lines are as effective as they were in "Potash & Perlmutter." Barney Bernard, as Abe, makes the most of his opportunities, but he is not so fortunate in his partner as he was in the former production. The Morris Perlmutter of Julius Tannen in the present play is not to be compared with the performance given by Alexander Carr in "Potash & Perlmutter." Miss Louise Dresser is better cast than last time, as Ruth Perlmutter. Marks Pasinsky, the irrepressible salesman, reappears with the same amusing interpreter, Lee Kohlmar, and Leo Donelly is an excellent Mozart Rabiner. S. W.

Even the best translation needs some apology; for a poor translation there is no possible excuse. It is difficult to judge von Hoffmannsthal's "Death and the Fool" through the medium of Elizabeth Walter's verse (Badger; 75 cents). The play is, at the best, a youthful effort, a fairly obvious presentation of a symbolic idea. It lacks dramatic power and must have depended in large measure, one feels, on its poetic merit for the twelve editions attributed to it in the introduction. No reader of von Hoffmannsthal's maturer work will dispute his poetic power. In the translator's preface to this little volume we are told that "he weaves symbolic dreams, unutterably rich in color and melody." They seem, indeed, unutterable to the translator, for instead of "the perfection of rhymes," "the phrases . . . pregnant with meaning and of piercing sweetness," we get lines like

> With jealous pangs my yearning soul regards
> The fortunate who golden fields have planted,
> The earth their weary, fulsome toil rewards,
> Them happy weariness of limb is granted.

This is not a single blunder chosen with malice. The pages abound with such lines as,

> It rouses thoughts round good things cent'ring,

or

> What meaningfulness all things then acquired.

Indeed, the verse is so glaringly bad it is only by a distinct effort one can focus one's attention on the play itself. One Claudio, an intellectual and self-conscious Tomlinson, is discovered at his study window, brooding over the fact that, for all his sophistication, he has been a mere spectator at life's show. To him comes Death with the inevitable message, and, upon Claudio's plea that he has never really lived, Death summons his lost opportunities to prove that he himself and not life has been to blame. The mother to whom he was indifferent, the woman he threw aside, the friend he betrayed, appear in succession to tell their story of unappreciated love, and Claudio, moved at last by emotion, sinks to the ground, exclaiming that in this, the hour of his death, he has for the first time lived. There is no attempt at suspense, characterization, or any of the usual tools of modern drama. The story is told with the simple mechanism of the old morality and the imaginative atmosphere, the symbolic suggestion, necessary to make the idea effective.

Music

THE MUSICAL MESSIAH—OR SATAN?

Is Arnold Schönberg the musical Satan, or is he the Messiah of modern music? He has been called both. Fritz Kreisler is reported to have said: "What I have heard of his is not music to me; that is, it has no relation to what I consider music to be." Leopold Godowski, who has done some bold things himself, declared that "If you were to sit on the keyboard you would produce as much harmony as his music possesses." The critics, with a few exceptions, have generally condemned his music. On the other hand, Percy Grainger is much interested in Schönberg, and so is his former teacher, Busoni, who helped Schönberg to secure a publisher for his works; while the late Gustav Mahler stipulated in his last will that the stipend for needy musicians which bears his name should be first given to this iconoclastic composer as the one most deserving of it.

Last year the Flonzaley Quartet played his quartet in D minor in New York; but, as this is only his opus 7, it did not represent his later tendencies fully. None of his orchestral works was heard here till last week, when two of them were produced—the "Kammersymphonie" at the Ritz-Carlton by musicians chosen from the Philadelphia Orchestra, under its conductor, Leopold Stokowsky; and the "Pelléas et Mélisande" in Carnegie Hall, by the New York Philharmonic, under Josef Stransky. The latter does not represent this composer at his worst—or best, as his admirers call it—the "Pelléas" being, indeed, an earlier work even than the quartet played by the Flonzaleys. There are some agonizing dissonantal outbursts in it, but much of it is in the style of ordinary music, or else that of Richard Strauss. The work lasts nearly forty minutes and is fearfully boresome, because of the poverty of invention, which makes one suspect that it may have been composed in collaboration with Max Reger—for surely one man alone—as an Irishman might say—could not have such a plentiful lack of ideas! The Philharmonic played it superbly, but it was not worth playing; neither was the "Kammersymphonie," which bears a somewhat later date and sounds already like Schönberg's most "mature" works; that is, as if all the players were improvising, regardless of the others, and each one trying to play the wrongest notes he could think of. The audiences, both at the Ritz-Carlton and in Carnegie Hall, applauded at the end—but that may have been for the splendid performances of the difficult pieces.

It is of interest to recall what happened in Boston last year, when Dr. Muck, yielding to newspaper pressure, unwillingly conducted Schönberg's "Five Little Pieces." According to the Harvard *Musical Review*, the work "was received partly with giggles and partly in dignified silence. After the first piece, which is, to be sure, a rather stiff problem, there were at least ten seconds of

bewilderment, and then a thin scattering of applause. There was endless discussion in the lobbies. Is Schönberg a real composer, or a decomposer, or just a poser? The critics violently took sides. The *Globe* spoke of 'nerve-racking caterwaulings,' and the *Transcript* went into ecstasies about 'whirling, warring, wailing wraiths." It was the *Transcript* that had bullied Dr. Muck into producing this "futuristic" work.

It is not likely that the extreme Schönberg (of whose latest works even Richard Strauss is reported to have said that he "could not make head or tail of them"—which reminds one of Hegel's remark on his death-bed: "Only one man has understood me—and even he hasn't") will soon trouble American waters. Representatives of what Fritz Kreisler and the rest of us have heretofore regarded as music, are too numerous to be easily routed by this representative of German musical frightfulness. The nearest thing to his music to be heard in the metropolis last week was Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," which, however, as is well known, is not nearly so extreme as his "Elektra" in its deliberate avoidance of musical euphony and beauty. This opera was under the direction of Arthur Bodanzky, the successor of Alfred Hertz at the Metropolitan; and it must be admitted that, in this score, he improved on his predecessor, who had always laid on it a somewhat too heavy hand. Mr. Bodanzky made his début with "Götterdämmerung," and though quite a young man, proved himself an experienced, authoritative conductor. Two points, especially, are to be noted in his favor: he kept the orchestra subdued, as Wagner wished it to be, so that the singers could properly assert themselves; and he mercifully made some cuts, all of which, however, were not judicious. He is said to have followed Hans Richter's example, but if he can yet get access to Anton Seidl's scores, he will find them better models to follow. Seidl had a genius for making Wagner's operas more compact without sacrificing essentials. A new Italian conductor also made his appearance last week in Puccini's "La Bohême" and Verdi's "Aïda." He had good control of his forces, but did not give any new readings or revelations of hidden beauties in these scores.

Pianists were again to the fore last week—five of them: Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Ernest Schelling, John Powell, Percy Grainger, and Harold Bauer. It is worthy of note that the three first-named are Americans. The late Theodor Leschetizky called Miss Bloomfield his "electric wonder," and to-day she can, if in the mood for it, still electrify her audience, as she did particularly with Chopin's sonata, opus 58. Ernest Schelling's Chopin-playing was also much relished, as were two Spanish dances and a military march by Granados, "the Spanish Chopin," whom Mr. Schelling discovered, so far as America is concerned. Mr. Grainger delighted the audience at Damrosch's Concert for Young People by playing Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy," while John Powell gave a splendidly virile as well as poetic performance of MacDowell's second piano concerto, at the New York Symphony Orchestra's concert. Harold Bauer did not play alone, but with Pablo Casals. The joint recitals of these two artists were among last year's sensations (five of them were given in New York alone), and they are likely to prove no less attractive this season, despite the superabundance of entertainments. HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

BAD MOMENTS OF A WAR.

To the advance of the Austro-German army into Servia, the declaration of Bulgaria on the Teutonic side, the crafty struggle of the Greek King to checkmate the Parliamentary majority and keep Greece from living up to her treaty and joining Servia, the pursuit of the outnumbered Servians while the belated Allied armies were fighting in the south—to all these events, the world's financial markets have given no response whatever. No Stock Exchange has passed judgment on the ultimate meaning of this chapter of diplomatic and military events. Money has risen at London, but that was an outcome of the deliberate tactics of the Bank of England. The foreign exchanges might possibly have been expected to reflect the news; but rates at New York have moved sharply in favor of London and against Berlin.

The question is still left open, whether or not the markets believe the Balkan news to foreshadow a desperate situation for the Allies, or whether, if they did, they would not give some tangible and violent response. On general principles and in the light of experience, it is not unreasonable to interpret their present attitude as meaning that they do not so regard it. They may infer a longer duration to the war than had been hoped for; yet even for that, it is hard to find tangible evidence in the markets.

But financial markets have acted in this way before, at bad moments of other great wars. Even with to-day's full knowledge of the political and military sequel to those older episodes, it is not possible to say whether the apathy of the markets was due to peculiar conditions in the financial machinery of the day, or to a far-reaching view which inspired belief, in the subconscious mind of finance, that what people then described as an appalling and hopeless situation was merely an episode. Nothing in the present situation of the Allies approaches in sinister foreboding the circumstances with which the United States Government was confronted during 1862. In June, McClellan had been driven out of the Peninsula by Lee; in August, Pope had been disastrously beaten by Jackson. The Union troops were outmanœuvred, their generals outclassed by the enemy. In September, Lee invaded Maryland. The Northern Government changed its commanding general, and Burnside sustained the overwhelming defeat of Fredericksburg. Generals were changed again, and Hooker was beaten at Chancellorsville. Not until Gettysburg, thirteen months after the series of disasters began, did the Union's fortunes change.

During the six months in which this succession of Union disasters occurred, Europe was on the verge of intervention; the Alabama had been equipped for the Confederates in England; Gladstone had made the speech (which he preferred to forget in later years), declaring that "we may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States," and our Minister at London, warning the British Foreign Secretary of the consequences, if he allowed another ironclad to be delivered to the South, had remarked, "it would be superfluous to point out to your Lordship that this is war."

Yet Northern markets gave the slightest response to this formidable situation. If the stock market broke, it recovered again. Cotton, which ought to have declined on evidence of the Confederacy's success, went up from 38 to 72 cents a pound between McClellan's retreat from the Chickahominy and the Battle of Chancellorsville. The price of gold, it is true, rose from 110 to 154; but a high price of gold should naturally have reflected expectation, not of early peace on the basis of final Southern victory, but of a long and exhausting war.

England has had her own experience of the sort. On top of Bonaparte's great victories of 1805 and 1806, and Russia's desertion of the English alliance in 1807, the campaigns of 1809 witnessed the crushing of England's remaining ally, Austria, and the experience of an English expeditionary army, sent to protect the Spanish people against the French invaders, being beaten, driven to its ships, and forced to sea again. The present case of the Allies is a cheerful situation compared with that of England in 1809. Yet British consols did not in all that year go so low as in 1805 or 1806 or 1807, and they were higher in November, after the surrender of Austria to France, than they were in January.

No doubt the suspension of gold payments, in the United States of 1862 and in the England of 1809, had something to do with imparting an artificial stimulus to financial values. The emergency credit devices and the Stock Exchange restrictions may be having the same effect on the European markets to-day. Yet the fact is not without interest that the markets of 1862 and 1809, in refusing to break violently on the formidable war news, must at least be said to have judged the final outcome more correctly than the newspapers and the public sentiment of the day.

This certainly does not prove that financial apathy means financial confidence, or that the markets are indifferent to the Balkan news. But it is possible that the markets of those two earlier years recognized a familiar tradition, fulfilled in nearly all wars in which English-speaking nations have engaged, that such a belligerent begins a war

with blunders, is over-confident and dilatory, and has to take the consequences; that it becomes really dangerous only after everything has gone wrong, and that it achieves its great results after its people have passed through and out of the period of hopeless despondency.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Clyde, M. H. The Thread That Is Spun. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.
Harris, C. Sunlight Patch. Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.
Pryce, R. David Penstephen. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Tremlett, Mrs. H. Looking for Grace. Lane. $1.25 net.
Van Schaick, G. The Son of the Otter. Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Deming, S. The Pillar of Fire. Small, Maynard. $1 net.
Jastrow, M. jr. The Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $6 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Badé, W. F. The Old Testament in the Light of To-day. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Leonard, W. E. Socrates Master of Life. Open Court Pub. Co. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Hecker, J. F. Russian Sociology. Columbia University Studies. Vol. LXVII. No. 1. Longmans, Green.
Lippmann, W. The Stakes of Diplomacy. $1.25 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Arkwright, F. Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. Volume III—When Madame de Maintenon Was Queen. Volume IV—War and Court Gossip. Brentanos. $3 net each.
Bigelow, P. Prussian Memories. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Clements, P. H. The Boxer Rebellion. Columbia University Studies. Vol. LXVI. No. 3. Longmans, Green.
Seymour, C. Electoral Reform in England and Wales. (Yale Historical Publications, Vol. III). Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Woods, F. A., and Baltzly, A. Is War Diminishing? Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

TRAVEL.

Bacon, R. For Better Relations with Our Latin-American Neighbors. (A Journey to South America.) Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.
Pears, E. Forty Years in Constantinople. Appleton. $5 net.

POETRY.

Campbell, W. M. Zorra. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Fitz Simons, T. L. To One from Arcady, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Husted, W. C. The Seawind. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
McLeod, I. R. Songs to Save a Soul. Huebsch. $1 net.
M. E. H. W. Symphonies. London: Blackwell. 2s. net.
Percy, W. A. Sappho in Levkas, and Other Poems. Yale University Press. $1 net.
Rittenhouse, J. B. The Little Book of American Poets. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
The House of My Dreams. Anonymous. Boston: Sherman, French.

SCIENCE.

Henshaw, J. W. Wild Flowers of the North American Mountains. McBride. $2.50 net.
Lowry, E. B. Your Baby. Forbes & Co. $1 net.
Verrill, A. H. The Boy Collector's Handbook. McBride. $1.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Drama League Series of Plays: A Woman's Way. The Trail of the Torch. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net each.
Nathan, G. J. Another Book on the Theatre. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

ART.

Lancaster, R. A. Historic Virginia Homes and Churches. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $7.50 net.
Maynard, S. T. Landscape Gardening as Applied to Home Decoration. Second edition, rewritten and enlarged. John Wiley & Sons. $1.50 net.

JUVENILE.

Carrick, V. Still More Russian Picture Tales. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Durant, N. M. Oliver and the Crying Chip. Boston: Sherman, French: $1 net.
Perkins, L. F. The Mexican Twins. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Stevenson, R. L. Treasure Island. Harper.

TEXTBOOKS.

Fetter, F. A. Economic Principles. Vol. I. Century. $1.75
Fulton, M. G., Bressler, R. G., and Mullin, G. H. Questions on Readings in English Literature. Century. 90 cents.
Kendall, C. N., and Mirick, G. A. How to Teach the Fundamental Subjects. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1915.

Summary of the News

Congress reassembles next Tuesday. In his message, as is indicated by dispatches from Washington, the President will doubtless largely concern himself with the question of national defence. It is also expected that he will suggest to Congress the adoption of legislation giving to the Federal authorities powers which they do not at present possess to enable them to deal effectively with cases of disloyalty and conspiracy. The President is also expected to make recommendations in connection with a new Ship Purchase bill, and to suggest means for raising the revenue which will be required to meet the expenses of the plan for national defence. In a statement issued on November 25 Secretary McAdoo presented an outline of the financial measures he suggests.

The situation in Greece has become considerably less acute, but, as we write, remains uncertain. It was reported last week that the Greek Government had acceded to the demands of the Allied Powers, and an official announcement issued from Athens on November 25 seemed to give confirmation to the statement. The wording of the announcement was, however, somewhat vague, and it was never regarded as conclusive. A second note, outlining the measures which the Powers desired Greece to take, in conformity with the preliminary agreement that had been reached, was presented on Friday of last week. It is understood that the Allied Powers recognize the right of Greece to continue neutral, but demand, as a guarantee of the safety and unhampered action of their forces, the withdrawal of Greek troops from the vicinity of Saionica. It is also supposed that they have demanded that they themselves shall police the territorial waters of Greece as a protection to their navies against the menace of German and Austrian submarines.

Rumanian diplomacy is so agile that it is hazardous to prognosticate anything as to its intentions, but it looks as though a crisis in the fortunes of the country were imminent. The dispatches of the week, recording alleged expressions of opinion by Rumanian statesmen, on which little reliance can be put, have slightly favored the Allies. From the King's speech at the opening of Parliament on Monday, advocating preparedness for defence, no conclusion naturally can be formed. The most important factor in the situation is the presence of large Russian forces on the Rumanian frontier in the neighborhood of the Danube. According to dispatches from Saionica of November 24, the Czar, in a personal telegram to Premier Paschitch, of Servia, promised that the invasion of Bulgaria by these troops would be undertaken in one week. Side by side with this report we may place the statement from London last Saturday that the Rumanian Government had refused a request of the Austrian and German Governments for permission for their warships to proceed along the Danube towards Galatz and the Black Sea.

Probably the German statement published on Monday, on which we comment more fully elsewhere, that the campaign in Servia may be regarded as concluded, is to be read in connection with the Russian threat on the Rumanian frontier. The statement itself, so far as the facts asserted go, is true enough. Servia, like Belgium, except for a small strip of territory, is in the occupation of the Teutonic forces and their Bulgarian allies. The Servian Government betook itself to Albania in the middle of last week, while the northern army has retired across the Albanian and Montenegrin frontiers, followed by Austrian forces.

The most interesting news from other fronts is that relating to the British expedition in Mesopotamia, which has apparently won a success of considerable importance at Ctesiphon, thus bringing the objective of the expedition, Bagdad, within measurable distance of achievement. The victory, judging from dispatches of Monday's date, was not so complete as was at first assumed, the British forces having again withdrawn to a position lower down the Tigris; but this retirement is probably due to the necessity of keeping the army, until the season is further advanced and the supply of water becomes more plentiful, in close touch with the river and the fleet of supply ships.

The roving commission entrusted to Lord Kitchener was evidently undertaken not only for the purpose of reviewing the Balkan situation and bringing pressure to bear on King Constantine, but also for the wider purpose of securing a greater measure of coordination in the operations of the various Allied Powers. From Athens Lord Kitchener went to Rome, and from there to Paris.

There have been two reports from Russian sources during the past week of the torpedoing of German cruisers, both of which have been denied from Berlin. German submarines have had a somewhat unsatisfactory week. A Norwegian vessel has been sunk in the North Sea, and two French and one British boats in the Mediterranean. In an official statement issued in Berlin on November 28 a summary was given of the achievements of submarines in the Mediterranean. According to this, during the first half of November eighteen ships were sunk in those waters, while during the same period in the Baltic only one vessel was sunk by British submarines. A possible explanation of the disparity in results may be obtained from other sources. Reports from Sweden seem to agree that German commerce in the Baltic is virtually at an end and that German ships are huddled in the safe haven of Swedish ports.

Dispatches from Washington early last week asserted that conferences between Secretary Lansing and Count von Bernstorff had been unproductive of results in regard to any settlement of the Lusitania case. Nothing further has been heard of the Ancona.

The case of the Zealandia, which was searched by a British cruiser when, according to one version, she was inside Mexican territorial waters, appears to have resolved itself into a question of measurement. According to dispatches from Washington on Monday, the Mexican port authorities measured by the sextant, the British captain by his range-finder. Hence the discrepancy of some fraction of a mile in the respective estimates of distance. It is probable that the case will be dropped.

A good deal of attention during the past week has been aroused by the scheme of a Mr. Ford, an automobile manufacturer of Detroit, to charter a ship on which he proposes to take a number of unofficial emissaries of peace to Europe. The object of the expedition, as declared by its originator, is "to get the troops out of the trenches by Christmas."

The case against Dr. Karl Buenz and other officials of the Hamburg-American Line on charges of conspiring to defraud the Government was rested by the prosecution on Monday. Capt. Boy-Ed's name has been freely mentioned in the evidence introduced in the trial, and there have been reports that the German Government contemplates lodging a protest against implicating its representative in the unsavory business. Investigations into alleged Teutonic conspiracies are now being conducted in San Francisco.

In a period of gigantic loans the instantaneous success of the new French "Victory" loan stands out as a striking achievement. Estimates made by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the economist, at the end of last week, were that the total figures might amount to $4,000,000,000, half being conversions of old issues.

News came from Ottawa on Monday that the Canadian Government had commandeered all high-grade wheat in elevators from Fort William, on Lake Superior, to the Atlantic Coast.

Dispatches on Tuesday announced the arrival of the Kaiser in Vienna and his meeting with the Emperor Francis Joseph. There were also reports of dissension in the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet, and in connection with these the inevitable rumors of a separate peace on the part of Austria-Hungary were revived.

The German Reichstag reassembled for its sixth war session on Tuesday. We have no detailed reports of its meeting as we write, but there is every indication that the question of food will figure prominently in its discussions. It is thought also that the Socialists will endeavor to obtain from the Chancellor some definite statement regarding Germany's aims in the war. There have been more reports of food riots in Germany during the past week, and dispatches from Amsterdam on Tuesday drew attention to the fact that for four days the circulation of certain newspapers outside of Germany appeared to have been prohibited.

A further statement by Lord Bryce of atrocities perpetrated on the Armenians was published in the morning papers of last Saturday.

The Week

The result of the first important bye-election for Parliament since the beginning of the war has unmistakable significance. Two candidates stood for Keir Hardie's vacant seat. Both were Laborites, one being the "official," the other the "unofficial," candidate. Both supported the Government. Between two such men there would seem to have been little choice. Yet the candidate who had the backing of the South Wales Miners' Federation was beaten by the sizable majority of 4,000 votes. The explanation of this result is partly that the "unofficial" candidate made his campaign upon the issue of the energetic prosecution of the war, while his opponent contented himself with a more moderate tone. But it is pointed out that the unsuccessful candidate had been connected with the Independent Labor party and its anti-war doctrines, and that this heavily handicapped him in the contest. Such a result would be significant in any election district in England, but in the district which had sent to Westminster the leader of the peace element in the British Socialists, a man some of whose utterances regarding the war had led a London newspaper to call his attention to an Order in Council prescribing penalties for giving aid to the enemy, it is conclusive upon the point of Britain's determination to see the war through.

The story told by Mrs. Eleanor Franklin Egan, of the attack on a British passenger ship in the Mediterranean by a submarine flying the Turkish flag, has a most important bearing on the whole subject of the killing of non-combatants upon merchant ships by submarine attack. In this particular case of the Barulos, twenty-five lives were lost through panic, and this was unjustified, since the commander of the submarine had no intention of committing such an outrage upon humanity, and such a violation of the laws of war, as has been committed again and again by the commanders of German submarines. The submarine fired a warning shot, but most of the passengers were instantly seized with panic terror; Mrs. Egan herself was "caught in the rush and literally forced over the side into the sea." The conduct of the submarine she describes as follows:

> The underwater craft had her collapsible lifeboat out, and the crew were pulling people out of the water onto her deck. The officer was holding up his hands shouting to the people in the water to be calm. I heard him say in perfect English: "For God's sake, go back to your ship. We are not murderers."

This is most creditable to the captain of this submarine; but it brings out in all the stronger relief the criminality of that policy —a policy which, so far as the principle of it is concerned, Germany has not as yet given the slightest sign of repudiating—which was put into force in the case of the Lusitania, the Arabic, and in all probability of the Ancona. And how could the poor women and children on the Barulos know that the commander of this warship flying the Turkish flag would be less inhuman than the man who ordered the Lusitania butchery? The blame for the deaths of these twenty-five victims is to be placed not on the panic, but on the cause behind the panic —the murderous and lawless policy of von Tirpitz and his Government.

When the Kaiser enters Constantinople, to greet his exalted brother-in-arms, the Sultan, he will have to take pains to forget what Germans have written of the Turks. For example, there is the letter which Bismarck wrote to the old Emperor on August 11, 1877. It was at the time of the first Russian reverses in the war with Turkey, and Bismarck associated himself with Wilhelm I in regretting the misfortune. He did not think that Germany would need to face a change of policy, but he went on to say:

> It is impossible without deep sympathy to read of the misfortunes of these brave and friendly soldiers, or without indignation to learn of the shameless outrages committed by the Turks upon the wounded and helpless. *With such barbarians it is difficult to be on good terms diplomatically, and I think that all Christian Powers must be indignant.* . . . For the Russians, there lies in these events evidence that, in this war, they are the champions of Christian civilization against heathenish barbarism.

This letter was first printed in the "Anhang" to Bismarck's "Erinnerungen," and may be found at p. 273 of Vol. I. It shows what a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since the great Chancellor made friendship with Russia a cardinal point in the true policy of Germany. But, of course, when he said that it was difficult to keep up even diplomatic relations with Turkey, he did not dream that a German Kaiser would one day be in alliance with a blood-stained Sultan, and entirely ready to overlook those Turkish *Greuelthaten* against which humane men all over the world, except in Germany, are crying out as Bismarck cried out against them in the Germany of 1877.

The official German press warns the Socialist and Radical newspapers against lending aid and comfort to the enemy by harping on the scarcity of food and the high prices. To this *Vorwärts* retorts that it is for the Government to remove the cause of complaint. It is not the Socialist press alone that needs admonition from the Government. Quite as bad is the impression created abroad by the patriotic organs which attempt to show that Germany never can be starved so long as German science can find substitutes for bread and meat; wood-pulp, for instance. The *Vossische Zeitung* praises the "masterly" address of one expert dealing with the digestibility and nourishing properties of wood. Another scientist shows how all that is needed is to boil lumber in lactic acid; "the whole mass becomes appetizing and highly nourishing," and it is thus revealed that "German forests contain enormous treasures of food material." We need not take such statements too seriously. A year ago one German professor had found that straw, by judicious scientific handling, could be rendered palatable and life-sustaining, but Germany to-day is not living on straw. Yet what a commentary this discussion does offer on German prospects of "victory." Nations may stave off disastrous defeat and annihilation by extraordinary self-sacrifice, but it is hard to think of armies marching triumphantly on Suez and India, while at home the nation speaks of the nutritive qualities of straw and lumber.

Yet no true conception of conditions in Germany can be framed if we insist on reading into German newspaper opinion a deeper significance than we read into Allied newspaper opinion of the same tenor, or emphasize internal conditions in Germany to the neglect of similar conditions elsewhere. If, for instance, a large section of the German press is calling upon the Government to state the terms upon which it is willing to make peace, it is also true that a paper of the standing of the London *Morning Post* is calling upon the Allied Governments to state what kind of peace they are striving for. If there are dissensions in Germany on the question of the desirability of peace, we must remember that in London the crowds are breaking up peace meetings held under the auspices of members of Parliament. We do not mean to say that conditions in Germany and England are similar. The very fact, for example, that there should be dissension in Germany shows how far we are from the unity and spirit of determination which were supposed to characterize the German people; whereas in England the free expression

of opinion is a normal thing. Nevertheless, the necessity does exist for reading Berlin dispatches and London dispatches with the same desire to get at the truth.

Secretary McAdoo has issued a statement as to the condition of the Treasury, its prospects, and the means for obtaining the additional revenue needed if the preparedness programme is adopted. Concerning the actual state of the nation's finances, and especially their condition in comparison with recent years, there promises to be a good deal of controversy, though in the end there can hardly be any difficulty in establishing the truth of the case. As to the Secretary's chief suggestions concerning sources of revenue, on the other hand, there is likely to be fairly general agreement. The retention of what remains of the sugar tariff, through repeal of the provision of the present law which provided for its gradual automatic extinction, will meet, we suppose, with almost no opposition at all; it should suit protectionists as a matter of course, and anti-protectionists, as being that tariff measure which can best be justified from a revenue standpoint and which produces a minimum of disturbance in the general tariff situation. An increase of the income tax will be much less welcome, but doubtless everybody is expecting it; and if it is to come, it is most desirable that there be a lowering of the exemption limit (as Mr. McAdoo suggests) along with a raising of the rate. As to the miscellaneous taxes, there is here room for any amount of variation; but the automobile is a shining mark, and is scarcely likely to escape. Still, with so many other sources open to the Federal Government, it may well be asked whether it would not be better to leave the automobilist to the States and municipalities. Their needs are constantly growing, and they are far more hampered than is the nation in the choice of subjects of taxation.

The Supreme Court's decision upholding the validity of the New York law—recently amended by the Legislature so as to ward off its worst effects—directed against the employment of alien labor on public works is not in the slightest degree inconsistent with its recent decision declaring the Arizona Anti-Alien Labor law unconstitutional. On the contrary, in the opinion handed down in the Arizona case, the Court not only took pains to point out that the question involved in it had reference to regulation of private employment only, but made explicit reference, at two points, to the question of public works, or the paying out of public moneys, in a manner that was doubtless intended more or less to foreshadow the conclusion that has been announced in the New York case. The Arizona law, it was pointed out in the earlier decision, "is not limited to persons who are engaged on public work or receive the benefit of public moneys"; and again:

> The discrimination defined by the act does not pertain to the regulation or distribution of the public domain, or of the common property or resources of the people of the State, the enjoyment of which may be limited to its citizens as against both aliens and the citizens of other States.

To say, in the face of this, as the New York *World* does, that the "Supreme Court in a way reversed itself in less than thirty days," is preposterous. As for the idea that the New York decision means that while "States are powerless to confer upon their citizens the right to violate treaties," yet they "may do so themselves with impunity," that is mere moonshine. The Court declared the Arizona law invalid because it violates rights guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment; and it declares the New York law valid because, in its opinion, it violates neither these rights nor any rights conferred by treaty.

The project of a "permanent non-partisan Tariff Commission" has, in the form in which it is put forward by the Merchants' Association of New York, the merit of great clearness:

> The Commission favored by the Association would have authority to gather, investigate, and tabulate technical and statistical facts of all kinds pertinent to the tariff schedules, both in this country and abroad, and its reports would be confined to ascertained facts *without recommendations,* unless recommendations should be asked for by Congress or the President.

The words which we have put in italics suggest a vital difference between what the movement of the New York organization contemplates and what has often—perhaps usually—been in the minds of the advocates of a permanent Tariff Commission. The device has been urged as a solution of the tariff problem—a means of automatically getting the tariff "out of politics." To be sure, few, if any, have ventured to propose that Congress should delegate its powers to a Commission; but what *has* been expected is that a Commission might be charged with the duty of framing a "scientific" tariff, subject to the approval of Congress, and that in practice this would result in the actual substitution of science for politics in the framing of our tariff laws.

That such a substitution of authoritative scientific conclusions for the pulling and hauling, the give and take, of political struggle is impossible in a field in which opposing opinions upon fundamentals are tenaciously held by somewhat equal portions of the population, is recognized not only in the statement we have quoted, but also in an extract from a book by Mr. Henry R. Towne, chairman of the Association's committee on the subject, which is presented as further defining its position. In this the distinction is sharply drawn between the determination of a policy on the tariff and the settlement of all the details. Whatever the policy may be, it is, of course, desirable, as Mr. Towne says, that it be applied with the fullest attainable knowledge of the facts concerned. "The function of a Tariff Commission," he says, "is to ascertain, record, and report these facts, leaving Congress free to deal with them as it may see fit." Even with this reasonable and modest view of a Tariff Commission's function, however, it is well to bear in mind the limitations and difficulties with which its undertaking would be beset; how serious these are, the experience of the able Board which, in President Taft's Administration, struggled with the question of difference of cost of production suffices to show.

It was Pennsylvania manufacturers who spoke of business as "trembling in the presence of the Democratic party." Now Senator Penrose, observing the same sensitive barometer, and compelled to admit a certain general prosperity, remarks that "much of the hopefulness is based upon the assumption that the Wilson Administration and its policies will be defeated and protection will be restored to the nation." So used is Senator Penrose, like Representative Mann and others, to whistling to keep up his courage, that when he perceives business in a whistling frame of mind he can think of no other explanation. The psychology of business, according to these Republican diagnosticians, is a fearful and wonderful thing. In 1907, beyond any doubt, it was some prevision of 1912 that caused a panic. The depression of the last two years arose from the consciousness that, whatever happened, business was in for Democratic misrule till 1917. But business can reach an almost unparalleled pitch of prosperity upon the mere hope that such misrule will not extend beyond that year. One puzzling aspect of these "explanations" is that their authors should admit so much virtue in a mere frame of mind—virtue able to triumph over the hard facts

presented by Democratic measures. Another lies in the circumstance that a multitude of manufacturers confess to doing well at the same time that they contemplate the probable reëlection of President Wilson.

Iowa reminds the country that there is to be a Republican Convention next year by an impressive launching of the Cummins Presidential boom. "Impressive," because the gathering of Republican leaders from all over the State included standpatters who fought Cummins in that dim past when he was running for Governor, and Progressives who did not quite know whether to fight him or not in the more recent times. Not in fifteen years, if we may trust the dispatches, has there been such an assembling of the clans in the State which may fairly claim to have done its best to introduce progressivism into the Republican party in a safe and sane way. Everybody was welcome, and no questions asked, to enroll in the Iowa Cummins Club, which has set out to give the State its first President. One thing in the Senator's favor is the geography of the situation. Like his rival, Burton, Cummins lives in the belt where the nomination lightning has a fondness for striking. Weeks may be an excellent man, but why should a Middle Westerner go outside his own favored section for a candidate for the White House?

These persons, for the sake of profits alone, deliberately encourage the workers to have large families, that their little ones may be driven to labor, that the factories shall have them.—[Helen Keller in the New York *Call*.

It was inevitable that Chicago's defective baby should be seized upon as a text for a "social" lesson; not simply as a text for eugenics, where the application would be fair enough, but as only another instance in the argument which traces all the ills of the world to our social and industrial system. It may be that the unscrupulous "profiteer" wants more poor children, but if so he has been singularly unsuccessful in having his wish. If one were asked to name any two great social forces that mark the history of the last fifty years, one could properly cite the rise of the factory system and the decline of the world's birth-rate. Germany, which industrialized herself after 1860, has witnessed a birth decline which her militarists now regard as a public menace. The same is true of industrialized England and this country. But Russia, which has hardly been scratched by the factory system, continues to pour forth an enormous increase of young life. Life, after all, is not entirely shaped by the conscious ambitions of the economic masters of society.

In the present issue of the *Nation* we publish the second of a series of articles, announced last summer, on the subject of the New Realism. Following upon Professor Firkins's paper, which laid bare the lack of truth in the fashionable poetry of the moment, Professor Sherman deals with a prominent representative of present-day realism in fiction. It appears that settling hoti's business is not the easy matter which many have been led to believe. Though the cry has been persistent of late that only facts are wanted, whether the medium be a poem, a novel, or the report of a factory superintendent, there is no escape from the conviction that true art is not a vehicle into which life raw and crude can be dumped with good effect. Art has its rules which require that life shall be presented in typical instances, and typical instances imply the exercise on the part of the artist of a sturdy judgment of what is representative as distinct from what is isolated. Facts are facts, it is true, but for art the interpretation of facts is the main thing. Interpretation, in turn, depends upon a philosophy of life. Without this a novelist is in no better case than a newspaper reporter. Not that our young writers of fiction are without this philosophy. It is because they have it, and must have it in order to build up their stories, that it is possible to convict out of their own mouths most of those who are posing as realists of not being realists at all. At the risk of committing a "never," we are tempted to say that never before has so much sheer naturalism masqueraded in the guise of authentic realism.

Years ago editions of Baedeker spoke of a movement in Philadelphia to unite the private art collections of Mr. Widener, Mr. Elkins, and Mr. Johnson in a suitable permanent building open to the public. In the city in which more than a century ago the painter Peale was head of one of the most flourishing academies of fine arts in the New World, this project for a substantial public museum still hangs fire. Comparatively new Western cities, like Cleveland and Minneapolis, have seen splendid buildings go up in the last few years, but Philadelphians have been unable to agree on a bond issue or other provision. In the option which his father's will has left Mr. Joseph Widener, to retain the Widener art collection or to present it to New York, Washington, or Philadelphia, the city ought now to find inspiration to build a gallery that would afford suitable protection to such an exhibit.

The rapid growth of Princeton University in the last ten years is set forth in a bulletin issued by the Princeton University Press Club. A decade ago the estimated value of the buildings at Princeton was $3,238,840. Since then nineteen new structures have been erected at a cost of $4,157,480. The teaching faculty has been increased from 100 to 195, and the salary budget from $195,135 yearly to $401,310. While costs have thus been multiplied by two, the increase of students has been slightly less than 20 per cent. The students pay but little more in tuition for the enlarged facilities. These have been made possible by special gifts, like that of Mr. Procter, and bequests like that of Mrs. Swann. The professors have gained but little in salary, a fact to which the authorities "point with regret." Princeton's development from 1905 to 1915 has been truly remarkable. But so has been the expansion of many another university. Undergraduates are the beneficiaries of a fast-mounting expenditure.

It took half a century and the efforts of educators like Barnard and Mann to persuade Americans to substitute State control for local and private control of schools. It is only by losing sight of the great progress made by virtually all State systems in the last few decades that one can doubt their ability to maintain the work of improvement without Federal interference. Ex-President Taft's suggestion, that the Federal Bureau of Education be made a national university with power to examine teachers and issue Federal certificates, is objectionable as trenching on the functions of the commonwealths in a way that might lead to their neglect or atrophy. The betterment of the schools now depends primarily upon the general centralization of control at the State capitals—the abolition of district schools and their replacement by township schools, the exercise of increased authority over the townships by the county, and a firmer direction of county policies by the State superintendents and State boards. The national Government has every reason to avoid action that would weaken the hands of the State, while putting itself to useless expense and labor. At the same time, it is quite possible that in undertaking special investigations by State invitation, the Federal Bureau could—as ex-President Taft asserts—stimulate the backward States to progressive action.

MEXICO AND THE CATHOLICS.

The publication on Monday of the long letter of the President's private secretary, Mr. Tumulty, to a fellow-Catholic, with accompanying documents, is undoubtedly to be taken, first of all, as an effort of the Administration to allay Catholic feeling in this country. This has shown itself much inflamed by Mr. Wilson's course towards Mexico, and particularly by the stories of shocking cruelties to priests and nuns which have come across the border. The charge has been made that these outrages were committed by the soldiers of Carranza's armies, if not under direct orders of the military authorities, at least with their wicked acquiescence. Hence, it has been alleged, to recognize Carranza as *de facto* President of Mexico is to make our Government tolerant of monstrous crimes, and to offer a deadly insult to the Catholic Church. It is not only Catholic citizens and newspapers that have taken up the cry. Mr. Roosevelt has, in pursuance of his avowed purpose to "tear Wilson to pieces," caught up the reports from Mexico, given them full credit, and made them the basis of railing accusations. It must be to such assertions as his that Mr. Tumulty's letter refers when it says: "Any effort to drag out all the horrors of a fratricidal war and put them on parade, to paint only the dark side, to keep open wounds when that country is prostrate in sorrow and its people praying for peace, is scarcely a labor which any friend of Mexico would undertake, or in which any man could find pride."

The question of fact is admittedly difficult. It will not be disposed of by this official publication. Indeed, Mr. Tumulty frankly concedes that in the turmoil of civil war in Mexico, with guerrilla bands operating in various parts of the republic, horrible things have been done. But he contends that the Washington Administration has done all that it could to safeguard Catholics in Mexico. He also asserts that there has been a vast exaggeration of the actual outrages, and, in particular, that the accounts of widespread violation of nuns by a ruthless soldiery have been without warrant in fact. After careful official inquiry, not one authentic case of this infamy has been brought to the knowledge of our State Department. It is hard, if not impossible, to prove a negative in such a matter. We presume it to be highly probable that there have been a few cases of outraged nuns. But it is certain that there have not been nearly so many as freely charged. And to some specific allegations Mr. Tumulty's letter gives a quietus. For example, in "The Book of Red and Yellow," printed by the Catholic Church Extension Society of America, there is a chapter dealing with "The Persecution of the Sisters." One of the latter makes a sworn statement about what she saw with her own eyes, in which occurs the following:

> In Mexico City I have seen with the utmost regret many religious who have been victims of the unbridled passions of the soldiers. Many I found bemoaning their misfortune, being about to become mothers, some in their own homes and others in maternity hospitals. Others have allowed themselves to be carried away by their misfortune and have given up all, filled with desperation and shame. They complain against God, saying that they have been abandoned by Him.

To this, Mr. Tumulty is able to oppose the testimony of the Vicar-General of the Archbishopric of Mexico City, Antonio J. Paredes. In a report dated January 22, 1915, he says:

> With reference to the violation of nuns (*señoras religiosas*), I am positive that no one of them within the archbishopric has suffered an attack upon her honor, and I have been unable to confirm the rumors that violated nuns have arrived in this capital from other places. Inasmuch as all religious affairs come to the office of which I am in charge, I consider the above rumors as entirely false.

This is authoritative for these particular charges, and ought to make even Mr. Roosevelt hesitate before believing every story of the kind that comes to him.

If the Mexican Government of to-day is severe in its attitude towards the Catholic Church, this is no more than all Mexican Governments have been for the past sixty years. There can be no understanding of the Catholic question in Mexico to-day which does not take into account what has gone before. Mexico has a body of anti-Clerical legislation so drastic as to make the most extreme measures of France in recent years seem mild by comparison. The so-called "Laws of Reform," worked out by Lerdo and Juárez and Comonfort during the struggles of many years, were an attack upon the ancient privileges of the Mexican Church more sweeping than anything which Carranza has done or proposed. Whether those anti-Clerical laws were justified or not, we do not here discuss. Our sole point is that they, and the treatment of priests and nuns that went along with them, were never alleged as a reason why the United States should not recognize those earlier Mexican Presidents. But now we are told that Carranza ought not to be recognized because he is anti-Clerical, and because crimes such as used to stain former revolutions in Mexico have again been committed during the past three years. Nowhere is there any proof that Carranza himself is personally responsible; but everything that drunken soldiers or roving bandits have done is laid upon his shoulders. This is manifestly unfair.

We must try to keep distinct the question of outrages in Mexico and the question who bids fair soonest to restore peace and order in Mexico. Abhorrence of the crimes cannot be too great. If the criminals are caught, their punishment cannot be too severe. But we submit that all this is beside the point of what is to be done by outside nations to help Mexico to her feet. It is a neat point which Mr. Tumulty scores when he remarks that the other countries which joined the United States in deciding that Carranza was the man for the great Mexican work are all Catholic countries.

THE SERVIAN CAMPAIGN.

The German General Staff announces the close of its campaign against the Servian army. That army has now been driven beyond the national frontiers and the object of the German operations—an open road to Constantinople—has been attained. It is rather unusual for a war staff to inform its opponents that it has gone as far as it expects to and so relieve the enemy of undue anxiety. The Berlin statement is intended primarily, of course, for the people at home. The irresistible onset of the German arms has been proved in another theatre of war. Servia is now at one with Poland and with Belgium as a sign of victory if the war is to be decided by the clash of armies, as another trump card in the hands of the German diplomatist if peace is to come through weariness and a matching of gains and losses. Possibly, the announcement of the "close" of Teutonic operations in the Balkans is not intended for the German people alone. Among the Allies the query will arise where Germany may strike next. In Italy, for example, the question might well be the cause of some anxiety.

In the Balkan campaign the Central Powers set out to accomplish the very same object that the Allies aimed at six months ago, and they have succeeded where the Allies have failed. Great Britain, in beginning the Dardanelles campaign, had a double purpose. By forcing the straits she hoped to bring aid to a beleaguered ally—Russia—

which was badly in need of war supplies and which needed in turn an outlet for her food supplies upon which her economic standing in the international markets was largely based. A greater potential result was the effect which the fall of Constantinople would have exercised upon the attitude of the Balkan peoples. Bulgaria, Greece, Rumania, without question, would now be fighting on the side of the Allies. The Germanic Powers would never have executed their march into the heart of Russia. Instead, it is not unlikely that the Czar might have broken through the Carpathian barrier, and the end of the war would have been in sight. It has turned out the other way. Germany, in turn, faced the necessity of bringing aid to a beleaguered ally—Turkey—from whom in turn she might draw food supplies, in moderate quantity, for her own people. This she has accomplished. Germany, in the second place, faced the problem of swinging the Balkan balance in her favor. This, too, she has accomplished. Bulgaria is her ally, Servia is out of it. Greece is friendly. Rumania, in spite of all rumors about Russian armies preparing to march through her territory against Bulgaria, desires to remain neutral.

As a military achievement the conquest of the greater part of Servia does not rank particularly high. What is impressive is not the speed with which the task has been performed or the obstacles which have been overcome, but the smoothness with which the operation has been carried out. Suppose the campaign conducted under Austrian instead of German leadership, and there would probably have been temporary setbacks, delays, mistakes, even if the ultimate outcome were the same. It was the German machine at work. But the German machine, while working smoothly, did not perform miracles. We may compare the operations of the last two months with the progress of events during the first Balkan war of 1912. In that year the combined forces of Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro outnumbered the Turkish armies as 7 to 4. In the present campaign at least three-quarters of a million Teutons, Bulgars, and Turks were arrayed against 200,000 Serbs at most, and about as many Allies in Gallipoli, or nearly 2 to 1. The Germanic attack upon Servia began on October 6; and Belgrade was occupied on October 9, the very same day on which, three years ago, Montenegro gave the signal for war against Turkey. Just seven weeks after Belgrade, the Teutonic forces reached Mitrovitsa. But in 1912 the Bulgars had won the battle of Lule Burgas in less than three weeks after the outbreak of war, and were before the Chataldja lines in less than five weeks, covering a greater distance than from Belgrade to Mitrovitsa. In six weeks the Serbs in 1912 had occupied Monastir. In four weeks the Greeks were at Salonica.

Actually, the odds against the Servians were much greater than those faced by the Turks in 1912. The Allies in Gallipoli have not entered into the reckoning. With 200,000 men at most, Servia had to face an attack on three sides carried out by 200,000 Austro-Germans and probably a quarter of a million Bulgars. Against German leadership there was no chance of a dramatic *coup* such as shattered the Austrian army of invasion last December. The Servian army had the choice between retreating with forces intact into Albania and by a roundabout route back into southern Servia, or thinning its lines and fighting a delaying campaign. The first alternative would have given the Central Powers immediate control of the road to Constantinople, while the Bulgars, facing no resistance in the north, would have poured larger forces into Macedonia than they have done, and might now have been in possession of Monastir and all of Servia. A delaying campaign meant the loss of the greater part of the Servian army, but it furnished a respite for the bringing up of Allied reinforcements which might at least safeguard a remnant of the national territory. This is what has happened. The parallel with Belgium is complete. The Cerna River on which the French are established is the Yser of Servia. Monastir is Ypres.

Berlin's announcement of the "close" of the campaign against Servia is coincident with the arrival of winter. There is snow in the mountains. Operations can be conducted only with great difficulty. Yet Berlin's statement does not necessarily mean a suspension. The "end" may have been attained, but there is no reason why the victors should not press on to unforeseen advantages. Unless the rumored agreement between Bulgaria and Greece regarding Monastir is a fact, there is no reason why the Bulgars should not use their forces, released in the north, for exercising increased pressure against the Allies in the south. But even if a respite is granted to the Allies, the task which confronts them next spring is formidable. To match the forces of their enemies in the Balkans, they have now about 300,000 men in Gallipoli and Servia, with the remnants of the Serb army. Before spring they must double their forces, if they are to be on equal terms, and they must pour in half a million men if they are to assume the aggressive.

FOOD AND PEACE.

We may divide the war into three phases. In the first phase, victory was sought through the clash of armies. In the second phase, it became a test of munitions. In the present phase, there enters the factor of the possible endurance of the nations measured in terms of food. The problem is one that does not confront Germany alone. The cost of living has gone up in Great Britain. Prices have become burdensome in France. In Austria there is dire want. Russia has her great stocks of unsold grain, but the disorganization of industry and sharp depreciation of currency have undoubtedly played their part. France is preparing to follow Germany in fixing maximum prices. All Europe is suffering, and we can only strive at a rough estimate as to which nation suffers most. It is in Germany that the situation is being most vehemently discussed. The question is, therefore, whether conditions in Germany are faithfully portrayed in the public press, or whether the greater agitation there is due simply to the German habit of facing a problem squarely and taking measures to safeguard the future.

Such figures as are available unquestionably show a more serious state of affairs in Germany than in France or Great Britain. For Great Britain the London *Economist* estimates a rise of 25 per cent. in the price of commodities entering into the working-class budget. For Germany, according to the *Economist*, the official Prussian figures show an increase since the outbreak of the war of 75 per cent. The scarcity weighs in particular upon the children. The maximum price for butter was fixed at Berlin in October at 67 cents a pound, but in other parts of the country the price is from 80 to 90 cents. Milk for adult consumption has become prohibitive, and in many parts is hardly obtainable. By comparison, the figures for Paris, quoted in a recent number of the *Petit Parisien*, are much more favorable. Butter sells at 40 cents a pound, an increase of 40 per cent. since the beginning of the war. Milk has gone up one cent from seven to eight cents a quart. The increase in meat prices ranges from 16 per cent. for poultry down to scarcely any advance for pork. But fish has gone up 60 per cent., partly because of the increased demand, partly because of the drafting of the Breton fishermen; potatoes have gone up 25 per cent., and now sell at 2 cents a pound, or

nearly twice the maximum fixed in Germany, and cabbages for the workingman's soup have risen 133 per cent., from 6 cents to 14 cents per head. The pressure is sufficiently acute in France, but the children there suffer less than they do in Germany.

Conditions in Austria are reflected in a recent statement of a Vienna "Hausfrau" in the *Neue Freie Presse*, dealing with the problem from the standpoint of the lower middle classes. It is a question of feeding a family of five on an income of $1,200 a year. According to the writer, the common phrase about the housewife's ceaseless and painful "guerrilla warfare" for existence has become bitterly true. She gives very few figures, but the picture is a sad one. Of meat for the daily diet there is no use in speaking, and only the most painful economy will produce a roast for Sunday with something left over for the following day. "Given bread, flour, potatoes, fat, and a bit of rice, and a life-sustaining diet may be worked out on a semi-vegetarian basis." The whole secret of subsistence under present circumstances consists in a "ceaseless" study of ways and means, based on market reports, and personal intensive shopping. With all that, the hunt for butter and fat is a useless one. The children must be content with the comparatively cheap apple-butter. Milk for coffee is out of the question. The writer hopes that the scarcity in potatoes will disappear; "otherwise the nourishment of the family simply cannot be carried on." These are the conditions which confront what in ordinary times would be a fairly prosperous family. What conditions are for the working classes it is not hard to imagine.

For Germany and Austria the food problem has thus resolved itself into the simple factor of potatoes. The German authorities assert that there is no scarcity in that staple, and if regulation has become necessary, the greed of middlemen and speculators has made it so. More than that, the maximum for potatoes seems actually designed to force prices down below even the normal level in order to make up for the deficiency in pretty nearly everything else. Seventy-two cents a hundredweight has been set as the maximum price to the farmer, and retail prices must not exceed that by thirty cents, so that the consumer is supposed to pay a little over a cent a pound, which, as we have seen, would be only one-half the price in the Paris markets. The maximum, however, is not always adhered to. The Frankfort Town Council has been compelled to pay ten cents more a hundred for 200 tons. At any rate, this very emphasis on potatoes shows how largely the German masses are expected to do without nearly everything else that enters into their regular diet. If, with potatoes selling at one cent a pound, the cost of sustenance has nevertheless risen 75 per cent. since the outbreak of war, we can imagine what the increase has been in commodities that go beyond the mere need of keeping body and soul together.

Will Germany, therefore, be starved into submission? It does not follow in the least. We need only recall the South in the Civil War. But it does not need actual starvation to force German statesmen into considering peace. That is the significance of the clamor that rises not only from the Socialist organs like *Vorwärts*, but from moderate organs of the non-Imperialist type. Lack of food will not drive Germany to accept defeat, but it is bound to compel a revision of definitions. Victory, defeat, peace—they cannot mean now what they meant at the beginning of the war; that is true for all nations. But the problem is all the more pressing upon the German Government, for the very reason that German arms on land have been victorious. In France it will be a sufficient answer to the suffering masses that it is a question even of starving or going under as a nation. In Great Britain the sacrifices of the people are the price for the preservation of the Empire. But what does Germany understand by "victory"? Is it necessary for little children to go without sufficient nourishment in order that the eagles may be carried to Suez? That is the question before the Kaiser.

A FINE BENEFACTION.

In these days, when "thinking in millions" has become commonplace, and when, fortunately, giving and bequeathing in millions for beneficent purposes are of frequent occurrence, the fact that a million dollars has been devoted by an individual to a humane object does not in itself attract more than passing attention. But such an act as that of Mrs. Isaac L. Rice—already known for her public spirit through her fight against noise—whose plan of establishing a hospital for convalescents near New York in memory of her recently deceased husband has just been announced, is differentiated in several ways from the general run of gifts. In the first place, while public bequests by millionaires are quite the order of the day, gifts from the living that form a large part of the entire fortune of the giver are very rare. Moreover, even in leaving money after death, it is unusual for our millionaires, if they have children, to devote more than a comparatively small proportion to the general good; whereas Mrs. Rice not only makes this generous gift while she is living and not of an advanced age, but is diminishing by so much the inheritance of her six children.

In this circumstance there is ground not only for especial recognition of large-minded generosity, but for some reflections which the possessors of the enormous fortunes of the present time would do well to lay to heart. In the case of these fortunes, in which in many instances there are only two or three children, one might expect that persons of good will and of enlightened mind would devote to beneficent purposes a considerable portion of their wealth, either at death or sooner. And if this is very rarely done—as it is—we feel sure that the cause is to be found chiefly in want of thought. Persons of the type we have in mind do not deliberately weigh the question whether, before dividing up their millions among their two or three children, it would not be well first to devote a really substantial fraction to some large or noble end; if they spent a little time in earnestly considering this question, they could come to but one conclusion, unless they were wholly wanting in imagination. They would be sure to see that the children would suffer no diminution whatever of happiness through getting six million dollars each instead of ten, or two million instead of three; while thousands of their fellowmen would be incalculably benefited, generation after generation, by the mere stroke of a pen that would suffice to determine the surplus millions to a worthy and beautiful use. The failure lies not so much in the heart, or even in the mind, as in the mere mechanical following of a routine course. Even a single example ought to be worth much in stirring up the thought of doing likewise. Nothing is more certain than that it is to the force of example that we are chiefly indebted for that practice of philanthropic munificence which is far more general in our time than in the past, and in our country than in any other.

It happens that the choice made by Mrs. Rice of the object of her gift is as noteworthy as the generosity of it. Our resources are notably deficient in provision for convalescents. The accommodations of our hospitals are in such demand, and the expense of their maintenance so great, that patients are necessarily dismissed from them as soon as the stage of convalescence

is reached; and moreover, it is not in the hospital, but in surroundings of a very different character, that convalescents can receive the benefit of which they stand in special need. Plenty of room and fresh air, cheery and homelike surroundings, the absence of that sense of constant supervision and discipline which necessarily prevails in the ordinary hospital—these are some of the things which an establishment for convalescents can provide and, if properly managed, can provide at moderate expense. It is safe to say that in thousands of cases the benefits derived from the regular hospital treatment can be vastly augmented and made far more permanent through such care during the period of convalescence.

There is an extraordinary scarcity in the neighborhood of New York, and of our great cities generally, of desirable places where persons who do not need institutional care of any kind, but who do need quiet, country air, good food, and a well-ordered house, can rebuild their health. The number of places—whether hotels, boarding houses, or what may be called semi-sanatoria—that one's family physician can recommend to an ordinary invalid for this purpose is amazingly small. Here is a case not for charity, not even for "philanthropy and four per cent.," but for intelligent planning on purely business principles, if but the right person could be found to take hold of it. There is no difficulty whatever in finding such places in the neighborhood of any great city in Germany or France; but it must be remembered that it is also perfectly easy to find within these cities delightful *pensions* at prices to suit almost any purse, whereas in our American cities such establishments are almost as rare as white crows. The difficulty, therefore, is somewhat deep-seated; yet we are quite sure it is not insuperable. If there are left in such a city as New York any doctors of the old-fashioned type, doctors who have time to give to the homelier interests of their patients, they might do much worse than to cast about for ways and means of supplying this great deficiency. There must be numbers of persons, especially women, who have just the qualities necessary for conducting excellent homes, large or small, designed for the accommodation of convalescents. They might not make a fortune at the business, but they could certainly make it yield a very satisfactory income. And they would furnish to many persons what they sorely need, what they are willing and able to pay for, but what, as matters stand, it seems impossible to get for love or money.

Foreign Correspondence

THE AMERICAN NOTE—MR. CHURCHILL'S RESIGNATION—OXFORD DONS AS PORTERS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, November 16.

It is impossible to address a letter from England to America and ignore the one subject that leaps into every Englishman's mind when the word "America" is mentioned. The last American note is now dominant in the thoughts of every Briton who ever thinks about America at all. The discussion of it still lingers on in the daily press, and it is in full blast in the weekly and Sunday papers. There prevails undoubtedly a feeling of soreness at the somewhat brusque tone of the note, an uneasy sense that it ignores the higher justice for the sake of what is at most a minor illegality. We feel pretty strongly that the question involved is, at bottom, really one of policy rather than of law, though we do not doubt that our own jurists will be quite able to answer Mr. Lansing on his own chosen ground. We are, it is true, making a breach with the *practice* of the past, but we feel that this breach has to do with the letter rather than the spirit of the law. The contents of the note seem practically to amount to a demand that (for reasons that do not meet here with any immediate or universal assent) Great Britain and her allies should divest themselves of a very large part of the advantages they derive in this war from their superior naval force. And we find it almost inconceivable that any responsible American statesman is likely to press a point that will so inevitably and so seriously militate to the advantage of Germany. The real friendship and community of interests between the United States and Great Britain have foundations too deep to be seriously shaken by this passing divergence of opinion.

After all, this war must be regarded in its widest aspects. The question is, who ought to win, or rather (in this connection) who does America think ought to win? An absolute neutrality, in thought and speech as well as in action, based on merely technical grounds, seems to be becoming more and more impossible. The torpedoing of the Ancona and other passenger ships in the Mediterranean Sea is considered here to be utterly inconsistent with both the spirit and the letter of Germany's compact with the United States. The suggestion that any material difference exists because these acts were committed under the Austrian flag seems unworthy of consideration. *Qui facit per alium facit per se.* It is unreasonable to suppose that the enormously predominant member of the partnership of the Central States cannot and does not dictate the military and naval policy of her ally. Moreover, it is still less reasonable to argue that Germany could dodge her obligations to America simply by lowering her own flag and hoisting that of Austria on all her submarines, or by making over her entire submarine fleet to Austria. Germany is not yet "at war" with Italy; and her own doctrine of the freedom of the seas would logically demand a protest on her part against this treatment of a country that is still, so far as she is concerned, a neutral.

The not wholly unexpected resignation of Mr. Churchill has been received by many people with a certain sense of relief. They do not forget his ante-bellum services to the navy (nor the fact that he had a pretty good basis to start with when he took office), but they also remember that his name has, rightly or wrongly, been popularly associated with the most disastrous episodes of the war. Moreover, no man of decent taste ever really liked the somewhat intemperate epithets which Mr. Churchill applied to our opponents. His rash and luckless prophecies at Dundee and Manchester have also to be taken into account. All due weight has been attached to Mr. Asquith's generous defence of Mr. Churchill, but the assurances that anything that appears doubtful as to his influence on warlike operations will hereafter be amply vindicated rather tend to evoke a somewhat cynical attitude as to future rehabilitations of this kind. It is only fair to state that there are also many people, including some of great weight and judgment, who consider that the Ministry is distinctly weakened by the loss of Mr. Churchill. This is, for instance, the position of the *Observer*, which considers he would have been successful both at Antwerp and in the Dardanelles if he had been properly backed up by the Government and War Office. Perhaps the real truth is that his disappearance from the Cabinet has been received by the great body of the people with an indifference, or at least a composure, that a few months ago one would hardly have thought possible in the case of so insistent and enterprising a personality.

Since the above was written Mr. Churchill has addressed the House of Commons on the subject of his resignation. The speech was a good one, and may frankly be admitted as clearing Mr. Churchill from some of the baseless suspicions that had been hovering round his head. On the whole, however, it was not of a character to diminish the relief of those who felt that it was just as well he went; and the feeling of regret at his personal attacks on one or two of his colleagues seems fairly universal.

A striking little postscript to my recent letter on Oxford was witnessed the other day at Didcot, a busy but rather uninteresting railway junction about ten miles from the University. The War Office recently decided to station a large storage warehouse at Didcot, and acres of sheds were in due course erected. The amount of stores of all kinds that arrived to fill these sheds, however, soon attained dimensions that baffled the utmost efforts of the detachment of soldiers in charge, and long lines of loaded freight-cars blocked up all the adjacent tracks. In despair, the officer in command issued an appeal for help to the authorities of Oxford University. The immediate result was an influx of dons, citizens, and undergraduates, which, aided by contingents from neighboring villages, attained a maximum number of 3,000 willing, if somewhat amateurish, unloaders, porters, and packers. The episode is significant of the amount of useful voluntary work at the disposal of the Government, whenever the barriers of red tape are let down for a moment. It is interesting, too, as the *Times* points out, to notice the contrast between this outburst of academic hewing of wood and drawing of water with the somewhat artificial experiments in road-making by undergraduates, inaugurated by Ruskin in the early seventies. The orderly and effective character of the work

was mainly due to the fact that it was done by citizens organized as members of the Volunteer Training Corps, described in the *Nation* for November 4.

FRENCH SOCIALISM AND PEACE—REPUDIATION OF THE BERNE CONFERENCE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 15.

One reason why French Socialists, in the present war, need watching—and explaining—is that many neutrals and some Frenchmen first overrate their importance, and then string their own legends to their label. The French Unified Socialists, that is, the organized political party of Jaurès, long since notified their sympathizers in other countries that they could consider any revival of Internationalism only after the war when peace should reign at last. From this decision German Socialists have more than once made a clamorous appeal, declaring that the International cause is an essential of Socialism and must and shall be taken up here and now, with war still on, in some neutral town, with Socialists of the belligerent nations sitting side by side in conference.

To each pressing invitation French Socialists have all along shown the same deliberate aversion as their brother Frenchmen who belonged to peace societies before the war show to repeated efforts to involve them in obscure intrigues for a disloyal peace, premature and "pro-German." When the new Government took power, the spokesman of Unified Socialists in Parliament, Renaudel, though exasperating his colleagues by what were thought unnecessary and out-of-place remarks about the conditions of final peace, declared earnestly his party's entire solidarity with Prime Minister Briand's formula that all must fight to the end for "Peace with Victory!" The Prime Minister, himself sitting in Parliament as an independent Socialist, remarked pleasantly that Socialists deserve all the more credit for their stalwart acceptance of war inasmuch as it is less in harmony with their principles.

It is certainly a gross mistake to suppose that French Socialists have manifested the least willingness even to confer with the invaders of their country or with neutrals concerning a hypothetical peace. Such errors may render the best-intentioned neutrals utterly inapt to talk of peace with those who are waging war to save their lives.

The latest pro-German intrigue of this kind, intended to compromise a responsible part of the French people by the irresponsible action of isolated individuals unsuspecting whither they are being led, has called forth this week the peremptory and unreserved condemnation of all the authorized representatives of French Socialism. With blood and life itself, the rank and file of Socialists are giving at the front the lie to such intrigues. It is the same with French women whom, after the failure of the Hague Conference, it is again sought to compromise in Switzerland.

Under the name of the Conference of Berne—it was really held at Zimmerwald—after "diplomatic missions," it was found possible to get together members of the Socialist Internationale, which existed before the war, from England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, the Balkan states, Holland, and Switzerland, and to induce them to sign a declaration reproving the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and also any annexations when war shall be over—and to talk vaguely of peace, which all men and women desire, but not at the price which is worse than death. The delegate of the Italian "official" Socialists, while protesting the patriotism of his party, explained their action: "We have not lost our confidence in the Internationale. We wish it to take its way again with decision, and that it should be a living and influential force at the moment when the European conflict has an end." The two Frenchmen who signed were delegates of themselves only.

The authorized spokesmen of French Socialists—"French Section of the Labor Internationale"—have at once officially repudiated the whole proceeding by a unanimous vote. They are such men as Jules Guesde, the organizer of the Socialist party in France; Renaudel, who more or less takes the place of Jaurès; Vaillant, who is a patriarch of the old Internationale and Paris Commune; Gustave Hervé, independent; Bracke, Syndicalist, and so on. "The National Council has said and the permanent administrative commission repeats with it—The struggle imposed on the Allies by the leaders of Germany must be carried on to its natural end, that is, to the defeat of German militarism, to give the world the great and necessary lesson of attempted hegemony broken by the resistance of free peoples. And it invites all Socialist sections to avoid even the appearance of a propaganda to the contrary."

In the sudden transformation of national politics wrought by the war, it is clear that surprised politicians of every party will try to save what they can of their old union and power and will look out eagerly to keep what they can when war is over. Political faith and ambition equally demand this. No wonder that Socialists, like the rest, should try to rescue the fragments of their shattered Internationalism—for future use. In the same way, Radicals do their best to retain as much as possible of the political predominance which long years of bitter struggle had won them in France.

French pacifists of other days are now waging war as strenuously as the others—with the possible exception of Romain Rolland—that they may have true and final peace. Even Romain Rolland, from his doubtfully patriotic residence in neutral Switzerland, was one of the first to hurl the epithet of "Huns!" at the invaders of Belgium, just as the most International of Socialists unite in crying that there can be no peace until "Prussian militarism" is beaten out of existence. An event of the month has been Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson's appeal to Romain Rolland to come down from cold Tolstoyan Alpine peaks and show that he sides with his own flesh and blood in this war, where nations perhaps, but surely no human soul, can remain neutral.

If we take the rank and file of Socialist voters, those who do not speak but yield confidingly to the label because such is human nature, there is perhaps no more national part of the French people. Even the inner nucleus of Syndicalists have never, in spite of cruel legends to the contrary, separated themselves from their brother Frenchmen in the hour of need.

Three months ago I had occasion to put into plain English a few verses from the *Bataille Syndicaliste* (see *Nation* of August 26, "War Song of French Workmen"), as "giving an impression of the force beyond words which animates all classes in France." They concerned the dreaded winter campaign, which is now a reality.

The day that Germany opened up the abyss,
One and one only word, peaceful, sublime,
Was spoken by the one-minded people:
It must be.
. . . . . .
Dear workmen, put off your hope
To do away with hunger and suffering;
It must be.
. . . . . .
Yes, your flesh bleeds and your heart eats itself away,
But you will hold out one year more,
If it must be.

The author, Raphael Périé, volunteered forty-five years ago, on the fifth of September with the dawn of the new republic, in the army that fought through the dreary winter against the German invader of that day. He writes now to say: "I feel the need of telling you what satisfaction I have experienced to see the poem's intention so well understood. I assure you of my cordial sympathy as with those who are generous friends of France and of the universal people."

He who, in this war, recognizes Prussian militarism as the consistent enemy of the people of all countries, not of France alone, but of neutral nations and Germany, too, has the truth in him.

One of the most conspicuous foreign correspondents in Paris, before the war, whose letters in a Vienna paper had long made him obnoxious, has lately boasted from that city to which events have relegated him: "Two days after peace is proclaimed, I shall walk the Paris boulevards just as I did before!"

Time may tell if this is a survival of the illusion which made the German peoples dare to undertake this war. The military attaché of a neutral Power, who has seen the war at the front and among the French people at home, and who is many years younger than myself, spoke to me yesterday of such relations of man to man among the warring peoples when war shall be over: "It will not be in your time—and not in mine!"

Only time can tell, but it must not be taken for granted that so persistently hostile a feeling will be due to any desire of individual revenge for individual suffering. It is only human nature that such feeling should exist. Emile Verhaeren, through whose human poetry one would have thought the whole scale of emotion had already been run, says now sadly and with affright: "I had never known the feeling of hate before!"

In the old religion there was a formula by way of becoming antiquated—"Love your neighbor as yourself!"—even if he be a Samaritan. At the midnight mass of Christmas a year ago, in a French town held by the invaders, a lady of the place who had lost her all and seen her sons one after the other fall victims was disturbed where she was kneeling by a half-dozen Bavarian soldiers coming into the little chapel and kneeling awkwardly beside her. She did not draw aside her black skirts. It may be doubted if the new substitutes of religion, like Socialism and Pacifism, will work men and women up to another heroism, greater than that of the man who storms cities.

In any case, it would be a pity that words of French Socialists taken from their setting of place and time, and that feelings suspected in them by outsiders should be able to bolster up fallacious hopes of a peace which, to all Frenchmen, would be, indeed—

For the sake of life, to lose the reason of living!

The Naturalism of Mr. Dreiser

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

The layman who listens reverently to the reviewers discussing the new novels and to the novelists discussing themselves can hardly escape persuasion that a great change has rather recently taken place in the spirit of the age, in the literature which reflects it, and in the criticism which judges it. The nature of the supposed revolution may be briefly summarized.

The elder generation was in love with illusions, and looked at truth through a glass darkly and timorously. The artist, tonguetied by authority and trammelled by æsthetic and moral conventions, selected, suppressed, and rearranged the data of experience and observation. The critic, "morally subsidized," regularly professed his disdain for a work of art in which no light glimmered above "the good and the beautiful."

The present age is fearless and is freeing itself from illusions. Now, for the first time in history, men are facing unabashed the facts of life. "Death or life," we cry, "give us only reality!" Now, for the first time in the history of English literature, fiction is become a flawless mirror held up to the living world. Rejecting nothing, altering nothing, it presents to us—let us take our terms from the bright lexicon of the reviewer—a "transcript," a "cross-section," a "slice," a "photographic" or "cinematographic" reproduction of life. The critic who keeps pace with the movement no longer asks whether the artist has created beauty or glorified goodness, but merely whether he has told the truth.

Mr. Dreiser, in his latest novel, describes a canvas by a painter of this austere modern school: "Raw reds, raw greens, dirty gray paving stones—such faces! Why, this thing fairly shouted its facts. It seemed to say: 'I'm dirty, I am commonplace, I am grim, I am shabby, but I am life.' And there was no apologizing for anything in it, no glossing anything over. Bang! Smash! Crack! came the facts one after another, with a bitter, brutal insistence on their so-ness." If you do not like what is in the picture, you are to be crushed by the retort that perhaps you do not like what is in life. Perhaps you have not the courage to confront reality. Perhaps you had better read the chromatic fairy-tales with the children. Men of sterner stuff exclaim, like the critic in this novel, "Thank God for a realist!"

Mr. Dreiser is a novelist of the new school, for whom we have been invited off and on these fourteen years to thank God—a form of speech, by the way, which crept into the language before the dawn of modern realism. He has performed with words what his hero performed with paint. He has presented the facts of life "one after another with a bitter, brutal insistence on their so-ness," which marks him as a "man of the hour," a "portent"—the successor of Mr. Howells and Mr. James. In the case of a realist, biographical details are always relevant. Mr. Dreiser was born of German-American parents in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1871. He was educated in the Indiana public schools and at the State University. He was engaged in newspaper work in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and elsewhere, from 1892 to 1910. He has laid reality bare for us in five novels published as follows: "Sister Carrie," 1901; "Jennie Gerhardt," 1911; "The Financier," 1912; "The Titan," 1914; and "The Genius," 1915. These five works constitute a singularly homogeneous mass of fiction. I do not find any moral value in them, nor any memorable beauty—of their truth I shall speak later; but I am greatly impressed by them as serious representatives of a new note in American literature, coming from that "ethnic" element of our mixed population which, as we are assured by competent authorities, is to redeem us from Puritanism and insure our artistic salvation. They abundantly illustrate, furthermore, the methods and intentions of our recent courageous, veracious realism. Before we thank God for it, let us consider a little more closely what is offered us.

I.

The first step towards the definition of Mr. Dreiser's special contribution is to blow away the dust with which the exponents of the new realism seek to becloud the perceptions of our "reverent layman." In their main pretensions, there are large elements of conscious and unconscious sham.

It should clear the air to say that courage in facing and veracity in reporting the facts of life are no more characteristic of Theodore Dreiser than of John Bunyan. These moral traits are not the peculiar marks of the new school; they are marks common to every great movement of literature within the memory of man. Each literary generation detaching itself from its predecessor—whether it has called its own movement Classical or Romantic or what not—has revolted in the interest of what it took to be a more adequate representation of reality. No one who is not drunken with the egotism of the hour, no one who has penetrated with sober senses into the spirit of any historical period anterior to his own, will fall into the indecency of declaring his own age preëminent in the desire to see and to tell the truth. The real distinction between one generation and another is in the thing which each takes for its master truth—in the thing which each recognizes as the essential reality for it. The difference between Bunyan and Dreiser is in the order of facts which each reports.

It seems necessary also to declare at periodic intervals that there is no such thing as a "cross-section" or "slice" or "photograph" of life in art—least of all in the realistic novel. The use of these catchwords is but a clever hypnotizing pass of the artist, employed to win the assent of the reader to the reality of the show, and, in some cases, to evade moral responsibility for any questionable features of the exhibition. A realistic novel no more than any other kind of a novel can escape being a composition, involving preconception, imagination, and divination. Yet, hearing one of our new realists expound his doctrine, you might suppose that writing a novel was a process analogous to photographing wild animals in their habitat by trap and flashlight. He, if you will believe him, does not invite his subjects, nor group them, nor compose their features, nor furnish their setting. He but exposes the sensitized plate of his mind. The pomp of life goes by, and springs the trap. The picture, of course, does not teach nor preach nor moralize. It simply re-presents. The only serious objection to this figurative explanation of the artistic process is the utter dissimilarity between the blank impartial photographic plate, commemorating everything that confronts it, and the crowded inveterately selective human mind, which, like a magnet, snatches the facts of life that are subject to its influence out of their casual order and redisposes them in a pattern of its own.

In the case of any specified novelist, the facts chosen and the pattern assumed by them are determined by his central theory or "philosophy of life"; and this is precisely criticism's justification for inquiring into the adequacy of any novelist's general ideas. In vain, the new realist throws up his hands with protestations of innocence, and cries: "Search me. I carry no concealed weapons. I run life into no preconceived mould. I have no philosophy. My business is only to observe, like a man of science, and to record what I have seen." He cannot observe without a theory, nor record his observations without betraying it to any critical eye.

As it happens, the man of science who most profoundly influenced the development of the new realistic novel—Charles Darwin—more candid than the writers of "scientific" fiction—frankly declared that he could not observe without a theory. When he had tentatively formulated a general law, and had begun definitely to look for evidence of its operation, then first the substantiating facts leaped abundantly into his vision. His "Origin of Species" has the unity of a work of art, because the recorded observations support a thesis. The French novelists who in the last century developed the novel of contemporary life learned as much, perhaps, from Darwin's art as from his science. Balzac emphasized the relation between man and his social *milieu;* the Goncourts emphasized the importance of extensive collection of "human documents"; Zola emphasized the value of scientific hypotheses. He deliberately adopted the materialistic philosophy of the period as his guide in observation and as his unifying principle in composition. His theory of the causes of social phenomena, which was derived largely from medical treatises, operated like a powerful magnet among the chaotic facts of life, rejecting some, selecting others, and redisposing them in the pattern of the

roman naturaliste. Judicious French critics said: "My dear man," or words to that effect, "your representations of life are inadequate. This which you are offering us with so earnest an air is not reality. It is your own private nightmare." When they had exposed his theory, they had condemned his art.

Let us, then, dismiss Mr. Dreiser's untenable claims to superior courage and veracity of intention, the photographic transcript, and the unbiassed service of truth; and let us seek for his definition in his general theory of life, in the order of facts which he records, and in the pattern of his representations.

II.

The impressive unity of effect produced by Mr. Dreiser's five novels is due to the fact that they are all illustrations of a crude and naïvely simple naturalistic philosophy, such as we find in the mouths of exponents of the new *Real-Politik*. Each book, with its bewildering masses of detail, is a ferocious argument in behalf of a few brutal generalizations. To the eye cleared of illusions it appears that the ordered life which we call civilization does not really exist except on paper. In reality our so-called society is a jungle in which the struggle for existence continues, and must continue, on terms substantially unaltered by legal, moral, or social conventions. The central truth about man is that he is an animal amenable to no law but the law of his own temperament, doing as he desires, subject only to the limitations of his power. The male of the species is characterized by cupidity, pugnacity, and a simian inclination for the other sex. The female is a soft, vain, pleasure-seeking creature, devoted to personal adornment, and quite helplessly susceptible to the flattery of the male. In the struggles which arise in the jungle through the conflicting appetites of its denizens, the victory goes to the animal most physically fit and mentally ruthless, unless the weaklings, resisting absorption, combine against him and crush him by sheer force of numbers.

The idea that civilization is a sham Mr. Dreiser sometimes sets forth explicitly, and sometimes he conveys it by the process known among journalists as "coloring the news." When Sister Carrie yields to the seductive drummer, Drouet, Mr. Dreiser judicially weighs the advantages and disadvantages attendant on the condition of being a well-kept mistress. When the institution of marriage is brushed aside by the heroine of "The Financier," he comments "editorially" as follows: "Before Christianity was man, and after it will also be. A metaphysical idealism will always tell him that it is better to preserve a cleanly balance, and the storms of circumstance will teach him a noble stoicism. Beyond this there is nothing which can reasonably be imposed upon the conscience of man." A little later in the same book he says: "Is there no law outside of the subtle will and the power to achieve? If not, it is surely high time that we knew it—one and all. We might then agree to do as we do; but there would be no silly illusion as to divine regulation." His own answer to the question, his own valuation of regulation, both divine and human, may be found in the innumerable contemptuous epithets which fall from his pen whenever he has occasion to mention any power set up against the urge of instinct and the indefinite expansion of desire. Righteousness is always "legal"; conventions are always "current"; routine is always "dull"; respectability is always "unctuous"; an institution for transforming schoolgirls into young ladies is presided over by "owl-like conventionalists"; families in which parents are faithful to each other lead an "apple-pie order of existence"; a man who yields to his impulses yet condemns himself for yielding is a "rag-bag moralistic ass." Jennie Gerhardt, by a facile surrender of her chastity, shows that "*she could not be readily corrupted by the world's selfish lessons* on how to preserve oneself from the evil to come." Surely, this is "coloring the news."

By similar devices Mr. Dreiser drives home the great truth that man is essentially an animal, impelled by temperament, instinct, physics, chemistry—anything you please that is irrational and uncontrollable. Sometimes he writes an "editorial" paragraph in which the laws of human life are explained by reference to the behavior of certain protozoa or by reference to a squid and a lobster fighting in an aquarium. His heroes and heroines have "cat-like eyes," "feline grace," "sinuous strides," eyes and jaws which vary "from those of the tiger, lynx, and bear to those of the fox, the tolerant mastiff, and the surly bulldog." One hero and his mistress are said to "have run together temperamentally like two leopards." The lady in question, admiring the large rapacity of her mate, exclaims playfully: "Oh, you big tiger! You great, big lion! Boo!" Courtship as presented in these novels is after the manner of beasts in the jungle. Mr. Dreiser's leonine men but circle once or twice about their prey, and spring, and pounce; and the struggle is over. A pure-minded serving-maid, who is suddenly held up in the hall by a "hairy, axiomatic" guest and "masterfully" kissed upon the lips, may for an instant be "horrified, stunned, *like a bird in the grasp of a cat.*" But we are always assured that "through it all something tremendously vital and insistent" will be speaking to her, and that in the end she will not resist the urge of the *élan vital.* I recall no one of all the dozens of obliging women in these books who makes any effective resistance when summoned to capitulate. "The *psychology of the human animal,* when confronted by these tangles, these ripping tides of the heart," says the author of "The Titan," "has little to do with so-called reason or logic." No; as he informs us elsewhere with endless iteration, it is a question of chemistry. It is the "chemistry of her being" which rouses to blazing the ordinarily dormant forces of Eugene Witla's sympathies in "The Genius." If Stephanie Platow is disloyal to her married lover in "The Titan," "let no one quarrel" with her. Reason: "She was an unstable chemical compound."

Such is the Dreiserian philosophy.

III.

By thus eliminating distinctively human motives and making animal instincts the supreme factors in human life, Mr. Dreiser reduces the problem of the novelist to the lowest possible terms. I find myself unable to go with those who admire the powerful reality of his art while deploring the puerility of his philosophy. His philosophy quite excludes him from the field in which a great realist must work. He has deliberately rejected the novelist's supreme task—understanding and presenting the development of character; he has chosen only to illustrate the unrestricted flow of temperament. He has evaded the enterprise of representing human conduct; he has confined himself to a representation of animal behavior. He demands for the demonstration of his theory a moral vacuum from which the obligations of parenthood, marriage, chivalry, and citizenship have been quite withdrawn or locked in a twilight sleep. At each critical moment in his narrative, where a realist like George Eliot or Thackeray or Trollope or Meredith would be asking how a given individual would feel, think, and act under the manifold combined stresses of organized society, Mr. Dreiser sinks supinely back upon the law of the jungle or mutters his mystical gibberish about an alteration of the chemical formula.

The possibility of making the unvarying victoriousness of jungle-motive plausible depends directly upon the suppression of the evidence of other motives. In this work of suppression Mr. Dreiser simplifies American life almost beyond recognition. Whether it is because he comes from Indiana, or whether it is because he steadily envisages the human animal, I cannot say; I can only note that he never speaks of his men and women as "educated" or "brought up." Whatever their social status, they are invariably "raised." Raising human stock in America evidently includes feeding and clothing it, but does not include the inculcation of even the most elementary moral ideas. Hence Mr. Dreiser's field seems curiously outside American society. Yet he repeatedly informs us that his persons are typical of the American middle class, and three of the leading figures, to judge from their names—Carrie Meeber, Jennie Gerhardt, and Eugene Witla—are of our most highly "cultured" race. Frank Cowperwood, the hero of two novels, is a hawk of finance and a rake almost from the cradle; but of the powers which presided over his cradle we know nothing save that his father was a competent official in a Philadelphia bank. What, if anything, Carrie Meeber's tyical American parents taught her about the conduct of life is suppressed; for we meet the girl in a train to Chicago, on which she falls to the

first drummer who accosts her. Eugene Witla emerges in his teens from the bosom of a typical middle-class American family—with a knowledge of the game called "post office," takes the train for Chicago, and without hesitation enters upon his long career of seduction. Jennie Gerhardt, of course, succumbs to the first man who puts his arm around her; but, in certain respects, her case is exceptional.

In the novel "Jennie Gerhardt" Mr. Dreiser ventures a disastrous experiment at making the jungle-motive plausible without suppressing the evidence of other motives. He provides the girl with pious Lutheran parents, of fallen fortune, but alleged to be of sterling character, who "raise" her with the utmost strictness. He even admits that the family were church-goers, and he outlines the doctrine preached by Pastor Wundt: right conduct in marriage and absolute innocence before that state, essentials of Christian living; no salvation for a daughter who failed to keep her chastity unstained or for the parents who permitted her to fall; Hell yawning for all such; God angry with sinners every day. "Gerhardt and his wife, and also Jennie," says Mr. Dreiser, "accepted the doctrines of their church without reserve." Twenty pages later Jennie is represented as yielding her virtue in pure gratitude to a man of fifty, Senator Brander, who has let her do his laundry and in other ways has been kind to her and to her family. The Senator suddenly dies; Jennie expects to become a mother; Father Gerhardt is broken-hearted, and the family moves from Columbus to Cleveland. This first episode is not incredibly presented as a momentary triumph of emotional impulse over training—as an "accident." The incredible appears when Mr. Dreiser insists that an accident of this sort to a girl brought up *under the conditions stated* is not necessarily followed by any sense of sin or shame or regret. Upon this simple pious Lutheran he imposes his own naturalistic philosophy, and, in analyzing her psychology before the birth of her illegitimate child, pretends that she looks forward to the event "without a murmur," with "serene, unfaltering courage," "the marvel of life holding her in trance," with "joy and satisfaction," seeing in her state "the immense possibilities of racial fulfilment." This juggling is probably expected to prepare us for her instantaneous assent, perhaps a year later, when a healthy, magnetic manufacturer, who has seen her perhaps a dozen times, claps his paw upon her and says, "You belong to me," and in a perfectly cold-blooded interview proposes the terms on which he will set her up in New York as his mistress. Jennie, who is a fond mother and a dutiful daughter, goes to her pious Lutheran mother and talks the whole matter over with her quite candidly. The mother hesitates—not on Jennie's account, gentle reader, but because she will be obliged to deceive old Gerhardt; "the difficulty of telling this lie was very great for Mrs. Gerhardt"! But she acquiesces at last. "I'll help you out with it," she concludes—"with a little sigh." The unreality of the whole transaction shrieks.

Mr. Dreiser's stubborn insistence upon the jungle-motive results in a dreary monotony in the form and substance of his novels. Interested only in the description of animal behavior, he constructs his plot in such a way as to exhibit the persistence of two or three elementary instincts through every kind of situation. He finds, for example, a subject in the career of an American captain of industry, thinly disguised under the name of Frank Cowperwood. He has just two things to tell us about Cowperwood: that he has a rapacious appetite for money, and that he has a rapacious appetite for women. In "The Financier" he "documents" those two truths about Cowperwood in seventy-four chapters, in each one of which he shows us how his hero made money or how he captivated women in Philadelphia. Not satisfied with the demonstration, he returns to the same theses in "The Titan," and shows us in sixty-two chapters how the same hero made money and captivated women in Chicago and New York. He promises us a third volume, in which we shall no doubt learn in a work of sixty or seventy chapters—a sort of huge club-sandwich composed of slices of business alternating with erotic episodes—how Frank Cowperwood made money and captivated women in London. Meanwhile Mr. Dreiser has turned aside from his great "trilogy of desire" to give us "The Genius," in which the hero, Witla, alleged to be a great realistic painter, exhibits in 101 chapters, similarly "sandwiched" together, an appetite for women and money indistinguishable from that of Cowperwood. Read one of these novels, and you have read them all. What the hero is in the first chapter, he remains in the hundred-and-first or the hundred-and-thirty-sixth. He acquires naught from his experience but sensations. In the sum of his experiences there is nothing of the impressive mass and coherence of activities bound together by principles and integrated in character, for all his days have been but as isolated beads loosely strung on the thread of his desire. And so after the production of the hundredth document in the case of Frank Cowperwood, one is ready to cry with fatigue: "Hold! Enough! We believe you. Yes, it is very clear that Frank Cowperwood had a rapacious appetite for women and for money."

If at this point you stop and inquire why Mr. Dreiser goes to such great lengths to establish so little, you find yourself once more confronting the jungle-motive. Mr. Dreiser, with a problem similar to De Foe's in "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal," has availed himself of De Foe's method for creating the illusion of reality. The essence of the problem and of the method for both these authors is the certification of the unreal by the irrelevant. If you wish to make acceptable to your reader the incredible notion that Mrs. Veal's ghost appeared to Mrs. Bargrave, divert his incredulity from the precise point at issue by telling him all sorts of detailed credible things about the poverty of Mrs. Veal's early life, the sobriety of her brother, her father's neglect, and the bad temper of Mrs. Bargrave's husband. If you wish to make acceptable to your reader the incredible notion that Aileen Butler's first breach of the seventh article in the decalogue was "a happy event," taking place "much as a marriage might have," divert his incredulity by describing with the technical accuracy of a fashion magazine not merely the gown that she wore on the night of Cowperwood's reception, but also with equal detail the half-dozen other gowns that she thought she might wear, but did not. If you have been for three years editor-in-chief of the Butterick Publications, you can probably perform this feat with unimpeachable verisimilitude; and having acquired credit for expert knowledge in matters of dress and millinery, you can now and then emit unchallenged a bit of philosophy such as "Life cannot be put in any one mould, and the attempt may as well be abandoned at once. . . . Besides, whether we will or no, theory or no theory, the large basic facts of chemistry and physics remain." None the less, if you expect to gain credence for the notion that your hero can have any woman in Chicago or New York that he puts his paw upon, you had probably better lead up to it by a detailed account of the street-railway system in those cities. It will necessitate the loading of your pages with a tremendous baggage of irrelevant detail. It will not sound much like art. It will sound more like one of Lincoln Steffens's special articles. But it will produce an overwhelming impression of reality, which the reader will carry with him into the next chapter where you are laying bare the "chemistry" of the human animal.

IV.

It would make for clearness in our discussions of contemporary fiction if we withheld the title of "realist" from a writer like Mr. Dreiser, and called him, as Zola called himself, a "naturalist." While asserting that all great art in every period intends a representation of reality, I have tried to indicate the basis for a working distinction between the realistic novel and the naturalistic novel of the present day. Both are representations of the life of man in contemporary or nearly contemporary society, and both are presumably composed of materials within the experience and observation of the author. But a realistic novel is a representation based upon a theory of human conduct. If the theory of human conduct is adequate, the representation constitutes an addition to literature and to social history. A naturalistic novel is a representation based upon a theory of animal behavior. Since a theory of animal behavior can never be an adequate basis for a representation of the life of man in contemporary society, such a representation is an artistic blunder. When half the world attempts to assert such a theory, the other half rises in battle. And so one turns with relief from Mr. Dreiser's novels to the morning papers.

Children's Books

By P. E. M.

The editor of the *Nation* has asked me to write something about children's books, and I, in childlike simplicity (a qualification for the task, I submit), have accepted the proposal! Now, pen in hand, I am tempted to fulfil my obligation by imitating the too famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. For, really, the truth of the matter is about this: that no story is worthy of the child which has not stuff and art enough in it to make it interesting to the adult; and it might not be difficult to show that those have received the best preparation for the great and lasting delights of bookishness who passed their innocent years in a library where no special provision was made for them at all—like Mary and Charles Lamb, "tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading," or like others who were introduced to the wonderful superworld of the imagination by Pope and Defoe and Spenser.

To confirm my suspicion of current juvenile literature—a suspicion gained from some previous experience—I turned over the books issued for this year's market and picked out the most promising specimen of its class. I took a volume attractive in appearance, written by an author of standing, and published by one of the great houses of the city, a house that lists so few children's books that any such production bearing their imprint may be assumed to have undergone a rigid scrutiny. And this is the sort of thing that I stumbled into:

He sniffed luxuriously. "That's a bully stink!" he said to his companion, with a boy's carelessness to adapt his language to the nature of his thought.

"I'm for a dip right off."

"To heck with swimming!" was Ormonde's irritable reply. "You want to fool at some darn thing every blessed day; we've not got around the traps for a week."

"What if we haven't?" Orofino rejoined. "I don't give a rip for the blamed old skins. I'm in this for the fun of it. I'm for a swim, and what's more, I'm going to have one. Don't be yellow. Come along."

"Hanged if I will!"

"Hanged if I won't!" was the gracious reply. "I'll be with you in a jiffy."

So far I read—to the second page—and was about to throw the book aside, when my training as an old reviewer bade me go on to the end. Well, I found that the story was not entirely composed of this cheap slang; towards the close it really began to look at some of the sober things of life and to speak English—though the author and publisher between them had not literary conscience enough to make any distinction between "will" and "shall." But I could not get those first chapters out of my mind; they were so typical of the kind of pabulum we think it fitting to feed our young people on. I remembered, for example, Mr. Owen Johnson's stories of Lawrenceville, which have been sold in large numbers, and read, and extravagantly praised. Now, I don't know much about Lawrenceville, but I have not altogether forgotten my own school days nor lost all the knowledge of boys that I acquired painfully by trying to teach them, and I have a conviction that the Lawrenceville lads are not quite so thoroughly steeped in vulgarity as Mr. Johnson represents them to be. Certainly, if his is a true picture of school manners and talk to-day, a father who wishes his son to learn the rudiments of decent speech or to acquire any serious sense of responsibility, had better put him into a bank or factory at the earliest possible moment. The boy will get some sort of education knocked into him there; whereas at the Lawrenceville of Mr. Johnson—though I refuse to believe it anything but a parody of the real place—he will learn only to value what he will have to unlearn in the world, if he is lucky, as worse than valueless.

But suppose that boys—and the literature for girls is no better, though its faults may be somewhat different—do actually and habitually use the impoverished language that is given to them in the ruck of books written for their consumption, suppose that their only ideal of existence is the swaggering athlete who adorns so many covers, suppose all you will—and, indeed, I am not regarding priggishness as a common or desirable virtue of youth—I cannot see that this is any justification for contracting their intellectual outlook to these narrow bounds. A certain degree of realism is no doubt necessary. The life portrayed must appear sufficiently close to the facts to create the artistic illusion of reality; the problem of juvenile literature is no different in this respect from that of adult literature. But if the language of the child's reading is not a little raised above his own daily habit, and perhaps above the level of his home, where is he to learn to talk as gentlemen and ladies were once, and really still are, expected to talk? His Latin and algebra are not going to prevail against the vulgarizing influence of his pleasures. He will come to college, as every instructor in English tells us our boys are coming, with a grotesquely impoverished vocabulary, with no sense of style for practical or æsthetic purposes, and no power of self-expression. At college you will see him in his club before a table spread with all the cheap magazines, but you will be lucky if you ever see a book in his hands except for required reading; and he will leave college in about the same state of innocence.

This whole practice of writing down to the supposed level of the child or youth is mistaken. The fact is that boys and girls, like their parents, will, if left to themselves, probably take the line of least resistance; in most cases they will, if the book that requires no effort is laid before them, read it, and let the volume that demands some tightening up of the mind lie unopened. But that is the very reason such books should, so far as possible, be kept out of their way. And, this done, it is not, as one might suppose, so difficult to stir their interest in better things; they are, in the average, fairly keen to seize and appropriate any real idea that is presented to them in living form. I cannot forget my own experience as teacher in an academy. I had a class of young boys in a subject which seemed to me and them little better than a waste of time, and so I used to take that hour to talk with them about all sorts of extraneous matters, being then readier to expound the *omne scibile* than I should be now. Well, it is like enough the information they got from me was more curious than useful; but I at least learned a truth I shall never forget. I learned the capacity of the boy's intellect, his eagerness to think, his willingness to search encyclopædias and other reference books for knowledge if his taste is once fairly whetted. And so I am persuaded—indeed, I have the knowledge from direct experience—that a boy of average parts will read good books with very little provocation, provided only the trash is kept away from him.

And there is another class of children's books which are not only enfeebling in their effect on the mind, but actually perverting in their effect on character. Of this class the most notable example is "Tom Sawyer." Now, again, I am making no claim for the goody-goody style of the old Sunday-school library, and nobody wishes to see boys combed into prigs. But there is a happy medium in these things, as in all others; and I see no reason in going to the other extreme and praising stories that draw their interest from a contrast between the obedient sneak and coward on the one hand, and on the other the victorious liar, lucky vagabond, cunning rebel to authority, which sums up the character of Mark Twain's hero. I can laugh at the exploits of Tom with anybody, but I do not see any profit—in fact, I see the danger of real mischief—in feeding youth with such an inversion of the facts of life. Why should we go out of our way to encourage traits which are likely to be overstrong without our aid? It is perfectly possible to portray a genuine boy, full of invention, quick with the natural restiveness of youth, yet to lay emphasis on the duty of finding one's self in the obligations of home and the advantages of school. It has been done in the case of another "Tom," who was no milksop, but a vigorous young animal struggling up to the large responsibilities of life.

If I am correct in my belief that the vast bulk of the books published for children are feeble things written by persons with a certain touch of cleverness, but with no style or art or serious knowledge of the world, or, if not silly, then actually pernicious, what shall the prospective buyer of presents, whether parent or aunt or sister or cousin, do at this season? Well, there are a few admirable and well-tried books for children—the famous "Tom Brown," "Ranald Bannerman" (an exquisitely beautiful story, which can be read a hundred times), Lamb's "Tales," Miss Mulock's "Fairy Tales" (incomparably the best of that class), Miss Edgeworth's stories (old-fashioned, per-

haps, and needing a little persuasion at the start, but essentially sound and fine), Miss Alcott's "Little Women" and its companions, and others, not many, which are known to everybody. The child who misses these, as his age prepares him for one and the other, has been cheated of one of his prescriptive rights. But of any new volumes flaming on the counter with extravagantly pictured covers, it is pretty safe to go on the basis that they are rubbish, or worse. There could be no harm done in keeping the whole lot of these productions out of the house. Unless one has certain knowledge of the quality of a particular book, one buys at a risk. If the good books designed primarily for children are few in number and soon read, so much the better. Then, with a little sacrifice of time on the parent's part, the boy or girl might be tempted by the great things written for men and women, the things so great and pure and comprehensive that the young reader will find himself, the better part of himself, in them, as surely as will the mature mind. And, if a child could not be brought to enjoy the real books, there would at least be a hundred employments better for him than the debauchery of foolish reading.

All this, I admit, is counsel of perfection. Do what we will, the rubbish will drift into the house from every side; but, at least, we need not add to the stream, and we can, by checking here a little and balancing it there, do what is possible to minimize its debilitating influence.

Poetry

HADRIAN'S LAMENT.

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
*Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?"**

Thus the haughty Emperor wrote.
Fear had clutched him by the throat
As he viewed his coming change,
Faced the journey long and strange
Into unknown realms afar,
Gloom beyond the utmost star;
Where, perchance, with waters dun,
Rolled the Styx and Phlegethon;
Where the shades of foe and friend
Waited dumbly to extend
Ghastly hands, to greet or rend:
Or where, exiled from his throne,
Grim, unsceptred and alone,
He should glide, a wraith unknown.

"Speak, thou vagrant soul of mine,
Guest and comrade so benign
On this body once bestowed:
As thou seek'st a new abode,
Sombre, desolate and drear,
Hast thou lost thy wonted cheer?"

Thus, his tablet loosely clasping,
Thus, his stylus feebly grasping,
Emperor but till set of sun,
Wrote the dying Hadrian.

*This fragment is all that remains, positively identified, of the purely literary writings of the Emperor Hadrian.

Cormorant Fishing

Several cormorants have recently been received at the New York Zoölogical Park, of the species which is widely spread over Europe and northern Asia, and which the Chinese have trained to fish for them. Onions and peanuts are admirable as direct sustenance, and fish is an item which we should sorely miss from our bills of fare. But an eater of fish—or of onions or peanuts—is a thing apart, something not to be discussed. I have eaten cormorant when hunger was extreme and nothing else offered, and parboiled for many hours, it proved edible; but so would bark or shoe leather. The flesh and the eggs of the cormorant possess all the unpleasant qualities of piscine memories, the result of untold generations of a fish diet.

It has remained for the patient devising of the Chinese to render this association of a cormorant and its prey of the utmost use to themselves. Their method is ingenious. It is an *à priori* analysis of the bird and its food; a segregation of the still living diet; a dissociation effected just at the moment before the accomplishment of the age-old synthesis of bird and fish.

The cormorant, Yu ying, is robbed of its greenish, ill-flavored eggs, six of them being placed beneath a long suffering hen. For a month thereafter Nature performs her ever more wonderful trick of changing a formless mass of fishy yolk into a living, breathing cormorant. This newly hatched cormorant deserves its name, however, only by courtesy of our certain knowledge of its parents. It brings strongly to mind not the reptilian, but the infinitely more distant vermian ancestry of birds. Before the shock of discovery has unsettled the mind of the foster parent, the naked squirming things are removed to baskets of cotton wool and the care of a China woman. For another month these changelings are fed to repletion on bean curd and the chopped up raw flesh of eels, a diet which appears to contain surprising qualities, for the alchemy of the little stomach transforms it into flesh and feathers. After two months of care and food the birds are taken to market, where they bring a dollar apiece if they are males, the weaker sex commanding only half this price.

Tucked under the arm of the purchaser, the half-grown cormorant is carried wonderingly to its new home, where its training is at once begun. A string is tied to one leg, and in company with its fellows it is fastened to a peg on the bank of a stream. At the sound of a peculiar whistle the birds are rudely pushed off into the water by means of a bamboo pole. Small fish are thrown to them, which they eagerly devour, as they have been kept upon short rations. They are now recalled by a different whistle, their ignorance and desire for more fish being overcome by a vigorous hauling in of the line. As the days pass, the bamboo and the tether are less needed, and within a month the line of comical birds will plunge instantly at the sound of the first whistle, and clamber out with all awkward speed when they hear the recall. They are now taken out on boats and the training continued for another month. Life moves slowly in the Celestial Land, and a month, more or less, means as little to the master as to the birds.

As the period of training wanes, the individuality of the cormorants becomes apparent. At first, sitting side by side upon the gunwale of the punt, black of feather, with yellow beaks and jewelled emerald eyes, they might well be one bird and a dozen shadows. In every plume, in every motion, they appear identical. But the teaching denies this democracy. One or two are stupid and slow. They either are overmastered by their love of the water, or they may not have a good ear and so fail to differentiate the whistles. Their stupidity gains them freedom, and they are carried far away and liberated. But, as at times in human life, the excellence of the others makes assured their shackles. If one or more well-trained birds are kept at work with the young ones, the period of education is shortened one-half.

At last they are ready for their destined work. They are docile as dogs and flutter with eagerness as they are allowed to scramble up the side of the punt. Each neck is encircled with a hempen necklace, the only proof that they are not at full liberty. This is to remove further temptation in case a cormorant's memory of his duty becomes clouded by the desire to swallow his catch. Twelve pairs of wonderful eyes watch the master as he poles out to the fishing grounds. Fish may swim past on the very surface, and the birds will fairly quiver with eagerness, but not one dives until he hears the whistle. Then all disappear as one bird, amid a frantic splashing. A minute passes and a cormorant bobs up to the surface with a big fish twisting and wriggling in its hooked beak. Sturdily the bird swims towards the boat, low in the water from the weight of his catch, and reaching the shadow of the punt, he raises his beak as high as he can and delivers up his prey to his master. Then, with a flutter of wings and swift preening of feathers, down he dives again. Now and then two birds have to unite in holding a fish of unusually large size. The coöperation is automatic and effective.

After two or three hours of fishing, the birds are allowed to rest. The master helps them to come on board and removes their hempen band. Then he feeds them gener-

ously with small fish and bean curd, and caresses them. For there seems to exist a real attachment between the two, aside from the material bond which has thrown their lives together. At night the birds are carefully caged in or near the master's house. Birds which are not overworked and which are well-fed render efficient service for five years, at the end of which time they cease to moult and death soon follows. A strong, well-trained bird is valued at six or seven dollars, but owing to the difficulty and the length of time for training it is seldom that a cormorant fisherman can be persuaded to part with any of his birds.

In his daily dress and life the Chinaman is detached from all the world. He demands as little from his fellow-men as he distantly resembles them. But when, in the dim light of late afternoon, we see a cormorant fisher in the distance—a quaint, blue-robed being, surrounded, obeyed, obsessed by his swarthy feathered servants—he indeed seems the figment of a Gulliver's brain; a symbol of originality, of infinite patience, of complete worldly detachment.

WILL BEEBE.

With the Poets

OSCAR WILDE, CAMMAERTS, VERHAEREN, AND OTHERS.

The Works of Oscar Wilde. Ravenna Edition. 13 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 per volume.

War Poems and Other Translations. By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Belgian Poems. By Emile Cammaerts. Translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Belgium's Agony. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by M. T. H. Sadler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

The Witch-Maid and Other Verses. By Dorothea MacKellar. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Dreams and Realities. By W. K. Fleming. London: Erskine Macdonald.

Peace Sonnets. By Jessie Wiseman Gibbs. Published by the Author: Villisca, Iowa.

Visions of the Dusk. By Fenton Johnson. Published by the Author: New York.

Proccssionals. By John Curtis Underwood. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

The praiseworthy enterprise of the Messrs. Putnam in supplying America with an edition of the works of Oscar Wilde apt for the hand and accessible to the purse has furnished the reviewer with an excuse for the re-perusal of the verse-compositions of that unforgettable and ill-starred man. From the later and cooler survey, three impressions emerge: that Wilde in poetry was little but a metrist, that his metre was superb, and that its orthodoxy paralleled its merit.

The matter of these poems is tenuous; on that point one's early judgment is inexorably firm. Wilde grew in his way, underwent an evolution of a kind, the profile of an evolution, a development in silhouette, if the terms may be allowed. From his juvenile experiments he rose to narrative (of a sort) in "Charmides," to philosophy (of a sort) in "Humanitad," to passion and realism (of a sort) in "Reading Gaol." But until the last crisis, this evolution of a literary faculty is itself hardly more than literature, and even the famous "Reading Gaol" does not quite silence the persistent question whether the *danseuse* has really turned Plagnone or whether her conversion is only the culminating stroke in the last wild act of her enthralling vaudeville. It is a most significant circumstance that the most far-sought and artificial of Wilde's poems, "The Sphinx," should be the most poetically genuine. The air once exhausted, the poet actually breathes.

With Wilde, as with D'Annunzio, sex might seem, at the first blush, to contest with art for the domination of his intelligence. That sex is placarded broadcast on the poems of Oscar Wilde is undeniable, but the exhibit does not tally with the advertisement. The passion is represented under forms whose fantasticality is at once subversive of its power and corrective of its license. We have a carouse, as it were, in bric-à-brac: the most fragile morals are not likely to be deeply imperilled by the glorification of debauchery in a statuette. This last undertaking is not figurative, but literal, in "The Sphinx." One is led to suspect that the exotic preponderated over the carnal in the impulsions which urged this unfortunate man to the sources of his ultimate disaster.

Even as artist, his deficiencies are considerable. He had a singular incapacity for giving his poems shape and contour, solidarity and definition. He hardly wrote a song. In prose he was dramatist, narrator, satirist; yet in poetry we find not drama (unless "Salome" be classed as poetry), nor satire, nor crisp narrative. The poems are inorganic; they are dispensed in "bulk," as a merchant would say. They are a mere unchecked exuberance of stanzas: they prolong the mood which they celebrate in expansive, monotonous forms, as devoid of solidarity as they are notable for adhesiveness.

This indigence of material and formal interest redoubles our admiration for that metrical gift which could animate even these sterilities. Wilde, it is true, never became unimpeachable even in his specialty. He was proud of the ease that could approach the pinnacle at a leap, and proud of the unconcern that forebore the consummating step, that placed the index of mastership in the disdain of perfection. I will pass by the suavity and suppleness of the seductive "Charmides" to call attention to the admirable foreshortening exhibited in poems like "Theocritus: A Villanelle," or the incomparable "Sphinx." I scarcely know of an English poet who equalled Wilde in the power to divide a stanza into background and foreground, or, shall we say, to make the earlier lines the plate or tablet upon which the syllables of the concluding period are not so much imprinted as incised. Take two examples of this engraving on metal from the "Sphinx":

Dawn follows Dawn and Nights grow old and
all the while this curious cat
Lies crouching on the Chinese mat with eyes
of satin rimmed with gold . . .

And on the summit of the pile the blue-faced
ape of Horus sits
And gibbers while the fig-tree splits the pillars
of the peristyle.

Intellectually, Wilde anticipated our modernist heterodoxies in some points. The tangential view of things, the propensity to stand the universe on its edge rather than its bottom, is a trait owned in common, though the edge on which Wilde sought to balance the tottering cosmos was not symbolic or naturalistic, but classical. It becomes doubly curious, therefore, that this half-precursor of our own tendencies should have united the highest success in metre with the most incontestable metrical orthodoxy. In "Charmides," "Panthea," and the like, Wilde permits himself a closing line of extraordinary length, but, apart from this modest innovation, he displays an almost Pharisaic rigor in his adhesion to the inherited dogmas of the straitest sect of the metrical religion. In prosody he is not only orthodox among the sectaries: he is puritan among the orthodox. His metre is rectilinear; he employs old stanzas and established feet; he scarcely permits himself even those substitutions and licenses within the line in behalf of which such principalities and powers as Milton, Tennyson, and Swinburne might have been so easily and triumphantly invoked. The moral is manifest enough. The attitude of power towards instruments is not anxious, but serene; not obsequious, but condescending: it is weakness that glorifies its tools.

I should add that the two new poems, "Désespoir" and "Pan," unlike most posthumous discoveries, are incontestably worthy of publication. Three lines from "Désespoir" cry aloud to be quoted:

Wherefore yon leafless trees will bloom again
And this grey land grow green with summer
rain
And send up cowslips for some boy to mow.

The various translations which have broidered the leisure of a noteworthy career have been collected by Lord Curzon into a volume which he seasonably opens by a handful of English reproductions of contemporary war-verse from the Belgian singer, Emile Cammaerts. With scattered exceptions, the English renderings will cause no reader to bemoan the fact that Lord Curzon has devoted his life to politics; much is mechanical and second-rate, and there are here and there infelicities which a poet in the post of governor-general could hardly have outdone. The range, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Oriental, would be honorable to the translator, if range in these

matters were an asset separable from quality. The translations of English verse or prose into Latin are impressive in their way; in our unclassical and uncritical America the wonder of doing such things well is hardly distinguishable from the wonder of doing them at all. At the close of this amiable and agile volume, the admirers of Lord Curzon will congratulate themselves that it is his fame which bears up these recreations rather than they his fame.

A translation of a more varied selection from the poems of M. Cammaerts from the pen of his English wife might almost be characterized as the very worst translation that ever deceived a trusting husband or misled a guileless publisher. I have known translations that sacrificed exactness to rhythm, and I have also known translations that sacrificed rhythm to exactness: Madame Cammaerts's volume is the first instance in my experience in which exactness and rhythm have been immolated to each other. M. Cammaerts writes: "Ma lyre tinte d'une corde, mon vers cloche d'un pied." Madame Cammaerts, whose "only purpose has been to follow, as closely as possible, the swing of the French verse," translates with equal faithfulness to prosody and language: "My harp is weak and faintly sings." She adds, with involuntary point: "My verse is uninspired." I will not affirm that the verse of Madame Cammaerts never rises to mediocrity, but, remembering that the proceeds of the volume are to be applied to the purchase of tobacco for the Belgian combatants in the trenches, I cannot but feel that the brand of English translation which Madame Cammaerts supplies to her husband corresponds to those grades of tobacco which ladies are supposed to purchase for the delectation of ungrateful consorts.

Meanwhile, what of M. Cammaerts himself? His poems, in their unviolated state, before they were overrun by Lord Curzon and devastated by his wife, were a sort of Flanders themselves in their rich exuberance and smiling plenty. It is a plenitude characteristic not only of Belgium itself, but of Belgium's two other great prolocutors, Verhaeren and Maeterlinck. The love poems and the Noel verses might be defined as play, charming play, it is true, but illustrative mainly of the gayety and nimbleness of an imagination not yet bonded to the utterance of the rigid truth. In the "Chants Patriotiques" the deeper sincerity is felt, and it is part of the charm of M. Cammaerts and his type that the attainment of seriousness does not involve the relinquishment of gayety. Even after Antwerp, his pride and grief find voice in the scornful "Dansons." It is only just to Lord Curzon and to Madame Cammaerts to record that their remorse finds appropriate expression in the printing of the originals *vis-à-vis* with the English versions—an act which identifies expiation with redress.

I have this month a difficulty in escaping from Belgium, the just retribution possibly of too warm a sympathy with France. The person who bars my departure at this moment is M. Emile Verhaeren, by right of three original (untranslated) poems inserted in the prose volume, "Belgium's Agony," which a certain M. T. H. Sadler, who veils her sex in the ambiguity of initials, has translated into an English which surprises me alternately by its crudity and its vigor. Exactly who the people are who can read French verse in the original but require help in the elucidation of the simplest French prose, I am somewhat puzzled to imagine. The poems are declamatory, fulminant, and at times powerful; and there is much that is eloquent, pathetic, and cogent in the impassioned prose in which M. Verhaeren has happily demonstrated that anger may exalt the patriot without unseating the gentleman. The essay is half-pamphlet, half-lyric, a combination which recalls Milton, and I have a feeling at times that the two forms are neither completely distinguished nor ideally combined. The supply of arguments and facts is at the same time a little lavish for rhetoric and a little meagre for argumentation.

The first part of the essay depicts the sufferings of Belgium in a series of pictures in which, as so often happens, the most affecting passages are neither the most pronounced nor the most revolting. The second part arraigns German purpose and policy in a hurried and breathless succession of stirring indictments to which the hailstorm of pattering sentences is the fitting vehicle and counterpart. Germany is uncivilizable, is mediæval Catholicism reëmbodied, is Asia renascent in Europe, is feudalism born anew. M. Verhaeren aims rather to hearten the sympathizer than to convert the antagonist, and reveals the combination of power and laxity which marks the able fulfilment of a not too exigent design.

> Had I been Adam in Eden-glade
> *I* should have climbed the wall
> Or ever the Woman found the fruit,
> Crimson and ripe to fall. . . .
>
> *Had I been Adam in Paradise*
> *I should ha' climbed the wall,*
> *I want not only the sweet of life,*
> *But all—all—all!*

Miss MacKellar's "Witch-Maid," from which the above stanzas are extracted, is a real success on a modest level in a quiet way. The treatment is feminine, but the sugar has the tingle of salt and litheness has supplanted grace. Australia supplies breadth and gusto to the landscapes.

An attitude of toleration towards established standards in prosody and religions is a prerequisite to the enjoyment of the "Dreams and Realities" of Mr. W. K. Fleming. The possessors of such tolerance will be requited by contact with a piquant fancy and a lyricism rising here and there to delectable sweetness.

In the "Peace Sonnets" of Miss Jessie Gibbs—sonnets militantly pacific and leoninely Christian—there is a rude sincerity and energy which sometimes hushes our discontent with their frequent and startling crudities of form.

The negro whom Mr. Fenton Johnson has depicted in his not unreadable dialect idyls is unmistakably the white man's negro. The borrowers of an alien culture are doomed to borrow eventually even their conception of themselves. It is curious that the one poem of documental significance in Mr. Johnson's volume, "De Mule," should express a psychology that antedates his culture.

For Mr. John Curtis Underwood and his cosmical and cyclical "Processionals" I feel much the same concern that Mr. Underwood himself, radical though he may be, may often have felt for the busy and troubled piety of some godly minister of the Calvinistic dispensation. I would not have him less earnest; I would have him take his earnestness more pliantly, humanly, genially. Spaces and æons and responsibilities—this is life for Mr. John Curtis Underwood. He will not only, like Benedick, fetch us "a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia": he will fetch back Asia itself. His mind scampers from cycle to cycle with the speed with which his hand might sweep the keyboard of a piano. I am sorry that he feels bound to poise the universe upon his shoulders: I could wish for the universe a firmer support and for Mr. John Curtis Underwood a lighter burden.

O. W. Firkins.

Notes from the Capital

WILLIAM V. ALLEN.

A former public character in Washington took a walk through the main floor of the Capitol a few days ago, after an absence practically of half a generation. He would have attracted attention anywhere with his six feet three inches of height and his proportional breadth of shoulders and chest, his weight of more than 200 pounds, his big face, with its forward-looking brows and its square jaw, and the gleaming gold-mounted spectacles, which added just a hint of Pickwickian blandness to an otherwise slightly sombre expression. When he walked, he strode. When he stood still, he looked like a heavy foundation spile. When he reached out his hand to gesture or extend a greeting, it was Jovian in its mass and motion.

Although time had dealt rather gently with him since he quitted his familiar haunts on Capitol Hill, few of the persons who encountered the visitor in the corridors seemed to have any idea of his identity; nearly all looked back at him after they had passed, nevertheless, in involuntary tribute to his exceptional personality, and sometimes with a vaguely reminiscent air, as if they were ransacking their memories to name and place him. He had some professional business before the Supreme Court, but most of the Justices had been changed since he was last in the chamber, and the new men, at least, failed to shudder as they might had they realized that this was William V. Allen, of Nebraska, the champion long-distance talker of the Senate back in the days when President Cleveland was struggling to procure the repeal of the Sherman silver-purchase act.

His outer man is by no means the only odd thing about Allen. He fairly bristles with uniqueness everywhere—in his methods, his career, his mental and moral make-up. Members of Congress had filibustered before the great silver fight of 1893, and many times; but his single-handed defiance of the inevitable, his unrelieved speech of almost fifteen hours, without once losing the thread of his argument or being at a loss for a word through the dreary night, and the perfect condition of his body and voice at its close, made a record unmatched in its line. Add to that the facts that he was a newcomer in the Senate, that he had been translated thither from the bench, that he represented a political party only two years old, and that he owed his election to Julius Sterling Morton, a conspicuous member of the very Administration he was working to wreck, and we find in him one of the most picturesque figures of a particularly picturesque era in American politics. Finally, his quaint mixture of bitterness and benevolence of disposition was shown once when, in retorting upon a newspaper correspondent who had published a scandalous story about him, he assured his fellow-Senators that the tale was wholly untrue, and without so much as a shadow of excuse, and that the circulator of it was an assassin of character, an enemy of society, a human ghoul. "I would not," he went on, "speak unkindly of the man; I entertain for him no unkind feeling whatever. I denounce him, however, as unworthy of the confidence and respect of good men. I denounce him as one who merits the condemnation of every honest citizen."

The People's party, to which Allen belonged, was the greatest consumer of oratory of any organization in American history. It simply revelled in what Speaker Reed used to call "langwidge." Its conventions were all speeches and resolutions, and half the assembled multitude had no idea what they were discussing or voting on, beyond the broad proposition that whatever was already in existence was bad, and that the latest nostrum-vender had found an infallible specific which could not be given in too big doses. Allen was its great man. Bryan was all right, of course, but Bryan was a Democrat, in name at least, and had little use for the People's party, except as an endorser. Allen, on the other hand, was one of themselves, an out-and-outer. Allen did not do so much speech-making directly to them as they wished he would, but he could sit in gigantic dignity in the centre of the platform, make an opening and a closing address, submit such of their resolves and motions as he thought ought to be submitted, declare one carried and another lost as he deemed best for the future of the party, and generally take charge of the proceedings. I asked him once, after watching his handling of a national convention, if this was strictly a "popular" deliberative body. "Oh, well," he answered, amiably, with what in other men we should take for a half-apologetic air, "these good people come from farms and remote places where they get little chance to learn anything about parliamentary law. This makes it necessary at times to take a short cut."

Many of his fellow-Senators regarded Allen, or affected to regard him, as a joke. While he may have given them reason for such a judgment now and then, he had a dangerous explosive quality which might have put him into quite another category. He was unhesitating in his condemnation of the careless, easy-going way in which most of the Senators transacted business; and one day, during the South African War, he took advantage of their drowsiness to spring a resolution which was put and passed—as they did not discover till they read it in the morrow's *Record*—committing their body to a declaration of sympathy with the Boers and an offer of mediation. He was induced to consent to its reconsideration, but not till he had had his quiet sport with those who had found him so merely amusing. TATTLER.

Correspondence.

"NAGGING REMONSTRANCES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read your paper with interest for a well-poised outside view of European politics, and I shall be curious to see whether you endorse the recent American note to England on the subject of contraband. It has been treated with extraordinary restraint by our press, possibly because it is understood that it will meet with polite contempt.

In effect, President Wilson complains that we have modified the hitherto accepted rules of naval blockade to suit our military needs. Is not that precisely what America did in the Civil War? Did she not reduce the population of Lancashire to squalid poverty and even starvation, and did they not endure it with a patience to which Lincoln paid a noble tribute?

The States have been making enormous profits on the supply of munitions to the Allies, yet because certain classes have had their profits diminished, the President is continually addressing nagging remonstrances to our Foreign Office at a time when its faculties are stretched to full tension in grapple with this ruffianly outlaw among the nations, and while it is being denounced by a large section of our people for its tenderness towards American interests and indifference to our own.

But I beg pardon. It is not a question of injured commerce! "The United States unhesitatingly assumes this task of championing the integrity of neutral rights which have received the sanction of the civilized world."

The United States can hardly be congratulated on her discharge of this high task. The integrity of neutral rights has been outraged by Germany in this war as never before in history. She bludgeoned and trampled over Belgium, and America uttered no word, but a week after the Lusitania outrage she assured Germany that America had "learned to recognize German influence in the field of international obligations as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity."

Let me suggest a parallel to the attitude of America. Coming in the street on a ruffian who has just murdered a woman, I pursue him into the garden of a wealthy householder who has been watching the scuffle from the top of his flight of steps. He comes down indignantly to where I have pinned the murderer to earth on his flower bed and he snatches my elbow. "Sir, are you aware that you are injuring my property and infringing 'rights which have received the sanction of the civilized world'?"

President Wilson "is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity," but he threw over humanity in return for a promise not to drown any more Americans. He is still waiting for disavowal and compensation for the Lusitania, so he takes it out of us, being a people famed for profound patience under provocation. Is it necessary to nauseate us with buncombe about human rights when he is really thinking about pro-German votes and the clamor of greedy commercialists, and while he turns a cold and fishlike eye on two thousand miles of human agony?

Of course, if I were a person of international note, I would not write thus, for fear of causing international bitterness, but as an unknown Englishman and well aware that the bulk of Americans are on our side, I hope you will indulge this expression of what some people are feeling here. Hardly one of us but has lost a dear friend or relative in this bloody welter. E. B. MCCORMICK.

London, November 10.

AID FOR FRENCH WOUNDED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Knowing the great admiration felt among Americans for France—admiration for all that the civilized world owes to her, heightened by the sense of her incomparable greatness of spirit, dignity, and fortitude throughout the present war—may I be allowed, through your courtesy, to make known the work of an English hospital for French wounded, and appeal for help to continue it?

The hospital at Arc-en-Barrois, installed at the end of last year in the château of the Duc de Penthièvre (Department of Haute Marne), is one of those which serve the Army of the Argonne, the region where fierce fighting has been perhaps more continuous than anywhere along the line. The need of it was proved by the fact that as early as February it was found necessary to provide an auxiliary hospital of seventy beds in addition to the hundred-odd in the château itself. This annex has been used for convalescents; but the French Government has recently decided to have no convalescents any longer so near the front; and the taking over of the annex for serious cases has meant a large increase of expenditure. Funds are now urgently needed.

Having had the privilege of serving for a short time in this hospital, I can testify to the need and the value of its work, as well as to the singularly sympathetic relations between the patients and staff. French officers have told me how greatly it has been appreciated; above all, the touching gratitude of the wounded soldiers themselves is an ineffaceable memory.

Only those who have been in the country can, I think, realize at all fully the bitter cost of the war to France; it is not cried abroad, but the statistics alone of the maimed and permanently injured are quite appalling. Modern surgery and skilful nursing can do wonders, and for this reason there cannot be too ample provision for the prompt and careful treatment of the wounded. I feel that if my American friends could see these wounded Frenchmen, some mere lads, others bearded fathers of families, all taken from their homes and peaceful occupations to fight, not with any desire of fighting, but with a deep determination to rid their country of the invader; if they could see their sufferings from the most horrible wounds, their patience, their cheerfulness, always ready for a smile or a joke; if they could talk with them and hear

how they speak of the devotion of their English nurses, they would understand how a hospital like this, above and beyond its actual work, makes for that comradeship and good will among nations which we desire, and is a springing seed of fraternal sympathy which will bear flower and fruit in the future.

Frenchmen have told me how deeply they have been touched by messages of sympathy which have reached them from across the Atlantic. And I think that some of the many Americans to whom France is dear may be glad to help this hospital, even though so many calls have been made on their generosity for the sufferings of the war, and so generously, as we well know, responded to. Twenty-five dollars will maintain a bed for a month, but any donations will be gratefully received and should be sent to: The Hon. Treasurer, R. Martin-Holland, Esq., C.B., 68, Lombard Street, London, E. C., England.

LAWRENCE BINYON.

London, November 16.

"SOULS IN THE TRENCHES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Was not the customary moral discrimination of the *Nation* for once at fault in passing to print the editorial under the above caption in its issue of November 4? It needs only to be remembered that no such feeling of war weariness as the article suggests has found expression among the occupants of the trenches on the Allied side, though Servian women by the thousand are standing shoulder to shoulder with Servian men in the defence of their country, though the Belgian people are virtually without a land that they can call their own, and though French priests to the number of something like thirty battalions are fighting at the front. For my part, I am persuaded, alike from the statements of the press, the utterances of professional and public men, and the communications of private correspondents, that not in Great Britain or in the colonies, not in France or in what remains of Belgium, not in Russia, in Italy, or in Servia, is there the slightest weakening of the determination to put an end to the unholy thing which has brought the war about or to perish in the effort. Were the men and the women who are fighting on *that* side asked their will as to the continuance of the combat, though from the lips of the latter it might come to us as a sob, yet it would still shape itself into the words "Set on!"

It is not, I think, the contrast between the condition of troops established on an enemy's soil and troops driven in beyond the limits of their own frontier that really explains this situation; it is rather the disparity in the moral and spiritual aims which on the two sides are at stake. May I quote to you some words of Bergson? In the first, he is speaking of the aims and the character of Germany: "She will not," he says, "strike at combatants only; she will massacre women, children, old men; she will pillage and burn; her ideal will be to destroy towns, villages, the whole population." Again: "It is necessary to remind her [Germany] that her philosophy is simply a translation into intellectual terms of her brutality, her appetites, and her vices." Still again of the situation as a whole: "On the one side there is force spread out on the surface; on the other there is force in the depths. On the one side mechanism, the manufactured article which cannot repair its own injuries; on the other side life, the power of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant. . . . Whatever be the price of victory, it will not have been too dearly bought if humanity is finally delivered from the nightmare which weighs upon it."

WILLIAM HIGGS.

Gilroy, Cal., November 12.

THE NATION'S WAR-RELIEF FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With regard to the "Word to the Moderately Rich," published in your issue of September 16, in which I offered to be one of ten to give $2,000 to any of the European relief funds, the returns seem to be all in, and only three or four have responded to the call. The result of this appeal is not especially disillusioning. It is no more surprising that people refuse to give up luxuries in order to prevent starvation in Servia and Belgium than that they should cling to them in the face of bitter though not so extreme poverty right at home. Our daily experience accustoms us to the porcine life. This is not meant to be any indictment of the natural impulses of our class. Effective sympathy diminishes with the square of the distance between the observer and the sufferer. Probably the vast majority of us, if we were living in Belgium, would be as ready to sacrifice our last dollars as they are. If we were lost in the desert, we would not hesitate to share our last drink of water; or if any one of us were adrift on a log, with a woman, it would not seem at all remarkable, if the occasion required it, for us to slip off and take our chances with the sharks. The trouble, as you have pointed out in one of your editorials, is largely a defect of the imagination. If we would make a real effort to put ourselves in the position of a Servian mother, trudging through the snow with a hungry, homeless, and fatherless family, it might help somewhat. Without some definite attempt of the sort, the morning news of atrocities and sufferings makes no dent in our panoply; and we proceed to order casaba melon at a price that would furnish a refugee with food for a week.

One of the other contributors has asked why, if I feel so badly about it, I do not give the money anyway, without waiting for nine others to come in. This is quite pertinent, and I accept his suggestion, and herewith send New York exchange for $2,000, payable to the Servian Relief Committee. O.

THE PANAMA CANAL FORESHADOWED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the coming celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal (temporarily closed for repairs), the following lines may be of interest to your readers. They are found in Book IV of John Dyer's "Fleece" (1757):

> Must it ever be thus? or may the band
> Of mighty labor drain their gusty lakes,
> Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling, warm
> The opening valleys and the yellowing plains?
> Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
> Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
> And through the great Pacific every joy
> Of civil life diffuse? . .

It is interesting to note Dyer's belief in the theory that the climate of a new country may be modified by settlement.

HORACE W. O'CONNOR.

Bloomington, Ind., November 15.

Literature

A WOMAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

The Story of a Pioneer. By Anna Howard Shaw. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Three things combine to give unusual interest to Dr. Shaw's autobiography. First, it is the story of one who from obscurity and the bitterest poverty rose through her own efforts to wide influence and fame; what we like to call a typically American story. In the second place, it is the story of a born adventurer and fighter; and all the world loves a good fighter. The fact that the author has become best known as a champion of equal suffrage seems scarcely more than an accident. She went into the struggle for suffrage in much the same spirit as that with which one of the Garibaldis goes into a revolution; it does not matter in what country the revolution is taking place, so long as it offers a chance for a glorious fight in the name of liberty. Lastly, the story is told with a fine gusto, as of one who has taken a keen delight in hardship, struggle, and adventure, and takes equal delight in remembering them and setting them down. One cannot help thinking what an admirable heroine of a picaresque novel Dr. Shaw would have made, if she had had a different bringing up and another social background.

Of a family Scotch on the mother's side and remotely Scotch on the father's, Anna Howard Shaw was born in 1847, the sixth of a family of seven children. Her father was a skilful artisan, something of an inventor, and more of a dreamer. "Like most men," says his daughter, generalizing rather sweepingly, "my dear father should never have married. . . . To him an acorn was not an acorn, but a forest of young oaks." In 1851 the family emigrated to America in the hope of bettering their fortunes. For a short time they lived in New Bedford; then for seven years in Lawrence, Mass. Here Mr. Shaw made a fairly comfortable living, and the family became deeply interested in the Abolitionist movement. Dr. Shaw remembers her excitement when, after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she discovered a negro woman in the cellar. She recalls, too, the departure from the town of the group of men who were to found a new Lawrence in Kansas. One of the attractive pictures of those childhood years is that of a remarkable friendship with a beautiful and mysterious woman of bad reputation who lived near the Shaws. "To me she was a princess in a fairy tale, for she rode a white horse and wore a blue velvet riding-habit, with a blue velvet hat and a picturesquely drooping white plume. . . . One day the mysterious lady bent and kissed me. Then, straightening up, she looked at me queerly and said: 'Go and tell your mother I did that.'" Mrs. Shaw was wise enough not to object to the odd association, and on

the little girl it made a lasting impression.

But the real adventures of the "pioneer" began when she was twelve. Her father had taken up a claim in the forests of northern Michigan, and, after building a log cabin on it, he returned to Lawrence and sent his wife with five children to live there till he could join them a year and a half later. "That we were a hundred miles from a railroad, forty miles from the nearest post office, and half a dozen miles from any neighbors save Indians, wolves, and wildcats; that we were wholly unlearned in the ways of the woods, as well as in the most primitive methods of farming . . . these facts had no weight in my father's mind." The cabin had no floor, doors, windows, or partitions; it contained no furniture, and they had brought none with them. Water had to be carried from a creek at a considerable distance. Mrs. Shaw was a semi-invalid, unable to stand up alone. Her oldest son, James, was twenty; the next two sons Mr. Shaw kept with him in the East. The nearest stores were forty miles away. After a few months James fell ill, and had to go East for an operation; this left the hard work of the pioneer homestead in winter to be done by three young girls and a small boy. That first winter was full of hardship and adventure. On one occasion the household was visited by a company of Indians, who brought with them jugs of bad whiskey and spent the night in quarrelling and drinking.

There were no schools in the region, but the family had some good books, and Mr. Shaw brought more when he came from the East. Anna's informal education qualified her at fifteen to become a school-teacher at two dollars a week. Later she was paid a little more, and was able to help the family through the bitter poverty of the Civil War years, when prices rose to hitherto unknown levels, and her father and two brothers were in the army. Meanwhile, she had developed the ambition to go to college and become a preacher, and the end of the war made it possible for her to devote her energies to this purpose. We must pass over her struggle for an education at Albion College and Boston University, where she found it much harder to earn her way than at Albion, and actually suffered the pangs of starvation. Before this, to the horror and estrangement of her family, she had preached a number of times in the vicinity of her Michigan home. It was years before her family became reconciled to her preaching, and they gave her no help in what they regarded as her perverse ambition. More serious contests were ahead of her. After she had preached two years, she was refused ordination by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gained it only after a sharp struggle in the Methodist Protestant organization. Her account of the discussion in the conference is vivid and humorous:

> One old gentleman I can see as I write. He was greatly excited, and he led the opposition by racing up and down the aisle, quoting from the Scriptures to prove his case against women ministers. As he ran about, he had a trick of putting his arms under the back of his coat, making his coat-tails stand out, and incidentally revealing two long white tape-strings belonging to a flannel undergarment. Even in the painful stress of those hours I observed with interest how beautifully those tape-strings were ironed!

It is clear that the candidate keenly enjoyed the contest of which she was the centre. Already she had been engaged in three distinct and lively combats in her own parish on Cape Cod; the first to settle an ancient and bitter church feud, the second to force her Methodist parishioners to consent to her exchanging pulpits with a Unitarian, the third to root out illegal liquor-selling. The story of these affairs is told with the keenest relish, and is one of the best bits of narrative in the book. So long as these battles lasted, Dr. Shaw's energies were tolerably occupied; but when she had thoroughly subdued her adversaries, the restlessness of the adventurer came upon her. "My soul sent forth a sudden call to arms. . . . I was in danger of settling into an agreeable routine." She undertook the study of medicine along with the work of her two parishes—she had annexed a second one—and at the same time gave occasional lectures. When she had obtained her degree of M.D. she resigned her charges; but she had no intention of settling down to the routine practice of medicine. She spent some time looking about for a struggle big enough and exciting enough to absorb her energy. She gave suffrage a trial, working for a time in the service of the Massachusetts association, but left their employ on their refusal to give her a moderate advance in pay. She then entered the lecture field as a free lance, speaking on various subjects, and at once making more than twice as much money as she had asked for. Lecturing involved many exciting experiences. "All-night journeys in freight cars, engines, and cabooses were casual commonplaces, while thirty- and forty-mile drives across the country in blizzards and bitter cold were equally inevitable. . . . They were high adventures which I enjoyed at the time, and afterward loved to recall." With a group of cattlemen she was snowed in by a blizzard in a tiny railway station in Minnesota; in Kansas her sleigh was pursued by wolves across the prairie; once the crowded hall in which she was beginning to lecture was maliciously set on fire.

Apparently she was recalled to organized work for suffrage largely through the influence of Susan B. Anthony, whom she met in 1888. Of this remarkable woman, with whom she was closely associated for many years, Dr. Shaw draws a vivid and striking portrait. The latter portion of the book, which describes the suffrage campaigns, is to the general reader less interesting than the first half. But this is true of nearly all autobiographies, and the author's unconquerable zest and spirit give the narrative life to its end. Her long experience in public speaking has made her mistress of a style plain and vigorous; her narrative moves rapidly, and is enlivened by a sense of humor not inconsistent with a frankness amounting sometimes to naïveté. On the whole, the author impresses one as a gallant soldier of fortune of the nobler class, who need to believe in the causes they fight for.

CURRENT FICTION.

OLD QUESTS AND NEW.

Beltane the Smith. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Fortunes of Garin. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Aladore. By Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Despite sundry physical squalors revealed by the cold eye of history, and certain mental and moral puerilities laughed at in satire from the immortal Don among his windmills to the Yankee at King Arthur's court, the tradition of chivalry holds its glamour for makers and readers of romance. Popular novelists still find profitable account in that world which did its praying and its sinning, its love-making and its swashbuckling, under patently superior conditions of atmosphere, scenery, and costume. And serious poets are by no means done with a tradition embodying, at least, the enchanted quests of Cross and Grail.

It is true that vulgar writers have done their best to vulgarize the tradition; and that the romancer with a kept audience has trifled with it, as he may well afford. Nothing lends itself more readily to cheap effects than the mediæval machinery. It is easier to "put across" a telling portrait of a caitiff with a glaive and a buckler than one of a gunman with a black derby and a Colt automatic. The more "timely" material has been tried out pretty thoroughly of late, and it is clear that the glaive will retain the honors of the property-room. The author of "Beltane the Smith," having labored with the relatively difficult materials of modern or nearly-modern life, now, it is evident, settles back with a sigh of relief upon the romantic cushion of the Middle Ages.

To begin with, the patter could offer no serious difficulties to a phrase-maker who has so featly imitated Borrow. Mr. Farnol has evidently perceived at a glance that it is totally unnecessary for the costume romancer to try for anything like a consistent use of the tongue of any one period. The thing to employ is a lingo such as any fellow (or his girl) can understand, with just enough funny words and constructions to go with the glaives and things. It is a good dodge to turn your phrase upside down, when you are tired of thinking up words such as belike and forsooth, arrant and mazzard. Or there are even simpler expedients. Mr. Farnol has an easy recipe, *e. g.*, "Then Beltane leaned him, panting, upon his staff, what time the fallen man got him unsteadily to his legs and limped after his

comrade." Nothing too much, you will observe: "panting him" and "limped him" would have surfeited the artless reader, who only asks for a touch of archaic flavor, served with a shaker. And this writer knows how a bit of homely modernism in the mouths of his mailed and wimpled figures will endear them to the man in the street, the maid at her typewriter. The heroic persons, with all their beauty and valor, are not above "bright thoughts" and "troubles of their own." One of them remarks, on occasion, with pleasant informality, that "the night is young yet"; and when Black Roger, the hangman, cries: "Let us be going while yet we may," we feel that it is only out of respect for the author that he has refrained from "while the going is good." Nor is sense necessary. "They walked amid the flowers with eyes that, an it be thy will, e'en now will I leave thee until thy came they to a stair and up the stair to a chamber" is a passage no doubt reflecting the author's modest confusion upon realizing that his hero and heroine are to be alone at last. Of that harmless pair we need only reveal the fact that Beltane is really a duke and therefore deserves, after due exhibition of his brawn and valor, the hand of the Duchess, who appears, with her charms and her coming-on disposition, on page 22.

To bower and tourney, after her not altogether profitable dealings with the Civil War, Miss Johnston, also, returns with gusto. Like Beltane, Garin is a youth destined to win his way upward, by strength of thew and bravery of heart, to mating with a lady of high degree. An imperishable theme, none better in the quiver of romance. Miss Johnston has made skilful if not masterly use of it. Her narrative, as always, shows ample movement and color: its chief weakness is that it is never for a moment able to descend from the high horse. Its persons are capable of a laborious playfulness here and there which we recognize in the offing as comedy about to relieve. But the spirit of humor is absent from her work, and therefore the truer dignity of poise. She writes always, as it were, with flushed cheek and knitted brow. Every page is done at the highest possible tension. Perhaps one ought to be very young and feminine and keen for emotion to enjoy her to the full. But she rarely offers the reader of more neutral mood the familiar affront of careless workmanship. If her diction flies high, it also flies firmly. One quaint slip we note. It is in a speech of the princess who is to be Garin's, to the villain who is, according to the best traditions, a count. Suddenly out of the frame of her stately speech steps the jaunty phrase, "There is where you come in, my lord!"

Miss Johnston's customary formality, intensity, and even humorlessness, are well suited to her theme. On the whole, it is safer to go the whole hog when you come to knights and troubadours and chivalry and courts of love. Here a little humor is a dangerous thing; a mere talent had better accept the mediæval idea or let it alone. Miss Johnston likes it all, the song, the color, the fantastic morals and sentiments (not least the blood-letting, for which she has always shown marked taste) of that fabled age. She has done a finished though by no means inspired piece of work.

Garin's long pursuit of his unknown mistress, his "Fair Goal," is, in its way, a quest not only of love but of a spiritual ideal. In the Middle Ages Mr. Newbolt also naturally finds a natural setting for his extended parable. "Aladore" is not aimed at the reader of historical romance. Mr. Newbolt is a poet, and his mood here, and, in a limited sense, his method, are poetic. Perhaps it is a prose poem; the present commentator hopes not, as he has never been able to admire that species of wingless bird, and as he admires "Aladore" sincerely. One may certainly say that, in form, but for the accident of its not being chopped up into lines, it is as much poetry as a great deal that passes for poetry in these days. It is, in fact, not bastard verse but singularly beautiful prose. Its inspiration, rather than its model, is the prose of Mallory: thence, perhaps, its rhythm and its clear vigor, not its diction. The archaic flavor has been successfully caught without burdening the page with strange words. Superficially, the tale is much like certain narratives of William Morris, for example "The Story of the Glittering Plain." But Morris was content to weave his brilliant webs after the old fashion: with a touch here or there of mysticism or symbolism, but for the most part rejoicing in the lusty narrative for its own human sake. Mr. Newbolt's tale, beautiful in itself, is a subtle and elaborate parable of life as we in this complex day know it. The motive of the Quest is here, once more. Aladore, like Morris's Glittering Plain, is a place of magic, where Ywain, after many adventures, is to find his ideal. But his ideal is not, as with Miss Johnston's Garin, the splendid dream of the Middle Ages, a perfect and deathless illusion. It is rather Truth, the truth of human kindness and of human obligations, a truth ennobling love, revealed by love, but not falsely confounded with it. The secret of service is Ywain's Fair Goal, service not of person or ideal or special cause, but of humanity: a secret never revealed to the age of chivalry. It is significant that Ywain begins his quest by making over his earthly property and lordship to another, that he may be free for real living and seeking.

Hempfield. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Readers of the "Spoon River Anthology" will recall what a prominent part in the life of that not very cheerful town is played by the *Clarion* and its proprietor, Editor Whedon. Not a glorious part, for the *Clarion* and its editor represent everything that is corrupt and insincere in country journalism. The ordinary rural newspaper, we suppose, stands somewhere between the Spoon River *Clarion* and the Hempfield *Star*, which, in making it the focus, or fulcrum, of his slight action, the present writer surrounds with his customary haze of sentiment. As against the grinding hypocrite, Whedon, we have here Anthy, great-hearted and beautiful maiden, who has inherited the paper from her father, and is determined to carry it on in his own noble and disinterested and unbusinesslike spirit. To her rescue comes chivalry in various guises. Farmer Grayson, for example, though he lives out of Hempfield, and is supposed to be a busy man, is so charmed by Anthy that he spends most of his time for some months, so far as we can make out, hanging about the *Star* office, that he may miss nothing of what happens to Anthy, and her uncle the Captain, and Fergus MacGregor, the printer, and Ed Smith, the efficiency expert, and young Nort, the wastrel (with a rich father) and leading juvenile, who is destined to make a man of himself, or be made a man of by that inky ingénue, Anthy. The scene of the newspaper office is well painted, and so is the village street, which is the second set. The plot invites you to smile with a pleasant little lump in your throat. The characters are picturesquely balanced. The Captain, who cannot be made to believe in flying-machines or the Democratic party; Fergus, who divides his allegiance between Anthy and Bobby Burns; Anthy, who writes letters to the ghost of Lincoln; Norton Carr, the young humorist with a heart; David Grayson, in the rôle of the benign old man: here are many of the most acceptable figures of village comedy. The whole affair is skilfully if somewhat unctuously managed. The writer has his function as a genial interpreter of rural charm for the city-bound, and must put his best foot foremost. "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres" have shown, once for all, how the thing should be done. To "put across" your village philosophy, you must spread it pretty thick. There are moments when, on the printed page, we weary exceedingly of the present writer's deathless complacency and insistent optimism.

Old Delabole. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Phillpotts's scene here shifts from the Devon moors to the cliffs of Cornwall, with a consequent change in that physical atmosphere which counts for so much in his novels. Rounded tors give place to steep quarry-side, and moorland mists to the driving west wind which is the paramount force of nature along that coast. But the human theme, the human types, are strikingly like what this writer has been accustomed to present. The dialect is virtually the same, and is used with the same appalling frankness. We have New England rustics who can tell their neighbors what they think of them, but they are furious egotists, breaking an unwritten law of reticence. They must be angry, and they must be heard in silence; if you turn on them they are confounded

by your indecency. These people of Mr. Phillpotts have no such limitation. Speaking out is not a form of madness in their eyes; they are neither proud nor ashamed of it; and they take as good as they give.

The situation upon which the action is based is, rather oddly, one of which this writer has made use more than once. Mr. Howells's middle-aged lover, who finds himself wishing at the same moment to embrace a mother and her daughter, reflects that, after all the centuries, man is still "imperfectly monogamous." Apparently, Mr. Phillpotts thinks something of the same sort might be said of woman. Here again he represents a good woman equally in love with two men and helplessly dangling between them. Edith Retallack's choice of Wesley Bake instead of Tom Hawkey is determined by chance. The two are not (like the two males in "The Whirlwind") contrasting types. They appeal to the girl in much the same way: both strong men, sober, industrious, and with positions of authority among the "stone-men" of Delabole. Edith quarrels with Wesley on one of those matters of stubborn opinion which play such a part in rustic life—a question connected with property. Veering towards Hawkey, she is caught by his magnanimity and tossed gently back to her accepted lover. In the supreme matter of his love, Hawkey's reticence does not fail him. Old Delabole differs from Widecombe, not only in its physical contrast of climate and enjoyment, but chiefly as a stronghold of Methodism. The lives of these people are colored by their religion, though its strictness oddly entails a certain amount of half-recognized laxity, for example, in the sexual relations of youth and maiden. The tavern also flourishes beside the chapel, as it did among our forefathers on Massachusetts Bay. The flower of this community is old Grandfather Nute, with his unquenchable vitality, his innocent egotism, his real faith, and his knack at falling on his feet.

THE WAR EXPLAINED.

The Stakes of Diplomacy. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

The "Stakes of Diplomacy" are the "weak" or "backward" countries. "These states are 'weak' because they are industrially backward, and at present politically incompetent. They are rich in resources and cheap labor, poor in capital, poor in political experience, poor in the power of defence. The government of these states is the supreme problem of diplomacy. . . . I use backward in the conventional sense, to mean a people unaccustomed to modern commerce and modern political administration" (pp. 87-8). It takes this combination of economic potentiality and political weakness to make the problem. "The desert of Sahara is no 'problem' except where there are oases and trade routes. Switzerland is no 'problem,' for Switzerland is a highly organized modern state. But Mexico is a problem, and Haiti, and Turkey, and Persia" (p. 93). Troubles begin when exploitation of these "weak" countries is attempted competitively by the "strong" nations. "The formula of modern Imperialism seems to be that financial groups enter a weak state and create 'national interests' which then evoke national feeling. The corruption and inefficiency of the weak state 'endanger' the interests; patriotism rises to defend them, and political control follows. The prestige of a Power in the councils of the world depends upon the weight of 'interests' protected and the fervor with which they are 'protected' (pp. 105-6). . . . Who should intervene in backward states, what the intervention shall mean, how the protectorate shall be conducted—this is the bone and sinew of modern diplomacy (p. 107). . . . Diplomacy has appealed to arms because no satisfactory international solution has been found for the Balkan, Turkish, African, and Chinese problems. This war is fought not for specific possessions, but for that diplomatic prestige and leadership which are required to solve all the different problems. It is like a great election to decide who shall have the supreme power in the Concert of Europe. . . . The ultimate question involved was this: whenever in the future diplomats meet to settle a problem in the backward countries, which European nation shall be listened to most earnestly? What shall be the relative prestige of Germans and Englishmen and Frenchmen and Russians? What sense of their power, what historical halo, what threat of force, what stimulus to admiration shall they possess? To lose this war will be like being a Republican politician in the solid South when the Democrats are in power in Washington. It will mean political, social, and economic inferiority" (pp. 108-9).

This is Mr. Lippmann's diagnosis of the trouble, and from the diagnosis the remedy irresistibly emerges. It is, simply, the "internationalization" of the backward countries by establishment of a rudimentary "world government." The Berlin Conference of 1885 was a sort of European legislature. The Algeciras Conference was another, and so was the London Conference following the Balkan wars. "But all these legislatures have had one great fault. They met, they passed laws, they adjourned, and left the enforcement of their mandate to the conscience of the individual Powers. The legislature was international, but the executive was merely national. The legislature, moreover, had no way of checking up or controlling the executive. . . . If the law was not carried out, to whom would an appeal be made? Not to the Conference, for it had ceased to exist (p. 131). . . . The beginnings of a remedy would seem to lie in not disbanding these European conferences when they have passed a law. They ought to continue in existence as a kind of senate, meeting from time to time (p. 133). . . . The development of such a senate would probably be towards an increasing control of colonial officials. At first it would have no power of appointment or removal. It would be limited to criticism. But it is surely not fantastic to suppose that the colonial civil service would in time be internationalized: that is to say, opened to men of different nationalities. The senate, if it developed any traditions, would begin to supervise the budget, would fight for control of salaries, and might well take over the appointing power altogether (pp. 133-4). . . . The important point is that there should be in existence permanent international commissions to deal with those spots of the earth where world crises originate. . . . The idea is not over-ambitious. It seems to me the necessary development of schemes which European diplomacy has been playing with for some time. It represents an advance along the line that governments, driven by necessity, have been taking of their own accord. What makes it especially plausible is that it grasps the real problems of diplomacy, that it provides not a panacea but a method and the beginnings of a technique. It is internationalism, not spread thin as a Parliament of man, but sharply limited to those areas of friction where internationalism is most obviously needed" (p. 135).

Now, other things than mere present peace will, in Mr. Lippmann's opinion, follow the successful internationalization of "backward states." Among these is the "democratization of diplomacy." This would follow the orderly development of commerce with these countries, with consequent elimination of the "adventurer" and his replacement by the many, whose interest in foreign affairs would thus be greatly increased. "That is not all, however. It can be maintained, I believe, that the effect will be to blur frontiers, to diminish the sense of sovereignty, and weaken separatism. The really internationalizing forces of finance, commerce, labor, science, and human sympathy, distracted and distorted to-day by 'national necessities,' will be given a freer chance to assert themselves" (p. 189). Mr. Lippmann advances this latter idea, however, only as an hypothesis. It is the democratization of diplomacy upon which he mainly relies for a permanent betterment of what are called "foreign politics":

> A people that was sophisticated about foreign affairs would be hard to lead, and its diplomats could not wield it with the same sense of sovereign power. But this loss of unity, dangerous under conditions to-day, would be a great blessing once the weak spots of the world were organized, for then the fearful tension of imperial competition would be relaxed, and the need for drilled submission, for presenting an unbroken front, would diminish. The effect would be double. The organization of backward countries would draw wider interests to them, and these wider interests, assuming control of diplomacy, would democratize it and weaken its sovereign pretensions. There would be less need of sovereignty, less need of rigid military frontiers, less need of docile, uncritical patriotism, and consequently a vast increase of human coöperation. The great empires will

cease to face each other as hostile rivals when the sources of their rivalry, the stakes of diplomacy, have been organized out of existence (pp. 203-4).

This is all very well. *If* the "backward" countries are the causes of national disputes, and these countries *can* be "internationalized," then the chances are that they *will* cease to cause national disputes. Also, it is quite likely that they can and will be "internationalized" in greater or less degree by some such method as that suggested by Mr. Lippmann. But is *that* all that we are to see in the great war?

Human activities can no doubt almost always be stated in economic terms; that is the truth underlying the modern superstition of economic determinism. Mr. Lippmann (maugre his youth and the rapidity with which he is producing books) has been clever enough to detach himself from the toils of Socialism so far as its more obvious fallacies are concerned, but he is still seemingly content with this, its basic philosophic assumption. He is entitled to his creed, and even to his superstition. But the effect of both is to make a book like "The Stakes of Diplomacy" read in these days as if it belonged to another age of time. Moreover, this book in a measure lacks some of the qualities which made its predecessors interesting. The flavor of youth has somewhat evaporated; the brilliant epigrammatic cocksureness and irreverence which amused and stimulated the reader of "A Preface to Politics" and "Drift and Mastery" are somewhat parsimoniously doled out in the "Stakes of Diplomacy," and the butter is spread much thinner in the last of the three books than it was in either of the earlier ones. Perhaps the dedication to "The Staff of the *New Republic*" is significant. The "Stakes of Diplomacy" is the stuff that a "journal of opinion" is made of. It does not, as did "A Preface to Politics," invite a second reading.

A LITTLE KNOWN TRIBE.

The Fighting Cheyennes. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Because Indian wars are now mere memories, and the aboriginal bands that once kept the frontier in a continual state of unrest are broken and scattered, there is danger that we may lose entirely our historic touch with one of the most important elements that entered into the making of our country as we know it. Dr. Grinnell has presented, therefore, a valuable contribution to American sociological literature in his record of a group of red men of the highest type, who remain even to this day largely unspoiled by the vicissitudes through which they have passed. No other writer is so competent as he to perform such a service, for he has been the stanch friend of the Northern Cheyennes, and their chief interpreter to the outside world, for many years, and has repeatedly acted as the intimate medium of communication between them and their white well-wishers in the East.

Of all the Indians who have figured in the popular annals of border warfare, these are perhaps the least widely known by name. Half the transcontinental tourists who halt on their way through southern Montana to look over the Custer battlefield are unaware of the participation of any Indians save the Sioux in the annihilation of Custer's command, or suspect that within an easy day's ride of the railway is the remnant of the band responsible for some of the worst of the slaughter, including still a few old warriors who were in the thick of it. Almost all extant accounts of the events of that day have been derived from white sources, whereas Dr. Grinnell has drawn upon the Indians for their version. By piecing all the testimony together, and bearing in mind that the Indian story comes through channels more direct and less liable to adulteration than the white story, the conscientious historian can construct a fairly faithful picture of what occurred, and place the blame for the disaster at the proper door.

Quite as interesting as the history of a tribe notable for its splendid physique, its courage, and its steadfastness, are the occasional glimpses Dr. Grinnell gives us, between the lines of his chronicle, of the life, customs, and ideals of these people before their primitive characteristics had been perceptibly affected by contact with Caucasian civilization. The Indian method of fighting, with its avoidance of coming into close quarters with the enemy, running away when the enemy charges, but wheeling and returning to the attack as soon as the vigor of the charge seems at all relaxed, explains things which ordinarily puzzle the uninitiated reader of frontier war-stories. The philosophy which has bred up a race of wonderful warriors is worthy of special note, too, in these days so surcharged with the martial atmosphere. The Cheyennes trained their youth to feel that death was not to be dreaded on its own account, as it was better to die in the full enjoyment of one's vigor than to linger on till one's powers had failed and life held no more satisfaction or pleasure.

An incident as tragically pathetic in its way as the pilgrimage of Standing Bear and his band of Poncas, which became familiar to the public through its exploitation in the press at the time of its occurrence, is narrated by our author in his chapters on the bitter experiences of Little Wolf and Dull Knife. They, like Standing Bear, revolted against their inhumane removal from the bracing air and temperature of their northern home to the enervating climate of the Indian Territory, and the unadorned account of their struggles to escape makes a strong appeal to the sympathy.

Although the history of the tribe is traced in this book as far back as any sufficient data are obtainable, it is brought down, as the title indicates, only through the period of their active hostilities with the Government. "The fighting days of the Cheyennes have passed," says Dr. Grinnell in his final summary. "They are now learning the difficult lesson of civilization and work, but the lesson of thrift they have as yet hardly begun to learn. This we may hope will come later." The isolated situation of their Northern reservation, with their traditional enemies, the Crows, for their nearest neighbors, has not been favorable to their rapid advance in the arts of peace. But they seem to have retained much of their old energy, and their accomplishments in cattle-raising a few years ago, under intelligent supervision, fairly startled the experts in the Chicago stock yards; nor is it so very long since we had an outcropping of the ancient war-spirit in an incident which was picturesque enough to furnish the pivotal feature of a popular novel, and which only the coolness and common-sense of a Government agent prevented from drifting into bloodshed.

THE BALKANS.

Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems in Their Relation to the Great European War. By Marion I. Newbigin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

The world would seem to be large enough for both geography and history, but like emperor and pope in the Middle Ages, each usually tries to bring the other into subjection. Sometimes, however, they dwell together in harmony, and this is the case in Dr. Newbigin's book. She also succeeds amazingly well in an effort to be fair to both sides in the present "unpleasantness," and shows that a Briton, though a belligerent, can be more neutral in attitude than any neutral. Be it added that she directs an unexpected amount of new light upon a group of problems whose permanent solution would tax the abilities of a legate from the heavenly court.

Six chapters describe the setting of the geographical stage in the Balkan peninsula, including the position of the independent states, and of Austria-Hungary and Turkey, and the natural routes of communication. Six chapters deal with the peoples of the peninsula, its climates, and the modes of holding the land. A final chapter discusses the changes after the wars of 1912 and 1913, and an epilogue suggests readjustments of political boundaries to conform as best may be with geography and nationality. The value of the book is greatly increased by a dozen maps, noteworthy among which are those giving the lines of the Roman roads across the peninsula, the modern railways and railway schemes, and the distribution of peoples. There is, finally, a large map in colors, showing the present political boundaries and the chief cities and railways, upon a background of physical features. The style is almost devoid of technical expressions, and errors are very few.

Perhaps the most informing demonstration given by Dr. Newbigin is that of the

decisive importance of the two routes which run in approximately straight lines from Belgrade to Constantinople, and from Nish to Salonica. Less important when Rome exerted paramount influence than the east-and-west Egnatian Way, their significance rose with the greatness of Constantinople, and now is further enhanced by the lines of force which proceed southeastward from the allied central empires. Since the peninsula lacks a well-indicated natural centre, it has tended to be dominated by outside Powers. The peoples along the great roads have often had the uncomfortable choice between fleeing to the highlands or remaining in the paths of trampling armies. Conditions and circumstances have developed them into "powerful stocks of men."

Dr. Newbigin has not attempted a general historical survey of the Balkan problems from the geographical point of view, but has confined her attention to recent and present conditions. There is in the book an occasional over-emphasis on orography, as when the "Rhodope Upland" (maps 1 and 2) is represented as a solid triangular block, whereas (final map) it is more in the shape of a letter A, in which the openings represent the plains of Sofia and Philippopolis, making a way for the great southeasterly road. The half-dozen peoples are each situated in an area which can be defined fairly well by heights of land and drainage systems. Servia, before 1913, consisted mainly of the watershed of the Morava River, tributary to the Danube; Bulgaria included the southern half of the third or lowest basin of the Danube, together with the upper basins of the Maritza and the Struma; in both cases the outlets to the sea were in alien hands. Greece was the southern extremity of the Albano-Grecian highlands; Albania the similar region farther north; and Montenegro a smaller, higher portion to the northwest. The basin of the Vardar River constituted the greater part of Macedonia, occupied mainly by Bulgars, but desired by Servia for an outlet and by Greece for a possession. All of these regions have a severe Continental climate, except Greece, which enjoys the milder weather of the Mediterranean lands: the ploughing Slav thrives under the former, and the gardening, seafaring Greek under the latter.

In Dr. Newbigin's view, the settlement of 1913 was defective from the geographical standpoint in assigning the Vardar basin almost entirely to Greece and Servia, whereas its climate makes it Slavic, while its people are Bulgarian. Bulgaria was left limited in every direction, being cut back further than before from the mouth of the Danube, blocked by Turkish possessions from free access to the mouth of the Maritza, and shut off completely from the mouth of the Struma. Nor was Servia satisfied, since she failed to reach the sea. In concluding she suggests that Bulgaria receive free access to the sea along the last two rivers, together with the Vardar Valley. She remains discreetly silent as to the ownership of Salonica. Greece might be compensated for cessions to Bulgaria by the gift of southern Albania. Servia should receive an outlet to the Adriatic through the rough basin of the Drin in northern Albania, and should also be enlarged westward as far as the Narenta. Dalmatia and Croatia, however, for strategic and religious reasons, should be left to Austria-Hungary.

This solution is open to the criticism that in partitioning Albania and the Albanian people between Greeks and Serbs, it departs from the principles of both geography and nationality, the only two principles which seem to offer hope of a Balkan settlement. The same may be said in regard to the sharing between Austria-Hungary and Servia of the block of land which includes Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, and Dalmatia: substantially that part of the drainage basin of the middle Danube which lies south of the Drave and the great river. This region belongs geographically and economically with Austria-Hungary, and is prevailingly inhabited by a single nationality, the Serbo-Croats. The criteria would be better satisfied if Albania were kept undivided, and, in view of its backward condition, were given to the tutelage of a Western Power, as Italy; and if the Serbo-Croatian region as a whole became an autonomous part of the Hapsburg Empire: neither Albania nor "Slavonia" possesses at present the spiritual unity which would make independence successful.

The fact that great estates conducted on the principle of tenant-farming prevail in Thessaly and Bosnia (and, it may be added, in Rumania), while Servia and Bulgaria have for the most part peasant proprietors, is probably due not to defects and excellences of the respective governments, but to the varying circumstances that arose during the emancipation from Turkish rule.

CREDITORS AND DEBTORS.

The Rights and Remedies of Creditors Respecting their Debtor's Property. By Garrard Glenn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

This is a rare book. It covers a broad field, but is not big. It is original, though it embraces topics upon which many volumes have been written. It is the first attempt to coördinate the "various statutes and doctrines which are scattered through the body of our law," and present them as a "system afforded by our jurisprudence for the realization of debts out of the debtor's property." Our legal literature abounds in treatises upon judgments and executions, upon receivers, upon assignments for the benefit of creditors, upon insolvency and bankruptcy proceedings. Such books contain a great deal of useful information. Mr. Glenn does not undertake to supplant them. He is not in competition with their authors. It is his distinction that he offers a synthesis of the legal principles set forth in treatises of this kind and hitherto looked upon as rather loosely related one to another.

The ordinary method afforded by the common law to the creditor for enforcing his claim against a delinquent debtor was by judgment and execution. But a common-law execution could be levied on such assets only as a law court recognized as property. It could not reach equitable interests in lands or chattels, nor choses in action. To get at such forms of property, the creditor was compelled to file a bill in equity. Again, the debtor could defeat the creditor's remedy by execution by giving or fraudulently granting the legal title to his property to another. In such cases, also, the creditor was forced to go into equity, in order to set aside the voluntary or fraudulent conveyance, and thus remove the obstacle which the recalcitrant debtor had put in the creditor's way of enforcing his execution. The common law had no thought of distributing the property of an insolvent debtor ratably among his creditors. Its policy was to reward the vigilant creditor and leave the slothful one to his fate. Equity followed the law in this respect. It recognized the priority gained by an alert creditor in his race with others for judgment and execution, or for a creditor's bill. It also recognized the validity of a debtor's assignment of his property for the benefit of creditors, even when it preferred some creditors to others. "Both equity and law," to use Mr. Glenn's words, "gave the creditor who availed himself of the respective remedies which they afforded a priority of satisfaction over all creditors who should later institute proceedings in their own behalf. Upon this foundation has been constructed an enormous body of doctrine whose outlines" are presented in the first half of his treatise.

This body of law is characterized by Mr. Glenn as "the selfish system of realization," and is contrasted with the system of equal distribution, which has superseded the older remedies in many cases, and which, he thinks, has within itself forces that make for progress portending still further encroachments.

The doctrine of equal distribution of the debtor's property is important to the creditor only when the debtor is insolvent. If there is property enough to pay all debts in full, one creditor suffers no legal harm from an earlier judgment and execution by another. But if the property is insufficient to satisfy all claims, the question arises, "Is it fair that one creditor should be paid in full while others get nothing?" Modern legislation and judicial decisions are answering this question in the negative. Perhaps the most original and instructive chapters in this book are those in which the author traces the growth of the system of equality of distribution and explains the theory upon which courts and legislatures have proceeded in its development. It is impossible within the limits of this review to present an adequate synopsis of Mr. Glenn's discussion. Clearly, his views are the result of an extensive experience in winding up insolvent estates as well as of a thorough study of cases and statutes.

Gift Books

As was to be expected, there have been few gift books issued this year. The handsome importations which usually form a considerable part of the Christmas book trade have for the most part been forestalled by the war. London economy, we may well believe, will not permit the luxury of fine editions, and even American publishers have gone in more for substance than for show. We have selected a few volumes which, though not all are issued specifically as such, may be grouped in this class and may be recommended as worthy remembrances of the season.

In "The Glory of Belgium" (Doran; $5 net) Roger Ingpen describes the relics of mediæval Belgium. He admits in the introduction that, though he has spoken of these monuments as still extant, "in some cases the past tense will have to be substituted for the present." Yet just because his account refers to the situation before the war, the book will have added value. Its special feature is twenty plates in color by W. L. Bruckman, who fortunately gives us several scenes in and about Louvain.

From Dodd, Mead & Co. comes an attractive edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," issued at $2 net, in which may be found in engaging wash drawings by Maxfield Parrish our old friends Peter Stuyvesant and the other worthies of those times. The ancient motto of the text applies equally to the drawings:

De waarheid die in duister lag
Die komt met flaarheid aan den dag.

Though put forth in a limited edition, we take it that "Historic Virginia Homes and Churches" (Lippincott; $7.50 net), by Robert A. Lancaster, jr., will appeal to more readers than those residing within the limits of the Old Dominion. In a descriptive text of above 500 pages the author has placed 317 photographic illustrations, for the most part the work of his own rambles among Colonial churches, court houses, taverns, and the other landmarks which are wrought into the history of Virginia.

"Bypaths in Arcady" is a book of love songs, by Kendall Banning, with illustrations in photogravure by Lejaren A. Hiller. It is published by Brothers of the Book, Chicago. In an introductory note John W. Alexander calls attention to the difficulties which have to be overcome in the production of photogravures and to the success which on the whole this collection has achieved.

That well-known expert in gems, Dr. George Frederick Kunz, is the author of a fascinating study entitled "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," which has just come from the press of Lippincott ($5 net). In this volume Dr. Kunz takes the reader through the mazes of superstition and legend concerning precious stones which have grown up from the beginning of time. As such lore touches the history of all professions the book should appeal to the general public, and will undoubtedly be sought out by the scholar. It is a gift book with much more to commend it than ornamental value, though on this side alone it is an excellent bit of work.

A book which real Americans will welcome in these years when every nation is taking to heart its culture and traditions is "Old Concord" (Little, Brown; $3 net), by Allen French. The historical matter has been drawn from standard works, and the facts concerning persons of literary note from their own writings. Among the best features of the volume are drawings of old landmarks by Lester G. Hornby.

"On Wednesday, November 25, 1914, the workmen who were digging among the fire-scarred ruins at the extreme northeast corner of old College Hall unearthed a buried treasure. . . . It was the first stone laid in the foundation of Wellesley College. There was no ceremony when it was laid, and there were no guests. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fowle Durant came up the hill on a summer morning—Friday, August 18, 1871, was the day—and with the help of the workmen set the stone in its place." "The Story of Wellesley" (Little, Brown; $2 net), by Florence Converse, gives a comprehensive sketch of the forty-four years following upon that day in which this institution has taken a foremost place in the education of women. The book includes a number of striking illustrations by Norman Irving Black.

We can not recommend too highly as a choice but inexpensive Christmas gift the "Dreamthorp, with Selections from Last Leaves" of Alexander Smith, which is reprinted by the Oxford University Press and issued at one shilling net. A few of the chapter headings—"On the Writing of Essays," "On Death and the Fear of Dying," "On the Importance of a Man to Himself," "Books and Gardens," "On Vagabonds"—will be enough to indicate to those not yet familiar with them the substance of these delectable papers.

We are glad to mention in passing (reserving fuller notice for a later date) Stephen Graham's "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," which the Macmillans have just issued at $2 net. It is a book of very readable essays on Russia by one who, of course, has made that country much his own.

A delightful volume of essays by Ian Hay, "The Lighter Side of School Life," is published in a second edition by Le Roy Phillips (Boston; $1.50), with illustrations by Lewis Baumer. These, in pastel, are so charmingly delicate and so amusing in themselves that one is ready to overlook the fact that they have no direct relation to the text. The book is dedicated to members of "the most responsible, the least advertised, the worst paid, and the most richly rewarded profession in the world." By these, wherever found, despite the fact that the life dealt with is wholly that of an English public school, the essays will be highly regarded. Boys are the same the world over, and so, in the main, are masters, and as for parents—*genus irritans*—as every schoolmaster knows, they are a nuisance always and everywhere. Those who are familiar with the adventures of the English Government in its various attempts at paternalism in educational matters will chuckle delightedly over the chapter on The Pursuit of Knowledge, and every schoolmaster will echo the conviction of the teacher, compelled by sickness to absent himself from his class, that "whoever of his colleagues is told off to take his form for him will indubitably undo the work of many years within a few hours."

John Martin Hammond has turned a field heretofore only lightly scratched in his "Quaint and Historic Forts of North America" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $5 net). Mr. Hammond gives an exhaustive survey of his subject. Including Canada, and even Havana, as well as the United States, he tells the story of the strongholds of the country and the part that they have played in the careers of the early English, French, and Spanish adventurers, in the Revolution and the War of 1812, and in the Civil and Indian Wars. The book is written in exceedingly readable style, and is freely illustrated with excellent photographs.

A volume that will delight some and pique others of the ever multiplying descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers is Anna Hollingsworth Wharton's "English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans," published by Lippincott with two kinds of binding, *viz.*, for descendants of the Pilgrims mentioned, half morocco, $4.50; for others, cloth, $2, net. Flippancy aside, this is a book that was well worth the writing, and that will be appreciated by all Americans who still value the Anglo-Saxon traditions of their race. Here are the originals of many good American names—the less distinguished, as well as the Franklins, the Penns, and the Washingtons—traced back to the dwellings in the home country where their ancestors had lived before them, and whence they set out to found a new empire. Miss Wharton writes in her usual engaging style, and the book is profusely illustrated with photographs.

"The Golden Legend," selected and edited by George V. O'Neill, S.J., professor of English in University College, Dublin, is issued by the Cambridge University Press (Putnam) for 3s. net. The selection is of twenty-two lives from Caxton's translation from the thirteenth century Latin of Jacobus de Voragine, and the editor's object, as stated, has been to prepare a popular, though not unscholarly, edition. The volume is accompanied by a biographical introduction and short notes.

In fitting commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Lincoln's death, Osborn H. Oldroyd has brought together under the title, "The Poet's Lincoln" (published by the author at "the House Where Lincoln Died," Washington, D. C.; $1), a large number of tributes in verse to the martyred President. An introduction on "The Poetic Spirit of Lincoln" is contributed by Marion Mills Miller. It would be easy to think of a number of poetical tributes of comparatively recent date which might have been included in the volume, but the editor had to be guided to a certain extent by considerations of space, and his selection on the whole is judicious and representative. The value of the volume is considerably enhanced by the large number of portraits of the President and illustrations of events connected with his career and with his death and burial. Brief biographies are also given of the authors of the poems.

The Putnams have published a handsome volume by Mrs. John Lang, entitled "A Book of Myths," with really beautiful illustrations in color by Holen Stratton. Mrs. Lang retells in singularly attractive style all of the celebrated and some of the less-known legends of the Greek mythology and a number of the northern myths as well. The volume is intended, according to the publishers' announcement, especially for young people. For them we can imagine no more fascinating reading; but the usefulness and charm of Mrs. Lang's book need by no means be confined to the young; many elders whose mythological lore has grown rusty will welcome so attractive a compendium as this, and in

reading of the youth of the world will gladly renew their own.

To "A Book of Bridges," published by John Lane Company ($6), Frank Brangwyn has contributed thirty-six impressionistic water-color views of famous bridges in Europe, and as many equally impressionistic sketches in black-and-white. Some of the water-colors are of great beauty, a few are distinctly muddy in color and texture, and the same is true of many of the pen-and-ink sketches, in which half-lights and shades are ignored, and clouds, water, earth, and stone have the same texture of nearly solid black. These faults—which are perhaps virtues in the eyes of critics of the advanced modern school—are, however, redeemed by the vigor and beauty of many of the views and the breadth of handling and sureness of drawing in nearly all.

The text, in five chapters and two appendices, by Walter Shaw Sparrow (who calls himself a "pontist" and his studies "pontism"), is a singular mixture of historic and scientific information, sentimental ramblings, and military furor. Mr. Sparrow is obsessed with the idea of "preparedness" in its most aggravated form, and the design of every modern bridge, without exception, is condemned as an easy prey to hostile engines of destruction. He waxes eloquent over the folly of building the Eads bridge at St. Louis, without regard to its military value and the danger of a negro uprising. "The black race breeds rapidly, and some day it may breed a great soldier, a dark Napoleon, who will find it no difficult task to organize a widespread society of bridge-wreckers. . . . What if one of them" [the steel arches] "was [*sic*] destroyed at a time when the double railway track over the river, and the wide roadway above for other traffic, were necessary to bring reinforcements to a stricken army?" Alas, "not a scrap of attention did he" [Captain Eads] "pay to military matters." "Every bridge in the United States is a target of this sort in one form or another." We may expect our militaristic shouters for preparedness to inaugurate presently, with the help of Mr. Sparrow's vaticinations, a new campaign for a half billion of dollars with which to fortify several thousand bridges, just as a starter! Apart from this hysteria over defence the book contains much curious and interesting information; the author has travelled widely and studied an extensive body of literature on his subject. It is unfortunate that this information is so confused in arrangement and so encumbered by irrelevant divagations as to be of little value to the serious student, in spite of a copious and entertaining index.

The second edition of Mr. W. H. Koebel's "Argentina, Past and Present" (Macmillan; $5 net) calls for no lengthy comment. The unstatistical character of the work has necessitated little revision, for the changes in Argentina during the last few years, great as they are, have been rather in magnitude than in kind. Of significant changes noted, the most striking is the removal of the United States as a competitor in the business of importing meat. An additional chapter on Buenos Aires amplifies and brings up to date the sketch of the crowded life of the Southern metropolis. The distinctly new feature of the volume is the introduction of a series of colored illustrations well in keeping with the descriptive text. The first edition appeared in 1911.

Notes

T. Fisher Unwin, London, announces the publication of "The Psychology of Leadership," by Abdul Majid.

A volume of J. A. K. Thomson's essays is published by George Allen & Unwin, London, under the title, "The Greek Tradition."

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, will publish shortly a children's phantasy, introducing the garden bronzes of children in the Fine Arts Colonnade of the San Francisco Exposition. It will be entitled "Little Bronze Playfellows," and is written by Stella G. S. Perry.

The following announcement of new and forthcoming books is made by the University of Chicago Press: "A Short History of Belgium," by Leon van der Essen; "Individuality in Organisms" (University of Chicago Science series), by Charles Manning Child; "Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome," by Clarence E. Boyd; "Parts of the Body in Older Germanic and Scandinavian," by Torild W. Arnoldson.

Were it not for the title, and for the name Pyeshkov that runs through it, one might think Maxim Gorky's "My Childhood" (Century Co.; $2 net) a typical piece of Gorky's fiction. The atmosphere of the volume is expressed in one of its own sentences: "A smell of rottenness, warm and woolly, like a sheep's fleece, crept in at the window" (p. 370). It is a tale of misery, at times physical, as when the child is cruelly and maliciously beaten by his grandfather, and always acutely moral. The lad witnesses the continual quarrels, extending to blows and worse, of his grandfather and his two uncles; he watches his grandfather beat his grandmother about the head; he attempts to stab his stepfather when that youth kicks his wife, the boy's mother, in the breast. He gradually learns of his mother's passionate, pleasure-loving, erring nature, over which he scarcely throws a mantle of decent reserve. He relates how his drunken uncles once tried to murder his father by pushing him into a hole through the ice and stamping on his fingers as he clutched at the edges. The father, fortunately sober, kept his face above water in the centre of the pool, and clambered out when his tormentors had left him to drown. Then he not only refused to denounce his brothers-in-law to the police, but contrived a story that would hide their guilt.

This most sordid narrative receives pathos and literary power from a strange, yearning tone which runs through it, and which is implied rather than directly expressed. The boy loves his kindly, drunken grandmother, whose gentle God of forgiveness he contrasts with the cruel, formalistic God to whom his grandfather prays. The lad's world is hideous, but from it he knows that there must spring something better:

> As I remember these oppressive horrors of our wild Russian life, I ask myself often whether it is worth while to speak of them. And then, with restored confidence, I answer myself—"It is worth while because it is actual, vile fact, which has not died out, even in these days—a fact which must be traced to its origin, and pulled up by the root from the memories, the souls of the people, and from our narrow, sordid lives."

And there is another and more important reason impelling me to describe these horrors. Although they are so disgusting, although they oppress us and crush many beautiful souls to death, yet the Russian is still so healthy and young in heart that he can and does rise above them. For in this amazing life of ours not only does the animal side of our nature flourish and grow fat, but with this animalism there has grown up, triumphant in spite of it, bright, healthful, and creative—a type of humanity which inspires us to look forward to our regeneration, to the time when we shall all live peacefully and humanely (p. 346).

In one of his letters Dostoievski complains that Turgenieff and Tolstoy write "no more than 'Landed-proprietors' literature.' And that kind of literature has said all it had to say—particularly well in the case of Leo Tolstoy." The remark was absolutely true at the time it was made, in 1871, though Tolstoy later showed that his genius was not bounded by the world of landed-proprietors to which he himself belonged. The Russia of "War and Peace" and "A House of Gentlefolk" is a thing of the past. The new Russia, inchoate and wretched, has produced no voices comparable to those of the older time. Gorky and his successors have not the calm power of Turgenieff and Tolstoy. But perhaps Gorky, with his faithful picture of a dark undercurrent of Russian life, and his note of hope, if hardly of cheer, may prove to be a prophet of a finer literature to come, as well as of a better social order.

There recently appeared from the Government Printing Office at Washington a new report on the fur seals of the Pribilof Islands ("The Fur Seals and Other Life of the Pribilof Islands, Alaska, in 1914," by Wilfred H. Osgood, Edward A. Preble, and George H. Parker. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office), which, if not the final word, is at least the latest word on the much-vexed problem which these animals represent. The present Commission was chosen at the request of the Secretary of Commerce by the National Academy of Sciences, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Secretary of Agriculture, in order that its personnel might be free from contact with past controversies. The report restates in admirable manner the essential facts of seal life, and it is profusely illustrated with excellent photographs and rookery charts. Interest in the report, however, centres almost exclusively in the conclusions of the Commission regarding the suspension of land sealing provided for in the Fur Seal law of 1912. It will be remembered that in 1911 the United States obtained the coöperation of Great Britain, Japan, and Russia in a treaty suspending pelagic sealing, the recognized cause of the herd's decline. In return for this suspension the United States agreed to share with Canada and Japan its commercial catch of male seals taken on land. In enacting the law necessary to give this treaty effect, Congress, in 1912, added a provision suspending land sealing, and consequently the commercial catch, for five years, providing also for its curtailment for nine further years, in all fourteen years, just one year less than the full life of the treaty.

Investigations made in 1912 and 1913, and reported to the Secretary of Commerce, indicated clearly the futile and wasteful nature of the suspension of land sealing, but these reports were put aside as biassed and influenced by past controversies. The new Com-

mission was sent to review the work. This is what the Commission of 1914 has to say regarding the law:

The condition of the fur seal herd in 1914, as set forth in this report, is such that resumption of commercial sealing on a moderate scale in 1915 could be undertaken with confidence that the protection and growth of the herd would not be jeopardized in the slightest degree (p. 103).

The blue fox industry, capable of yielding $50,000 or more per annum, is reduced to small proportions through lack of seal meat for food.

The continued suspension of sealing . . . will cause an estimated minimum loss of $2,700,000.

The suspension of sealing prevents the immediate determination of the proportion of seals which naturally survive to killable age —a most vexed and vital matter.

The law now offers no compensations for its many disadvantages (p. 105).

There are good reasons both from the standpoint of economy and from that of the welfare of the herd to resume commercial sealing at once (p. 148).

It is hard to see how a more complete indictment of the law of 1912 could be made. The criticisms are all moderately stated. Plainly it was the intent and hope of the Commission of 1914 that immediate steps would be taken to effect repeal of the law, even in time to save the commercial catch of 1915. The investigation was concluded in August, 1914. The report is dated January 23, 1915. It reached Congress only on February 17, in the closing days of the long session, too late for action. The commercial catch of 1915 is also wasted—in addition to the similar waste for 1913 and 1914. The fate of this report is quite in keeping with that of all scientific work done in recent years for the Government in the fur seal matter.

Mr. William S. Lloyd, of Germantown, Philadelphia, has issued a "Catalogue of various editions of Robinson Crusoe and other books by and referring to Daniel Defoe" which at once takes its place beside the work of Hermann Ullrich as an indispensable guide to Defoe bibliography. The pamphlet is not too carefully printed, and some of the assumptions in the notes—for instance, that, because few copies of the second edition of Crusoe have been found it must have been a small edition—are dubious. But as collector Mr. Lloyd has been singularly successful. He has paid his chief attention to "Robinson Crusoe" and, though he has copies in thirty-five other tongues, to editions of that book in English; but of English Crusoes he has gone far towards realizing his boyhood ambition to own the largest number of copies that could possibly be collected. The list includes 277 items, not all separate, but each, in some way or other, distinct. Cox's abridgment of 1719 is lacking; so are the abridgment of 1724 and the issues of 1726. There are seven printings of the first part and three of the second, for 1719. Special attention has been given to obtaining all the issues published by Taylor. But in an introductory letter from Professor Trent there is announced for the first time the existence of a second issue of the so-called fourth edition, which Mr. Lloyd has yet to find.

Norman Duncan's "Australian Byways" (Harper; $1.75 net) is a good book for the busy man to have at hand when he needs a five minutes' pause for diversion or amusement. Only now and then are any of its fifty-one hits of chapters linked by any closer relation than their general geographic background, and one may read at the random opening of the book without loss. Chapter headings like The Scowling Man, The Melancholy Landlady, and The Sentimental Smithy point the reader to some very effective bits of impressionistic characterization. Stories of the old gold-seekers, brave exploits of British police officers in arresting native criminals, uncanny feats of the "black trackers," whims of camels and cannibals, native sorceries and superstitions, with countless other subjects, have each their little turn and then pass out of sight. One picks up in two or three chapters the story, common to the annals of British colonization in various parts of the world, of the vital change which has taken place in the official attitude towards native populations, substituting the orderly administration of justice and the rendering of substantial material aid for the old disposition to look at the "blackfellows" in much the same light as the bushes in the jungle which must be cut and burned to prepare the soil for the plough. In this more enlightened policy the Queensland Mounted Police have established a record for character and efficiency something like that of the corresponding force in Canada, which deals so successfully with the Indians and half-breeds of the wild Northwest. In his characteristic way, Mr. Duncan gives us just a hint of all this in the few deft strokes with which he pictures the shocked surprise of a Queensland inspector on learning that a Police Inspector of New York was actually in custody, charged on apparently good evidence with complicity in a murder.

The first volume of Treitschke's masterpiece "Deutsche Geschichte im neunzehnten Jahrhundert" has now appeared in an English translation by Eden and Cedar Paul (McBride, Nast; $3.25 net). It is to be followed by five more volumes at intervals during the coming year. Thus the war is responsible for the production of a work which should have been available in English years ago. The translation is acceptably done; much of the ardor and eloquence of the original has indeed evaporated, but that was inevitable. The late Professor Cramb spoke of Treitschke as a combination of Carlyle and Macaulay, uniting the turbulent rhetoric and moral fervor of the one with the popular lucidity of the other. The translators have acted wisely in not seeking to reproduce such a combination of qualities. Their rendering is faithful without being too literal; only rarely does an awkward sounding sentence occur. They might have noted, however, that *Pathos* does not mean "pathos," as it has been several times rendered. The publishers state by way of recommendation that this early work of Treitschke is not to be confounded with the truculent chauvinistic pamphlets and utterances of his later years. Nevertheless, in this first volume, which begins with a wistful reminiscence of the old German Empire and ends with a stirring panegyric on the War of Liberation and that new glory of German history, "das Volk in Waffen," Treitschke already displays at times a type of patriotism which is repellently sectarian. The reader will easily appreciate his proud boast that he wrote only for Germans. Even here there are many indications of those three sentiments with which he has so thoroughly infected modern Germany: glorification of war, jealous hatred of England, and contempt for small states. The short introduction by William H. Dawson, perhaps the best English authority on things German, is a model of restraint and propriety in war-time. Each volume of the translation is to have a separate index—an advantage which the original does not possess.

"Le Pangermanisme" (Paris: Librairie Armand Colin; 50 centimes), by Charles Andler, professor of economics in the University of Paris, is one of the interesting series of "Etudes et Documents sur la Guerre," to which Bédier's pamphlet has formed hitherto the most noteworthy contribution. The brochure at once suggests to an American reader a comparison with Professor Usher's much discussed book. It is, of course, far more modest in scope and contains less speculation. On the other hand, it excels in the precision of its information. We learn, for instance, that the Pangermanic League, a definite organization of agitators, was formed in 1891 under the leadership of Dr. Karl Peters. This small but noisy band prosecuted its propaganda with unremitting vigor, in spite of obloquy and ridicule, and eventually succeeded in leavening public opinion through such popular auxiliary organizations as the Navy League, the Colonial Society, etc. It is Professor Andler's opinion that Pan-Germanism virtually began with the "neuer Kurs" inaugurated by William II when he dismissed Bismarck, and that the year 1897 marks the definite conversion of Germany to an imperialistic policy. The author knows the currents of German politics intimately and seems to have mastered the extensive and variegated literature of his subject. In reply to the objection that most of the Pangermanic utterances were irresponsibly freakish, he argues with much plausibility that the German Government tacitly sanctioned the agitation for many years and gradually conformed its policy to the programme of the party. As is natural in a Frenchman, Professor Andler devotes considerable space to the Moroccan question. Much of what he says here is rendered superfluous if we accept at its face value the recent frank disclosure of Dr. Paul Rohrbach, an unimpeachable authority, that Germany's interference in Morocco was based on neither rights nor genuine aspirations, but was only a feint in order to obtain concessions elsewhere—*e. g.*, in Central Africa. There is a short appendix on Pangermanism in Austria and Panmagyarism in Hungary.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Publishers would be well advised at this season if they were to devote more attention than they do to producing attractive editions of juvenile classics. Few of these have come before us this year. Houghton Mifflin publishes a charming edition of Charles Kingsley's perennially fascinating "Water Babies" ($2 net), illustrated in color and black and white by that clever artist, W. Heath Robinson. From the press of Harper & Brothers we have an admirably printed edition, with illustrations by Louis Rhead, of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" is illustrated in color by Jessie Willcox Smith, and republished now by Little, Brown & Company. Ginn & Company are responsible for two unpretentious but convenient and welcome volumes, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" (48 cents) and Wyss's "The Swiss Family Robinson" (50 cents), the former accompanied by illustrations made from the outline plates in the Valpy Shakespeare, the latter illustrated by J. H. Stickney.

Oscar Wilde's collection of fairy stories in "A House of Pomegranates," which Wilde himself described, characteristically, as "intended neither for the British child nor the British public," is issued in a handsome edition by Brentano's ($3.75 net).

Second only in merit as literature for children to the well-tried volumes of the type that we have mentioned we may class certain kinds of anthologies. Such a volume is the selection of "Famous Old Tales," arranged by Henry Cabot Lodge and published by Houghton Mifflin (45 cents). This consists of a dozen of the best-known and most respectable English fairy stories, beginning with "Jack the Giant-Killer" and concluding with the tale of Whittington and his cat. Two other collections of fairy stories are Anna Alice Chapin's "The Everyday Fairy Book" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net) and "Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know," edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, with illustrations by Mary Hamilton Frye (Doubleday, Page; $2 net). We may mention also under this head another publication by Ginn & Company, Robert Edward Francillon's "Gods and Heroes" (48 cents), which gives a good elementary idea of Greek and Roman mythology, and William Morris's "Stories from the Earthly Paradise," retold in prose by C. S. Evans (Longmans; $1.50 net). An anthology of verse for children which we can cordially recommend is Louey Chisholm's "The Golden Staircase," published by Putnams and effectively illustrated by M. Dibdin Spooner. Good also is the plan of Kate Dickinson Sweetser's "Ten Great Adventurers," which records the exploits of such typical historical heroes as Francis Drake, John Paul Jones, and Giuseppe Garibaldi. The volume, which is published by Harpers ($1.50 net), is fittingly illustrated by George Alfred Williams. Another historical book, but in more fictional form, is Commander Thomas D. Parker's "Young Heroes of the American Navy" (W. A. Wilde Company; $1 net).

Juvenile fiction appears to be as plentiful as the adult article. The camp and the boy and girl scout movement are the inspiration of several volumes, among which we may mention "Smuggler's Island," by Clarissa A. Kneeland (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net); "The Camp Fire Girls of Brightwood," by Amy E. Blanchard (W. A. Wilde Company; $1 net); "Boy Scouts of the Wildcat Patrol," by Walter Prichard Eaton (W. A. Wilde Company; $1 net), and "Camp Bob's Hill," by Charles P. Burton (Holt; $1.25 net). Historical in atmosphere is "Our Little Norman Cousin of Long Ago," by Evaleen Stein (Boston: Page); quite modern and somewhat sociological is Inez Haynes Gillmore's "The Ollivant Orphans" (Holt; $1.35 net), and the same may be said of "His Big Brother," by Lewis and Mary Theiss (W. A. Wilde Company; $1 net); modern, too, is "Surprise Island" (Harper; 50 cents), James H. Kennedy's treatment of Indians and fairies. Harpers publish "Robin the Bobbin," by Vale Downie (80 cents net). On the romantic side, yet not quite touching the domain of Fairyland, we have "The Kingdom of the Winding Road," by Cornelia Meigs (Macmillan; $1.25 net). Across the border of modern Fairyland is Abbie Farwell Brown's "Kissington Town" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net), while "Oliver and the Crying Chip," by Nancy Miles Durant (Sherman, French; $1 net), would probably not have been written but for Lewis Carroll's White Rabbit. For children under twelve we have "The Mexican Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net), and "Tommy Tregennis," by Mary E. Phillips (Dutton; $2 net), the last pleasantly illustrated and well printed, suitable for reading aloud. "The Big Brother Play-Book" (Little, Brown; 50 cents) presents the favorite fables of Mrs. Laura E. Richards in dramatic form, suitable for acting by children, and Elsie Hobart Carter's "Christmas Candles" (Holt; $1.50 net) contains a dozen acting plays appropriate to the season. "Beth's Old Home," by Marion Ames Taggart (W. A. Wilde Company; $1.25 net), is a story for young girls.

Under the heading, "Entertainingly Informative," we may class such volumes as: "Tell-Me-Why Stories About Color and Sound," by C. H. Claudy (McBride; $1.25 net); "Object Lessons for the Cradle Roll" (Pilgrim Press; $1), by Frances Weld Danielson, and two books of elementary nature-study done in fairy-tale form, by Thornton W. Burgess, "Mother West Wind 'Why' Stories" (Little, Brown), and "Tommy and the Wishing Stone" (Century; $1 net). More ambitious and more advanced is "The Children's Book of Birds," by Oliver Thorne Miller (Houghton Mifflin; $2 net), which has excellent illustrations. "What Shall We Read to the Children?" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net) is a book of guidance for parents, by Miss Clara W. Hunt, head of the children's department in the Brooklyn Public Library.

For younger children we may list the following: "Who's Who in the Land of Nod," by Sarah Sanderson Vanderbilt (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net), charmingly illustrated by Ruby Winckler; "Nixie Bunny in Holiday-Land," by Joseph C. Sindelar (Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Company; 40 cents); "The Bunnikins Bunnies' Christmas Tree," by Edith B. Davidson (Houghton Mifflin); "The Sleepy Song Book," verse by various authors, music by H. A. J. Campbell, illustrations by Anne Anderson (McBride; $2 net); "Still More Russian Picture Tales," really entertaining tales in pictures for children by Valery Carrick, translated by Nevill Forbes (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell); "The Wishing Fairies," by Madge A. Bigham, illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory (Dodd, Mead; 75 cents net); "The Bylow Bunnies," by Grace May North (Fenno); "Little Miss Muffett Abroad," by Alice E. Ball, short verses on various countries with appropriate illustrations by H. Boylston Dummer (Pilgrim Press; $1 net); "Uncle Wiggily Longears," by Howard R. Garis, illustrated by Edward Bloomfield (Fenno; $1.50 net); "Tales to be Told to Children," by Mary Dickerson Donahey (Chicago: Howell Co.; 75 cents net). For children of mechanical or artistic turn of mind we have William Ludium's "The Scissors Book" (Putnam; $1 net), and Clifford Leon Sherman's "The Dot Circus" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net).

Attention may be drawn to two series which lie before us. The Little Folks series has a distinct educational value. Three sets, each consisting of four volumes, have been issued under the editorship of Dorothy Donnell Calhoun (Abingdon Press; 25 cents net a volume): "Little Folks of the Bible," "Little Folks in Art," and "Little Folks from Literature." The general scope of the series may be indicated by quoting the sub-titles of the four volumes in the "Little Folks of the Bible": "Boys of the New Testament," "Girls of the Bible," "Boys in the Days of the Prophets," "Boys in Patriarchal Homes." In the volumes devoted to literature, quotations dealing with children are given from various authors, and at the end of each piece of text is appended a list of questions designed to test a child's intelligent understanding of what has been read. The other series is the Pogány Nursery Book in four volumes, "The Gingerbread Man," "Little Mother Goose," "The Children in Japan," and "Cinderella" (Robert M. McBride; 50 cents net each). Willy Pogány's pictures are so well known and so excellent as to need no endorsement. The text accompanying the pictures, supplied by various authors, is generally well done.

The hero of Ian Hay's delightful piece of humor, "Scally" (Houghton Mifflin; 75 cents), is a puppy which came to its owners from a pond, dragging a brick behind it, and grew up to be a *monstrum informum ingens*. Of the brief adventures of the dog and his masters, and of the part played by the hero in the wooing of Eileen and the poor curate, the little book is made, and there they may be read in a happy half-hour. Scally, we may observe, is brief for Excalibur, the name chosen by said Eileen for the dog because, like Tennyson's mystic blade, he "rose from out the bosom of the lake." We fear his origin was otherwise obscure, and if his family tree, like that of one of Thackeray's characters, did not show an ancestor *suspensus per col.*, he himself may be said to have entered fiction *submersus* by the same organ; but he enacts well the rôle ascribed to him in the sub-title of his biography, "a perfect gentleman."

Science

RESEARCHES IN MARINE BIOLOGY.

Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Vol. VI. Publication 183. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

The present volume of highly specialized studies may be taken to represent one of the periodic fruits of research in a single field, that of marine biology, or as the index of the work of a great instrument designed for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among men. Viewed in either way, this collection of papers reflects credit upon all concerned, for it represents biology in its fullest sense, in which physiological and morphological problems are attacked by the best modern resources of technique and experiment.

The director of the Tortugas Laboratory, Dr. Alfred G. Mayer, contributes three important papers upon the effects of temperature, nerve-conduction, and loss of weight in marine organisms, followed by others on regeneration, after removal of the nervous system, fusion-experiments in marine larvæ, permeation of tissues by alkalis, protozoan parasites, and the development of dimorphic spermatozoa in mollusks.

Prof. Ulric Dahlgren presents an interesting study of one of the electric fishes, the African Gymnarchus. Of the seven fishes known to produce electricity, two of which are elasmobranchs, this remarkable teleost is said to be the rarest. Some of its em-

bryos that were placed at the author's disposal were collected, we are told, by Dr. Samuel Budgett, an Englishman, "under conditions of sickness and hardship that few white men could stand," who lost his life as a result of this and other African experiences. Some may remember that fifteen years ago another young and enthusiastic zoölogist, an American, Dr. Nathan R. Harrington, also lost his life while engaged in a similar quest.

The Gymnarchus resembles a small or very short eel, having a long, pointed snout and a heavy dorsal fin that runs along the back to near the tip of its attenuated tail. When swimming backward, says the author, the animal uses this sensitive pointer like a finger to feel its way. The actual extremity of this "finger-tip" is somewhat blunt, and contains "the largest and best-developed portion of the electric organ, which fills the lateral parts of the body at this point almost to the exclusion of the ordinary muscle." The electricity-producing organ itself consists of four tubes or spindles, which traverse the hinder part of the body on either side and concentrate at the tail. These are disposed into an upper and a lower group, and lie as close to the skeleton as possible. Each spindle is composed of segments of a dense muscle-like substance, called the electroplaxes, embedded in a kind of "electric" tissue, which is highly vascular; moreover, the hinder ends of the electroplaxes are connected with medullated nerve-fibres, derived from the motor roots of the spinal nerves. The electric current, at the moment of discharge, would thus seem to travel from the tail towards the head.

Very little is yet known of the power of the shock which Gymnarchus can impart to man, but the native Arabs dread it to such an extent that they always give it a wide berth, especially at its nesting time. The electric organs are formed between the ninth and fortieth day and owe their development to a gradual transformation of certain striated muscles of the tail. The nerve-fibres supplying them originate in conspicuous electric-motor cells of the cord, and terminate in nerve-clubs which appear to be "embedded in an invagination of the surface rather than in a cavity in the substance of the electric layer."

The volume is concluded by a beautifully illustrated "History of the Spotted Eagle Ray," by Dr. E. W. Gudger. The eagle rays are rather prepossessing giants, and, owing to their remarkable color-patterns, are the most striking of all the flat-bodied selachians of North America. "Their wing-like, pointed pectoral fins" and "their long, slender, whip-like tails, armed with one or more serrated spines," not to speak of their jaws, filled with large pavement teeth, leave little chance for mistaken identity. This particular species, called by some of the old naturalists the Narinary, may be considered the "beauty" of the family; its whole upper surface is thickly studded with white, or bluish white, spots on a dark ground, while below it is as white as snow. In some of the larger specimens recorded, the length and breadth were six feet, and the tail of the same dimensions, while another, taken off Cape Lookout in 1912, had a spread of seven feet seven inches.

Very striking variations have been noted in the color and marking of these huge rays; the spots are sometimes ocellate, having dark centres with white rings about them, and it was found that such eyed-spots were always due to partial or complete coalescence of two originally distinct markings, a process which often gives rise to many curious and bizarre effects. The living colors, as in many other fish and invertebrates, are evanescent or subject to profound change after the animals are removed from the water; thus, a freshly caught specimen was chestnut brown, with cream-colored spots, but when placed in a boat and only partly covered with water, the spots immediately whitened, while the parts exposed to the air turned black, and their spots blue. Transverse lines or bands sometimes appear on the upper parts of the body after death, but these proved to be due to underlying canals or blood-vessels, the coloring matters being brought to the surface in consequence of changes of tissue, especially when treated with preservatives.

Marcgrave, who described this fish in his "Natural History of Brazil" in 1648, declared that its flesh was of excellent flavor and sufficient to feed forty men; but while many Europeans have long since added the shark and the skate to their dietary, together with most things that crawl in the sea, Americans, who seldom venture beyond the list that custom prescribes, have as yet barely ventured to taste the mussel and the snail.

The editors of the volume of "Selected Papers, Surgical and Scientific, from the Writings of Roswell Park," late professor of surgery in the University of Buffalo and surgeon-in-chief to the Buffalo General Hospital (Buffalo: Courier Co.; $3), have chosen from the numerous writings of Dr. Park such addresses and papers as will give a satisfactory idea of the wide range of his surgical endeavor and experience. Most of these are of interest only to the surgeon or the physician, but the student of the history of medicine or the layman who is interested in the progress of medicine in its social relations would find much to arrest the attention in The Present Status of Antiseptic Surgery (1882); Surgery of the Brain, Based upon the Principles of Cerebral Localization (1888); The Parasitic Theory of the Ætiology of Carcinoma (1893); an Epitome of the History of Carcinoma (1903); The Next Twenty-five Years in Surgery (1909), and Conclusions Drawn from a Quarter-Century's Work in Brain Surgery (1913). Of especial interest is the account, under the caption "Reminiscences of McKinley Week," of Dr. Park's experiences as a member of the medical staff responsible for the care of President McKinley at the time of his assassination in 1901 at the Buffalo Exposition. A memoir of Dr. Park by Dr. Charles G. Stockton and a bibliography of his principal writings complete the volume.

Drama

The Art of Acting

By J. RANKEN TOWSE.

Of these four booklets,* constituting the second series of Publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University, all reprints, but old enough to be fresh, three are distinctly valuable and opportune for the authoritative pronouncements which they contain concerning that great art of acting which is so distinct from the mere miming offered as a substitute in the purely commercial theatre of to-day. Thus we have critical reviews by Prof. Fleeming Jenkin on the acting of Mrs. Siddons—based on the contemporary notes of Prof. G. J. Bell—and of Henry James on Benoit Constant Coquelin, together with Coquelin's own essay on his art, and the notable paper by Talma on the same subject. All of them may be studied with pleasure and profit. Naturally, they are not in complete accord on all the points which they discuss, or even on the most important point of all—that involving the truth or falsity of Diderot's famous paradox—but all agree that brains, conscientious study, and long practice are necessary prerequisites to the making of a great actor. The object of this article is to treat them more or less collectively, disregarding familiar, obvious, or insignificant matter, but dwelling especially upon the evidence affecting the vital question of interpretation. Can players, nearly all our modern stars, for example, who are content to express every character in the exact terms of their individual habits, rightly be called great actors? To this query the present writer would oppose an uncompromising negative.

This, of course, does not in the least mean that the personality of a great actor, modified or intensified, may not assert itself with splendid and appropriate effect in the presentation of a totally imaginative character. But it does contradict the quoted opinion of Henry Irving that the strong personality of the actor, plus technical skill, meant great acting. That is true only in particular cases—his own Mathias and Louis XI, for instance, in which there was no conflict between personality and conception. Irving was a great actor, but not in parts with which his aggressive personality was inharmonious. Prof. Fleeming Jenkin, a weighty critic, is inclined apparently to adopt his view. In his essay on Mrs. Siddons he points out that it is impossible to construct from the text of Shakespeare, or any other dram-

*_The Illusion of the First Time in Acting._ By William Gillette. Introduction by George Arliss.

Art and the Actor. By Constant Coquelin. Introduction by Henry James.

Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine. By H. C. Fleeming Jenkin. Introduction by Brander Matthews.

Reflexions on Acting. By Talma. Introduction by Henry Irving. Review by H. C. Fleeming Jenkin.

atist, an indisputable realization of the creator's ideal, which shall be the standard by which all imitations of it must or can be judged. That is true enough. It may even be admitted that a certain indefiniteness may exist even in the mind of the creator concerning many minor features—not the dominant outlines, however—of his imaginary personage. But in any attempted materialization he would demand that all subordinate, illuminative details should be in essential conformity with the fundamental intellectual, emotional, and physical characteristics of his conception. It does not follow that every adequate embodiment of it must be identical or closely similar. The Hamlets of Edwin Booth, Charles Fechter, and Forbes-Robertson differed greatly in aspect, design, and action, but each found its justification in the letter and spirit of the text, not in the reflected personality of the actor. Irving's impersonation, often brilliant in intellectual quality, was fatally disfigured by eccentric and inconsistent mannerisms, natural or acquired, but unrepressed. Fortunately, they were only a part of his remarkable personality. In the case of many less gifted actors, mannerisms are their only capital. It is a mere truism to say that the artistic range of an actor is defined by his mental and physical capacities, but genius, that divinely intuitive comprehension, can overcome many physical impediments, as Edmund Kean proved in Othello. He had the sympathetic vision that enabled him to see the soul of the Moor in the poet's text, and the fiery artistic zeal, in his supremest moments —the flashes of lightning—to make it his own. This is the histrionic power that in heroic parts can dispense with inches. The inspiration, which is but the highest form of intelligence, is virtually all. To translate the great thoughts of an abnormal mind, such as Shakespeare's, some kindred supplementary quality must exist in the interpreter. The problem for the actor is not "What should I feel or do in such circumstances?" but "What would Shakespeare's Othello do, and how would he do it?" Herein lies the difference between the artistry and the craftsmanship of which Professor Jenkin speaks. It is the difference between the deadly, mechanical, traditional Hamlet of that wonderful actor, Samuel Phelps, and the fascinating Dane of Edwin Booth. The one was Mr. Phelps, the other was an illustrative suggestion of the real prince.

Was Sarah Siddons a great interpretative artist, or was she only an extraordinarily clever player, mistress of every trick in her branch of the theatrical trade, and endowed with special graces of nature, a noble form and countenance, a glorious voice, and matchless natural dignity? To hesitate in answering seems almost blasphemous. She was the object of almost universal critical acclaim. But the insistence upon her majesty of deportment, her poses, her "eloquent pauses," her nicely measured speech, her floods of tears, her abrupt transitions, provokes doubt. She flourished in a theatrical period marked by an artificiality to which Macready, himself a precisian, gave a death-blow. It is difficult, in these later days, to share Professor Jenkin's faith in Professor Bell's notes, jotted down from actual observation, as proof positive of the accuracy of his own estimate of the actress's supreme genius. They are descriptive rather than analytical, and exceedingly fragmentary. They show, so far as they go, how and when Siddons made some of her great points. They demonstrate the occasional effectiveness, not the mentality or consistency, of her performance. He makes it plain that she relied much upon strongly contrasted moods, abrupt transitions, and splendor of pose and gesture—she was, doubtless, a gifted and impressive creature with superb executive ability—but was not much concerned, apparently, about the harmony of her work as an artistic whole. He intimates, perhaps unconsciously, that she endowed Lady Macbeth with a double personality, one superior to all feminine weaknesses, the other subject to nearly all of them. It might be argued, very plausibly, from his comments, that she paid more heed to theatrical effect than to the truth of nature. He even suggests that she deliberately acted the character in a manner contrary to her own conception of it, for purely theatrical purposes, without perceiving the enormity of such an artistic offence. In other words, she was influenced by the desire to make the most of her own personality. She is known to have expressed the notion that Lady Macbeth was more temptress than tyrant. On the other hand, it is certain that in acting her she dominated the whole play, relegating Macbeth —who, after all, was a brave warrior and chief executant—to an entirely secondary position, thus disturbing the whole balance of the tragedy. This was not the Shakespearean intent, and it was not the highest artistry. There can be no doubt of Mrs. Siddons's wonderful acting power, but that she was a great interpretative genius is less certain.

Professor Jenkin is on firm ground when he maintains that the prime object of the playwright must be a successful appeal to the emotions, but on dangerous ground when he attempts to prescribe a formula for playmaking. There are certain indispensable rules, or principles, which cannot be safely ignored, but most of them are elastic. Legouvé is no longer an authority. The five-act play is almost a thing of the past. So long as a plot is a good one, logical as to causes and consequences, it does not matter whether it was constructed backwards or forwards. But the mechanism must be concealed. No two dramatists work in precisely the same way. The one thing necessary is the proper interaction of circumstance and character. Nobility of subject and treatment provides, of course, the one true test of excellence. Success in representation is not, necessarily, any proof of real value, or failure of unworthiness. Incompetent acting has killed some of the finest dramas ever written. It has often proved fatal even to Shakespeare.

It is worth noting that Talma, perhaps the greatest histrionic genius in the history of the French stage, begins his paper with the assertion that his art is for instruction as well as for pleasure. He might have added that when the theatre abandons all profession of instruction it abandons also its claim to be considered among the arts. The power of the stage to diffuse profitable instruction of all kinds under the disguise of entertainment is its greatest privilege, distinction, and opportunity. Talma is under no delusion concerning the object, the responsibility, or the power of the actor. He is, he says, a translator, and more than a translator, too, for there are cases in which he can add to and perfect the ideal presented for his interpretation. If a man have not histrionic genius, he says, no amount of teaching can give it him. Nevertheless, training and long practice, about twenty years of them, are always essential, and the greatest genius may profit by artistic instruction. This he proceeds to illustrate by the experience of Lekain. Nature is the true guide, he avers, in the most exalted moods of tragedy. "The great movements of the soul," he adds, "elevate a man to an ideal nature in whatever rank he may be," which is a somewhat dark saying. Extreme sensibility and profound intelligence, he declares to be the most essential attributes of the great actor. The first enables him to associate himself with all the shades of character, every movement of the soul, of the historical or fictitious person. Sensibility is even more important than intelligence, especially in tragedy. It is the province of intelligence to compare, select, and coördinate the impulses of inspiration. Only those players whose souls are susceptible to the extremes of passion can hope to be great actors. Here there is no question of the actor foisting upon his audience his own common character for that of a noble ideal.

Fleeming Jenkin, in an acute survey, picks out the salient points of Talma's essay with prompt appreciation, but is somewhat hypercritical in charging him with confusing feeling with expression. Actually, he meant that the one implied or suggested the means to the other. Deep feeling, in different persons, may express itself in many different ways. Intelligence reflecting upon these will decide upon the best and most appropriate. It is possible, of course, that the first natural, intuitive action or utterance of the player student might, upon consideration, be adopted as the best possible in the prescribed circumstances, but that would prove the exception, not the rule. It is clear that Talma meant to warn actors against the danger of imputing themselves, as Tennyson expressed it. Had Talma lived to see Salvini, who was virtually free from all mannerisms of any kind whatever, and exhibited unequalled versatility as Othello, Conrad, and Sullivan, he would have recognized in him a brilliant exponent of his theory and system.

Henry James's essay upon the art of the actor is especially valuable at this time for the stress which it lays upon the important part that cultivated speech plays in the interpretation of literary and poetic drama. His estimate of Coquelin's versatility—positive as it indisputably was in a wide range of comedy—and of his supremacy in romantic and highly emotional parts, is somewhat extravagant, but there is no exaggeration in the critical praise which he lavishes upon the extraordinary finish and beauty of his diction. His voice was an extraordinary instrument, not particularly musical, but wonderfully strong, penetrating, and vibrant, and he played upon it with exquisite skill. The crispness, clarity, and volubility of his utterance, with its infallible adherence to the nicest emphasis, contributed immensely to his innumerable triumphs in every variety of comic character, from his inimitable lackeys of the old classic comedies to the "diseurs" of the later social drama. To the longest speeches, even to the traditional chant of interminable Alexandrines, he could impart infinite variety and interest by his mastery of all the arts of vocalization. In dwelling on this delightful proficiency Mr. James, in passages of rare literary charm and critical acumen, insists upon the theatrical necessity of gratifying the ears as well as the eyes of a cultivated audience. He is doubtless right in saying that the slovenly speech of the modern actor has helped to drive the literary drama from the stage.

M. Coquelin, an unimpeachable authority on the subject of theatrical art, plumply asserts that the actor must provide the proper body for the soul created by the author. It must be the complete and perfect expression of it "with all its peculiar manner." This, alas, is counsel of perfection. He adds that there is no masterpiece to which the great actor may not contribute something. To inferior parts he gives nearly everything. In Diderot's paradox M. Coquelin proclaims himself a firm believer. An actor, he says, must learn to express emotions which he has never felt and never can feel. This is the gist of the whole matter, and it is a sufficient answer to the assertion of George Arliss, in an introduction to a paper by William Gillette, that the actor who feels and lives his part gives free play to his body and features, and so presents the true flesh-and-blood man. Such a performer simply plays himself. He virtually contradicts his own dogma when he says that many players, who have won popularity only in some peculiar type of character (their own), are not actors at all. This is most potently true. A really strong individuality—often the accompaniment of genius, as in Irving—cannot always be suppressed utterly, nor is such total suppression always desirable—but it can be moulded and transformed. Mr. Arliss's contribution is not very valuable, being professional, not philosophical. As for Mr. Gillette's, that is almost negligible, being flippant, shallow, and disingenuous, when it is not platitudinous. He jeers at criticism and the "palmy days," upholds the commercial managers, and demolishes propositions which no sensible person ever made. Of course, managers, unless richly endowed, must make money in order to live. The real question is whether more money cannot be made by good plays with good actors than with poor plays and poor actors. One wonders why matter so unreflective should have been deemed worthy of reproduction in such company, by a great educational association.

As for his dictum—discussed by Prof. Brander Matthews in one of the useful supplementary notes which he has provided—that a play cannot be fully comprehended by the reader, unless he has also seen it in action, that, Goethe and Molière to the contrary notwithstanding, is completely fallacious as a general proposition. It may be true of pieces, mostly comic, of which the text is insignificant, the types special, and action all important, but it certainly does not apply to masterworks, of which the conception, the psychology, and the text are inspired by imaginative genius, and which suggest to the reader—having brains—ideals not to be materialized by human ability.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

The production of "Romeo and Juliet" made by the David Chanler Dramatic Company in the Forty-fourth Street Theatre proved an unfortunate illustration of the way in which such an enterprise ought not to be undertaken. All the preliminary care and forethought apparently had been bestowed upon the framework and accompaniments of the play, instead of on the proper interpretation of the play itself. The scenery and costumes were everything that the most fastidious spectator could desire. They justified the reputation of Jacques Coini. Seldom, if ever, has the tragedy had a richer or more tasteful setting. The incidental music—though some of it was used in wrong places—was good and admirably performed by a string orchestra. But the performance, except at two or three isolated spots—the ballroom and mob scenes, in which the supernumeraries were handled effectively and picturesquely—was inadequate, dull, and utterly uninspired. The only actor in the cast who filled his part and spoke his lines with comprehension of their meaning, dignity, and rhythm, was the veteran Fuller Mellish, the Friar Laurence. The Romeo of George Relph was handsome, virile, and fairly intelligent, but devoid of eloquence, fascination, or any glow of romance. The Mercutio of Frederick Lewis was facile and rapid, but without distinction or brilliancy. The Nurse and Peter were traditionally and dismally mechanical. Miss Khyva St. Albans, who attempted Juliet, was a novice, endowed with beauty, stature, gracefulness, and courage, who evidently had been coached carefully, if not always judiciously, in the "business" of her part. She rehearsed it with precision and occasionally with vigor, but of the essence of the character she expressed nothing or very, very little. The representation as a whole—it would be dishonest to say less—was exasperating, because of the wrong done to Shakespeare.

J. R. T.

"THE CHIEF."

Horace Annesley Vachell has adopted the rôle of playwright *con amore*, and, we may add, with a success that is denied to most novelists who turn to the drama for added laurels or, more probably, added dollars. Seldom in the unfamiliar medium of the stage does a novelist exhibit the technical mastery displayed by Mr. Vachell in the two plays by him which have been seen in New York this season—"Quinneys'," one of the most pleasing productions of the year, and now "The Chief," a most cleverly written light comedy, produced last week at the Empire, the principal rôle in which fits Mr. Drew so well that we can hardly believe that the play was not written with this experienced comedian in mind.

The Earl of Yester, an amiable and immensely wealthy nobleman of middle age, an ex-Colonial Governor, was inveigled by a trick of the formidable Mrs. Bargus into a marriage with her daughter which was not a success. As the play opens he has been a widower for some years, but his mother-in-law still rules in his household, which is nominally presided over by her younger daughter, Emily. It is her desire—the Deceased Wife's Sister bill having finally passed the House of Lords—to effect a match between Emily and the Earl. Breaking into this situation comes Cynthia Vansittart, Yester's former love, from whom he was separated by the trick of his mother-in-law. Cynthia is now a fascinating widow, but poor and looking for a position as secretary. Yester, who is about to lose his invaluable secretary, Derek Waring, offers her the position, and in addition buys from her some pearls which, unknown to her, are imitation. His old love is revived, and the end of the play would have come prematurely but for the secondary plot that centres upon Yester's ward, Daphne Kenyon. Cynthia, conceiving the idea that Yester is in love with his ward and she with him, repulses his attentions. In point of fact, Daphne is in love with Waring, the invaluable secretary, and Yester is anxious for her to marry Lord Arthur Wrexham, the worthless son of a duke, while poor nondescript Emily is genuinely in love with Yester, and Mrs. Bargus is busy pulling strings in all directions to bring about the match. To attempt to follow the complications that ensue in a brief summary would be an injustice to the play. All comes right in the end. Yester marries his old love, triumphantly vindicated of the various accusations made against her by Mrs. Bargus, and Daphne marries the secretary.

Whether "The Chief" will enjoy a long run in New York may be doubted. It is the type of drawing-room comedy that goes so well in London, but, lacking "the punch," is not so much appreciated over here. Also, of course, in motive, atmosphere, and characters, it is essentially English. There is no faintest pretence to originality in plot; the characters all belong to well-recognized stage types; the end of the play is plainly in sight almost from the beginning; except in the third act it is wholly lacking in any dramatic tension. But the slender theme is worked out with all the nicety and exactness of an ingenious puzzle, situation fitting into situation, character complementing character; and throughout the dialogue is clever and vivacious. American audiences usually demand stronger meat than Mr. Vachell provides for

their dramatic fare; but it is all vastly entertaining, and for the student of the stage the delicate flavor of the menu more than atones for its lack of solid sustenance.

Of Mr. Drew it is sufficient to say that he is seen at his best. Miss Laura Hope Crews gives a clever and well-conceived performance in the by no means easy part of Cynthia Vansittart. As played by Miss Consuelo Bailey, Daphne Kenyon is as dainty and vivacious an ingénue part as has been seen this season, the scene in which she indulges in mock hysterics on a sofa being a capital bit of farce-comedy. Miss Katherine Stewart, admirably dressed, is a properly formidable Mrs. Bargus; Miss Thais Lawton is perhaps excessively dismal in the dismal rôle of Emily; Echlin Gayer gives a good character study as Lord Arthur Wrexham, and George Graham is capable as a secretary and prepossessing as a lover. S. W.

Music

A MUSICAL "GENIUS AMONG GENIUSES."

"To my mind, Frederick Delius is certainly the greatest and most significant of all living composers known to me. Not merely because he is one of the most original and independent creators of our era, a wizard in orchestration, an iconoclastic harmonist second to none, but because of the irresistible emotional power and sincerity of all he writes; because he is one of the great cosmic men of all times, such as Bach, Wagner, Goethe, Milton, Walt Whitman. . . . It is the human soulfulness back of all his resplendent artistic achievements that marks him out as a genius among geniuses; that makes his work so strangely touching and endearing, and accounts for the ever increasing vogue of such complex creations as 'Dance Rhapsody,' 'Sea Drift,' 'Brigg Fair,' 'Pax,' 'Appalachia,' 'Mass of Life,' 'The Dance of Life,' 'On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring,' the piano concerto, etc."

After being incomprehensibly neglected in our concert halls, this "genius among geniuses," as Percy Grainger (who wrote the words just cited) calls him, has suddenly come to the fore. Last Friday, Mr. Grainger himself played the piano concerto with the New York Philharmonic, and it is no doubt owing to his enthusiastic championship that the New York Symphony Society last Sunday performed two of Delius's orchestral pieces, two "Mood Pictures," entitled "Summernight on the River" and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," and that the Philadelphia Orchestra promises to play, next month, his "Dance Rhapsody," which Grainger considers his most perfect long orchestral piece, which is "as full of melody (and such melody!) as Italian opera, kaleidoscopic in its ever-changing wanton moods and vivid contrasts of orchestral color."

The piano concerto demands special interest from the fact that, like Dvorák's "New World Symphony," it was composed in America, and, likewise, shows the influence of negro music. As a young man, Delius spent a few years among the orange orchards of Florida, where he enjoyed the untutored singing of the negro workers, and in this the slow movement of the concerto had its birth. But if local color enhances the charm of this part, the substance of the work is Delius's own. The first movement, in particular, is replete with glowing details, splendid outbursts alternating with tender episodes that betray true genius. Mr. Grainger and the Philharmonic gave a superb performance of the concerto, and the audience indicated its pleasure in the most unmistakable manner. The conductor of the Philharmonic, Josef Stransky, is at his best in modern works like this, or the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, which preceded it.

Of the two pieces of Delius played by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, the first, "Summernight on the River," is a night-impression of the River Loing, near the composer's home at Grez-sur-Loing, near Paris. Some croaky notes on the bassoon were inspired by a chorus of frogs that abound in a marsh near by. It is an impressionistic piece, remarkable as a mood picture, indeed, but of no great value as music. Much more interesting is the second, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." The cuckoo, represented by the clarinet, is Norwegian, and so is the charming folk tune on which this delightful piece is based. It is harmonized and colored in the style of Grieg, who was for years an intimate friend of Delius, and who could hardly have improved on it himself.

During the first six weeks of the present season the music lovers of New York have had opportunity to hear thirty singers, twenty pianists, and fourteen violinists, not counting those who appeared in concerts arranged by others. As Mr. Krehbiel has taken the pains to compute, these six weeks brought forward nearly half as many singers, pianists, and violinists as were heard here in six months of the season of 1914-15, which was an exceptionally busy one. Verily, New York has become Berlin, musically speaking. If the war lasts another year, all European musicians who are allowed to leave their countries (some prominent ones are detained) will have sought an asylum in America. Most of the American students and artists who were abroad have also come back, and they all give their recitals, though knowing in advance that the result will be, as a journalist has put it, "a deficit of $400 and a broken heart." It is an open secret that most of the recitals in New York are given solely for the purpose of getting critical opinions which may be useful in preparing circulars for distribution throughout the country.

The operatic week did not bring anything new. Mascagni's "Iris" had to be postponed because Miss Bori was ill; and for the same reason Mme. Edvina had to be brought from Chicago to sing Tosca. This Canadian soprano made a favorable impression both as a singer and—what is of equal importance in this opera of Puccini—an actress. She even has the gift of facial expression, rare in opera singers. In a revival of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" three new singers made their début, all of them Italians: Giacomo Damacco, Giuseppe de Luca, and Pompilio Malatesta, with whose aid Mme. Hempel gave one of the best performances of that opera heard here in some years. Rossini's masterpiece followed an afternoon performance of Wagner's "Parsifal," in which the new conductor, Arthur Bodanzky, once more proved himself a Wagnerian conductor of the first rank. Henry T. Finck.

FOLKSONGS AND DANCES.

When the Oliver Ditson Company announced, a number of years ago, that it would publish, under the general title of The Musicians' Library, a series of volumes of songs and pieces for pianoforte by the great masters of all countries, the promise was at the same time made that each of these volumes would be edited by an authority on its subject. This promise has been carefully kept in mind, the result being that the sixty-seven volumes of this series now obtainable make a collection of incomparable value and trustworthiness. Not only are several thousand of the world's best songs and instrumental pieces thus brought under three-score and seven covers, but the volumes are beautifully printed on excellent paper, thus making ideal gift books for musical folk.

For the volume entitled "Sixty Folksongs of France" the publishers have been particularly judicious in procuring as its editor Julien Tiersot. A pupil of Savard, Massenet, and César Franck, and successor of Weckerlin as librarian of the Paris Conservatoire, M. Tiersot won, in 1885, the Prix Bordin for his "Histoire de la chanson populaire en France"; and since that time he has lectured and published much on the same subject, in which no other scholar has delved so deeply. In the introduction to the collection of French folksongs which he has made for the Oliver Ditson Company, he calls attention to the amazing fact that for a long time the belief was current that France possessed no real folksongs other than some satirical, the ancient *vaudevilles*, and the ariettes of a bygone day. The same belief, oddly enough, prevailed, until quite recently, regarding folksongs in England. When the first edition of Grove's monumental "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" was published, it was assumed that while there were plenty of Scotch and Irish folksongs, England itself had none that were racy of its soil. But since the establishment of the Folksong Society in 1898 large numbers of true English folk tunes have been gathered and printed, and Percy Grainger is now doing for them what his friend Grieg did for the folk music of Norway. To

cite Grieg's own words to Grainger with reference to his settings of folksongs: "In them you have thrown a clear light upon how the English folksong (to my mind so different from the Scotch and Irish) is worthy of the privilege of being lifted up into the 'niveau' of art; thereby to create an independent English music."

In France there has been no less active research, in which M. Tiersot has taken the lead. A footnote in the volume before us gives a partial list of his publications on this subject. In preparing these he became convinced that France need yield to no other nation in respect to the abundance, variety, and vitality of her folksongs. So abundant, indeed, is the supply that he did not feel it necessary to make more than a few excerpts from his earlier publications, preferring to have this an entirely fresh collection. All parts of France are represented, not excepting those provinces in which the speech differs so widely from French that it seems almost another tongue. Besides the general introduction, in which the thesis is maintained that the songs of the people constitute an art that is complete in itself and "display all the variety which is found in the ripest fruits of scholarship," the editor has also contributed a brief note to each of the sixty songs included in his collection, giving all information that could be obtained regarding it. These notes, as well as the introduction, are printed in the original French, in parallel columns with an English version.

M. Tiersot is also the editor and compiler of "Forty-four French Folksongs and Variants from Canada, Normandy, and Brittany" (G. Schirmer). He made two visits to the Canadians, who, he found, "have more faithfully preserved the treasures of their folklore than have their brothers who remained at home." Moreover, popular song in Canada, "far from being despised by the educated classes, has remained in favor with them even more than among the lower classes, to whom it has long been relegated in France." In all cases, in both these volumes, M. Tiersot has added harmonies which preserve the spirit of the tunes.

Concerned with the other end of our Continent is a volume entitled "Folksongs from Mexico and South America" (New York: H. W. Gray Company), compiled, edited, and arranged by Eleanor Haguc and Edward Kilenyi. There are twelve of them, all love songs, some of Spanish, others of Brazilian, ancestry, and usually there is local color in the tunes as well as in the words. Much more comprehensive is another volume, compiled by Gustav Hinrichs, entitled "National Hymns, Songs, and Patriotic Airs" (New York: G. Schirmer). "All countries" in this case means 104 of them, in all parts of the world. The same publishers have recently issued two volumes of folk dances of Denmark and Finland, both of them edited and fully described, with text and music, by Elizabeth Burchenal. In these days of varied and new dances, culminating in the elaborate Diaghileff ballet, which is about to descend upon us, they will doubtless be widely welcomed.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

LITHOGRAPHY.

Lithography and Lithographers: Some Chapters in the History of the Art. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Together with Descriptions and Technical Explanations of Modern Artistic Methods, by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50.

Those who appreciate the rich possibilities of lithography as a medium for the artist, as a means of direct expression such as is found in etching, may well feel gratification at the fact that this re-issue and amplification of the book on the same subject published by the Pennells in 1898 has been judged expedient.

"The lithograph has the inestimable advantage of being absolutely autographic," and its appeal to the artist is based on varied resources. And yet that appeal has been long unheeded. Difficulties in printing may possibly have had something to do with this in America. To some extent, however, they exist elsewhere, and they are quite evident in the technical notes on printing in the present book. These notes, together with the information regarding transfer papers, should be of decided use to the artist intending to woo this willing and thankful medium. The passing reference on page 197 to "illustrations with a lithographic basis" calls to mind those American cartoonists of the type of Boardman Robinson who, like their confrères of the Paris *Figaro*, use soft crayon somewhat in the spirit of Daumier.

Historically, the present work is the best, in fact the only, summary in English, but it is not the most complete work on the subject. The story of the art to the end of the last century was told and illustrated very fully in the folio volume on lithography issued by the *Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst* of Vienna. "Some Masters of Lithography," by Atherton Curtis, easily holds first place, but does not enter into comparison here because it deals with a limited number of artists. The present book strikes one occasionally as combining a meticulous care in the ascertaining of details (as of exact dates) and an easy grace in failing to attend properly to other essentials. When a book is as useful as this one, it may seem ungracious to refer to errors which appear of minor importance. Yet a little care would have avoided the mistakes and made the book so much the more authoritative. There hardly seems need for misspellings of French and German words on pages 17, 21, 25, 69, 189, 190, 194, 202, 241. *Schabeisen* (p. 194) is not "graver," but "scraper." The Isabey reproduced as Environs de Dieppe is really Intérieur d'un Port, and is, moreover, reversed. Proper names are misspelled: Guaci for Gauci (p. 121), Bauguinet for Baugniet (p. 117), Bonnington for Bonington (p. 31), Boutet de Mourel for Monvel (p. 178), Soulange Tessier for Teissier (p. 82), Farney for Farny (p. 22), Carl Vernet for Carle (pp. 41, 42, 57, 65, 102), Hyppolite Lecomte for Hippolyte (p. 41), Max Kepler for Joseph Keppler (p. 222). The last-named is correctly given in the Vienna publication already mentioned, and in Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art" (1912), in both of which books will be found the history of artistic lithography in America, which the present authors say "has never been written, or rather, when attempted, contradictory versions have been the result."

A third issue of the present book might well include a reference to the fact, duly set forth in the two books just cited, that as early as 1808, according to the *National Intelligencer* of January 8 of that year, Dr. S. L. Mitchill had a lithographic stone and ink in his possession. And as to the question of priority of production, Mr. Joseph Jackson has shown, in an article on Bass Otis (*Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, 1913), that the first lithograph by that artist —and the first by any one published in this country—was not the one issued in 1819, and long accepted as the first, but a portrait of Abner Kneeland done for the latter's "Lectures" published in 1818. And, by the way, the plate which appeared in the *Analectic Magazine* for 1819 is not signed "Benj. Otis," but clearly "Bass Otis"; there was no Benjamin. If we note that Kriehuber, Pettenkofer, Aman Jean, Slevogt, Ludwig von Hoffmann, and John Leech are among those who do not appear in the index, be it stated also that criticism is disarmed by acknowledgment in the preface of the probable existence of "commissions and omissions." It seems, however, that mention might have been made of E. G. Kennedy's valuable illustrated catalogue of Whistler's lithographs.

The pictures are generally well chosen, but the reproduction is very uneven. It is frequently satisfactory, but Whistler (frontispiece), Menzel (p. 195) and Bonington (p. 31), for instance, have lost their character in these plates, and Sargent's Study (p. 139) is absolutely ruined. Luckily, it has been excellently reproduced in other publications, three times at least. The plate of Sargent is inexcusable; for the others one may grant that even the least successful may do as memoranda, and that one does not expect more for the price of the book.

When all has been said, however, this is the only good general account of the subject in English, and it emphasizes vigorously the importance and interest of the lithographic medium for the artist. The enormous commercial exploitation of lithography so dominates the general attitude towards the art that it is hard to command a realization of the possibilities for the artist inherent in the process of which its inventor, Senefelder, once wrote: "May the day be blessed when I created it."

Finance

THREE INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

Two incidents of the past week—connected in a curious way with still another incident of a week or two ago—served to direct the imagination of the American financial community to the future rather than the present. Early last week the Government's foreign trade statement for October not only showed the month's exports to have been $33,000,000 ahead of any other month on record, and the $186,000,000 excess of exports to have similarly surpassed all precedent, but it also proved that, if the results of the two remaining months were to be on the same scale as those of October, the export surplus for the whole of 1915 would be almost exactly $2,000,000,000. In no previous calendar year has the export excess run beyond the $691,000,000 of 1913.

Immediately following this statement, there was announced in Wall Street the formation of a $50,000,000 American corporation, backed by some of the most powerful names in American banking, and organized for the stated purpose of "doing an international business and establishing trade relations with different countries, which will help to make a world market for our products." This end the projectors of the enterprise expect to achieve, through financing the development of American trade with outlying markets of the world, such as South America, China, Russia, India, and Japan. Apparently, the purpose is to provide, through combined individual and company initiative, the stimulus and facilities which governments have provided in the case of such past expansion of a nation's foreign trade as that of Great Britain and Germany.

These two interesting sidelights on the possible commercial destinies of the United States came shortly after the arrival at New York, in the first week of November, of a French industrial commission. It was sent to provide for the trade relations of France and this country after the European war is over. The seven commissioners were practical men, eminent in business pursuits and directly representing all branches of French industry, from agriculture to manufacture. One of the delegates described the purpose of the mission to be the enlisting of the American manufacturer in the work of Europe's physical reconstruction, and, further than this, in the equipping of industrial France for a new career.

Before the war, he pointed out, France used annually to buy $160,000,000 worth of machinery abroad. All of this trade, the commissioner frankly said, will go to the United States when peace returns, and the total amount will be much greater, because "complete equipment will have to be put into the devastated districts." The study of our industrial methods and industrial capacity, with a view to these large prospective operations, was the immediate purpose of the commission's visit.

Of these three incidents, the first suggests the question whether this country's present remarkable position in foreign trade can continue; the second is evidence of concerted and thoroughgoing efforts to make it continue, and the third brings to light some important reasons why it may continue. All of them bear on the problem as to what will be the economic position of the United States, in relation to the rest of the world, after the war is over. We know what that position has been and is likely to be during the war itself. How about that period of uncertainty and vague conjecture which will follow return of peace? On this question, new developments in the financial and industrial markets of the day are constantly throwing fresh light.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, whose knowledge of the American steel and iron trade is probably second to that of no other expert in the field, takes the ground emphatically that the outside world's demand on American manufacturers will be long continued. The ground for this belief, which is held by many other practical experts, is that requirements for physical reconstruction of the part of Europe devastated by war will be enormous. European manufacturers will not be able promptly to produce the material required, with their working forces so greatly depleted by the loss of war; whereas American producers, alone among all manufacturing communities, will be equipped with the capital, labor supply, facilities, and raw material requisite for immediate rehabilitation. Our country will also—so this argument on the matter runs—be in such relations with what is now the neutral consuming world, through our present position as the central money market of the world, that our trade with such communities will necessarily continue to expand.

Against this view of the probable outcome is placed the argument that the present belligerent States of Europe will be compelled as a matter of vital necessity, on return of peace, to recover the export trade which they had lost during the war. They will accordingly, so the inference runs, produce and sell goods for the export trade at any price which is necessary to regain the business. They may invade the preserves of our own manufacturers. The problem is one of rare economic interest. It is under our Government's consideration now.

For the present, it will perhaps be reasonably safe to let economic judgment rest on the fact that the United States is now in all respects in the most advantageous position of any market of the world to provide what will certainly be the world's requirements on return of peace. It is so, both financially and politically, and it can scarcely fail to retain its advantage in both directions. Perhaps, when this war is over, belligerent Europe will discover that one of the most fortunate developments of the conflict, in the interests of all concerned, is the fact that the United States was not drawn into it. That fact will have resulted in the existence, on return of peace, of at least one great financial and industrial nation, able to meet the financial and industrial requirements of the rest, and at the moment of Europe's economic exhaustion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Comfort, W. L. Lot & Company. Doran. $1.25 net.
Mille, P. Barnavaux. Lane. $1.25 net.
Verrill, A. H. Isles of Spice and Palm. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Wood, M. The Double Road. Longmans, Green. $1.20 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chinard, G. Notes sur Le Voyage de Chateaubriand en Amerique. Berkeley, Cal.: University of Cal. Press.
Cohoon, J. W. Rhetorical Studies in the Arbitration Scene of Menander's Epitrepontes. Boston: Ginn.
Coolidge, E. D. The Dreamer. Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Irving, W. The Alhambra. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.
Kunz, G. F. The Magic of Jewels and Charms. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.
Library of Irish Literature: Humours of Irish Life. The Book of Irish Poetry. Legends of Saints and Sinners. Irish Orators and Oratory. Wild Sports of the West. Essays and Poems. Stokes. $6 net.
Marvin, F. R. Fireside Papers. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.
New International Encyclopædia. Vols. 13-16. Dodd, Mead.
Sandwick, R. L. How to Study and What to Study. Heath. 60 cents.
Shedlock, M. L. The Art of the Story-Teller. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Ward, H. P. Some American College Book Plates. Columbus, O.: The Champlin Press.
White, H. G. E. Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns and Homerica. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anderson, G. Science and Prayer and Other Papers. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Bailey, A. E. On Nazareth Hill. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Baroody, A. T. Our Man of Patience. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Caillard, E. M. The Church and the New Knowledge. Longmans, Green. 90 cents net.
Cunningham, W. Christianity and Politics. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Loisy, A. The War and Religion. Longmans, Green.
Maurer, O. E. The Brotherhood of the Burning Heart. Twelve Communion Sermons. Pilgrim Press. 75 cents.
Pratt. J. B. India and Its Faiths. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Sitterly, C. F. Jerusalem to Rome. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Stewart, H. L. Nietzsche and the Ideals of Modern Germany. Longmans, Green. $2.10 net.
Stokes, O. E. P. Forward in the Better Life. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
The Methodist Year Book, 1916. Methodist Book Concern.
Ward, B. The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation. Vols. I and II. Longmans, Green. $6 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Hoxie, R. F. Scientific Management and Labor. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Lachapelle, G. Nos Finances pendant La Guerre. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Ralph, G. G. Record Keeping for Child-Helping Organizations. Survey Associates, Inc.
Sibert, W. L., and Stevens, J. F. The Construction of the Panama Canal. Appleton. $2 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Abbott, L. Reminiscences. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Clark, F. B. The Constitutional Doctrines of Justice Harlan. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Discoveries and Inventions. A Lecture by Abraham Lincoln delivered in 1860. San Francisco, Cal.: John Howell.
Fielding-Hall, H. The Field of Honour. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Hassall, A. Life of Viscount Bolingbroke. Longmans, Green. $1.20 net.
King, L. W. A History of Babylon. Vol. II of A History of Babylonia and Assyria. Stokes.
Lord, R. H. The Second Partition of Poland. Harvard University Press. $2.25 net.
Ludovici, A. M. A Defence of Aristocracy. Boston: Le Roy Phillips.
Wheeler, F. R. Thomas A. Edison. Macmillan. 50 cents.

POETRY.

Huddleston, M. P. Script of the Sun Verses. Putnam.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

The Half Dollar Music Series: Twenty Third-Year Piano Pieces. Thirty Second-Year Piano Pieces. Forty First-Year Piano Pieces. Forty Favorite Airs in Easy Piano Arrangements. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

JUVENILE.

Ball, A. E. Little Miss Muffett Abroad. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Blanchard, A. E. The Camp Fire Girls of Brightwood. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.25 net.
Danielson, F. W. Object Lessons for the Cradle Roll. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Eaton, W. P. Boy Scouts of the Wildcat Patrol. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1 net.
Hay, I. The Lighter Side of School Life. Boston: Le Roy Phillips.
Parker, T. D. Young Heroes of the American Navy. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1 net.
Taggart, M. A. Beth's Old Home. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.25 net.
Theiss, L. and M. The Big Brother. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1 net.
Weir, H. C. The Young Wheat Scout. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1 net.
Wright, D. M. Little John Bull. Boston: Badger. 75 cents net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bruce, C. A. Contes Bretons. Holt.
Child, C. M. Individuality in Organisms. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.
Knight, E. W. Some Principles of Teaching. Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Lapp, J. A., and Mote, C. H. Learning to Earn. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.
Sutherland, W. J., and Sanford, C. M. Practical Exercises in Geography. Book I. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

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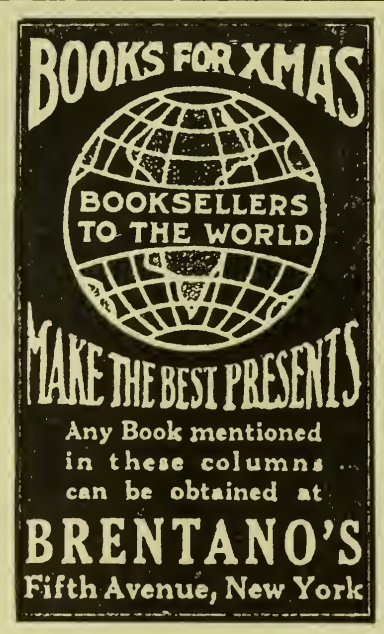
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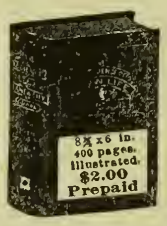

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1915.

Summary of the News

Congress reassembled on Monday for the transaction of formal business connected with the opening of the session. In the Senate, in the absence of the Vice-President, Mr. Clarke, of Arkansas, was reëlected President pro tempore. Speaker Clark was reëlected in the House on a party vote. Among Republicans welcomed back to the House after brief involuntary retirement from affairs of the nation were Mr. Cannon, Mr. Longworth, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Sulloway. In the Senate only passing reference was made to the fight for cloture defeated by resolute opposition in the Democratic caucus last week. Mr. Walsh, of Montana, reserved the right to raise the question at a later date. Meanwhile Senators continue in dignified enjoyment of immemorial right to debate as much and as long as they please. The President read his third annual address, on which we comment in our editorial columns, at the session on Tuesday.

Growing suspicion on the part of the State Department of activities of foreign diplomatic agents, other than those for which they were accredited to the United States, resulted on Friday of last week in the announcement by Secretary Lansing that the Government had requested the immediate recall of Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, the naval and military attachés of the German Embassy, on account of "improper activities in military and naval matters." The German Government, apparently surprised at such assertion of sovereignty by the United States, having requested specific explanation of the reason for this action, a reply was sent through the German Embassy on Tuesday, the contents of which have not been made public.

Meanwhile investigations into foreign conspiracies on American soil continue merrily. Buenz and his associates of the Hamburg-American Line were found guilty on each of the two counts in the indictment against them on Thursday of last week. Sentence of eighteen months imprisonment in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta was pronounced on Saturday on Buenz and two of his co-defendants. A third received sentence of a year and a day, while the Hamburg-American Line, with fine irony, was fined one dollar. This case being disposed of pending appeal to the Supreme Court, principal interest centres on the investigation by the Federal grand jury for the Southern District of New York into the activities of "Labor's National Peace Council," in connection with the promotion of strikes in munition factories. "Lieutenant" Robert Fay and his five associates also enjoy again the fierce light of publicity, having been reindicted on Monday by the Federal grand jury on five counts, of which one is conspiracy to commit murder.

Dispatches on Monday from Ambassador Page in London stated that he had lodged a protest with the British Government against requisitioning vessels of the American Transatlantic Steamship Company without the formality of prize-court proceedings. It is assumed that the cases of the Hocking and the Genesee were covered in the protest. Dispatches from London of December 3 explained that the British Government's action in requisitioning these vessels was only of a temporary character, intended merely to cover the trip from the ports where the vessels were seized to London, and taken for the purpose of centralizing in London all proceedings against ships of the American Transatlantic Steamship Company.

The only further news of the Ancona case was contained in a dispatch from Vienna of December 2, which stated that Ambassador Penfield had repeated his request to the Austrian Government for a reply to the American inquiry respecting the circumstances of the sinking. The situation will have been complicated by the news which came on Tuesday of the sinking by an Austrian submarine of the American oil ship Communipaw and of an attack on another oil ship, the Petrollte.

In his allocution to the consistory which opened on Monday, Pope Benedict again made a plea for "an exchange of ideas . . . based upon good-will and calm deliberation . . . duly recognizing the aspirations of all," which should pave the way for peace.

Rumors of desire for peace, officially denied, continue to come from Germany. *Vorwärts* last week stated that the Social Democrats would at the next session of the Reichstag put an interpellation to the Imperial Chancellor as to the conditions under which he would be willing to enter into negotiations for peace. The *Tageblatt* also had an article last week supporting the proposal with such ingenuity as almost to suggest an official hint to make the best of an unavoidable situation. We note elsewhere the ingenuous surprise of the Overseas News Agency that proposals of peace have not been put forward by the defeated Allies.

The text of the new agreement signed last week by representatives of the five Allied Powers, whereby none of them will conclude a separate peace without the approval of all, was published in Monday's papers. In the Italian Chamber on Friday Baron Sonnino announced the adherence of Italy to the agreement, and foreshadowed Italian action in support of Servia. The dispatches, however, leave the nature of the action contemplated somewhat vague. On Saturday the Cabinet of Premier Salandra was sustained in the Chamber by a vote of confidence passed by an overwhelming majority.

The see-saw of rumor in Greece and Rumania continues, inclining now to the Allies, now to the Teutonic Powers. Oddly enough the report most favorable to the Allies came on Sunday from Berlin. New proposals, it was stated in Monday's papers, have been made to Greece by the Powers of the Entente, but rumor only, as we write, gives any hint as to how these are likely to be received. Judging from an extraordinary interview given by King Constantine to the Associated Press and published on Tuesday, it would hardly seem probable that the reception will be favorable. The interview bears unmistakable evidence of the King's resentment, to say the least, against the Powers of the Entente. From Rumania the most interesting news that has been received was the report, by a Reuter dispatch of December 4, that the Government would this week commandeer all vessels in Rumanian ports "in the interest of national defence," and the report on Monday from the Bucharest correspondent of the Paris *Temps* that the Rumanian Government had decided to close to foreign navigation that part of the Danube which flows through Rumania.

Reports of the resignation of members of the Austrian Cabinet were confirmed on December 1 by dispatches from Amsterdam stating that the Emperor had accepted the resignations of the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Commerce, and the Minister of Finance, and giving the names of their successors.

Rumors that the appointment of General Joffre to the supreme command of all the French military forces in Europe, announced on December 2, was but a polite way of removing him from the command of the main French battle front were effectually disposed of by a statement of M. Briand's on Saturday. On Monday General Joffre presided at a full council of war in Paris, at which all the Allies were represented.

The success at Ctesiphon of the British expeditionary force in Mesopotamia, which we recorded last week, turned out only to be the forerunner of a somewhat serious reverse. Accounts from Turkish sources, viewed at first with not unnatural suspicion on account of their mention of the capture of a British flag, were confirmed in essentials by a British official statement of December 4, admitting the retirement of the force, in face of strong Turkish reinforcements, on the well fortified position of Kut-el-Amara, where a successful battle was fought in September.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition closed on Saturday. The recorded attendance is given at more than 17,000,000, and the profit at $2,000,000.

A summary of General Goethals's report on recent slides in the Panama Canal was published in Sunday's papers. It was announced by the War Department on Monday that the President had appointed a commission of ten eminent scientists to go to the Isthmus and "investigate the entire subject of the slides on the Panama Canal and submit a report to the President thereon."

Dispatches from Madrid on Monday announced the resignation of the Cabinet of Premier Dato, as a consequence of a proposed motion by the Opposition, supported by ex-Premier Romanones, to give economic questions in Parliament priority over certain military measures.

The Week

If Secretary Lansing had needed to refresh his memory about the right of a Government to refuse reasons for asking the recall of foreign diplomatic agents, he might have turned to the book of his father-in-law, ex-Secretary Foster, "The Practice of Diplomacy." One chapter deals with the "termination" of diplomatic missions, and clearly lays down the general rule that no Government is bound to explain why any given person has become *non grata*. Reasons are, indeed, sometimes asked. Secretary Blaine asked the Chilian Government why it wished Minister Patrick Egan recalled. But he was not told, and the Chilian difficulty was fortunately settled without a breach. Lord Salisbury informed Secretary Bayard that he did not like to recall Sackville-West without any assignment of the cause, since that would end the Minister's career; and rather brutally intimated that it would be better for the American Government to dismiss him, which it promptly proceeded to do. That course would have been followed in the case of the German military and naval attachés, if the request for their recall had not been complied with. If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, diplomacy would not give them on compulsion, any more than would Falstaff.

Just how severe have been the requisitions of money laid by Germany upon the people of Belgium is a question which cannot be answered without a close inquiry into the facts, such as is quite impracticable on the basis of the news dispatches. No one knows what the total has been, nor what portion of it has been necessary for carrying on the government. But it is quite as unsafe to make guesses that put a favorable interpretation on the German exactions as it is to set them down as being, in the bulk, downright persecution of a conquered and devastated nation. Referring to the recent statement that the regular requisition of $10,000,000 a month was going to be exacted by extreme measures of confiscation if necessary, a writer, desiring to be fair to the Germans, says that "even if the Belgians were managing their own affairs, they would have to pay taxes, and they would be lucky to escape with the payment of $120,000,000 a year." Now, $120,000,000 a year for Belgium would be about as much per capita as $1,500,000,000 for the United States, and therefore is by no means obviously an amount with which the Belgians would "be lucky to escape" if they were managing their own affairs; and, as a matter of fact, the total of their national taxes in the budget for 1914 was, in round numbers, 350,000,000 francs, or $70,000,000. And this included more than $40,000,000 for service of the public debt, which it is safe to say the Germans are not bothering their heads about. Whether, on the other hand, the tax levied by the Germans is in part applied to local uses which formerly were supplied by the local governments, we are unable to say.

The King of Greece, in his message to the American people through the medium of the Associated Press, has made out as good a case as possible for his own views on Greek neutrality. He scores his strongest point when he argues that for Greece to have gone in with Servia would have meant inviting upon Greece the same fate that has fallen on her neighbor. From what we know of the lack of Allied preparedness in the Balkans, both diplomatic and military, it is probable that Greece would have felt the onset of the Teuto-Bulgar armies. The collapse of the Serbs during the latter part of the recent campaign was so swift that the war now might have been across the Greek frontier, if Greece were a party. Of course, the entrance of the Greek army at the beginning of the campaign would have made the enemy's advance less precipitate, but the odds would still have been against the Allies, and it is not difficult to catch the point of view of a monarch who would hesitate to expose his country to a Teutonic attack after repeated demonstrations of the swiftness and decision with which such attacks are carried out. This is the King's strongest argument in the sense that after sixteen months of war horror it is impossible altogether to condemn a ruler who has chosen to repudiate treaty obligations and promises in order to spare his people.

But this is all that can be said for King Constantine. Unlike King Albert, he preferred for his country peace without honor. He has repudiated a treaty with an ally to whom, as Venizelos said the other day, Greece largely owes her notable territorial gains of two years ago. The King spoke of Salonica, the second city of Greece. He would not be in possession of Salonica to-day were it not for the aid of the Serbs in 1913. Within the kingdom he has deliberately opposed the will of a majority of the nation which was in favor of going to the help of Servia. To his interviewer the King denied that Venizelos represented the will of the Greek people. "When the people reëlected Venizelos, they reëlected him, not his policy. They like him, and they elected him." A silly argument at best, and all the more absurd in face of the fact that Venizelos went out of office on this very issue of coöperation with the Allies, and on that issue was reelected.

Rear-Admiral Fiske's citation, in the *North American Review*, of the Russian armada of 1904-05 under Rozhestvensky, as an argument that great ocean spaces are no sure protection to a country, illustrates again a peculiarity of preparedness logic to which we have called attention more than once. Advocates of a large army for the United States will point to the wars in which the United States has been engaged. What? The United States won all of them, from the Revolution to the Spanish War? Yes, but see how much more easily we should have won if things had been as we want them. So Rear-Admiral Fiske denies that three thousand miles of water between us and Europe are a safeguard:

> This three thousand miles is, of course, a factor of importance, but it is not a prohibition, because it can be traversed with great surety and quickness—with much greater surety and quickness, for instance, than the 12,000 miles traversed by the Russian fleet, eleven years ago, in steaming from Russia to Japan.

What? The Russian fleet was utterly destroyed when it got to Japan? Yes, but suppose a stronger fleet than Russia had, and a more efficient leadership than that of the Russian admirals, and a weaker opponent than Admiral Togo, and it might have turned out altogether different. Perhaps it might; but the burden of proof is on the affirmative.

It is interesting to take up this Russian naval venture of ten years ago. Rozhestvensky's main fleet left Libau in mid-October, and the battle of the Sea of Japan was fought May 27, seven and a half months later. It is true that the Russian Admiral waited a long time in Asiatic waters for Nebogattof's squadron. This left Libau in mid-February and took nearly fifteen weeks to cover 12,000 miles, or at the rate of 800 miles a week. That, indeed, would show that a more efficient fleet than Russia's could cross the Atlantic in three weeks. But the real rate of speed must be found somewhere between Rozhestvensky's seven and a half months and Nebogattof's three and a half months. The latter had only a small cruiser squadron, and to that extent was immune against the delays attending on a great fleet.

What happens to an Armada of great proportions is indicated by what happened to Rozhestvensky; the speed of the whole fleet was dictated by the speed of the "lame ducks." Even Germany is not immune to the law that the progress of a fleet is dictated by that of its slowest member. Imagine the fleet accompanied by transports carrying an army of invasion, and this consideration looms up ominously. We would not enter into specific figures to prove just this or just that. We would only point out that Rear-Admiral Fiske admits that the Atlantic is "a factor of importance, but not a prohibition." No one asserts that the Atlantic is an absolute prohibition to invasion. If we fold our arms and scrap our navy, of course we can be invaded. The trouble with most of your advocates of preparedness is that the Atlantic Ocean and our fleet and our coast defence are to them factors of no importance.

Whether they are talking peace in Germany or not, it is certain that they are not in any of the Allied countries. A separate peace for any one of them has been made impossible by Italy's now having put her name to the treaty, already signed by France, Russia, and England, agreeing to make peace only in concert. And in none of these four nations is there any sign of relaxing determination to see the war through. This attitude is stiffened, if anything, by the military successes of Germany. The Allies in general have a conception of the true posture of the war at present, and of the way in which triumph may come to them, not unlike that expressed by Winston Churchill, in his farewell to Parliament. He said:

> The old wars were decided by their episodes rather than by their tendencies. In this war the tendencies are far more important than the episodes. Without winning any sensational victories we may win this war. We may win it even during a continuance of extremely disappointing and vexatious events. It is not necessary for us to win the war to push the German line back over all the territory they have absorbed—nor to pierce it. While the German lines extend far beyond their frontiers, while their flag flies over conquered capitals and subjected provinces, while all the appearances of military success greet their arms, Germany may be defeated more fatally in the second or third year of the war than if the Allied armies had entered Berlin in the first year.

To the Overseas News Agency of Berlin we are indebted for a certain amount of information, from time to time, but its chief service has been that of an interpreter of the news. It is, in some ways, like the Chorus of a Greek tragedy, explaining what has been done and predicting what is to occur. Now, a Chorus need not be very strong on logic, and the Overseas Agency certainly is not. Its latest feat is an endeavor to clear up in the American mind the whole peace situation in Germany. It is known that the Socialist party is soon to interpellate the Government, not only on the question of the food supply, but on the possible terms of peace. Hence has been made abroad the impression that there is a good deal of peace talk in Germany. But it is important to know exactly why it exists, and the Overseas Agency gravely tells us. It is all "due to the fact that in Germany nobody understands why our enemies, after diplomatic defeats in the Balkans, coupled with military failures, have not yet begun peace negotiations." This makes all clear. Germany is not considering peace. She is simply expressing her indignation that the other nations do not know when they are beaten, and stupidly refrain from suing for the best terms obtainable.

The President's recommendation of a commission to inquire into the question of railway legislation is framed in very general terms. Mr. Wilson plainly has not in mind any proposals of a restrictive character. On the contrary, he refers to the possibility of "bettering the conditions under which the railroads are operated," because the existing problem of transportation causes doubt whether our railways will "much longer be able to cope with it successfully, as at present equipped and coördinated." It is not wholly clear what legislation is indicated by this suggestion; for there is apparently no direct way in which a Congressional statute could enlarge the railway facilities in track, terminals, and rolling stock. Railway men will be inclined to answer that the providing of these increased facilities could be promoted through relaxing present restrictions on the rates, and therefore on the possible earning power, of the transportation lines. But the question of rates is already in the hands of the Interstate Commission, whose work, the President says, "has fully justified the hopes and expectations" of the inaugurators of the regulation movement. It seems probable, on the whole, that if this special commission were to be appointed, it would be compelled by the nature of the case to take up all aspects of the railway situation, including the question whether rates are high enough. The conclusions of the commissioners might be one way or the other, on this as on other phases of the general inquiry. But we suppose that the effect of the President's recommendation, on the public mind, will to this extent be favorable—that it further emphasizes the tendency of the day away from the policy of unreasonable restriction and regulation which some of our State legislatures had recently pushed so far.

Gen. Goethals's recent report on the history of Panama Canal slides stated that failure to take steps against them was largely due to the opinion of advisory geologists that they would not be a menace. He himself now thinks that enlarged excavations will safeguard the Canal's future. He proposes to spend ten months in clearing away the sides of the "prism" at certain points near Culebra, and to remove 10,000,000 cubic yards of earth there—a considerable amount, as the whole original excavation required for Culebra Cut was but 100,000,000 cubic yards. Nevertheless, the President has done well to ask the National Academy of Sciences to appoint a commission of three geologists, three geophysicists, one seismologist, one physicist, and three engineers to go to Panama and study the whole problem with the utmost care. President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, is to be chairman of the commission. These men will give such a study to the whole problem as it has never had before. Gen. Goethals has described the work of the Government geologists as hasty and inaccurate; and, of course, the "innumerable plans for treating the slides . . . suggested by interested and patriotic citizens throughout the country" to which Col. Gaillard once sarcastically referred, were only amateur schemes. It may now be possible to devise a scientific and permanently effective plan of operations.

Mr. Taft, in his somewhat belated reply to Mr. Garrison, accuses the Secretary of "special pleading." This being interpreted must mean, under all the circumstances, that the Secretary had special knowledge, which Mr. Taft did not have. It is obvious that he has been out of direct touch with Philippine affairs. He has had to depend upon haphazard information, some of which was untrustworthy. Even now, in the face of Secretary Garrison's damaging array of facts, he has had to wait several days until he could consult with Dean Worcester and others, and furbish up his case. For a man in such a situation to make the sweeping charge that President Wilson's policy in the Philippines had been "blind and foolish," was itself a blind and foolish thing. No doubt, there has been a certain amount of partisanship in ap-

pointments to office; and the Filipinos have shown how rapidly they are becoming Americanized by themselves seeking office. Mr. Taft is pained at their having created a few "judicial berths." The controversy between Mr. Garrison and the ex-President is now at an end, we presume, and the honors cannot be said to rest with Mr. Taft. We shall hear much more of the affair in Congress. There, it is to be hoped, there will be a closer pinning down of the disputants to the facts of record; and also a desire not so much to make party capital as to do the wisest thing in shaping our Philippine policy for the future.

The general ignoring by the press of the action recently taken by the Unionist party of Porto Rico is another evidence of the indifference of the American public to affairs in the island. A small party in Porto Rico has been carrying on a propaganda for ultimate independence from the United States. The platform adopted by the Unionist party, after a bitter three days' fight, effectually quashes that faction. The history of the whole matter has some interest. In 1906, the Unionist lower house of the Legislature passed a resolution petitioning Congress to grant citizenship to all inhabitants; and it presented the same resolution again in 1910. But during the last session of the Sixty-second Congress, the House seemed to change its mind. It cabled to members of the United States Senate, protesting against passage of the citizenship bill then pending. This action was taken at the instance of the radicals who desired complete independence. They have been led by Señor José de Diego, the present Speaker of the House. The party opposed to the Unionists, the Republicans, has always advocated the grant of citizenship and as close a union with the United States as is compatible with home rule. The new platform, drafted for the specific purpose of settling the differences of opinion between the leaders, disavows the movement for independence, and binds the party to stand together in requesting Washington to give Porto Ricans citizenship. This request has been too long unheeded.

The Old Guard is mostly gone, but it would be a pity to forget what was at all events a picturesque group. Of them all, who was more picturesque than Uncle Joe? But he was more than picturesque, and his first interview upon his return to Washington for his twentieth Congress shows him still the Watchdog of the Treasury, with a penchant for apt quotations. While Presidents and ex-Presidents are citing Scripture the Speaker displays his versatility by turning to Tacitus for an observation that is right to the point: "The peace of nations cannot be secured without arms, nor arms without pay, nor pay without taxes." How fortunate that the economy-loving Democrats (when the Republicans are in) have to lay the taxes for preparedness! Uncle Joe has a note of commiseration in his voice as he contemplates their difficulties. His vote is at their disposal—patriotism before partisanship for Danville—only there is the distressing disagreement between McAdoo and Kitchin as to the condition of the Treasury, which is quite beyond his powers of composing. There was a time, to be sure, when Congress voted $50,000,000 for defence in a lump, and the Treasury stood it without a quiver, but that was long ago. McKinley was in the White House, and McKinley was a Republican, wasn't he? That explains a lot.

The appointments of Philadelphia's new Mayor have created a certain amount of excitement in Philadelphia. Named as a harmony candidate to avert the renewal of the hostilities between Penrose and McNichol on one side, and the Vare brothers on the other, which had much to do with the defeat of the Republican candidate when Blankenburg was elected, Smith has not divided the offices equally between these factions, but has given almost every one of them to followers of the Vares. So startling is this action that McNichol is at the pains of issuing a statement, which opens: "Responsibility for naming the Cabinet, of course, rested entirely with the Mayor. The manner in which the appointees conduct themselves in their official capacity, and the service they render to the public, will demonstrate, in a large measure, the wisdom of such selections." A Hughes might have said as much and nobody would have been doubtful of what he meant, but in the mouth of a McNichol the words require interpretation. If people regard them as constituting a declaration of armed neutrality, such a construction is only a tribute to the definiteness with which McNichol has made his political philosophy understood.

The hopefulness of the Far West stands vindicated in the triumphant closing of the Panama-Pacific Exposition on Saturday with a balance in its treasury of $2,000,000. The dark predictions made when one foreign Government after another refused to exhibit, and when the war cut off visitors from abroad, are all riddled. But it is not the financial success of the Exposition in which the Pacific Coast will take most pride. That success was made possible only by unprecedented contributions of public money in California itself, reaching a sum of $22,000,000, or nearly half the cost of the Fair. The Exposition has scored in drawing an attendance of nearly 18,000,000, figures which represent a flood of Eastern and Middle Western visitors who would never otherwise have made the transcontinental trip. And those in charge of the Exposition may, above all, take pride in reflecting that in its architectural and artistic achievement it stands quite alone. Few expositions have had its harmony of color, sky-line, and general design, and none has had its richness. If its "profit" of $2,000,000 is not to be redistributed among generous guarantors, it is to be hoped that it can be used to give permanence to one or two of the more noteworthy buildings.

Fifty years of devoted and successful work in a single field received appropriate tribute when the golden jubilee of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's service in the public school system of Chicago was celebrated a day or two ago. Mrs. Young retires this week from the superintendency of the Chicago schools. That her relinquishment of the post is not due to advancing age, or any failure of her powers, is indicated in a remark contained in her response to the speeches of congratulation and gratitude: "When any person is put in a place of responsibility, and that person finds he cannot carry on his work peacefully, it is time for him to drop out. That is just what I have done." It is matter for regret that Mrs. Young, like so many other school superintendents of ability and personal force in our cities, should have had to contend against opposition arising in manifold ways in the School Board; but in spite of this drawback she can look back upon her term as head of her city's schools with the consciousness of solid achievement. A notable feature of the speeches is the testimony they bear to the affection she inspired among the teachers; a thing that is by no means an invariable accompaniment of excellent work on the part of a Superintendent of Schools. One tribute to her general qualifications is specially worth quoting:

> I have seen within a few weeks two sets of resolutions, drafted by separate bodies, suggesting to the board the type of an educator who should be selected for the superintendency, and, consciously or unconsciously, both sets of resolutions perfectly described Mrs. Young.

THE MESSAGE.

No one can read President Wilson's message to Congress without feeling that into some parts of it he put a great deal of heart, while in other portions he is rather cold and perfunctory. If we were to judge by fervor of expression, we should say that the subjects which most deeply interest the President are peace, liberty, justice, the rights of man, the independence of nations, pride in America. In his proposals for increasing our military strength, he displays no warmth. It is rather as a disagreeable necessity, to his mind, that they seem to be put forward. Perhaps, at this point his pen was hampered by remembering his message of a year ago. Then he was for refraining from doing anything which might show that "we had been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do." There spoke the instinctive Wilson, undoubtedly. In now accepting the plans of the War and Navy Departments for enlargement of our military power, he is doing something alien to his characteristic impulse.

For the change of attitude he gives no reason. Indeed, he takes pains to say: "I have had in my mind no thought of any immediate or particular danger arising out of our relations with other nations. We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and there is reason to hope that no question in controversy between this and other Governments will lead to any serious breach of amicable relations, grave as some differences of attitude and policy have been and may yet turn out to be." But the facts cry out louder than such words. The real cause of the President's change—if not of heart—of policy is not hidden. There has arisen in this country a marked uneasiness about our national defences. It was daily increasing in intensity. It was threatening to get into politics. It was about to be made the basis of a violent attack upon the Administration. Then the President decided to put himself at the head of the movement for preparedness. Except for the apprehensions growing out of the European war, but for the party manœuvring for position that was going on, it is highly improbable that he would have changed front. He quotes one of the declarations of the Virginia Bill of Rights of 1776. His natural inclination would have been to quote another—namely, that a standing army is "dangerous to liberty." But political exigencies have forced him to do what is visibly distasteful to him.

Where he writes *con amore* and with moving phrase is, first of all, in the opening paragraphs of his message. In them he dwells with great satisfaction upon the way in which disrupted Europe has been confronted by the united Americas. The war has torn Europe asunder; it has drawn the American republics closer together than ever before. The President makes apt use of Canning's famous saying, in pointing out how the union of the countries of the new world in works of peace and international justice may redress, in part, the balance of the war-stricken old world. And in what he says of the gradual disappearance of the dread of a dominating United States, formerly pervasive in the lands to the south of us, and of the new spirit of forbearance and helpfulness in which each of the republics of this hemisphere is to be left by the others to work out its own destinies, there is both truth and eloquence. The President is not at all sure that his Mexican policy will be successful. But come what may, he declares that the United States will not "coerce" Mexico. Here again speaks the Woodrow Wilson whom his countrymen have known.

The other passage in which he displays the greatest earnestness, and even passion, is that dealing with the plots and crimes of aliens in the United States since the war began. Here he writes with sincere and deep feeling and, indeed, with an amount of energy and heat which implies that the Government is in possession of a great deal more evidence of these dastardly offences than the public has been aware of. When the President of the United States uses such definite and burning words, the facts must be blacker than any of us knew. On this subject, Congress cannot be deaf to his urgent appeals. If the laws need strengthening against the men whom Mr. Wilson calls "creatures of passion, disloyalty, and anarchy," strengthened they ought at once to be. When the President asserts that there is proof of plots to destroy property and of conspiracies against the Government—all in order to "serve interests alien to our own"—the country will back him up in the demand that "the hand of our power" should close over the guilty men.

The message is longer than President Wilson's wont, and more disconnected. He seeks, it is true, to find a unifying principle in natural preparedness, or, as he prefers to call it, "efficiency." It is a bounteous word. It fits all questions. It embraces all pet notions. It covers a multitude of taxes. Mr. Wilson stretches it to include the bill for Government shipping which, he says, will again be pressed, though in a "modified" form. About that we shall know what to think when we see it. But the main thing is that the President goes over to the theory, which he rejected a year ago, that powerful armaments are the best assurance of peace.

A VOICE OF REASON.

Americans will read with peculiar pleasure Viscount Bryce's recent words in the House of Lords. A swashbuckling peer, the Earl of Portsmouth, had called upon the Government to get rid of all the "rubbish" of the Declaration of London and prize-court law, to "sweep away all judicial niceties," and fall back on "the old sea laws of our ancestors" which gave them victory. To this, Lord Lansdowne, for the Ministry, made proper though moderate objection, but it was left for Lord Bryce to speak as a man of truly international mind. He contended that even in the heat and strain of a terrible war Great Britain could not afford to ignore the rights of neutrals. In this war England had come forward as the champion of international right and the defender of international law, and with what face could she now offer despite to either? It was impossible for the British to make of their own will and their own necessities the standard of belligerent action. "The plea of necessity," said Viscount Bryce, "had led to most atrocious crimes"; and it was not for England to resort to it to excuse even minor offences against neutral nations.

Now, in fact, almost all that has been said by the English press and English public men, in the way of comment upon the American note of protest against British practices on the sea, has sounded exactly this note of national necessity. It has not been put in the blunt German way, but the spirit of it is the same. "No doubt," said Sir Edward Carson, lately Attorney-General, the contentions of the American Government are "sound in law," but couldn't Americans see that England was fighting for her life? He seemed sublimely unaware that this was exactly the defence set up by Germans for the murder of non-combatant women and children on the Lusitania. Of course, there is a plain moral difference between seizing a cargo of meat illegally, and sending a thousand innocent people to the bottom of the ocean; but the justification of "necessity" is no better in one case than the other. Naturally, the English editors seek to place a humane gloss on their own violations of international law. They speak of the fight of the Allies being for liberty and security for the whole world, and ask plaintively how Americans can give

any importance to legal irregularities in the process. And often they simply fall back on the sheer assertion that Great Britain cannot be blamed for resorting to any measures needful in her struggle for existence. Here, for example, is an extract from the leading editorial of the London *Times* on the American note:

> Behind all the arguments, which are mostly captious and sometimes inconsistent, against the exercise of our "so-called blockade"—occasionally confused with our action to check contraband—there does, however, lie one broad principle. It is that while the Allies are fighting for their lives, and for all that they and America hold most sacred, the United States possess a "general right to enjoy their international trade free from unusual and arbitrary limitations." This is in effect a claim that they shall enjoy exemption from the inevitable consequences of a great maritime war.

Names and dates changed, this might have come last May from the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Lord Bryce, on the contrary, has a vision which pierces beyond present exigencies. He looks forward to the time when England may herself be standing up for neutral rights. More than that, he sees the need which will exist after this war of restoring the shattered fabric of international law. In this forward-looking attitude Lord Lansdowne also placed himself. A great many things would have to be submitted to international congresses after the war. Even "the freedom of the seas," said Lord Lansdowne, is a subject which the nations could profitably discuss, and regarding which they might see fit to formulate new rules. On this particular matter there has been an enormous amount of foolish and confusing talk. Most of it has come from Germany. The clear distinctions which we must bear in mind are (1) that in time of peace the freedom of the seas is already absolute; and (2) that in time of war the only changes which can be sought are in the direction of defining contraband and extending immunity to private property at sea. To read some German effusions, one would think that it was all a question of forbidding blockades in time of war, and of permitting the German fleet to overcome its "geographical handicap," and to be free from attack until after it had sailed out of the North Sea!

These follies will pass with time. So will the notion that this war has forever destroyed the sanctions of international law, and that the world will be governed hereafter only by brute force. A man like Lord Bryce, looking before and after, is under no such delusion. He foresees law and order after the present ravaging. And in helping to prepare men's minds for restoration after all the destruction, voices of reason like his cannot too often make themselves heard.

AUSTRIA'S FUTURE.

Servia, for the time being, has virtually been erased from the map; and the murder of the Austrian heir-apparent at Sarajevo has been avenged—by August von Mackensen, Prussian Field-Marshal. This fact is significant for the future of Austria in Europe, no matter what the terms of peace may be at the European congress. It is not an isolated fact. It is only another item in the account which records German success and Austrian failure in the war on land. Austria's breakdown has been all along the line. To wage a successful war, as we understand war to-day, a nation must satisfy three requirements. The managers of its diplomacy must see to it that the nation enters the war under the most favorable circumstances, with a maximum of allies, with a minimum of enemies. When hostilities are under way it must naturally have generals and armies that can win battles. When a swift decision by trial of arms has become impossible, the managers of its internal affairs must organize the nation for a state of economic siege. To the extent that these three requirements are met the nation may hope for ultimate victory.

In all three requirements the Hapsburg monarchy has been found wanting. The press speaks of the recent Cabinet crisis in Austria as the first instance of its kind since the beginning of the war. People seem to have forgotten the departure of Count von Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister at the beginning of the war, who so managed affairs after Sarajevo as to convince the outside world that Servia was hounded into war. Failure Number 2 for Berchtold was the entrance of Italy on the side of the Allies. He left office and was succeeded by Baron Burian, a Hungarian and friend of Count Tisza. The rise of the latter to his present dominant position in the affairs of the monarchy has had its good effect, but the needs of the situation have not been met for the monarchy as a whole. Of the breakdown of Austrian generalship and organization for war we need not speak in detail. Hungary was saved from invasion by the intervention of the German armies. The victorious campaign against Russia was a German campaign. The Austrian armies were more than "braced" by German aid. They passed virtually under the command of the German General Staff. In Galicia the fact may not have been so striking. There the Austrian campaign was part of a general Teuton movement and German direction may have appeared natural enough. But when a Prussian field-marshal takes command on the Danube, the tutelage of the Austrian armies is established. Finally, we have the Cabinet crisis of last week. The men assigned to the economic organization of the monarchy have been inefficient; and William II's presence at Vienna entitles us to assume that here, too, Germany has begun to take charge.

What will be the state of mind at Berlin with regard to Austria, after the war? If the outcome is defeat for the Teutons, there will be a strong inclination to blame the Austrian weak brother. If the result is a bare victory or an inconclusive peace, the state of mind at Berlin will be different in degree, but the same in kind. At best Berlin cannot but regret that the resources of Austria should have failed to be utilized completely through lack of organization and leadership. What could not Prussian system do with fifty million Hapsburg subjects worked to their full capacity! What Germany has done for the armies of Japan, what she has done for Turkey in two years after a disastrous war, what she has succeeded in doing for the Austrian armies under the very stress of war, she could improve upon infinitely during a long stretch of peace. Looking forward to the next war, the German Government, and perhaps the German people, will feel that a just compensation for the responsibilities entailed by the necessity of fighting Austria's quarrels must be greater opportunities for Germany in making Austria prepared. Since, for foreign affairs, the two monarchies are virtually one, the demand will arise in Germany that every part of Austria shall be made as efficient for the general purpose as the Slavs of Posen and Silesia, the Danes of Schleswig-Holstein, the people of Alsace-Lorraine, have been made efficient under German control.

The German Empire has grown through war and commercial union. What the Zollverein began, Königgrätz and Sedan completed. We find the same forces operating today as regards Austria. Already there is very serious consideration of a customs union between the two monarchies after the war. Austrians are admitting that their own economic system stands in need of a heavy infusion of German methods. Austrians speak of their industrial system as antiquated and inefficient. The natural inclination to go to school in Germany must be accentuated by the close intermixture of economic and

financial relations which the war has produced. There is good reason to suppose that Germany has been playing the banker to Austria in very much the same way, though not to the same extent, that England has served the Allies. Thus the end of the war will find Austria's economic system strongly "braced" by German resources even as her armies have been "braced" by German troops and German leadership. Who shall say that this community of interests may not pass into a unity of interest, and that a Central Confederation may not repeat the history of the North German Confederation of 1866?

The obstacles are formidable, to be sure. No state gives up its identity willingly. There is the problem of Hungary. Magyar self-consciousness has thrived during the war, and Budapest's ambitions, directed to domination within the Hapsburg monarchy, will surely balk at the prospect of playing satellite to an enormous Germanic majority. There are minor problems of considerable magnitude. It has been said that Germany does not want the Austrian Germans because it would make the whole empire Catholic. But such considerations must take their chances against the enormous gain to German power that would follow an actual union between the two monarchies.

THE JOYS OF INDEPENDENCE.

In his memorial address on Charles Francis Adams, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, Senator Lodge gave the gratifying information that Adams left an autobiography. One's appetite for that did not need to be whetted in advance, but Mr. Lodge read some suggestive extracts. One of them related to Mr. Adams's estimate of his own career. Written in his old age, it was full of mingled humor and sagacity. He thought his life fortunate in that he had achieved as much as he did, despite his conscious limitations. Then follows this characteristic and interesting self-judgment:

> I have, perhaps, accomplished nothing considerable compared with what my three immediate ancestors accomplished; but, on the other hand, I have done some things better than they ever did; and, what is more and most of all, I have had a much better time in life—got more enjoyment out of it. In this respect I would not change with any of them.

This was unquestionably sincere, as regards Mr. Adams's own feeling about the matter; and it is a close approach to the truth, as regards the facts of history. Despite the abilities and the public services of the three Adamses in his direct line of descent, it cannot be denied that his nature seems to have been freer and richer. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, the elder Charles Francis Adams—the names suggest intensity, indeed, but also a certain austerity; surely not the happy play of a broad-ranging intellect. Of the three, John Quincy had the ,more expansive temperament, we suppose; yet in his Diary we find many astonishing or perverse literary judgments. For example, he thought there was "something strange" in Shakespeare's diction, which would be considered "very affected now"—*i. e.*, in 1829. Yet a true gleam of his grandson was given in his opinion, at the time Harvard conferred its LL.D. upon Andrew Jackson: "Time-serving and sycophancy are qualities of all learned and scientific institutions." All told, however, there can be no doubt that Charles Francis Adams was correct in believing that he had had a much better time in his life than any of his famous ancestors.

The reasons are not hidden. They lie partly in Mr. Adams's natural endowment; partly in his environment and opportunity; but most of all in his general intellectual and moral outlook upon the world. And in this his marked independence was the most striking element. He insisted upon thinking for himself. He was not afraid to act by himself. The conventions of his time he was always testing. Critical analysis of comfortable doctrines and of established institutions was his practice and delight. He was a great one to stir up the animals. But he never displayed a merely wanton spirit of mischief-making. If he shocked staid people, it was because he wanted to make them open their eyes to the truth. If he tilted at accepted political beliefs, it was from a desire to see something better accepted in their place. Throughout, he was consistent in applying an independent judgment. And looking back upon it all at the end of his days, he found that he had got a durable satisfaction out of it. The insistent reformer had really had a jolly time.

To be reminded that there are such joys of independence is not a bad thing in an age when that quality is in demand. We often have the other thing pictured to us—the strong man who works easily in harness and keeps to the beaten road and is content to wear blinders and comes out at the end rich in troops of admiring friends and applauding constituents and a grateful country. Those are solid rewards, indubitably. They may give a very keen pleasure to the man to whom they come. Yet even in him there must occasionally be a longing for a less fettered life, even if it must be less successful, outwardly. Lord Eldon had steadily played the Tory game all his life, and won very high stakes, yet in his old age he said: "Hang me, but if I had to begin life over again, I would do it as an agitator." It is possible that he meant something of the Adams temper, and had a glimpse of the great comfort to be had from letting the intellect work freely on every subject, from forming opinions in one's own head and fearlessly avowing them. Even upon hide-bound partisans dawns at times a sense of the feeling of gay adventure and chivalrous quest which true independents in politics can alone enjoy to the full. It was a rich old crusted conservative who once said regretfully to a free-lance: "What a pleasure it must be to you to be able to tell Mr. ——— to go to the devil!"

We are not saying that the independent reformer's life is all cakes and ale. He has to renounce many things. Preferment does not often come his way. A man who is so constitutionally and by choice "other-minded" as Charles Francis Adams must not deceive himself into imagining that his fellows will ever rise up and elect him to high office. Others must have the offices; he may have the power. The children of this world are wiser than the children of light in what concerns getting on in the world. Verily, they receive their reward. But so does the Adams type. He went through life no sour-visaged anchorite. His interest in the human pageant was constant and immense. He knew what George Eliot meant by the "laughter of the intellect"; and it seldom failed him as he studied and witnessed the follies of mankind. The great point is that he enjoyed himself hugely as he went along, and that he felt, when the night was drawing in about him, that he had got a lot of fun out of the happy day.

CITIES AND PUBLIC ART.

Some of the views expressed by Paul Bartlett in his recent address before the National Academy of Arts and Letters on the American "mania" for portrait sculpture may be open to question. An example is his belief that America is not only overloaded with objects of art, but is paying too much for them. But on his central thesis there will hardly be disagreement. An incident in Boston, where he spoke, illustrates its force. He discussed the prevalence of "trousered enormities" in most American cities, and condemned the public taste that not only tolerated them, but encouraged artists in

their production. He objected to the memorial instinct that makes a great civic ceremonial out of the unveiling of these lapidary tributes, since it helps to rob the community of courage to rid itself of an atrocity. In Boston they are discussing the ethics of removing the unsatisfactory Saint-Gaudens statue of Phillips Brooks. The city has always disliked it both as inartistic and as giving too ecclesiastical a stamp to Brooks. This dissatisfaction has now borne fruit in a statue by Bela Pratt, which certain citizens wish to see supplant that in Copley Square. This same artistic and moral problem many cities must yet face.

The clearing-away that must be undertaken, in the interest of a beautiful and unified civic art, Mr. Bartlett does well to emphasize. For years we have been passing through a happy-go-lucky period, in which it was possible for any millionaire to offer a box to his city, with the assurance that it enclosed an attractive statue, and have it accepted with gratitude. This hugger-mugger day is now passing; even gift statues are looked in the mouth. It is now usual to call in competent juries before investing large sums in proposed statuary. But the older way has left its legacies that, as Mr. Bartlett suggested, would shock most European visitors. Europe, to be sure, has her own blunders; several years ago a discussion in Washington of the means of removing undesirable statuary from that city elicited from Bryce the opinion that, badly off as Washington was, she had to yield the palm in this regard to London. But one of our mistakes Europe has seldom made—the mistake of raising statues to all sorts of obscure men in a temporary access of local patriotism, without thought of how they would look to coming generations. It is well for a community to give atmosphere to its history by honoring the prominent few connected with its development, even when only of local note. But there are too many statues where there should be only tablets, and too many where there should be nothing. Who is the Baldwin, the Caldwell, the Dodge, the Drexel, with which Philadelphia, for example, begins her list of statues? Thackeray regretted the memorials to dukes and princes in London which jostled those of great warriors, statesmen, and poets, but the former were nevertheless nationally known.

The first thing is to sound a note of caution in the grant of permanent sites for what should at once be a piece of art and a reminder of true eminence. In weighing eligibility, we must remember that reputation is precarious and that horizons shift and standards change. A growing number of cities are reaching the conclusion that the best arbiter is not popular acclaim, but the decision of a jury of laymen, officials, and artists. Such a jury may also be of the greatest value in the general oversight of buildings, parks, roadways, fountains, and squares. Of city Art Commissions the country now has fourteen, with two State Art Commissioners, and a National Fine Arts Commission which is exerting a wide influence. Yet this is a small number. We have only to reflect that nearly two-score cities have "city-planning commissions" to see how slow the parallel movement has been. State juries must necessarily be merely advisory, but the work of the municipal juries, as New York city's active Commission has demonstrated, may reach the very widest scope. In this city the ten members have a jurisdiction that extends to all works of art acquired by the city by purchase or gift; to the removal, relocation, or alteration of any work of art; to designs for public or private structures erected upon public land; and to the lines and grades of all public ways and grounds. Over 200 proposals are submitted to this body yearly. There should be a similar commission in every city of the first class. Meanwhile, it would be well if the country could shake off the unthinking enthusiasm for decoration that has disfigured so many localities with bad taste.

Reform in civic art ought to spread with a contagion proportionate to our modern facilities for travel and for diffusing information. No man who has seen a good example of the work of MacMonnies, Saint-Gaudens, Bitter, or French is likely to have anything but contempt for the soldiers' and sailors' monuments that are eyesores in towns East and West. A city that can adorn itself modestly and tastefully should inspire others to emulation. Yet it is not because of ignorance, but of indifference, that even the largest centres continue in the old rut. Their citizens know the difference between good statuary and bad, just as they know the difference between well-parked and unkempt streets, artistic and ugly public buildings. The problem of dissipating this indifference is one for every sort of public-spirited agency in a municipality to attack. Probably the creation of unofficial art commissions would often lead to action clothing them with official power. And whenever the tide is turned, the opportunity ought to be used to make a clean sweep of past errors as well as to procure new works of art.

Foreign Correspondence

FABIAN CRITICISM OF THE GOVERNMENT—MRS. PANKHURST—THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, November 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have filed so large a claim on the gratitude and esteem of their fellow-countrymen by their prodigious achievements in the field of economics, trade unionism, coöperation, and the problems of modern industry generally, that one feels something of a qualm in venturing to protest against one side, at least, of their present position. The suggestion that Mrs. Sidney Webb should be made our Minister of Labor, with Mr. Webb as her private secretary, may have been humorous in form, but was certainly in essence more than an empty compliment. A series of interesting lectures, under the auspices of the Fabian Society, is now being delivered by Mrs. Webb, Mr. Webb, and another gentleman who, in respect of his present position in the hearts of his countrymen, may be left nameless. Mrs. Webb's subject last Tuesday was "The War and the Demand for the Servile State."

No report of this lecture has yet appeared, but the impression it produced on three at least of its hearers was that Mrs. Webb took an impossibly intransigent attitude towards the war measures of the British Cabinet. We are all ready to agree that there are faults in some of these measures; we admit that our Cabinet Ministers were not gifted with such superhuman prescience as to realize precisely how they were going to work in every detail. More than one practical confession has been made of this fact by later Ministerial action, and (*e. g.*) an amending bill to the Munitions act has already been promised. But it roused a feeling akin to despair to find Mrs. Webb (if we did not misunderstand her) quite unwilling to recognize any good intention in these faulty measures, and convinced that they formed part of a deliberate scheme to reduce England to the condition of a servile state at the close of the war. The nation to her is apparently divided into the two utterly antagonistic camps of the Capitalist and the Workingman, and the sympathy of the Government lies wholly with the former. Now, to the mere man in the street, trusting to his commonsense and not to the erudition of Blue Books, it seems as if the sympathy between the different classes has never, in his experience, been so keen as at present, and that in particular the well-to-do classes have never had so clear-eyed a vision of the brotherhood of man or so vital a desire to share to the full the sacrifices of the moment. It is surely very significant on this point that a Conservative Minister like Mr. Bonar Law could say in the House of Commons: "We are asking the men who go to the trenches to give up everything, not merely their capital, but perhaps their lives, and we have no right whatever to make a demand like that unless we are prepared to take from every man and every class anything that is necessary to carry this war to a successful conclusion."

Mrs. Pankhurst has been doing such excellent patriotic work since the outbreak of the war, that when an announcement was made that she was to preside at a huge meeting in the Albert Hall on Thursday, November 18, to demand the "loyal and vigorous conduct of the war," some of us immediately made a note of the date and the event with a view to personal "assistance." Shortly before the day of meeting, however, a circular letter from Mrs. Pankhurst was published, from which it appeared that the real object of the assemblage was to pass a resolution protesting against the betrayal of Servia by the British Government, and condemning Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey as "unfit for the great and responsible positions they hold." The Council of the Albert Hall immediately cancelled the meeting, and returned Mrs. Pankhurst's deposit. The manager of the London Pavilion also found himself unable to lend his theatre for the usual weekly meeting of the W. S. P. U. Questions were asked in the House of Commons. Mr. J. Annan Bryce (brother of Lord Bryce), who had been announced as one of the speakers, wrote to the press that he had no idea that the meeting was intended to be one of the nature Mrs. Pankhurst's letter indicated. Miss Carrie Tubb, who was to sing the National Anthem, retired on the same ground. The Navy League, which had taken steps to swell the audience, publicly withdrew its support from the meeting, and advised its members not to attend. The papers also assert that many members of the W. S. P. U consider that Mrs. Pankhurst is exceeding her mandate as president of that society, and are preparing to question her undemocratic control of its policy and funds.

I had the privilege the other day of attending the meeting of a certain society which believes itself to offer a concentrated sample of the wit and wisdom of one of the most important suburban districts of London. The subject for the evening was the attitude of the United States towards the war. I am bound to own that the predominant feeling seemed one of regret and disappointment, though this was tempered by a full meed of understanding and sympathy for the difficulties besetting the path of America in this matter. This, however, was not the only view. The president of the society approved unreservedly of every measure that Mr. Wilson and his advisers have taken since the war began. An M.P. member, though not going quite so far, was distinctly inclined to allow that the patient and waiting attitude of the United States was on the whole likely to prove the best and wisest course for the ultimate peace and civilization of the world. The note that elicited the greatest response was sounded by an eminent K.C., who asked what right we had in such a question to cast a stone at America. We are now reaping the fruits of our own action half a century ago. If Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell had had the courage of their convictions when Germany attacked Denmark in 1864, and had supported their words by deeds, in all human probability the whole course of history might have been changed and Germany might never have been able to disturb the peace of the world as she is doing to-day.

This paved the way to the analogy of the United States and Belgium, and to the hope that our sister nation beyond the Atlantic might never have cause to regret her action as we regret ours, and even that she might now, at the eleventh hour, at least put on record her disapproval of Germany's conduct. Without pronouncing any definite verdict on this reading of history, we may at least find some significance in the fact that this microcosm of educated English opinion showed no spirit of Pharisaism, but instead recognized that, in regretting the present attitude of the United States, we were *ipso facto* assuming the white sheet of penitence for our own misdeeds. If this chastened feeling in regard to our own share of responsibility for this cataclysm is as characteristic as we may hopefully suppose it to be, it is surely of good omen for the attitude of England in the process of peace and reconstruction. Its recognition of the ethical side of international relations can hardly be regarded as hypocritical, since it involves a confession of our own blameworthiness.

THE TUG OF WAR—FRENCH EXPERTS' VIEW.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 20.

In France, it is commonly felt that the tug of war—the last strain, in which it is hoped the sinews of Germany will give way—is just beginning. Now this is a "wearing-out war"—*guerre d'usure*—like our four years' Civil War, as Gaston Roupnel has just explained at length. Why do the French think the Allies' sinews of war will outstand the German, this year, and next if needs be, and yet another?

The old metaphor has changed with the old order of war. In this last strain, triple sinews must tug and hold out to the end—men, munitions, and money. Not one must give way. Why does a premature English song hum now less boastingly, more confidently, through the French consciousness?

> We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too!

Only to ships have now to be added guns and ammunition, big and little, and these England had scarcely at all in the beginning, and France has had none too much until now. Russia's disasters from sheer lack of munitions are still on every man's tongue. All have had money—among the Allies.

Gen. Cousin has tried to reason out the French faith in their men—"effectives"—soldiers fit for duty. He takes it that Germany and Austria are each able to mobilize eleven per cent. of the population; and that Turkey in Europe and Asia may call out seven per cent., and Bulgaria the same. This gives a grand total of men who have been or may be called to arms by what we may well call for short—*major pars trahit ad se minorem*—Germany: 14,262,999 (percentages of this census are not in round numbers).

Suppose that Russia mobilizes five per cent. of her population (150,000,000) and Great Britain five per cent. of her home population (45,000,000—the census of 1913 said exactly 46,184,500) and receives 400,000 soldiers from her colonies; that France calls into the field ten per cent. of her population, with 100,000 men from her colonies; Italy ten per cent.; Belgium three per cent.; Servia seven per cent.—and ten per cent. for Montenegro; then the Allies have a total of 18,052,000 fighting men. This gives the Allies an advantage of 3,789,000 soldiers.

Of course, in the long run, there is much to give and take. Mere losses—killed, wounded, prisoners—in any calculation will not lessen greatly this advantage in favor of the Allies. Suppose, however, that Russia in Poland has lost more than her proportion, and count an extra 500,000 to her detriment. We shall still have 3,289,000 excess of men on the Allies' side. On the other hand, the number of men that can be drawn from the colonies is certainly underestimated, at least for France. So far the experiment has been successful beyond all expectation. There is no reason why it should not be repeated several times over if the war drags on—to the number of 700,000 good dark warriors, some say. Certainly, Arabs and Kabyles, Moroccans and Senegalese have quitted themselves like men so far; and this brotherhood of arms will have yet further-reaching consequences with the coming of peace—which is better.

Again, if universal combustion keeps up, Russia can draw on the five per cent. left at home in the French general's calculation—7,500,000 more. And any that now seem neutrals and later gravitate to Germany may ultimately have Japanese to face. In sum, when Germany and her satellite nations have used up their last man, the Allies will still have more than 3,000,000 men left. And, by the 1st of June, 1916—which is a more easily imaginable date—the Allied Powers will still have 3,000,000 soldiers in reserve, while Germany will have—what?

Little is to be added to the known story of munitions during this war. The question has been threshed out in the press of all countries. It is known that Great Britain's producing capacity at the beginning was, perhaps, 600 shells a day, while 1,000,000 is short rations along the single French front where fighting has been going on lately. France was better off and long had to help the others, but was not above the safe limit of defence. These nations had not Germany's forty years' preparation. Now serious "drives" have been made, and soon neither guns nor ammunition, big and little, will be wanting to the Allies for their "great offensive." Whether, in the long run, there will be the same inequality in munitions of war as in men in favor of the Allies may depend in part on the effectiveness of the Allies' blockade of Germany—but not entirely. Here, too, the human superiority counts as much as the abundance of material—and the French are confident that, with all the problematic help from Turkey, the wearing out of Germany will go on apace.

It must be the same for the provisions to keep the human machines going. In all that concerns food, it is not only their free commerce of the seas which tells in favor of the Allies. Americans have not noticed sufficiently what her own intensive agriculture is doing for France in the way of supplies to the army and civil population. Senator Méline, who did most for such agriculture years ago, is the new Minister for this. Under this heading, no calculation of time could be even approximate, for the human factor of endurance of privations would upset all calculations as it is doing with the Servians. But it is certain that time will favor accumulatively the Allies.

As to money, the general idea is that Germany is forced to indulge more and more in paper promises to pay, while the Allies have,

to say the least, their credit on a gold basis. I can only point in passing to the self-sufficiency in gold which the French people have been showing all along, pouring their hoarded gold by hundreds of millions of dollars into the Bank of France so soon as their country appealed and without need of any exercise of pressure, taking up from the start successive short loans—and now the first long loan which France has put out since war began, after sixteen months. So the French did after the war in 1871, when Thiers, who knew his people, said, "Everybody will want it!"

This is the sum of Finance Minister Ribot's speech which he made to Parliament a week ago, and which to-day is posted up in every commune of France:

I appeal to all, to the rich as to the poor, to the lowly as to the powerful. Let them all come and seal the unity of the French nation in the face of danger and prepare to-morrow's victory! Let the army of French savings rise up! Like that which fights, it is the army of France, or rather it is France herself. It is that which shall help us to combat and to conquer!

From the 1st of November, 1914, to the 31st of October, 1915, Minister Ribot said, Frenchmen have given to Government more than twelve milliards of francs ($2,400,000,000)—twice and a half the war indemnity which Germany exacted from them in 1871—and gasped at its speedy payment. This last month of October alone, the French Treasury received from citizens of the Republic—in money—1,097,000,000 francs! Of the twenty-six milliards paid out in all by France since the first day of war, only four ($800,000,000) went to foreign creditors for all purchases of the army and civil population. All the rest has been spent in France, and it is in no wise a war loss.

This is the remark of Edmond Théry, who knows figures and finance professionally, and Senator Clemenceau has put it in plain words: "I ask of my fellow-citizens only to forget, for a time, that a righteous calculation of profit may turn in their favor and to rise even while losing nothing (just the contrary) to the height of a disinterested act!"

By next June, we shall see whether here, too, there is not a definitive superiority of the Allies, of whom France is a great part.

ITALIAN LITERATURE AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.

By MICHELE RICCIARDI.

FLORENCE, November 10.

A telegram published in the papers says that Gabriele d'Annunzio, after having taken part in several aerial raids, during which the enemy's camp was bombarded, is now ill at Venice because of excessive fatigue. This telegram indicates clearly how literary and artistic manifestations in Italy are now absorbed by the war. The greatest, or rather the most widely known, of modern Italian writers is transformed into a military aviator. The others, if unable to participate personally in warlike enterprise, speak or write of the war or for the war. A great orator, who is one of our most eminent men of letters, the Deputy Fradeletto, of Venice, is delivering admirable lectures in all the larger cities of Italy on the subject of the causes and aims of our war; the writers of philosophy and of criticism, in their reviews and in the course of their daily life, are fain to pronounce judgments and carry on polemics—for instance, Benedetto Croce.

Certain novelists and story-writers have become chroniclers of the war for the great newspapers. The publishing firm of Treves, the most important of its kind for literary productions, is now entirely taken up with publications of works of historical, military, and journalistic propaganda about the war. It has published lately, among other less works, the discourse pronounced by Gabriele d'Annunzio in favor of Italy's intervention, and two volumes of Luigi Barzini, who is the strongest and most gifted chronicler and reporter of the war among our colleagues. There is no place at present for the other authors habitually preferred by the house of Treves.

The poets are in most part silent, the older as well as the younger. Here and there the poets of the people improvise patriotic hymns, but these are dispersed in air, and do not reach print. Notwithstanding the fact that the war against Austria has its roots deeply planted in the soul of Italy, it has not as yet found its great poet.

Some writers of comedy announce new works, but it will be difficult for them to find dramatic companies to act them. A few have succeeded lately, in Rome, in getting their last works acted, but they have found an indifferent public and severe critics. Almost all of the companies prefer to act dramas, even if they are old, which have a certain affinity with the conditions of the public spirit. The real comic troupes—as if the public required a little repose by means of a laugh—have better luck for the moment; but the country of Goldoni has not many writers of comedy, and the few that there are almost all write in dialect, Venetian or Napolitan, for the most part.

In short, the scant literary production that exists is almost exclusively journalistic, and limited to chronicles of the war. The rest is almost all silence. The same may be said of painting and sculpture, and apparently also of music.

Some persons in Italy have wondered whether this enforced repose is of advantage, or not, to our literary production. As for me, I believe it will be useful. The most recent tendency of Italian literature has been somewhat idealistic, although in no precise way, and the form has been prevalently that of the spoken language. The *Marzocco*—a literary journal of Florence—is the organ of those young men who represent this movement. Thus, we were separating ourselves more and more from pure d'Annunzianism, which was good, vigorous classicism for us, although he had engrafted upon it a not always happy imitation of Nietzsche. To us, d'Annunzio appears a vigorous continuer of the classic school, which boasts two great writers, Leopardi, derived from the Greek, and Carducci, derived essentially from the Latin, and a contemporary of our own.

D'Annunzio has been followed by a swarm of imitators, who, without reaching the perfection of the literary form of their master, were gradually suffocating literary production in empty-sounding words, and in certain intellectual crookednesses, which were intended to be refined, but were in fact only corrupt and corrupting. On this account, precisely, the attempt of the young writers of the *Marzocco*—with Orvieto and Corradini at their head—already marked out another path, although in some of them there still continued a certain preciosity of style, and in all of them there appeared a vague and undetermined idealistic tendency, always easily distinguished from the false spiritual tendency of d'Annunzio, in the period of his sojourn in France. To the honor of these young men, let it be remembered that they have given new vigor to the effort of Manzoni towards rendering the written speech more agile, by refreshing it at the sources of the spoken tongue.

Italian owes this difference between the spoken and written word first to its direct descent from the Latin, and next to the renewed and prodigious classic effort of the Renaissance. It owes, moreover, to the great memories of the past the influence which classicism has exercised, and still exercises, over our thinkers and writers. The Italy of to-day has the right to live not only upon classic memories. A mode of thinking purely and uniformly Italian, that is of the whole nation, has been in formation. The attempt of the *Marzocco*, therefore, aimed in the right direction, except that the vague, idealistic tendency of the young men was rather irritating æstheticism than a clear and true school of the new Italian thought.

And it is for this reason that the period of rest imposed by the war upon Italian men of letters will do no harm. It may even be said that it is positively helpful in another sense. Our chief novel writers, such as Verga, Capuana, De Roberto, Matilde Serao, all were more or less under the influence of French literature; some of them were influenced by Zola, others by Dumas, others again by Bourget; the youngest were influenced by Hervé and by the Parisian writers of before the war. In the same way, some thinkers, critics, professors, that is, the entire world of the University, were under the influence of German philosophers and scientific men. It is difficult to say whether the novel, understood as it is to-day, can ever be a perfect Italian product. Our great models of ancient times are, in fiction, Ludovico Ariosto and Giovanni Boccaccio. The historical novel has had no great good fortune, notwithstanding the "Promessi Sposi" of Alessandro Manzoni. At all events, the true Italian romance is still to be written. In spite of the great value of the romances of Gabriele d'Annunzio, I think nobody will desire to maintain that his are true Italian romances.

If we can doubt whether the Italians have the aptitude for emulating the French, English, and Russian in the production of novels, nobody can doubt that they have an excellent aptitude, entirely original and their own, for philosophy, criticism, and scientific research. The revolution which the war has produced in the national spirit will be sufficient to make it understood how little the servile imitation of the French novelists responds to the Italian character and nature; and, moreover, how much the humanity of our thought differs from German thought, such as is prevalent even in their greatest philosophers.

The young men who have first adventured into new paths after the war will find other and more vast and concrete fields of observation, and will be able to render more perfect fruit, for the reason that they have already attained, in the several arts, a very remarkable technical perfection.

How Germany Is Governed

DEMOCRATIC THEORY NULLIFIED BY AUTOCRATIC PRACTICE.

By GEORGE M. PRIEST.

Recent months have called forth many queries and many opinions concerning the German system of government. The queries spring in part from a spontaneous, unprejudiced desire for information, in part from a confusion worse confounded by the divergence of opinions that have been expressed, by the conflict of two assertions, apparently irreconcilable, that Germany enjoys a democratic form of government and that it is ruled by the iron hand of an autocrat. In view of present conditions, it may be well to reëxamine the chief factors in German government—German suffrage, the rights and the power of the Reichstag, of the Bundesrat, and of the Emperor—and thus at once to offer useful information to the inquiring and to reconcile the conflict of divergent opinions. We shall see that this conflict has arisen, chiefly, because the authors of the one or the other assertion have considered only the theory or only the practice of German government. For it can be proved, like a problem in mathematics, that in theory the German Imperial Constitution grants the principle, and affords the means, of representative popular government, but that in practice Germany to-day is virtually an absolute monarchy.

I.

Suffrage in Germany is of two kinds, national and state. The people of Prussia, for example, use one system of suffrage in electing their representatives in the Prussian legislature and another in electing members of the national popular assembly, the Reichstag. Only German, or national, suffrage concerns us here.

Between 1867 and 1871 the states of Germany were divided into 397 electoral districts equal in population and in their representation in the Reichstag; each district contained 100,000 inhabitants, and each received the right to elect one representative. At the same time, it was established that the representatives of all districts should be elected by the direct universal suffrage and secret ballot of male citizens over twenty-five years of age. Thus, German suffrage was not restricted by any qualification of property or education, and such restrictions have never been placed upon it. The principle which underlies it is extremely liberal. But in the course of time the value and power of the individual vote have fallen or risen according to shifting conditions within the electoral districts. These districts are still equal in their representation in the Reichstag—each still elects one representative—but the principle of one representative to every 100,000 inhabitants obtains no longer, because the boundaries of the electoral districts have never been altered and the population of many districts has increased or decreased enormously. Urban districts have grown, and, owing chiefly to removals from the country to the city, many rural districts have lost thousands of their former inhabitants. Neither increase nor decrease has affected representation in the Reichstag. Berlin's population has risen since 1867 from 600,000 to well over 2,000,000, but Berlin still elects only six representatives. A Berlin district, once of 100,000, now of 697,000, inhabitants, has only one representative in the Reichstag; another (rural) district, once of 100,000, now of 59,000, inhabitants, also has one. A vote in the Berlin district has less than one-eleventh of the power which a vote in the other district enjoys. Discrepancies like this exist in various parts of the Empire.

When champions of German suffrage assert that Germany enjoys a democratic type of suffrage, they see only the principle, theoretically employed, of universal suffrage without the property or educational qualifications laid down in other countries. In practice German suffrage is not democratic in the sense of "equal for all" so long as the value of the vote varies as we have seen. Indeed, while the electoral districts remain unchanged, the German system grows less and less democratic, because the relative power of the few who continue to live in the waning rural districts is increasing constantly.

By means of this suffrage the German people elect their 397 representatives in the Reichstag, or "Imperial Parliament," for a term of five years; these representatives form the one body in German government which represents and expresses the popular will. The Reichstag enjoys in theory various rights of possible importance which it either fails to, or cannot, exercise with effect. It has a right to initiate legislation, but in actual practice it almost never does. It has a right to ask the Government for reports, but no means of enforcing compliance with its request. It has a right to express its opinion on the management of affairs, but it cannot compel a consideration of its opinion, because it has no control over those in power. The Emperor rules by right of heredity, liable to no processes of law for any offence, and he appoints and dismisses, solely in accordance with his own volition, the Imperial Chancellor and the other chief Imperial officers; ministerial responsibility to the people through the popular assembly does not exist in Germany. Thus these rights of the Reichstag have no practical value.

But the Reichstag does possess rights of fundamental importance. Its consent is necessary to all loans, to all treaties which involve legislation, and to the budget. The Reichstag must give its consent before any bill can become law. In theory, therefore, the representatives of the people can make themselves masters of any situation. They can formulate a bill to suit their own tastes and force the adoption of their bill by refusing meanwhile to consider any other proposals. The German people, through their representatives in the Reichstag, have it in their power to dictate any and all legislation in the German Empire. The idea of popular sovereignty is to this extent a corporate part of the German Constitution.

On the other hand, if the Reichstag refuses to pass a bill proposed by the Government, the Bundesrat and the Emperor, on mutual agreement, may dissolve the Reichstag and order new elections on the chance of obtaining a more amenable assembly. If the newly elected Reichstag should also prove rebellious, it, too, may be dissolved, and so on indefinitely; there is no constitutional limit to the number of possible dissolutions. But an amenable assembly has always been chosen after a single crisis of this kind. The Reichstag was dissolved in 1878, 1887, 1893, and 1906, and after each dissolution a new assembly was elected which passed the bill that wrecked its predecessor. Thus the theory of popular sovereignty has repeatedly broken down in German practice.

Since the German people can, through the Reichstag, control all Imperial legislation, the people themselves are responsible for their government. If they do not exercise control, if in practice they reject the opportunity of self-government granted to them by the German Constitution, they force us to draw striking conclusions concerning them. In the first place, they prefer to trust the wisdom of a few who compose the Government rather than to trust their own collective wisdom. They affirm in this way their satisfaction with, and their belief in, a form of government which concentrates power in the hands of a few; over these few, as we shall see, the people have no direct control whatever. Above all, in voting to accept the will of a few rather than to assert and accomplish their own will, the German people make manifest that they prefer to be governed rather than to govern themselves.

II.

The Bundesrat, or "Federal Council," differs from the Reichstag in many respects. The Reichstag, arising from the people and chosen directly by the people, is the German concession to the idea of popular sovereignty. The Bundesrat preserves the monarchical principle, though in a modified form. The Bundesrat is composed of representatives, not of the people nor of the state legislatures, but of the rulers of the various German states; that is, in twenty-two of the twenty-six states, of an hereditary monarch; in Alsace-Lorraine, of the Imperial Viceroy, who is appointed by the German Emperor; in the Imperial free cities, Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck, of the Senate, which is elected directly or indirectly by the people. Each of these rulers appoints to the Bundesrat a certain number of representatives in accordance with pro-

visions of the Imperial Constitution, and each ruler gives his representatives exact instructions as to how they are to vote on every question that is to come up in the Bundesrat. As each ruler naturally gives the same instructions to all his representatives, the votes of each state are cast as a unit; the Imperial Constitution further insures this method of procedure by requiring each state to vote thus. The Bundesrat represents, or personifies, as it were, in an assembly, the whole body of German rulers.

If a proposal is laid before the Bundesrat on a subject not included in the instructions, the representatives must refer the subject to the rulers of their states and must await further instructions before they cast their votes. It is inconceivable that a representative should ever vote contrary to his instructions because, in the first place, his office, which depends in every feature of its tenure entirely upon the will of his ruler, would in such case be terminated immediately, and, secondly, because the Imperial Constitution requires that a representative shall vote as he has been instructed. The actual voting members of the Bundesrat are, therefore, diplomats, not Senators in the American sense. They form in theory a body which in the usual meaning of the words is not a debating or a deliberating assembly. Nor is it such in practice. The German world hears occasionally of lively discussions in the Bundesrat, but there is no reason to think that members of the Bundesrat have ever expressed themselves, much less voted, contrary to the instructions previously given by the rulers of their states. In short, to all intents and purposes the Bundesrat merely registers the will of the German rulers individually and collectively.

The Bundesrat and the Reichstag differ from each other not only in their origins; they differ also, and even more strikingly, in the relative powers of the two bodies. The Reichstag is only a legislative body, while the Bundesrat exercises legislative, executive, and judicial functions. Furthermore, even in the making of laws the power vested in the Bundesrat surpasses that given to the Reichstag. Each body has the right to initiate legislation, but whatever the source of a bill may be, the last act in its adoption as law is the approval of it by the Bundesrat. Thus, if a bill arises in the Bundesrat, it is discussed first by that body and, if approved, is then laid before the Reichstag. If the popular assembly also approves it, the bill must, even if no change has been made in it, be referred back to the Bundesrat and formally passed again by that body. In consequence of this provision of the Imperial Constitution, members of the Reichstag hardly ever initiate legislation, because it is obviously futile for them to discuss a bill before they know the opinion of the Bundesrat. In effect and practice the Bundesrat makes law with the assent of the Reichstag. If we remember the attitude of the German people towards legislation in the critical dissolutions of the Reichstag, it is hardly going too far to say that German laws as they are finally shaped are not the work and the will of the German people through their representatives in the Reichstag, but that they are the work and the will of the rulers of the German states through their representatives in the Bundesrat.

The relative power of these rulers in the Bundesrat varies greatly, unlike the dual representation of the States in the American Senate. The Bundesrat does not represent a federation of states of equal power, but a confederated state with its power distributed very unequally. Prussia has 17 votes, Bavaria 6, Saxony and Württemberg 4 each, Baden, Hesse, and Alsace-Lorraine 3 each, Brunswick and Mecklenburg-Schwerin 2 each, and all the other seventeen states one each—26 states and 61 votes in all. This allotment of votes is based, with two exceptions, on the number of votes allotted to the individual states in the Diet of the German Confederation which came to an end in 1866. In that Diet Bavaria had only four votes, but she demanded and received two more when she joined the new Empire. Prussia, too, had formerly only four votes; but Prussia absorbed six states which opposed her in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and when it came to the formation of a new Germany, Prussia added to her original four votes all the votes which the absorbed states had had. In this way she obtained the seventeen votes in the Bundesrat which the Imperial Constitution afterwards confirmed to her. This advantage in number of votes as compared with the number of votes of the other states can be justified on the ground of Prussia's population and extent of territory as compared with those of the other States. Both in area and in population Prussia includes, roughly, two-thirds of the whole Empire. In the Bundesrat, however, she controls less than one-third of the votes. The other states seem to have felt an injustice in this disparity between Prussia's strength in the Empire and her strength in the Bundesrat. They, therefore, made her various concessions.

III.

How majorities are obtained, how bills are passed or defeated in the Bundesrat, is, strictly speaking, a matter of conjecture. Only the results of the meetings of this assembly are published, not the proceedings; the public hears of the proceedings only by the chance loquacity of some member. But we can estimate the influence of the states in the Bundesrat with dependable results.

Germans often dismiss very briefly the assertion that Prussia controls the Bundesrat. They dismiss it on the ground that Prussia has only seventeen votes, that seventeen is still a long way from a majority, and, since the states are independent, Prussia cannot control their votes. On the other hand, Prussia has seventeen votes, and seventeen states have one vote each. Prussia's power alone, therefore, equals the combined power of all these seventeen states. Further, as Prussia has so many more votes than her nearest rivals—Bavaria six, Saxony and Württemberg four each, Baden three (and Hesse three)—Prussia alone is equal to a combination of those four states whose number of votes most closely approximates her own.

But, as has been said, seventeen does not constitute a majority of the votes in the Bundesrat. And how can majorities be obtained? In the answer to this question, the votes in the Bundesrat may be counted as fifty-eight, as the three votes of Alsace-Lorraine cannot be counted, according to the Imperial Constitution, if they give Prussia a majority of any bill under discussion; and we are concerned here first with the means by which Prussia can effect a majority that counts. For this thirty votes are necessary on nearly all measures. In assembling a majority, Prussia starts out with her original seventeen and with the one vote of the principality of Waldeck, which she has controlled, by private agreement, since 1868. If, in addition to these eighteen, Prussia can obtain the six votes of Bavaria, the four of Saxony or of Württemberg, and the two of Brunswick or of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—that is, the support of only three other states—she has her majority. These are, of course, the most favorable conditions numerically for a majority for Prussia, as they involve the support of those states which, next to Prussia, cast the largest number of votes. The least favorable conditions for a Prussian majority are those in which Prussia has to procure the support of twelve states with one vote each. That Prussia can, and does, almost always obtain somewhere the support necessary to a majority is easy to understand. For she can exert tremendous pressure. For example, Prussia can urge the needs of her two-thirds of the area and population of the Empire as compared with those of the one-third composing all the remainder of Germany. Prussia can also employ the moral weight of many imponderables—among others, her own surpassing record of achievements in German history, the omnipresent German sense of obligation to Prussia for the establishment of the Empire, and the economic and industrial prosperity due primarily to Prussian initiative and Prussian efficiency. With such instruments as these, she can rarely have serious difficulty in obtaining the support, at worst, of twelve of the tiny principalities situated in central and northern Germany.

If Prussia be opposed to a bill, not fewer than twelve states—Bavaria with 6 votes, Saxony and Württemberg with 4 each, Baden, Hesse, and Alsace-Lorraine with 3 each, Brunswick and Mecklenburg-Schwerin with 2 each, and four states with one vote each—must unite in order to procure a majority against her. That is, twelve states must unite even when they include those states which, next to Prussia, have the largest number of votes in the Bundesrat. In the least favorable case—when the combination includes those states with the smallest number of votes—

twenty-one of the twenty-six states must unite against Prussia in order to defeat her. Prussia has been wary of defeat in the Bundesrat. She has refrained from introducing bills liable to serious opposition, as a defeat on a fundamental question of policy would surely bring on a crisis imperilling the loyalty of other states to Prussian leadership, and thus the very structure of the Empire. At the same time it is exceedingly difficult to form a combination of even twelve states against Prussia, because the fear of Prussian domination is at least balanced by the jealousy among smaller states. An effective combination has on occasions been formed, and Prussia has been defeated in the Bundesrat. She was defeated in 1876 and 1879 on two railway bills, and in 1878 the Bundesrat voted to place the Imperial Court of Appeals in Leipzig instead of in Berlin, as Prussia wished. But since 1879 the defeat of Prussia in the Bundesrat has certainly happened very rarely. Indeed, it is generally understood in Germany that other states propose legislation to Prussia first, informally, and if she favors the proposal, they leave it to her to push the bill through.

It has been stated in a preceding paragraph that the other states made concessions to Prussia in order to atone for the disparity between her minority of votes in the Bundesrat and her majority of population and area in the Empire. The concessions thus made convey rights of prime importance. In the first place, Prussia alone can preserve the Constitution intact, as only fourteen votes in the negative are sufficient to prevent any change. Secondly, no change can be made in the regulations concerning the army, the navy, customs duties, or excises if Prussia objects. Then, Prussia casts the deciding vote in case of a tie in the Bundesrat, and Prussia appoints the chairmen of all the standing committees on affairs within the Empire. In this way Prussia has virtually the powers of a dictator in German Imperial affairs; and these powers and rights are inalienable. They are Prussia's by the Constitution of the Empire, and nothing short of a revolution and the overthrow of the Constitution can wrest them from her. Spokesmen of Prussia, defending and applauding her exercise of all her constitutional rights, have often declared, as Bethmann-Hollweg in January, 1914, declared, that Prussia will never relinquish any power vested in her by the present Constitution.

IV.

The theoretical power vested in the Reichstag as an agent of the people and in the Bundesrat as a composite organ of the rulers of all the German states breaks down, as we have seen, in practice. Theory and practice in the government of the German Empire are one in the power vested in, and exercised by, Prussia. And who, in this case, is Prussia? The King. For, in accordance with the constitutional provision regarding the composition of the Bundesrat, the King of Prussia appoints and instructs all the seventeen men who compose the Prussian delegation, and he makes sure that they vote as they have been instructed. The King of Prussia controls the Prussian delegation; this delegation, though theoretically held in check by the delegations from other states, does in practice control the Bundesrat; the Bundesrat, though theoretically held in check by the Reichstag, does in practice make the laws and control the policy of the German Empire. The King of Prussia, therefore, in effect and practice dominates and controls the whole body of the German people. He is the ultimate seat of power in Germany. This is the preëminent fact concerning German government.

The German Emperor as such has very little power except in time of war. In time of peace he controls military and foreign matters, but, with the exception of a few executive officers, nothing else. The Bundesrat's consent is necessary to decrees issuing from the Emperor, such as the declaration of war or the dissolution of the Reichstag. The Emperor has no legislative or judicial powers, and, without any veto power, he must, in so far as he is qualified, execute any law which is passed. The German Emperor as such has much less power than the President of the United States. The common conception of him as a ruler of unlimited power in theory and in practice is, therefore, wrong.

The misconception of the Emperor's power arises very easily because the two offices of German Emperor and King of Prussia are, and according to the Imperial Constitution must be, always held by one and the same man. It is the double rôle which this one man plays that makes his part in the German Government so perplexing to people outside of Germany. To the foreign observer he changes from one rôle to the other, according to occasion, with magical rapidity. For example, as Emperor William II he has a bill drawn up by the Imperial Chancellor, but as Emperor he has no initiative in legislation. He therefore turns now into the King of Prussia, and as King he introduces the bill into the Bundesrat through the man who is at once Imperial Chancellor, Prime Minister of Prussia, and the presiding officer of the Bundesrat. Also as King William he instructs his delegates to the Bundesrat how to vote. When the bill has been passed by the Bundesrat, it is laid before the Reichstag in the name of the Emperor. On its return from the Reichstag, the King of Prussia directs what amendments are to be accepted by the Prussian delegation in the Bundesrat. When the bill has finally become law, the Emperor promulgates it. In such a case as this William has changed his rôle four times, but the part he has played as Emperor has been of little moment. He has converted his bill into law as King of Prussia.

The two offices of German Emperor and King of Prussia are inseparable. The Imperial dignity follows *ipso jure* the Prussian crown, so that apart from the Prussian crown the function of Emperor does not exist. There is no law of Imperial succession apart from the Prussian law which regulates the tenure of the Prussian throne. Only he who wears the crown of Prussia can acquire or lay down or perform the function of the Imperial dignity. In legal terms the Imperial dignity is an *accessorium* of the Prussian crown. If a regency were appointed in Prussia, the regent would be *ipso facto* German Emperor.

One more question may arise in the mind of the reader. Since so much power attaches to the office of King of Prussia, whence does a man who occupies that office derive his right to it? He derives his right solely through heredity. The crown of Prussia descends in the house of Hohenzollern by the succession of the first-born male. This is the one and only law which determines who shall be King of Prussia. The Prussian people had nothing to do with the origin of this law, any more than they had to do with the Prussian Constitution, which was not acquired by the people of Prussia, but was a grant conferred by an hereditary King from the house of Hohenzollern. The Prussian people have never had, and they have not now, any voice in determining who shall be their ruler.

The conclusion is inevitable. In theory the German system of government concedes the idea of democratic representative government in regard both to suffrage and to the power vested in the Reichstag. In practice the German system preserves the monarchical concentration of power in the hands of one man. Germany is to-day, in effect, an absolute monarchy.

Poetry

MEDITATIONS ON A BOOK CATALOGUE.

By EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

I.

"Steele (R'd), 'A Discourse on Old Age, tending to the Instruction, Comfort, and Caution of Aged Persons,' 12mo, calf (cracked) (1688), 4s."

'Twould have been like you, Dick, to have a try
At just such a preposterous homily.
For if ('twas in your twenties, still, I think)
In that sad interval 'twixt drink and drink
You penned the Christian Hero,—why not this?
How could your editors the item miss?
But dates forbid. The thing could not have been.
Not even you could do it at sixteen!
——Ah, Dick, forgive me! How should I forget
That little scene, imperishably set
Amid the Tatler's ironies—the boy
Calling "Papa" and beating with his toy
Upon a coffin-lid—while she who bore him,
She of the "noble spirit," sorrowed o'er him?
Perchance that father—he was Richard too—
Had left the manuscript, and, mayhap, you

With boyish eagerness "saw through the press"
This volume *in memoriam*, no less.

II.

"Spooner (Shearjashub), 'Guide to Sound Teeth,' 12mo, N. Y. (1836), 2s."

O Shearjashub Spooner—what a name!
Thou hadst deserved a better thing of fame
Than to have written such a "Guide" as this.
But there are compensations; for, I wis,
A man must needs keep sound teeth till he's gray
To utter Shearjashub day by day.

III.

"Wilcox (Ella Wheeler), 'Poems,' bound in limp lamb skin, 8vo, (N. D.), 6s."

That binding is a lovesome thing, God wot,
Which, in its sweet sincerity, doth plot
The soul for us, the very quality
Of what within its tegument may be.

Notes from Two Capitals

LORD HALDANE AND WINSTON CHURCHILL.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

LONDON, November 20.

It is a striking coincidence of which history will take note, probably not without sharp comment, that the two men who, one at the head of the army, the other the First Lord of the Admiralty, did more than any other to avert peril from the Empire at the outset of the war, have during its progress been shelved. Lord Haldane's national service is chiefly recognized in connection with the creation of a territorial army. That apart, his services at the War Office were invaluable. The deplorable condition of the Department when the Boer War opened stands revealed in evidence given before the South African Committee. When, with something more of suddenness, Germany threw off the mask and embroiled the nations in war, it was found possible in a marvellously short time to mobilize and transport across the Channel the nucleus of an army fully equipped.

Only those in constant attendance at the House of Commons during the seven sessions when Lord Haldane was at the War Office can fully realize the difficulties that beset him in the accomplishment of his task. Daily at Question Time he was beset with questions designed to belittle the scheme—guerrilla warfare, supplemented, whenever occasion might be utilized, by organized attack in debate. It is probable that, failing assistance from a high quarter, even a man of Lord Haldane's courage and determination might have been beaten, and the territorial forces which have made so splendid a record at the front would to-day be non-existent. The late King, with the far-seeing view of a born and trained statesman, early recognized the value of the scheme. At a time when, owing to the Parliamentary opposition alluded to, it seemed destined to failure, his Majesty summoned the Lords Lieutenant of the Counties to Buckingham Palace, and personally enlisted their sympathy and assistance. After that it was comparatively unruffled progress, and when, three years after Lord Haldane quitted the War Office, the bugle signalled war, a trained body of citizen soldiers was ready to proceed to the front.

That on the reconstruction of the Ministry last spring the man who had rendered this superb service to his country should be left out of the Cabinet was in anticipation of the actual event unthinkable. The causes underlying the situation are nebulous. Lord Haldane's dismissal was due to clamor raised in the same quarter that succeeded in ousting Prince Louis of Battenberg from the Admiralty. Upon what basis of specific fact clamor rested is, like the birth of Jeames, "wropt in myst'ry." The most likely suggestions are that Lord Haldane was familiar with the German tongue and its literature, and that Göttingen University shared with Edinburgh the credit of his education. Also, in common with other colleagues in Liberal and Conservative Cabinets, he enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the Kaiser. These reasons seem scarcely adequate for the occasion. None more substantial have been alleged or can be suggested.

What Lord Haldane did for the land forces Mr. Winston Churchill accomplished for the navy. It is true he was more fortunate in taking over a department which for some years had profited by the advantage of the administration of so capable a head as Mr. McKenna, whose public service at this stage of his varied Ministerial career has not received due measure of recognition. Mr. Churchill, coming fresh to the Admiralty, inspired it with renewed vigor. His master stroke, conceived and put into execution twenty-four hours before the actual declaration of war, had a controlling and abiding influence upon its progress. The circumstances attendant upon the *coup de main* exceed the trained fancy of the naval novelist. In the early days of August in last year war with Germany, in spite of pacific protest from Berlin repeated up to the last moment, seemed imminent. To mobilize the fleet would have been regarded as a provocative act, hastening declaration of hostilities. But since King George expressed a desire to review it, a ceremony by no means unusual at this period of the year, there could be no harm in ranging it in full force in familiar waters at Spithead.

His Majesty duly steamed along the far-reaching lines of battleships. Hardly had he returned to the shore and seated himself in the special train taking him back to London before the mighty fleet departed for a destination unknown save to the Admiral in command. When on the 4th of August Great Britain, outraged by the Kaiser's treachery to Belgium, declared war on Germany, lo! the mighty fleet was discovered alert in the North Sea. This paralyzing blow afforded opportunity for flying squadrons of the British fleet to patrol the seas, sweep from them every enemy cruiser, and reëstablish trade routes in a state of security little less complete than that enjoyed while the world was at peace.

The brilliance of these tactics and their success had the natural effect of eclipsing other well-planned, promptly executed doings at the Admiralty under the personal initiative and direction of the late First Lord. Of such was the commandeering of the three battleships building in British yards for Turkey. Had that step not been taken, not only would the British navy have lacked an important increase of strength, but with Turkey submitting to the vassalage of the Kaiser these powerful engines of warfare would have made a marked difference to the cause of the Allies in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. It happened only this week, on the eve of Mr. Churchill's departure for the front, that disclosure was accidentally made of another conspicuous personal service. This was the creation and establishment of squadrons of armored cars, which, according to the testimony of Lieutenant-Commander Wedgewood, M.P., have been of invaluable service wherever fighting has been going on. So appreciative and grateful were the officers of the Armored Car Squadrons that on Tuesday they gathered in one of the committee rooms at the House of Commons and presented to Mr. Churchill a portrait of himself.

For the time the brilliant political career of Lord Randolph Churchill's son is interrupted, as was that of the father, by a sudden, unexpected resignation of Cabinet rank. Like the Malbrouck sometimes identified with his famous ancestor, Winston *s'en-va-t-en guerre*. Animated by the traditional spirit of the marine, ready to go anywhere and do anything, he realizes Kipling's ideal of "soldier and sailor, too." He may confidently be depended upon to distinguish himself in the field as he has done in the forum. But his severance from political life can be only temporary, and nothing that has happened this week or during the past four years will hamper his progress to fresh triumphs.

JOHN WORTH KERN.

A reëlection to a post of command in which one has worked hard to do his duty is always a pleasing compliment; and the choice by the Democratic Senators of John Worth Kern, of Indiana, to be their floor leader again in the new Congress, is perhaps something more than that, because his coming responsibilities threaten to exceed greatly in seriousness any with which he has ever wrestled hitherto, and the vote means that his fellow Senators do not regard this tawny graybeard of sixty-six as too much of an antique to be trusted in so trying a situation. Mr. Kern, it must be remembered, is one of the few survivors of a school of Middle Western politicians who flourished tumultuously twenty-five years ago, but passed into the shadows about the time the Democratic party broke in two under the weight of Bryan's first candidacy. He is very proud of his association in the popular mind with the giants to whom he used to look up with reverential awe, like Hendricks and McDonald, Voorhees and Turpie, who spent a generation wrangling over such questions as State rights, Southern elections, the payment of the public debt in paper, the increase of the Civil War pension-rolls, and the like—texts which would always set the Demosthenoid oratory of the Mississippi valley swirling and roaring through the halls of Congress with all the energy of the Mother of Waters herself. How much more of a chance for fame those old fellows had in dealing with their

problems than the statesmen of this generation, who have to meet the crises of the hour without waiting for exhaustive debate, and in whose counsels precedent and tradition enjoy only a mockery of respect!

The post of floor leader must tax the patience of a man like Kern, who, it may be recalled, delivered a Chautauqua address in the midst of an exciting political campaign a few years ago, urging the American people to get together, rather than divide, on essential doctrines of government; for it is part of the accepted make-up of a floor leader that he shall be one-sided and one-eyed, and quite incapable of discerning the slightest merit in anything the Opposition puts forth. Moreover, under existing conditions in Washington a floor leader is assumed to be a mouthpiece of the Administration, and President Wilson has a habit occasionally of declaring what shall be a test of Democratic orthodoxy in lawmaking, as well as in broader fields. Mr. Kern, on the other hand, has gone on record with the demand that Congress be left to make the laws without any sort of executive interference—a constriction which would have ruled out half the important activities of our Presidents during the last dozen years.

Kern's lack of enthusiasm about preparedness, in contrast with the disposition of so many of his fellow-partisans to tumble over each other in getting into the vanguard of the movement, is regarded by many of his friends as temperamental rather than the result of conviction. The habit of his life shows in other things. As a maker as well as a minder of the laws, he knew perfectly well, on the 31st of last December, that he would be expected to turn in to the Collector of Internal Revenue, within the next two months, an account of his income for the year then closing, or submit to a penalty for his neglect; yet it was not till the last hours of February were ticking themselves out that, being accidentally reminded, while in bed, of the close approach of the penalty day, he jumped out, drew on his clothes as if the fire-alarm had sounded, made a rush for his office to fill out a blank, and hunt up a neighboring notary to take his affidavit to his return, and by dint of all this hurry got the precious paper into the last mail that would reach the Collector on the first of March. The incident serves to show that, though he may prefer to postpone a disagreeable duty, he does not hesitate to jam it through when the inevitable hour is about to strike. Doubtless, he reasons that the nation is capable of doing the same thing.

Kern is of pioneer stock, and spent the bulk of his youth without knowing what a railway train looked like. He earned his first dollar doing janitor's work in the country schoolhouse where he was a pupil. He had a fight with tuberculosis in his own system, and conquered. He has had all sorts of adventures in politics, including some signal victories over the Taggart crew in his home party, though he has occasionally found himself in factional companionship which he did not warmly relish. By way of illustrating how this may sometimes happen to a man, he tells a story of "Dan" Voorhees, who, while campaigning during the days shortly following the Civil War, was often met with the taunt that all Indiana Democrats were Copperheads. This charge he was resenting one day in a district which had been particularly notorious for its nest of secession sympathizers. "Why," he exclaimed, with a dramatic show of indignation, "half the men who went into the Union army from this county were Democrats!" And pointing his arm, with the index finger outstretched, straight at a group of his hearers whom he happened to know as having served their term in the blue, he demanded in his most impressive manner: "Isn't that true, my friends?" "Yes," growled the foremost of the group, "it's true. Gol darn 'em, they drafted us!" TATTLER.

Correspondence.

A PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It must make the judicious grieve to see the dignified *Nation* feature in its correspondence a communication of so intemperate speech as that by Mr. F. W. Harman in the issue for November 4. How shall the nations ever return to sanity if the journals which should guide and inform the most enlightened neutral opinion open their columns, and thus implicitly lend their sanction, to such extravagant and fire-eating talk as this? Such articles will never convince, they can but infuriate those who are of contrary mind; while they merely inflame to higher passion those who are already hostile to Germany.

But I wish to address myself particularly to one assertion, namely, that the sinking of the Lusitania is no more horrible "than the poisoning of springs in a desert country." I presume the reference is to the charge that Germans poisoned the wells in South Africa. This charge has been repeatedly made, but never substantiated by any trustworthy evidence; while it is on its face extremely improbable, if not absurd, as the following consideration should show:

(1.) It is well known, as the Germans found to their cost, that many of the African wells contain injurious water (cf. Frenssen, "Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest," passim).

(2.) Wells are often particularly subjected to pollution in an arid country, since they serve as gathering points for the wounded and the dying.

(3.) The native African has not the white man's sensitiveness on the subject of poison: is it inconceivable that some blacks might have poisoned a well?

(4.) The German officers and soldiers are fully as humane as the English; friends of Germany reject such a charge just as unhesitatingly as would the English a similar charge against an Englishman. And if the accusation be proved against a man of English birth, they would say—and with justice—that it was absurd to allege so dastardly a crime as a typical outgrowth of English character. Yet it is in precisely this way that the suspicion of well-poisoning is being used against Germany.

Germans have been deservedly condemned for their intemperate hatred of England; but is Mr. Harman's letter anything but a cry of hate? B. Q. MORGAN.

University of Wisconsin, November 14.

[If Mr. Harman's views are to be imputed to the *Nation* because it published his letter, it should by the same token be credited with the unfounded assertions of certain German sympathizers whose letters have appeared in these columns. In the present crisis we have deemed it right to give space even to extreme ideas, provided they appear to be representative of a considerable body of citizens. As for Mr. Harman's reference to poisoned springs in South Africa, that rests, of course, upon Gen. Botha's official statement.—ED. THE NATION.]

NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your very just observations on the conferring of the Nobel prize on Prof. Theodore William Richards you put your finger on a sore point when you state that "America does not produce so many Nobel prize-winners that the man thus singled out might not be supposed to have first reached a considerable popular reputation." America has so far produced *two* such prize-winners, for I omit the peace prizes, which have gone to two of our prominent politicians, and are conferred by a different body. The Stockholm Academy of Sciences does not award the Nobel prizes to newspaper wizards, nor by vote of newspaper readers. How many such readers had ever heard the name of Michelson when he received the first prize? And how many will have heard the name of the next one? How many had ever heard the name of Henry A. Rowland, or of Simon Newcomb, or of George William Hill, and how many papers published notices of their deaths? A few years ago one of the Paris popular papers took a vote of its readers as to who was the greatest Frenchman. I have not the results before me at present, but I remember that Napoleon came in eighth, and that the first choice was Pasteur. Well up on the list was Poincaré, not the President of the republic, but his cousin, the great mathematician, whose work was Greek to the voters, but whose reputation was a household word. And yet we pride ourselves on our education, and we spend untold sums on our colleges.

An interesting discussion has recently been held at Harvard on the subject of what students talk about at table, with somewhat discouraging conclusions. I should like to extend this to cover the question what American men in general talk about. Many times, having attended dinners of college clubs, only to be entertained with lectures by Walter this and Big Bill that on the manœuvres of football, and having complained that college graduates should submit to such subjects, I have been informed that athletics is the only common subject of interest to all sorts of college men. If this is true, I think it time that our colleges were closed and that the few desiring an education go to Europe to get it, for the colleges are a portentous and unnecessary expense.

I wish to call attention to the vastly greater interest in the conversation of educated men in any European country than in that of the same class here, and to point out the fact that any sensational statement of a pseudo-scientific nature made in our papers, no matter how absurd, will be eagerly swallowed by the great majority of readers, as is evidenced by the success of President Jordan's hoax perpetrated a few years ago under the title of "The Astral Camera Club of Alcalde."

Nobel prizes will come when the *milieu* of

American life is more propitious for the pursuit of abstract science, and when the public learns the difference between scientific research and commercial invention.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Mass., November 21.

A BOMBARDMENT OF UNFORTIFIED BRAINS—OR THE EVILS OF "UNPREPAREDNESS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the following statements will not be believed in the East, where the West—particularly the Middle West—is generally looked upon as "up and coming," alive to what is going on in the world. Perhaps I paint too dark a picture—but it is the picture that I see.

It all began in a section of freshman English—an average class of freshmen in a mid-Western State university. We were, at the moment, reading Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." Hellespont suggested Gallipoli, and I asked the class—it was quite a chance shot—where Gallipoli was. To my surprise, no one knew. I wrote the word on the blackboard, and was amazed when the class confessed that not one had ever seen the word before!

Within the next twenty-six hours I had met three other sections of freshmen, and had placed "Gallipoli" before them, with the same result. A more advanced course yielded two men who had never heard the name—one of them was on the staff of the university daily paper.

To find out how much the freshmen knew—or did not know—about the war, I set them the following simple examination paper:

"What is the capital of Bulgaria? What countries bound Servia? In what country is Salonica? On what sea is Montenegro?

"Who is in command of the French armies? Who is Prime Minister of England?

"Who are Bethmann-Hollweg, Poincaré, Venizelos, Briand, von Hindenburg, French, Grey, Viviani?

"Name the rulers of the following countries, giving their titles (*i. e.*, King, Emperor, etc.): Germany, England, Greece, Servia, Italy, Russia."

Not a hard examination, one might say—yet no student passed a perfect paper. The capital of Bulgaria was variously named, such cities as Budapest, Nish—and Montenegro!—figuring in the list. Servia was bounded by Germany, Turkey, and Russia; by Germany, Austria, and Belgium—in spite of the fact that I had cautioned the students to reply only to the questions of which they knew the answers. Both Mr. Bethmann and Mr. Hollweg received positions in the German army; Salonica was situated in Italy; Montenegro on the Ægean and Black Seas, as well as on the Adriatic; the command of the French armies was given to Jaffrey, Goffre, Jaffe, Joeffre, Goffee, Gaffre, Joffrey, Geffre, and Jaffé; Poincaré was, in turn, Prime Minister of France, a French commander, and the French Ambassador to the United States. Von Hindenburg was named as "Prime Minister of Germany"; Vivianl, as "investigator [instigator?] of the war in Italy," commander of the Italian army, Italian Prime Minister, a Russian general, and Queen of Servia! The student who identified Bethmann-Hollweg as German Ambassador to Washington may not have been far wrong.

Venizelos was called a Russian general, a French general, and the Spanish Prime Minister. Several named him Prime Minister of Crete; two called him a French secretary, one a former South American President, and others an Austrian leader and a Mexican general. One man put him in the plural—"Venizelos are the members of the Greek Cabinet who resigned." Briand's versatility was hinted at, for he appeared as President of France, a member of the English Cabinet, and a German leader!

The rulers and titles gave much trouble. England, if one might believe the students, is under the sway of Kings Edward VI, VII, VIII; George II, IV, V, and VI. For some reason, George III was slighted. Italy—according to one girl, who knew but one other ruler, him of Germany—is controlled by the Pope; though, to do the class justice, a surprising number knew King Victor Emmanuel. Some, it is equally surprising to note, knew that Germany was ruled by a Kalser, but did not indicate his name. It is not so remarkable that many supposed the Prime Minister of England to be Lloyd-George, Churchill, or "Lord Kitchen."

"The capital of Bulgaria," wrote one honest youth, "is not known to me. I am totally ignorant of what countries bound Servia. My lack of knowledge extends to all the questions." He was not alone.

Another section—which had a slightly different paper—showed weakness in geography. Sofia was variously placed in Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Russia—and one student called it "a country in southeastern Europe." Nish appeared more than once in Belgium—and in Germany, Greece, and Poland, as well; Gallipoli in Italy, and on "a peninsula between the Black and Caribbean Seas." Triest was in Russia, Germany, and Turkey; Bulgaria had coasts on the Adriatic, Black, and Caspian Seas; Louvain was commonly confused with Lorraine—and one authority described it as "a small country about to enter the war." Bethmann-Hollweg was called the Prime Minister of Russia—and "a small plain in Alsace-Lorraine." Louvain was also confused with the Louvre by him who wrote: "It is a city in France, and is noted for its great art gallery. The Mona Lisa was stolen from this gallery." It is something that a student had ever heard of the Mona Lisa—and knew that it had once been stolen!

Why linger over these wild guesses? We all remember the story of the English woman who asked if New York were not the capital of Philadelphia—and our own knowledge of South American geography is generally of the slightest. We also make mistakes quite as comical (to others) as those of the identifiers of French, one of whom wrote, "French is Col. French, of the English army" (perhaps to be on the safe side); and the other of whom—playing still safer—said: "French are the people from France."

Wherefore this exhibition? The class is willing—nay, eager—to admit its ignorance. "I have no time to read the papers," says one, voicing the state of many. "My university work takes all my time." A girl said: "I don't have time to read war or memorize men's names. The war news is too *horrible* to read." Two more go into the subject at greater length: "Current events is [*sic*] not very interesting to me, for the simple reson [*sic*] that so much of the reading matter is nothing more than a collection of dry facts. This uninteresting data [*sic*] has a tendency to keep me from reading current literature, and, of course, my knowledge of vital topics and worldly progress is kept very far inferior to that of one who does read.

"The library contains many modern magazines, which give the important events of the world's happenings in concentrated form, but the school work is so exacting that one does not have time to spend looking up magazines and read unimportant matter which does not pertain to his life's work.

"Many of our news reports are so unreliable that it is not worth the time spent reading them. My idea is that of reading nothing but absolute facts, and therefore I do not read the newspapers. This fact has also kept me from knowing more about current events." No comment is necessary—the student's position is clear. Yet does not the war "pertain to his life's work" and to the life work of all of us? How great a contrast to the one who held nothing of interest to humanity alien to him! Can this be the result of Vocational Education—just appearing from the High School?

". . . The reason for my ignorance," writes another, "is that knowledge of such facts as are presented in the newspapers and magazines are [*sic*] worse than useless. When the war is over, and matters are cleared up, it will be found that most of these so-called 'facts' are not at all true.

"Nothing could be more confusing than the newspaper accounts as to the causes of the war. Each paper takes a different view, and it is hard to tell which paper shows the greatest ignorance of European history."

Here is a mirror of a mid-Western State university's freshman class on the great war. Men have marvelled that an authoress, keenly alive to her surroundings, should have lived through the stirring days a century ago and left, in her novels, no echo of Napoleon. We marvel more that in this day and age a group of educated youth should feel so little interest in the events which are shaking the world to its foundation. But, having marvelled, we can wonder no longer at the strength of the "peace at any price" party. Why fight—even if we are insulted? That is an unimportant matter, and does not pertain to our life's work.

I wonder how many freshmen—or seniors, either—are aware how near we were to war last summer, and what the trouble was about?

X.

"WHILST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest your correspondents to know that at the time of the rubber boom in London, in 1910, some of my friends were preparing a prospectus which was to be sent to possible subscribers of shares. After the promoters and their solicitors, auditors, directors, and rubber experts had thoroughly studied the prospectus from every possible angle it was submitted for final revision to a barrister. His changes were chiefly the crossing out of two "whiles" and replacing each by "whilst." For this work he received a fee of fifty guineas and all concerned thought that the fee was well earned.

WILLIAM HILLMAN.

Palo Alto, Cal., November 8.

Literature

A GREAT CHURCHMAN.

Henry Codman Potter, Seventh Bishop of New York. By George Hodges. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Dean Hodges's biography is a fine monument to a churchman of whom his city and country are justly proud. Friends of the Bishop will recognize as not its least service the removal of the mistaken notion entertained by not a few that the subject of it was essentially a publicist and man of the world, who, without strong religious vocation, succeeded in an ecclesiastical career by virtue of abilities and ambitions which would have made him eminent in any sphere. In the face of this book alone, we should say such a notion is no longer tenable. And from his acts, his words, his books, and the whole tenor of his life, it would seem plain that, whatever his faults or frailties, the inspiration of his devoted and laborious career was essentially religious. He owed no divided allegiance. His deepest conviction was a belief in the Christian religion—the spirit of Christ speaking through his church to the soul of man—as the supreme solvent of all human problems.

To the layman with no special ecclesiastical interests the early part of the book is hard going. One is glad to be done with the necessary information as to forebears, remote and immediate, and as to the Bishop's childhood, youth, and young manhood. Nor is there much of significance in the story of the rectorships in Troy and Boston. It is not till the Grace Church period that Dean Hodges really holds his reader. There or thereabouts in the book we begin to realize that we are following the career of an extraordinary man whose abilities and achievements command attention, and with whose personality we would gladly become better acquainted.

In doing full justice to the Bishop's qualities, this frank and loyal biography neither glosses over nor conceals his limitations. These we may note, and at once be done with them. Though Bishop Potter's reading was wide and his mental digestion strong, he was, in the technical sense, no scholar. He was not a profound theologian nor a profound philosopher; nor again was he a great priest, preacher, or devotional writer. For all that the qualities that make a great bishop were his.

Conspicuous among these qualities were an administrative faculty of a high order and a rare faculty for organization. Tact and diplomacy were his, also, in an eminent degree; witness the issue in affectionate relations of the differences between such opposing opposites as the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton and the Rev. Mr. Richie, on the one hand, and their reverend father in God, on the other, as fully recorded in this volume. Patience that could bide its time was one of his virtues; and poise was his, and cool deliberate judgment—trophies these of a victory of character over a temperament by nature hasty and headstrong. Tolerant he was, too, and judicial, dispensing justice with an even hand. His churchmanship was—as the ideal bishop's should be—catholic in the proper sense, or, to use his own favorite word, comprehensive.

Of the three parties in the Church, irreverently labelled "Low and lazy," "Broad and hazy," "High and crazy," it was with the middle group that the Bishop naturally took his place. Officially he would identify himself with none of them, but rejoiced that his ecclesiastical fold could shelter alike the High Churchman suspected of the Romeward list, the good Evangelical, and the Latitudinarian poised upon the ragged edge of heresy. This impartiality, from which the Bishop would not willingly swerve in matters small or great, was simply illustrated in the response to an appeal from a young man who himself now wears the robes, but at the time in question was on the point of study for the ministry. He was hesitating between two divinity schools of different stripes, and earnestly sought the Bishop's advice to solve his problem. "To which school should I go?" was the question, and the Bishop's characteristic reply, "To whichever you please, my son, and God bless you."

Bishop Potter could temporize, even, perhaps, compromise, when he chose, but this was not for the want of resolution or courage. None of his qualities, in fact, won for him more devoted friends than his courage—a courage undaunted by storms from whatever quarter. In the case of Dr. Briggs's reception into the Episcopal fold, it boldly faced powerful foes, High and Low, within the Church. In the case of his support of the Subway Tavern, an experiment with a sort of a sanctified barroom where drinks, hard and soft, were dispensed, and where, as the Bishop stood between bar and lunch-counter, the Doxology was sung and the ill-fated house of refreshment was in a manner consecrated, he exposed himself to the opprobrium poured upon him by Puritans and intemperate temperance advocates. When attending the General Convention in Richmond, he defied social prejudices by inviting a negro bishop to dine with him, glad of the conspicuous opportunity to exemplify his democratic convictions, and undismayed at the teapot cyclone that swirled about that social episode. On another occasion he attacked the spoils system in the presence of a gathering that included, among a group of potent practical politicians whose withers were not unwrung, a President of the United States.

In paying a handsome tribute to such of Bishop Potter's qualities as we have noted, Dean Hodges does not forget certain minor traits and graces of his personality which the story of his life profusely illustrates, and which did much to endear him as a man and to extend his usefulness as an ecclesiastic. As you turn the pages of this book, you recall if you knew him, as you realize if you did not, the fine distinction of his presence; his manners—those of "an ideal prince," his biography justly calls them—his urbanity, suavity, dignity, ease; his mellow and inexhaustible humor; his rare social gifts, and his capacity for social pleasure. He was everywhere at home and everywhere welcome, and loved the company of his fellows, gentle or humble. He was a man of the world in the right sense, and as such, beyond any other of his generation, he interpreted the world to the church and the church to the world.

Before the reader is midway in this book he is sure to have a lively sense of the extraordinary fitness of the man, with his high abilities, trained mind, and disciplined spirit, for his episcopal office, and, if he be an alert reader, he will cast about to discover what, if any, special and distinctive use Bishop Potter was to make of his splendid equipment for the episcopacy. A distinctive use the Bishop did make of it. He realized that religion was no longer content with the fearful business of plucking the individual soul from imminent damnation, nor in the quiet round of parochial ministrations. It was brooding over the vast problems of the modern workaday world, and longing to lend a hand in the solution of them. To this labor the Time Spirit prompted the churches. It was the distinction of Bishop Potter, if we read aright his career and the book that records it, to be in the van of the churchmen of his day who sought to make religion a vital force in the settlement of modern social, economic, and political questions; to penetrate the civil order with the Christian spirit; to infuse a new soul into the social fabric. For such gifts and abilities as his this task called. His genius was for large leadership. In him were the qualities that made the cardinal-ambassador of the Middle Age or the statesman-bishop of England. For all his capacity for great affairs, he still remained essentially the churchman. So conspicuously was this true that, when our metropolitan city, or the nation, waited to hear the voice of religion upon matters of great moment, it was as often as not our bishop, who, as if by common consent, and by virtue of his fraternal catholicity and ripe wisdom, was made the spokesman for all.

This biography is a faithful sketch rather than a speaking portrait with the color and warmth of life. It is not a biography of the detailed and expansive type. From it, however, the subject of the book, as man and bishop, in his public and official capacity, stands forth impressively. To the meaning of his life the author finds the true clue—a clue for the lack of which many an estimate of this many-sided character has gone wide of the mark—and follows it carefully through the more important events of his career. But, in the case of a personality of such rare charm, many would have been grateful for a more intimate and human picture, with a fuller indication of the lights and shades and subtleties that were part

of a nature far from simple. As it is, it remains to be thankful for an important work, adequate and excellent in its kind.

CURRENT FICTION.

Plashers Mead. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Harper & Bros.

In speculating upon the nature of the "new novel" in English, Mr. Henry James has found that its distinction from the old novel is chiefly determined by some "possession" or "saturation" of the author, which enables him to deal exhaustively with some confined object or idea: a process which Mr. James calls "squeezing the orange." So Mr. Bennett squeezes his Five Towns, and Mr. Wells his own extraordinary mind, and the younger writers, most of them, the spirit or propaganda of youth. The fault Mr. James finds with their work as a whole is that it does not clearly drive at anything, that it has no distinct meaning unless as a record of impressions or, if you like, facts. "We have had," says our critic, with his usual cumbersome neatness, "on the merest life system, or that of the starkest crudity of the slice, all the entertainment that can come from watching a wayfarer engage with assurance in an alley that we know to have no issue—and from watching for the very sake of the face that he may show us on appearing at its mouth." Just one of these younger novelists, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, is rather hesitatingly suggested as an exception: there are certain signs that, "moved by life, this interesting young novelist is even now uncontrollably on the way to style." Here, if ever, one may fancy Mr. James chuckling, as a good Father might who espied his free-thinking nephew unconsciously heading towards Rome. But the point he wishes to make is doubtless that style is at all events an object, and that the writer who is moved to it by life will not be condemned to blind alleys.

Now, whatever meaning we may attach to the word style, Mr. James quite frankly means by it attention to form, and even to form as phrasing, for its own sake. There is plenty of evidence in "Plashers Mead," as there was in its predecessors, that Mr. Mackenzie is studious in these matters. He is not, like most of his contemporaries, satisfied with extemporizing; he composes: "The snapdragons lolled upon the sun with gold-bloomed anthers, and drank more and still more color until they were drenched beyond the deepest dyes of crimson, extinguishing the paler hues of rose and chrome which yet at moth-time would show like lamps when the others had dulled in the discouragement of twilight." Such a passage represents his pursuit of style at something like its best; but what is there to say of phrases such as "The gong sounded upon the luteous air of evening," to be found on the same page? In the end, the reader is bound to ask what the noise, whether melodious or brusque, is all about. In this instance we can only reply that it is about the same old thing, the thing so dwelt upon in "Carnival" and "Sinister Street"—youth, Oxford youth, whether undergraduate or fledgling just "come down"; such youth, moreover, of a single type, the hypersensitive dilettante, the self-absorbed experimenter with æsthetic and erotic experience. Guy Hazlewood is somewhat more avid and less merely languishing than his friend Michael Fane, but he remains a cub. It will be interesting to see whether in the future, with or without the aid of style, this undoubtedly brilliant performer will ever be able to produce a man. In the Pauline of this tale he has made a woman, though one piteous and frustrate.

The Co-Citizens. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Surely an enemy hath done this. We trust we shall not be doing the author an injustice in describing her book as a peculiarly subtle and underhand attack upon the feminist cause. It is the more effective because Mrs. Harris presents so successful a simulation of sympathy with that cause as to deceive any reader less wary than the present reviewer. Briefly, Mrs. Harris imagines a small community of the South, deplorably man-ridden, in which the large majority of the women are engrossed in such pursuits as housewifery and the bearing and up-bringing of children. On the surface, the women appear to be content with these ignoble avocations, but, as we presently see, and as the male tyrants of Jordantown were finally taught, beneath this apparent acquiescence in servitude there ran a deep current of revolt which only needed a little encouragement to burst its dams and engulf the entire population. The impetus was given by the extraordinary will of the widow of Jordantown's wealthiest citizen. In her death this lady dared to throw off the yoke of masculine domination which she had suffered in meekness throughout a long life: she left all her money to endow a foundation, directed by an administrator and two administratrices with absolute powers, the purpose of which should be to promote by every means the cause of woman's suffrage in Jordan County.

So far this is very good, and the feminist may well tingle with gleeful expectation. But then comes the author's betrayal. Having set the women of Jordantown well on the road to obtaining their rights, she delivers them—respect for Mrs. Harris's ability compels us to assumo deliberately—into tho hands of the mocker and the ungodly; for the methods by which the directors of tho Co-Citizens' Foundation Fund of Jordan County set out to achieve their end illustrate precisely that unscrupulousness and extreme elasticity of conscience which, it is the contention of the scorner, may be expected to mark feminine adventures in politics. Tho shameless betrayal is emphasized at tho end by tho confession of ono of the protagonists, made to a male creature, that she is tired of politics, and is anxious to darn socks.

Minnie's Bishop. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

When Canon Hannay set up for a humorist of the lighter sort, he incurred the usual obligations to his audience. Mark Twain never lived down his jumping frog, or Jerome Jerome his three men in a boat. "Minnie's Bishop" and two-thirds of the short stories here collected are in the frankly facetious vein of "Lalage's Lovers" and "Spanish Gold." The others are in one way or other more serious. One of them, "Bed Clothes," throws light, if light is needed, upon the Hannay-Birmingham phenomenon. It concerns a story of extraordinary merit, but daring and almost blasphemous character, which turns out to have been written by a country curate. The curate quotes verbatim from the story in a sermon preached before the editor to whom the story has been submitted. The editor accuses him of having quoted, "apparently in all good faith, the wretched moral patitudes which the story satirized." . . . "Listen to me," says the curate. "Those things which you call moral platitudes are truths. I believe them. I cling to them. They are the things I live by. They are sacred. But—— I hear them every day of my life and all day long. . . . I believe them. But they get to be like bed clothes, like blankets and quilts laid over my mouth and nostrils. I'm smothered by them." So Canon Hannay may have been smothered by the cloth, and have found grateful relief in making fun of it and of himself. There is an instance in this very story—the rural dean who offers the London editor a paper on the history of the monastic orders. Canon Hannay's most serious work is, we note, a treatise called "The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism."

But this volume is chiefly interesting because it contains a number of stories and sketches which show the author in a serious mood as an artist. They interpret the pathos and the tragedy of the Irish peasant's life and of Ireland as embodied therein. Several of them, notably "The Child of Our Hope" and "This Lost Land," have a touch of symbolism, and reflect, as so much of the later Irish writing does, the haunting melancholy and wistfulness of a love for Ireland which is almost in despair.

The Trail of Black Hawk. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is a pity that some of tho energy and brains devoted to child study and to various forms of educational experimentation cannot be transferred to the task of improving the quality of juvenile fiction. There is no reason why a story for boys should be, as this and many others are, wooden in characterization, absurd in incident, and stupid in dialogue. To be sure, boys are tolerant of these things, provided the author supplies plenty of Indians, battle, murder, and sudden death; but surely they would prefer a story which combined with the necessary action and bloodshed a certain degree of truthfulness and intelligence. This

story has an historical background, and it is morally harmless; but it has no other merits. The colored picture on the cover is in its absurdity typical of the story. An Indian impossibly costumed and standing in the position of a bowler whose ball has just left his hand is watching his tomahawk, which is suspended in mid-air on its way to split the head of an enemy appearing above a log in the distance.

THE RECOGNITION OF GOVERNMENTS DE FACTO AND DE JURE.

The Recognition Policy of the United States. By Julius Goebel, Jr. Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Vol. LXXI. No. 1. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

This treatise of 228 pages is devoted to a question of much practical as well as some theoretic interest, *viz.*, the principles to be followed by a State in determining when to recognize either the creation of a new State out of some preëxisting political community, or such a change effected by force in the government of an existing community as makes its government a new one. The inquiry into these principles which the treatise attempts is historical rather than theoretical, and is confined to cases in which the United States has acted, but it is prefaced by a long disquisition on the more general and abstract aspects of the subject, embracing a chapter on Legitimacy, Revolution, and Recognition and another on The Theory of Recognition, in which the views of the older writers on what constitutes legitimacy, the nature of sovereignty, and the legal relations of States to one another are discussed. This introductory part of the book contains some useful statements of the views of eminent writers, but it is rather vague in thought and often needlessly technical in expression. That which is of substantial value in it might well have received a more simple and condensed expression.

The utility of the treatise lies in the historical account which follows the views which have from time to time guided the policy of the United States in deciding when to accord and when to withhold recognition. This account very properly begins with a narrative of the proceedings by which France entered into relations with the Government of the United States during the Revolutionary War. Dr. Goebel truly observes that in those proceedings the question was not so much one of recognition as of intervention. France, partly from regard to the principles of legitimacy which then held sway in Europe, partly because it would not have been worth her while to recognize unless she was also prepared to intervene (as, indeed, recognition would have been a conspicuously unfriendly act towards Great Britain), would not have recognized the new United States Government unless she had been prepared also to support it by arms. That she did so support a revolted colony was in those days a new departure of great significance, and it bore its appropriate fruit in 1789. Dr. Goebel examines the views of Jefferson and points to his words and acts while Secretary of State as being the first clear indication of the doctrine that a new State, or a new government in a State, is entitled to recognition when it has established itself *de facto*, that is to say, when it is evidently master of the situation, able to repel attacks, and to maintain some sort of regular public order. Jefferson adopted this principle as issuing from his view that every people possesses an intrinsic natural right to determine its own form of government, and may properly exercise that right by rebellion against any existing form of which it complains. The principle was consonant with American political theory, and was followed when questions arose from 1810 onwards of recognizing the new governments in the Spanish-American States which were then beginning to dissever themselves from the old monarchy of Spain. It was followed all the more heartily because those new governments were republican, for to be a republic in form was in those days a thing which commended its government to all the friends of freedom, since they had not yet learned from experience the truth that form and name have little to do with practical excellence. When, however, in 1861, most of the slaveholding States separated themselves from the Union to form the Southern Confederacy, a new situation arose. They soon created a *de facto* government and maintained it for four years. The North was naturally alarmed lest any European Power should recognize them; as, indeed, Louis Napoleon, then ruling in France, would have liked to do. Seward, who was then Secretary of State, accordingly took up ground which swung back towards the older view that a new Government must have a good legal title as well as actual power, and dwelt on the fact that the Confederates were insurgents against an established constitutional authority. After the Civil War was over, this doctrine tended to influence the action of the United States in the cases which thereafter came before the State Department, most of which arose in Latin-American countries. Thus the language and the action of American statesmen have, during the last half-century, wavered between two views. One is that any *de facto* government is to be recognized; the other is that such a government ought also to be able to point to some legally expressed approval given to it by its own people; that is to say, must show itself to have legitimacy according to our modern ideas of what constitutes that quality. President Wilson would seem to have taken the latter view in the recent case of Huerta, President Roosevelt the former in the case of the rapid recognition of the Republic of Panama, a case on which Dr. Goebel makes some comments, though he treats both it and the Mexican instance with proper reserve. Arguments may be adduced for both views, and the facts vary so much in different cases that it is hard to lay down any principle as universally applicable, so that the inconsistencies discernible in the policy American statesmen have followed are not only excusable, but to some extent unavoidable.

Though the treatise suffers from the too frequent use of cumbrous and rather obscure pseudo-technical terms, is not altogether free from inaccuracies in matters of fact, and has more than a fair proportion of typographical errors, its historical chapters are useful. The comments are sensible, the selections from speeches and public documents are well chosen, and a spirit of fairness is visible throughout. We should, however, have desired a somewhat fuller and more exact examination of the principles which ought to be adopted in future in the presence of conditions which are only too common in the case of the minor Central and South American states. Assuming the safe rule, that in general the government *de facto* should be recognized, it becomes important to find some sort of criterion of what is a *de facto* government. No two cases are quite alike, yet certain criteria may in a given case make it easier for other governments to concur in simultaneous action. This is a consideration of no small weight, as the case of Mexico shows to-day.

PHILEROTICISM.

Goethe's Life-Poem: As Set Forth in His Life and Works. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co. $1.50.

The need of a philosophic appreciation of Goethe's significance in the world of letters is self-evident. Nearly a century has elapsed since his death, a full century since the cessation of his most active productivity; one should be able accordingly to view him dispassionately and in the proper perspective. Equally evident, alas, is the failure of the present work to meet the most moderate demands of even the general reader. The book, in fact, so far from being in any sense philosophic, reads as if it were made up of preachments delivered to a bluestocking coterie. For example:

> So the lighthearted woman [Goethe's mother] has also her battle with the fiend, whom she gets rid of then and there, whenever she meets him, by a miraculous act of deglutition. In this way she, too, may be said to have had her Philosophy of Negation, whereby she could negate the negative, dealing with it far more simply but more effectually than her son, who probably never did quite succeed in swallowing his Mephistopheles, "the Spirit that denies." Well, who does? For it is a characteristic of old Splayfoot that he will turn up again after repeated human engulfments—may he be accursed! (Pp. 30-31.)

Mr. Snider's faults may be summed up in two general categories. First, there is his own marvellous style. From the philosopher one has the right to expect moderation in language, equableness of tone, mental poise.

Whereas in Mr. Snider everything is superheated. Each turn in Goethe's life is "pivotal" (the word is an obsession); each shift in Goethe's activity is "epochal"; each happy or unhappy manifestation of talent is "volcanic" or "Titanic." To such rhetorical exaggeration is joined an immoderate straining of language; for example, the frequent use of "forefeel" in the sense of *ahnen*, of "mediate from" in the sense of "rescue, redeem"; of such far-fetched terms as "diremption," "axial," "wrappage," "fameless," p. 269, to designate conduct which avoids gossip. In general, the reader gains the impression that the writer, instead of being acute or brilliant, is only bizarre.

Secondly, Mr. Snider's attitude towards his subject is fundamentally, organically wrong, not to say vicious. Borrowing from Goethe's "Pandora" the name Phileros, Lover of Love, he proceeds to treat Goethe pretty much from cradle to grave as a lovesick swain; Germany's greatest imaginative thinker has apparently little better to do than off with the old and on with the new. Against this direful misconception every real student, whether hyphenated or not, will protest in the most energetic terms compatible with etiquette; the misconception is, in brief, an outrage. The very title of the book is misleading: there is no such thing as a Goethe Life-Poem. Goethe has enriched the world with much of its best poetry, his life was very long and unusually diversified in spiritual content; but that life is not a poem, least of all a love-poem, rather is it a problem to be studied with all the insight at our command. In the words of Clärchen's song, his life was

> Freudvoll und leidvoll,
> Gedankenvoll sein.

Yes, ever *gedankenvoll*, whether we render the word as "full of thoughts" or as "serious." Let us add Goethe's self-characterization: A man who has taken life hard, *Einer der sich das Leben hat sauer werden lassen.*

Much of our author's aberration is due to his misapprehension of Goethe's so-called autobiography. We note a similar blunder in Mrs. Burr's book, "The Autobiography," an otherwise admirable discussion of autobiographical writing from Augustine down. When Goethe, at the age of fifty-nine, began the writing of his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," two facts must have been clear to his mind: the one, that his life after settling in Weimar was already adequately known; the other, that round his earlier life had grown up a whole literature of fable. "Wahrheit und Dichtung," then, is an attempt to dispel the fable and present the truth, to portray the circumstances amid which he grew to manhood and the influences which moulded his character and gave direction to his genius. The full title of the work is significant: "Aus meinem Leben, Wahrheit und Dichtung." In other words, I, Goethe, am going to tell enough of the truth to make my start in poetry intelligible. This he has done; more than this he has not attempted. Hence the work ends abruptly on the eve of his departure for Weimar. To criticise the work as an autobiography, as Mrs. Burr has done, and condemn it for not conforming to the general aims and principles of autobiographical writing, is to condemn the author for not doing what he never intended doing. To infer that Goethe was ignorant of autobiographical method is to forget that he translated Benvenuto Cellini and wrote for the "Meister" the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," the most delicate and subtle analysis of character-growth ever penned. On the other hand, to render the title by "Truth and Fiction (or Poetry)," still worse by "Fact and Symbol," and to suggest, as Mr. Snider suggests, page 517, that "the deepest impulse which drove him to seize his pen" was "to record his early loves, varying from Gretchen to Lili," is to overstep the bounds of good sense. If we strike out of "Wahrheit und Dichtung" *everything* bearing upon Gretchen (of Frankfort), Kätchen Schönkopf, Friederike, Charlotte Buff, Lili, we leave pretty much intact a portly volume of many hundred pages, treating of society in general, politics, war (somewhat), medicine, jurisprudence, and, above all, the philosophical and literary strivings of Germany about the middle of the eighteenth century. In brief, the work is a picture of Germany as Goethe saw it with the eyes of boy and young man. Especially fascinating is the *atmosphere* in which these forgotten or half-forgotten worthies move and have their being. We move with the panorama, we learn indeed to know the Holy Roman Empire of Germany *in articulo mortis*. No other literature can boast of so priceless a document. It is anything but "Symbol," it is the solid truth of history, but history interfused and interpreted by a grand poetic genius. To treat the work as a lover's chronicle is to reduce Goethe to the level of Rousseau or Casanova, or even the Chevalier Faublas!

In the matter of Friederike of Sesenheim, Mr. Snider is apparently unaware of the Lenz scandal. The soundest opinion of the Sesenheim episode in "Wahrheit und Dichtung" treats it as a deliberate attempt on Goethe's's part to rehabilitate Friederike, and in rehabilitating her he wittingly lowered himself. In like manner, Mr. Snider overlooks the recent theory that Dorothea borrowed some of her features from Lili.

The treatment of Goethe's "Reynard" is contrary to modern scholarship. At page 382 we read:

> "Reynard the Fox" originally sprang out of a vast protoplasmic ["protoplasm," "protoplasmic" haunt our author] reservoir of popular fable which showed the animal world playing the part of men in the various relations of life. This fable had especially evolved in Germany and belonged peculiarly to her people, starting far back in the primeval forest and unfolding through the medieval into the modern world.

Grimm's theory of a *Tiersage*, we comment, has been discarded these many years. So far from originating in the primeval forests of primeval Germany, the stories of Fox and Wolf are offspring of the mediæval cloister. They are emphatically a branch of clerico-monkish erudition, influenced by the Arabic Kalilah-Dimnah collection, by the Alexandrian Physiologus and the Æsopian Fables. The stories of Fox and Wolf, first composed in Latin, then in French, were translated into Flemish and thence into Low German. Goethe's "Reynard" is based upon Gottsched's edition, 1752, of the Lübeck Low German version of 1498.

Equally wrong are the remarks upon metre (p. 383). That the German *Knittelvers* should be translated "doggerel," may perhaps pass; but that "Faust" is written in doggerel, we flatly deny. That great poem exhibits nearly every conceivable form of metre except doggerel, apart from a few brief scattered passages. We deny also that Chaucer employed doggerel, or Scott in his Romances, or Whittier in his "Snow Bound." Clearly, our author, not having taken the first step in the history of metrical forms, confuses "doggerel" with the octosyllabic rhyming couplet.

At page 40 Mr. Snider calls Goethe's boyish poem, "Christ's Descent to Hell," "daring." How so? All through the Middle Ages the apocryphal "Evangelium Nicodemi" and its supplement, the "Descensus ad Inferos," were a favorite literary theme, passing from Latin into early French, English, German, and other languages. An echo of it seems to survive even in the modern children's rhyme: "Open the gates as high as the sky, Let King George and his army pass by," Saint George being substituted for the sacred name of Christ. Goethe was not more daring than many a pious cleric of mediæval Germany, and the sole question for us is to determine which especial German version he followed in his fragment.

Our criticisms are not hypercritical, but merely seek to enforce the doctrine that Goethe cannot be dealt with on *a priori* methods, and is to be interpreted only with the aid of the soundest and broadest scholarship.

We have not the patience to combat, one by one, Mr. Snider's views upon Goethe's relations to women, whether the woman in question be named Friederike, or Lili, or Frau von Stein, or Marianne, or Ulrike. Whoever begins by creating a Phileros is bound to go astray. Peculiarly exasperating is the treatment of Goethe's connection with Christiane Vulpius and their family life. The quiet Weimar household, almost humdrum in its daily routine, is turned into a house of Tantalus, Goethe the indefatigable student and writer is hounded by the Fates and Furies and all the other pack of classic hobgoblins. Such perversity is fatal to genuine study. The initiated can perhaps afford to smile; but what of the uninitiated, those who have heard something of German literature and sincerely wish to know more? We can only bid them wait in patience until some one shall arise with enough intellectual virility to exorcise all this erotic feminism and depict the veritable man and thinker.

The book is without index; even the table of contents is inadequate. We have noted many grievous misspellings which are part and parcel of the general carelessness. Thus: persistance, p. 6.; inuendo, 56; uproarous, 73; Alsations, 96; Calvanism, 176; issolation, 286; apreciates, 342; exhiliration, 378; humerous, 385. This last reminds us of the famous German hyphenization in which *Schul-terminologie* was set up *Schulterminologie!* Is proofreading in way of becoming a lost art?

A TEXTBOOK OF FINANCE.

Money and Banking. By John Thom Holdsworth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

Professor Holdsworth has few equals as a *précis* writer. He condenses and epitomizes without eviscerating. His aim has been to make a serviceable textbook, but the work before us is much more than that: it is a running critique of the principles of American banking and currency, showing rare fidelity to facts, shrewd sense of values, perspicacity of judgment, and pithy phraseology. Take, for example, his passage on Prof. Irving Fisher's "compensated dollar." He outlines Fisher's scheme with astonishing brevity and clearness, recites the arguments pro and con, and gives his own opinion in the following words:

In the first place, this scheme, being based upon the use of the multiple or tabular standard, is open to all the objections against such a method of correcting price fluctuations. Moreover, it is based upon the quantity theory of money in some form, but authorities are not agreed upon the soundness of that theory. Secondly, there does not seem to be much hope of an early international adoption of the plan, and its adoption by the United States alone would play havoc with our foreign trade and make the operations of foreign exchange uncertain and highly speculative. Thirdly, the plan is defective in that it cannot be applied to stop falling prices. Professor Fisher proposes to meet this possibility either by reducing the weight of the coined dollar or by withdrawing all gold coin and substituting gold certificates. It is probable, however, that the business world would look upon either expedient as a plan to debase the standard, and that it would meet with strong opposition Even granting that it is advisable to maintain a price average, the adoption of Professor Fisher's ingenious scheme as a practical plan seems remote. The illusion that gold is stable, produced by the fact that the price of gold is always the same, is deep-rooted in the business world. A long campaign of education will be needed before men will be willing to surrender that belief.

In such manner Professor Holdsworth glances at the whole field of money and banking, omitting no salient feature, wasting no time on immaterial considerations, sifting sense from nonsense, displaying throughout architectonic skill of a high order. His chapter on Foreign Banking Systems is really a quite remarkable feat in condensed description. What could be more succinct, and at the same time more informing, than this account of the Bank of England, covering one hundred and thirty-five years?

In 1709 it was granted a quasi-monopoly by a decree of Parliament that no other corporation or partnership of more than six persons should issue demand notes in England. As the issue of notes was regarded as the main business of banking, this provision was understood to prohibit any organization of more than six persons from engaging in banking, and for a number of years the Bank of England had a practical monopoly of the entire field of banking. It received public funds on deposit and acted as fiscal agent of the Government in placing loans, and to some extent in collecting the revenues. The charter of the bank was renewed from time to time, usually on condition of new loans to the Government or a reduction of interest on old loans. These loans for war purposes became so large that in 1797 the bank was compelled to suspend special payments and did not resume until 1821. A Parliamentary investigation into the financial situation in 1810 resulted in the famous Bullion Report, the establishing of the gold standard, and the present coinage system in 1816, and the gradual restoration of financial order. In 1826 the monopoly of the bank was relaxed and joint stock companies were allowed to do business, including the issue of notes, beyond a radius of sixty-five miles from London, and after 1833 they were authorized in London and vicinity, but without the note-issuing privilege. Upon the renewal of the bank's charter, in 1833, its notes were made legal tender everywhere in England and Wales, except at the bank itself, so long as redeemable in gold on demand. During this period joint stock banks multiplied rapidly and the amount of note issues was greatly increased. The commercial crises of 1836 and 1839 were attributed to the over-issue of bank paper, and led to a movement for banking reform which culminated in Peel's act of 1844.

The possession of this faculty of condensation enables Professor Holdsworth to present the minutiæ of banking administration as instructively as he presents the great economic principles which underlie banking and currency systems. He tells, for example, how a paying teller each day examines checks that come through the Clearing House, and how he marks them in case of insufficient funds; indeed, our author is so specific that he suggests a better way to mark them.

Such is the uniform ability displayed throughout this work that one part appears to be as skilfully handled as another. Of course, at a time like this, the chapter on Domestic and Foreign Exchange, if well written, should be of peculiar interest; and it is very well written, indeed, reminding us by its spirit—as, indeed, the whole book does—of that ingratiating English authority on similar subjects, Mr. Hartley Withers. The most difficult and confusing problem of finance is here robbed of its terrors. What may be called the normal operations of exchange are easily enough understood; the operations aside from normal—the modifying factors—are what make the subject so inexplicable to the ordinary mind. Professor Holdsworth presents these so simply, so concretely, so deftly, that the problem immediately becomes stimulating.

His description of the Federal Reserve System is the clearest we have yet seen. This whole chapter should be read in connection with the one on foreign banking. Together, they create for us an atmosphere in which best to scrutinize such great subjects as acceptances, discounts, and currency issues. Far from being a mere textbook, the work before us is one of great value, as it marshals for us not only the fundamental principles of money and banking, but also the world-wide efforts of the past to give those principles their most successful application.

Notes

"The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in Oregon," by James D Barnett, is announced for publication this week by the Macmillan Co.

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "The Most Interesting American," a study of ex-President Roosevelt, by Julian Street.

Those who owe to the translations of D. G. Rossetti their knowledge and appreciation of the Italian poetry of the early Sicilian school will profit by Prof. Ernest Langley's scholarly edition of "The Poetry of Giacomo da Lentino" (Harvard University Press). To this verse Rossetti contributed something all his own, a mood of aspiring idealism which has the savor more of his own pre-Raphaelite England than of sensuous Italian chivalry of the thirteenth century. The prose summaries of Professor Langley have, along with no little elegance, the advantage of accuracy. In them he isolates the themes, and thus to an extent also the artistic motives of the various poems. In passing to them from the original Italian we do not lose everything, for, considered as art, the poetry of the Italian Duocento lacks precisely sufficient elaboration. Its dominant mood is the melancholy of a deluded yearning in love, tinged delicately with a humor inherent in the temporary nature of this delusion. The poets of Frederick's court never clearly decided whether they were weeping or laughing. In this lies their naïve charm, a charm only intensified by their labored preciosity and by the benign complacency of their gallantry.

"The Nearing Case," by Prof. Lightner Witmer (B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net), described as "a brief of facts and opinions," comprises a number of discussions by Professor Witmer himself, together with a considerable collection of newspaper articles, letters, and extracts from various sources, all relating to the now famous dismissal of Prof. Scott Nearing by the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, last June. As the whole matter is under investigation by the American Association of University Professors, it would hardly be proper to express a final opinion, in advance of the publication of the report of the Association, regarding the merits of the case as presented by Professor Nearing's colleague. The undisputed facts appear to be that Professor Nearing's work was sufficiently satis-

factory to warrant the trustees of the University in promoting him, in June, 1914, to an assistant professorship; that he was dropped in June, 1915, under a rule of the trustees regarding annual appointments, without explanation of the reason for his dismissal, and that the trustees and provost have thus far refused to make public the grounds of their action. From the mass of allegation and suspicion which the summary action of the trustees has aroused emerge such varied intimations as that Professor Nearing's utterances, in the lecture-room and in public, were indiscreet, and brought the University into disrepute; that some of the alumni were opposed to him; that his active opposition to child labor earned him the enmity of politicians and employers; that he was a sacrifice to the secret demands of local public service corporations and influential friends of the University, and that his views regarding religion and morals were objectionable. Professor Witmer's own contributions to the volume before us are a detailed and emphatic denial of all charges, and a bold arraignment of the trustees and certain of the alumni for their course in the matter. It is greatly to be hoped, alike for Professor Nearing, the University, and the public, that a full and impartial statement of the case may soon be made; for if there is no other side than that which Professor Witmer sets forth, there can be, we think, only one verdict.

Those who elect that their criticism shall be literary in manner and spirit as well as in subject-matter will relish the appreciations of Mr. Eugene Mason in "A Book of Preferences in Literature" (Dutton; $1.25 net). He is no dilettante reading his own temperament into a few authors of narrow range. His preferences, on the contrary, happen to be those of a connoisseur in French and Spanish as well as in English. He rejoices with almost equal susceptibility in an excellence or an appeal in Wace's "Roman de Brut" and in the modern mystic, W. B. Yeats. He delights to roll under his tongue the prose of M. Anatole France, and smacks his lips over some of the short stories of Rudyard Kipling. He lingers fondly over the verse of José-Maria de Heredia as "probably the most accomplished artist of his time," and cons again and again the songs of Francis Thompson—"poetry which in its rarer moments rises to heights the most exalted of its day." He is thus various, not because he is a theorist, finding exact confirmation of his own doctrines in productions little understanded of the people, but because these several artists express some vision of beauty in the environing cosmos. He does not measure them with a rule to determine whether they rise to some classical standard. He does not sort their work into types as one may let oranges drop through different-sized holes for packing in a box. Indeed, he avows, "For my part creeds are peculiar to theology, and I am not anxious to impose them elsewhere."

On the other hand, he is no sentimentalist apotheosizing the idols of his fancy. He does, to be sure, manifest without reserve the feeling inspired by what he reads. A typical passage may be taken from his account of Thompson: "'Sister Songs,' for example, dedicated to two innocent girls, happy as spring flowers, suddenly tells, with piercing poignancy, the story of that other flower, fallen from spring's coronal and blown withering through the city streets. It records how this brave, sad, and loving girl gave of her scanty pittance to him, a stranger, that he might eat; then fled, a trackless fugitive. The emotion of the wonderful passage is heightened to an almost unbearable degree by the dramatic contrast of the delicately nurtured child, to whom the verses are spoken, with the girl whose innocency only God can give again, when He restores the years that the locusts have eaten." But this surrendering to impressions does not blind him to larger bearings. Of Thompson himself he says: "It would seem unlikely that Thompson is destined to permanent popularity. . . . His creed is anathema to a large section of the public not concerned with spiritual matters, and to a larger portion that is. . . . Such fame as he has won was derivative in the first instance from the rumors of his lamentable legend. Gossip attracted the attention of the marketplace to songs which otherwise would have fallen on deaf ears." In other essays he contrasts Christina Rossetti and Paul Verlaine as Christian poets, and dwells on M. Anatole France's absorption in the Dreyfus affair, and makes explicit the bitter philosophy beneath the exquisite art of Guy de Maupassant. Besides, he is not only a discriminating critic, but, as the quotations show, he has a style. The moments of eloquence are followed by glints of humor, of sly innuendo, or colloquial waywardness. Probably the distinctive feature is the inweaving of Scriptural phrase and allusion, which lends a haunting grace to the various individual and faintly melancholy cadences in these adventures of a discerning lover of literature.

Frederick Palmer's "My Year of the Great War" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net) is by all means the cheeriest book that has come from the trenches. Mr. Palmer has made himself the spokesman of the admirable spirit and imperturbability of the British soldier. Incidentally he gives technical information in abundance, for he is not only the most experienced correspondent in the field, but also the most favored, being sole accredited American correspondent in the British army. He was even taken to a remote and undesignated northern harbor where he saw the entire English fleet passing out in practice formation. A thrill comes even through the necessary reticence of the description. Mr. Palmer made a rapid trip through Germany and Belgium, but his main association was with the British forces. For them he conceived the liveliest admiration and affection, and he is easily their best chronicler. While the student will readily pick out the details of trench tactics, staff, and supply, the average reader will most value, and properly, the very personal tone of the narrative. Such masterpieces of dry humor as the non-com. grenadier discoursing on the qualities and limitations of hand-thrown bombs are what really distinguish the book. Mr. Palmer's survey will be encouraging to those who have doubted England's ability to shoulder, as soon she must, the greater part of the burden of the war in the west. He writes:

> If the war shows anything it is that basically English character has not changed. She still has unconquerable, dogged persistence, and her defects for this kind of war are not among the least admirable of her traits to those who desire to live their own lives in their own way, as the English-speaking people have done for five hundred years. . . .
>
> It is still the law that when a company of infantry marches through London it must be escorted by a policeman. This means a good deal: that civil power is superior to military power. It is a symbol of what Englishmen have fought for with spades and pitchforks and what we have fought England for. My own idea is that England is fighting for it in this struggle; and starting unready against a foe which was ready, as the free peoples always have, she was fighting for time and experience before she could strike her sturdiest blows.

The analysis of the collective soul of a nation, difficult enough in ordinary times, is infinitely more so when half the world is in arms and national passions run high. But the number of books during the past year on the Soul of Germany, the Spirit of France, and *l'Ame Belge,* shows that the difficulties have no terrors for fluent authors. Distinctly above the average of this kind of socio-psychological *tour de force* is "The Spirit of the Allied Nations" (Macmillan), a series of lectures given last winter at King's College under the Imperial Studies Committee, and edited with an introduction by Sidney Low. Underneath all the lectures lies Renan's conception of nationality: that a nation is not alone a matter of race or religion or language; but "a soul and a spiritual principle, the resultant of a long historic past, of sacrifices and efforts made in common, and of a united will and aspiration in the present." Otherwise the lectures vary much in value and method of laying bare the national soul. Prof. Paul Studer, of Oxford, handles deftly the familiar subject of the intellectual and artistic side of French nature, maintaining that here at least the influence of France on the modern world has been unrivalled; even Germany has received constant inspiration from French letters through many centuries. Professor Hamelius, one of the notable band of Belgian scholars driven into enforced exile, points out as the distinctive feature of his native land Belgium's position between the Latin and Teutonic worlds, a link between them if also a barrier, a chemical compound of the two elements from which a new substance has been evolved. Flemish and French are mixed with Walloon and a little German; Latin vivacity with Dutch caution and shrewdness; the emotional faith of the South with the practical outlook upon life of the North; mysticism with frank materialism, as seen characteristically in the most typical Belgian Rubens, the painter both of the Antwerp Crucifixion and of the drunken Silenus.

The spirit of the Russian masses, the peasantry and the working classes, is sympathetically studied by M. Aladin, a former member of the Duma. He shows how completely the Russian masses have been misunderstood by Germany, who, with all her systematic grasp of facts and things, does most commonly misunderstand the emotions and ideas of other peoples. She mistook the temper of Russia as she did that of Britain and Ireland and South Africa. She believed she saw Russia on the verge of another paralyzing social upheaval such as inaugurated the Duma a decade ago; she failed to discern the passionate sense of racial and religious unity which is the soul of Russia. Mr. Seton-Watson's account of Servia is one unbroken paean of admiration; his panegyric of Servian military power, which has expelled all enemies from Servian soil and "so completely beaten and demoralized the Austrian army" as to make it "useless for any further offensive," is less felicitous in December than when it was written in January. Most charming and fresh, with the very atmosphere of the cherry blossoms, is Prof. J. H. Longford's description of

the spirit of Old Japan—its scenery, customs, religions, and institutions, interpreted by the author's interesting parallels between the British island empire in the West and the Japanese Empire in the East. When he went to Japan some forty years ago it was still the land of romance and feudalism. Silk-clad and sword-girt samurai still paced the streets with solemn dignity. Great feudal lords passed in gorgeous palanquins of lacquer inlaid with gold, while passing commoners bowed their heads to the ground in humble reverence. But we question whether under the spell of Nippon's charm and the life of Old Japan Professor Longford quite grasps the New Japan—the materialism following the transformation of the industrial revolution and the ambitions aroused by three successful wars against China, Russia, and Germany. We doubt whether it is quite true that "the spirit of the people is unchanged." Great Britain's peculiar distinction, according to the able concluding chapter by Sidney Low, is the way she has shown to the world, in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and elsewhere beyond the seas, how Liberty and Empire may be reconciled, how the Will to Live may work in harmony with the Will to Power, how in the fulness of time the world may contain not one but several great federated empires besides the British.

Prof. K. Emil Hilgard, of Zurich, is the author of an excellent brochure entitled "Ueber Geschichte und Bau des Panama-Kanales" (Zurich: Orell Füssli). In comparatively brief compass it gives a comprehensive survey of the history of the canal, its leading engineering features, the geographical conditions, etc. Professor Hilgard writes with all enthusiasm about the achievements of Gens. Goethals and Gorgas, which he thinks epoch-making and a great American contribution to civilization. In the main, however, he confines himself to a recitation of the facts and lets them tell their story. But as a sympathizer with Germany in the present war he cannot refrain from contrasting the sanitation of the Canal Zone with what he considers the wrongful supplying of munitions to the Allies, because of which he attributes to America a large responsibility for the growing death-rate and misery in Europe. Professor Hilgard's pamphlet is excellently illustrated by photographic views and tabular presentations of the engineering results achieved, several of which are original with the author.

A tendency in recent years, on the part of teachers of economics, to rely less upon textbooks as a means of instruction, and to supplement or even to supplant the usual manuals by collections of material gathered from diverse sources, has been most marked in the middle West. "Current Economic Problems, a Series of Readings in the Control of Industrial Development," edited by Walton Hale Hamilton (The University of Chicago Press; $2.75 net), which grew up in the process of instruction at the Universities of Michigan and of Chicago, has had the benefit of the experience and advice of teachers, notably Professor Taylor of Ann Arbor, who have done much to bring the new method into favor; it has been tested in the class room in two separate editions before this final revision was published; it appears now as an excellent representative of its class. The book differs from others in the field, in that it does not aim to cover the whole body of economic principles, but concentrates its material to illustrate problems in the control of industrial development. Two chapters discuss the historical sources and general character of the present industrial system, others take up the pecuniary basis of its organization, the problem of population, and the questions of political theory underlying regulation by the State; most of the chapters, of which there are fourteen in all, cover more specific topics, such as crises, international trade, railways, trusts, trade unionism, and various aspects of the movement for social reform.

The editor has garnered from a wide field, and is quite regardless of the authority from which he quotes, whether it be the Bible, the Supreme Court, Mr. Dooley, or the ill-fated author of "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." He says frankly that his object is to raise questions rather than to answer them. In general, however, the extracts are sober and substantial. If the point of some of them is not very clear, these may be omitted, and there will still remain in the volume, which comprises nearly eight hundred closely printed pages, enough material to engage the attention of a thoughtful student for a good part of a year. The new plan of teaching economics, which this book is designed to serve, is still on trial. Apparent as are some of its advantages, it entails practical difficulties in administration, and a serious danger of slipshod habits of thought as its result. Its standing in the academic world has been hurt by such extravagant claims as that which would appropriate for it the title of "the Inductive method." The best argument for the extension of the new plan is furnished by actual instruments of instruction like that which the editor of this collection has supplied.

Lively anticipations are raised by a preliminary glance at Irene L. Plunket's attractively printed and illustrated "Isabel of Castile" (Putnam; $2.50 net), but more careful perusal reveals little to justify them. The story of Spain's greatest queen was told far more accurately and interestingly by Prescott, three-quarters of a century ago. A good deal of fresh material has become available since "Ferdinand and Isabella" was first published, and the list of "principal authorities" on which the present work is based indicates that its author is familiar with some of them; but she seems utterly unable to estimate their respective positions and values, and use them accordingly. The result is a strange jumble. The account of Castile in the fifteenth century with which the book opens is a tangle of inaccuracies; one does not need to read more than a few pages to be certain that the author has nowhere delved beneath the topmost surface. The style of the book may better be imagined than described. The following quotation from page 18 will suffice: "An occasion of outward or obvious importance, when a succession or a Council of Regency were under dispute, or if an oath of homage to a new sovereign or the confirmation of some unprecedented act were required; all three 'estates' would meet together at whatever town the king happened to be staying." It seems inevitable that most of the attractive queens and princesses of mediæval and modern Europe should be "done over" in biographies of this style in these degenerate days; but the authors of such books should have enough discretion to avoid choosing subjects which have already been treated in classic works, and in words which will endure for all time.

In order to arrive at the heart of Baron De Kusel's irrelevant and lengthy Egyptian recollections, the reader would do well to plunge into the middle of his 350 closely written pages. What precedes is a leisurely recital of events and impressions, more or less trivial and personal. Under other and more skilful hands the observations contained in this prelude, covering a period from 1863 down to the rebellion of Arabi Pasha and the bombardment of Alexandria, might have been made of engrossing interest, but the complacent author of "An Englishman's Recollections of Egypt" (Lane; $3 net) was unfortunately not so gifted. Thus an excellent opportunity for a first-hand history of the pre-British period in Egyptian affairs, of the days of the oppressed fellahin and the kourbash, will be lost unless an enterprising publisher scientifically lays siege to Baron De Kusel's valuable store of experiences. For the author certainly possesses a wealth of such material, having been intimately associated with Egyptian affairs, sharing native and official confidence to a privileged degree, prior to the inception of the new régime under the British. As a customs official the author was thrown into close contact with native officials, and had a view of their politics in Cairo that has rarely been offered to another European. He was familiar with Arabi, Zobeir, and the other leading lights of pashadom. Later, he was more or less officially associated with the British protagonists like Gordon, Lords Cromer and Kitchener, and the various generals that had previously essayed the reclamation and extension of Egyptian borders. But all these personalities, excepting, possibly, Zobeir Pasha, come and go through his pages like silhouettes.

On Gordon, whom he knew, Baron De Kusel throws a new and interesting sidelight in the much-discussed relation with Zobeir Pasha. The author was a close friend of Zobeir, and shares the opinion now current that the neglect of Gordon's urgent requests for Zobeir as a colleague in the reconquest of the Sudan, once held in sway by the latter in his unregenerate, slave-dealing days, largely contributed to the misunderstandings that ended in the tragedy at Khartum. Vivid, for once, are the impressions of the few days of Arabi's power, and of the consequent bombardment of Alexandria. But the bombardment is more a spectacle than an historic episode, and the brief reign of Arabi Pasha, or the events that followed, are never seen in their true political perspective. After the bombardment, the author tells us, it was the American marines that first landed to restore order in the city, the British not landing until twenty-four hours later. Thus, as on a film, the author passes in leisurely review the opening of the Suez Canal, the maelstrom of Egyptian politics, the various personalities that helped make recent Egyptian history. Except for the sketch of the relations of Gordon and Zobeir Pasha, his record is interspersed with quotations from standard authorities, and largely made up of ingenuous after-thoughts and arid impressions of Egyptian habits, customs, and art. Through these pages of personal gossip, sport, and similar conviviality the reader will look in vain for the rewarding in-

sight or observation that so long and close an association presented to the author.

The experiences of the student who worked his way through his four years' course at Princeton, as related by himself and recorded by Christian Gauss under the title "Through College on Nothing a Year" (Scribner; $1 net) round out a tale which deserves the too much abused word "human document." Owning for his background "a somewhat disreputable Jersey suburb of New York, famous for its goats and slums," he belonged to that minority for whom a college education results in an actual and downright break in station of life. If college was an unknown world, he was on the other hand accustomed to working for small pay, to shifting for himself, to asking for what he wanted. Utterly unprepared for the collegiate experience, he was much at home with the other half of his problem. A more exceptional part of his performance fell in his years as an upper classman, when he found scope for a special aptitude in business. As a freshman he made five dollars selling football programmes; as a senior he organized the selling of forty subordinates, managed a pressing establishment, promoted a successful distributing agency, speculated to advantage in sophomore "stickers," in short, marketed ideas instead of selling time. The Self Help Bureau, the College Farm, and other agencies for assisting the self-supporting student were of use to him, and the record of his experience should be as valuable as it is inspiriting. None the less, the fact is to be kept in view that, despite his handicaps and burdens, his native endowment, sharpened though it was by necessity, topped the average. To expect every student facing the same problem to give as good an account of himself would not promote the solution of the university's problem in encouraging the poor sub-freshman to dare its doors.

We have received from Ginn & Company the first nine volumes of their New Hudson Shakespeare series (30 cents each): "As You Like It," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and "Twelfth Night." This is a convenient edition of the plays, intended primarily for use in schools, well printed on paper of good quality. The volumes are thin and slip easily into the pocket. Introduction and explanatory footnotes are furnished by Prof. Henry Norman Hudson, and the edition is edited and revised by Ebenezer Charlton Black and Andrew Jackson George. The short introductions give in a concise form the information desirable for an intelligent reading of the plays, under such headings as Sources, Date of Composition, Editions, Dramatic Structure, Versification and Diction, General Characteristics, Characters. A useful feature of the volume is a chronological chart giving dates of the principal events in Shakespeare's life and relating these to British and foreign literature and to important historical events of the period.

Books on "mental science" deserve respectful consideration in proportion to their scientific accuracy, but the importation of Bible passages into the argument by means of forced interpretation and fanciful conceptions deserves severe condemnation. Such a method of argumentation characterizes "Bible Mystery and Bible Meaning," by T. Troward (McBride, Nast; $1.50 net).

Drama

NEW PRODUCTIONS IN LONDON—MR. VACHELL AS PLAYWRIGHT—AN ENTERTAINMENT BY LOUIS PARKER.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

London, November 8.

Since the production of "Quinneys'," Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell has decidedly taken rank among the playwrights who count. On the other hand, his new play, "The Case of Lady Camber," is one that does not count—that is neither here nor there. It provides Mr. H. B. Irving with a congenial part, and it occupies a couple of hours agreeably enough; but its technical interest is slight and its intellectual qualities nil.

Harley Napier, F.R.C.S., is the owner of a fashionable nursing-home in the West End of London. He is an enthusiastic man of science, and has discovered a new poison, which is colorless, tasteless, and leaves no traces behind it. He has also discovered a jewel among nurses, Miss Esther Yorke, who is silently devoted to him, and whose love he in reality returns, though he has been too busy to notice the fact. The even tenor of life in this idyllic nursing-home is rudely interrupted by "the case of Lady Camber." That peeress was in bygone days a star of musical comedy, noted (mark this!) for her talent as a mimic. Her marriage with Lord Camber has proved a ghastly mistake, and she has fallen into wretched health. Her one chance of life lies in the skill of Harley Napier, seconded by the almost miraculous ministrations of Nurse Yorke.

But Nurse Yorke is exceedingly unwilling to undertake the case, for reasons which she cannot explain to Dr. Napier. The fact is that, some years before, she was found by Lord Camber (then a bachelor) in the depths of poverty and very ill. He took her to his flat, where she remained for a fortnight, in all innocence and propriety, but, alas! without a chaperon. So soon as she recovered her health, she fled from this equivocal position, and Lord Camber sought for her in vain. It was in disgust at this disappointment that he married his Gaiety Girl. Having now discovered the long-lost fugitive in the character of Dr. Napier's pet nurse, his Lordship manifests a desire to renew their relation at the point where she broke it off; so that it is only on Dr. Napier's urgent insistence that she consents to undertake the case of Lady Camber.

Six weeks pass, and Lady Camber is recovering. Unfortunately, she has as her personal attendant an exceedingly jealous old woman who hates Nurse Yorke, and, spying upon her, discovers that she receives letters from Lord Camber. This fact she discloses to Lady Camber, whom it throws into a frenzy. There is a telephone in Lady Camber's room (an unusual accessory, one would think, in a nursing-home), and to it the distracted woman rushes. She rings up Lord Camber, and, making use of her gift of mimicry, carries on a conversation with him in the voice of Nurse Yorke. The situation is a sufficiently ingenious and effective one, but it is rather clumsily handled. Among other compromising things, Lord Camber is made to say, "I love you even more than I did when you spent that fortnight at my flat"—an improbable speech for him to make at all, and doubly improbable over the telephone. Lady Camber, still impersonating Miss Yorke, tells her husband to come to the home immediately, and when he arrives there is, of course, a furious scene, which ends in her being carried fainting from the stage.

The former relation between Miss Yorke and Lord Camber is thus revealed to Dr. Napier, and the shock of the discovery awakens him to the nature of his feelings for Nurse Yorke. In a few hours Lady Camber dies; and what is Dr. Napier's horror, on going to his poison cupboard, to find that the phial containing his new and untraceable poison has been abstracted! As a matter of fact, Nurse Yorke has taken it with a view to suicide; but how is the doctor to know that she has not poisoned Lady Camber in order to step into her shoes? In the end, of course, he convinces himself of her innocence by setting traps into which, if guilty, she is likely to fall. The plot here becomes too complex for analysis, and too artificial to be really interesting. Such merit as the play possesses lies in the character of Lady Camber, which is drawn with a good deal of spirit. The jealous old dresser and maid is also well done. The doctor and the nurse are little better than ideal waxworks.

"Iris Intervenes" is the title of a three-act comedy by a new writer, Mr. John Hastings Turner, produced by Miss Lena Ashwell at the Kingsway Theatre. The press has been very kind to it, probably in view of the author's youth, and in the hope of better things to come. This leniency is an error on the right side, and I am the last to quarrel with it; but it must be confessed that, although the play shows a good deal of promise, its actual merit is scant enough. It tells a fantastic story of the irruption of a beautiful and imperious Russian damsel into an ultra-philistine suburban British household. The head of this household combines abject snobbery with extreme imbecility; and for that very reason (as we are told) he is selected by an American engineering firm for the guardianship of certain precious documents, of which a rival firm is anxious to obtain possession. No one, it is thought, will ever imagine that the papers would be entrusted to the keeping of so notorious an idiot. But the rival firm has somehow anticipated this astute move, an attempt is made to steal the papers, and the fair Muscovite and the little snob (who cordially disapproves of her) go careering over the country in a motor-car

on the track of the thief. The papers are duly recovered, though not by them, and the incident ends in a certain widening of the mental horizon of the suburban hero. There is a good deal of whimsical cleverness in the dialogue, which kept the audience amused; but a more aimless and preposterous story it would be hard to imagine. The author is apparently a very young disciple in the school of Mr. Shaw—an influence which he cannot make too great haste to throw off. What is imitable in Mr. Shaw's work is bad; what is good is inimitable.

Mr. Louis Parker, the author of "Disraeli" and "Pomander Walk" and the inventor of the historical pageants which had a brief vogue some years ago, has furnished Sir Herbert Tree's Theatre with an entertainment which has a very fair chance of popularity even in these troublous time. I call "Mavourneen" an entertainment rather than a play, for it is impossible to consider it seriously from the dramatic point of view. It is an adroit excuse for the exhibition of some picturesque scenery and costumes, and for the development of the engaging talent of Miss Lily Elsie. This lady was for several years the bright particular star of Daly's Theatre, under the management of the late George Edwardes. She was, if I mistake not, the original "Merry Widow." Then she married and left the stage for some years; but her admirers had by no means forgotten her, and it was a brilliant managerial inspiration of Sir Herbert Tree's to lure her back to the footlights. Henry Irving or Sarah Bernhardt had never a greater reception than was accorded to her at His Majesty's.

It must be owned that the raptures of the public, if a little excessive, were not quite unjustified; for Miss Elsie has real talent as a comic actress and played very agreeably the part which Mr. Parker had cut to her measure. Patricia O'Brien, alias "Mavourneen," is, of course, a wild Irish girl of overflowing humor, irrepressible spirit, undaunted courage, and unassailable virtue. In order to escape from a distasteful marriage which her father has arranged for her, she dons doublet and hose and sets off for London—the London of King Charles the Second. Riding into the first inn-yard she comes to, she there finds herself, by a happy accident, in the midst of a brilliant circle of courtiers—Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and I know not who besides. It only needed Clifford and Lauderdale to make up the whole "cabal." Then Samuel Pepys drops in with Mrs. Pepys; then the reigning favorite, Lady Castlemaine; and finally—of all people—Queen Catharine of Braganza! Patricia is dowered not only with the tongue of Beatrice, but with the sword of D'Artagnan; and she finds in this scene ample opportunity for the employment of both weapons. She renders a service to the Queen, and becomes one of her maids of honor; in which capacity she attracts the attention of the Merry Monarch himself. He makes her costly presents of dress and jewelry, which she accepts in all innocence, being far too simple minded to suspect any ulterior design. When at last she does perceive the drift of his Majesty's homage, she rebukes him with so much spirit and charm combined that, far from resenting his defeat, he bestows a knighthood on her chivalrous lover, makes her father confessor a dean, if not a bishop, and altogether conducts himself more like a fairy godmother than a baffled libertine. All this, of course, is terrible nonsense, but it scarcely pretends to be anything else; and it has little or none of the offensiveness of the "Nell Gwynne" plays, which were painfully popular some years ago.

An old-fashioned errant-husband farce, named "A Little Bit of Fluff," has been produced at the Criterion, by an author otherwise unknown to me, Mr. Walter W. Ellis. It is pretty sure, I imagine, to make its way to America; for it has the one great merit of its species—it is uproariously funny. Refinement it has none, and its ingenuity might better be termed impudence; yet, do what you will, you cannot choose but laugh at it.

"TREASURE ISLAND."

The small and picturesque Punch and Judy Theatre, under the management of Charles Hopkins, opened its season last week with a presentation of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," adapted for the stage by Jules Eckert Goodman. To the credit of this ambitious production three points stand out as noteworthy: the success with which the adaptation has preserved the spirit of the original; the high level of the individual performances, coördinated by admirable stage management; the really remarkable achievement of the producers in mounting so elaborate a production on the tiny stage of the theatre. In illustration of the last point, one scene in particular may be mentioned, that showing the quay at Bristol, with a real-looking ship at anchor and Long John's Inn to the right. A more enjoyable performance for the holiday season than is given by Mr. Hopkins's company can hardly be imagined, and if there is justice in the world the Punch and Judy Theatre should be filled to its limited capacity for many nights to come.

The first act, in the Admiral Benbow Inn, is dramatically the best, starting off with the ribald chorus, "Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum," and maintaining throughout the melodramatic level set by that excellent ditty. The success of this act is mainly attributable to the capital performance of Bill Bones by Tim Murphy, which is conceived in the spirit of old-fashioned melodrama and executed with unfailing vigor. The Long John Silver—plausible villain—of Edward Emery is another excellent characterization, in which the two sides of the rascal's character are well brought out. Mr. Hopkins himself gives a well-considered study of Ben Gunn. The Jim Hawkins of Mrs. Hopkins is a performance marked by intelligence and ability, but Jim is an exceedingly masculine little fellow, and Mrs. Hopkins's charm is all feminine. Lack of space alone prevents us from paying tribute to other individual performances in this very delightful production. S. W.

SOTHERN AS LORD DUNDREARY.

Hearty thanks are due to Mr. E. H. Sothern for reviving at the Booth Theatre Tom Taylor's four-act comedy, "Our American Cousin," in which Mr. Sothern's father made a notable success some fifty years ago. In the present revival the elder Sothern's manner, as we are informed by venerable critics, is almost perfectly reproduced, but the spirit with which he animated the rôle is lacking. The latter part of this statement is not difficult to believe. Mr. E. H. Sothern's interpretation of the eccentric lord appears to be American to a degree. He has developed the sheer nonsense of the piece in a more finished way, to be sure, than could be expected of any vaudeville performer, but with a heartiness which even the lighter stage could not excel. The proof of his acting is the laughter of the audience, which is tumultuous. This he has succeeded in doing without wrenching the character from its setting. He has, indeed, by his spirited interpretation quickened the pace of what might easily have become a rather slow play; for it is trite to remark that as a whole Tom Taylor's masterpiece is not impressive.

With Mr. Sothern, to mention the outstanding members of the cast, are the following: Sydney Mather, as the American cousin; Lark Taylor, as the unscrupulous attorney, Richard Coyle; Orlando Daly, as the honest but besotted ex-tutor—an amusing relic of old-fashioned melodrama; Blanche Yurka, as Florence, and Emily Callaway, as Mary the milkmaid. F.

"THE WARE CASE."

As the structure of this importation from London was carefully analyzed in one of Mr. Archer's letters (*Nation*, October 28), we need not trouble our readers by repeating the details of a play which in any land would be thought amateurish. George Pleydell (Bancroft), the author, has contributed only another to the several plays of crime and detection which have been so much in vogue these past two or three years. Of course there is a trial scene—a not very effective one, by the way, and not wholly because audiences have had something too much of this sort of thing of late; the business and arguments leave the spectators bored before the scene is half finished. One act only, the last, that in which the wicked baronet, having been wrongly acquitted of murder, confesses his guilt to his long-suffering wife, possesses large possibilities. For the moment one forgets, owing mainly to the finished acting of Lou-Tellegen, that these are not real, consistent characters, and surrenders to the strong emotional appeal. But the spell is broken by any reflection upon what has gone before.

Credit is also due to Lou-Tellegen for the remarkable representation of controlled excitement which he gave while in the prisoner's dock. In the more usual moments of this baronet's life he seemed ill at ease, even while exhibiting a sort of acting which appeared extremely quiet and contained for a disciple, as he is, of the French school. Gladys Hanson made at times a lovely Lady Ware, but the part as a whole is not credible. Other members of the cast are Montagu Love, as the honorable lover of Lady Ware, and legal defender of Sir Hubert. He has been seen before to advantage on the New York stage.

John Halliday and Maude Hannaford made an attractive pair of lovers. The rich young brother-in-law of Lady Ware (played by Charles Derickson) is a wretched little jack-in-the-box, belonging loosely to a type that is not infrequent in English plays. Is it in life, or only on the stage, that young men feel privileged to hop upon a divan in a drawing-room with both feet, and wiggle about as though they had Saint-Vitus's dance? F.

Music

SURPRISING CHAMBER MUSIC.

Chamber music as performed by one, two, three, four, or more stringed instruments, with or without piano, is the most dignified branch of the art and the most intellectual, because, with so few instruments, there is not much opportunity for varied coloring or for sensational effects. The audiences, likewise, are the most dignified in behavior, and while a string quartet by Beethoven or Brahms, Schubert or Grieg, often arouses great enthusiasm, one seldom notes any other manifestation of emotion on the part of the listeners. An exception must be recorded at last week's concert of the Flonzaley Quartet, which played a piece that made the audience laugh and insist on its being played over again. Moreover, this piece lasted only one minute—a new thing in the realm of chamber music; it also established a record in being doubtless the most surprising, the ugliest, and the silliest composition ever placed before an audience at such a concert.

The short composition which made the Flonzaley audience laugh was one of "Three Pieces for Quartet" by the Russian futurist, Igor Stravinsky. It is intended, as Prof. Daniel Gregory Mason, of Columbia University, explained to the audience, to describe a desert and a wandering group of peasants with a bagpipe and a drum. The surprising sounds emitted suggested, however, an altercation among wild animals that make their home in the desert. Nor was there much more suggestion of the music of civilization in the other two pieces. One of these is supposed to picture a church in which plain chants are repeated from priests to choir; the other, a juggler laboring under some great sorrow but forced, nevertheless, to do his little tricks. Massenet, in his "Jongleur de Notre Dame," had a similar subject to this last one; he made it a masterpiece of melody, beautiful and touching. Stravinsky succeeded equally well in what was obviously his object—to make as great a variety of hideous noises as four instruments can perpetrate.

More "futurist" music was heard at a recital given last Sunday by Leo Ornstein, who chose the piano as a means of surprising and torturing his hearers. The most extravagant piece on his programme was his own "Wild Men's Dance." With such a subject a composer may claim considerable license in the way of tonal orgies, and Mr. Ornstein makes full use of it. To come back to Stravinsky, he also usually chooses subjects which are supposed to justify the frightfulness of his music, if music it can be called, for it has little in common with what has heretofore been known by that name. In his "Petrouchka," which is to be produced here this season by the Diaghileff Russian Ballet, there are scenes which resemble the subjects of the three pieces played by the Flonzaleys, and in which the cacophony is partly justified by apparently humorous intentions. One of these episodes is a caricature of a barrel-organ grinder; another, an unmistakable imitation of a street band, while a third represents a bear walking on his hind paws.

Turning to music properly speaking, we have to record two important piano recitals, both of them by artists of the British race—Katharine Goodson and Ernest Hutcheson. Miss Goodson, who, in private life, is Mrs. Hinton, the wife of one of the best and sanest English composers of the day, Arthur Hinton, has been known for years as "the English pianist with a Slavic temperament." Her programme was devoted entirely to Chopin, the whole atmosphere of whose art is as un-British as anything could be; yet she plays it as if she had been born at Warsaw, of Polish parentage; and from previous recitals it is known that she plays Liszt's rhapsodies as if her nurse had been a gypsy from the plains of Hungary. The other pianist referred to, Ernest Hutcheson, hails, like Percy Grainger, from Australia. He got the New York Symphony Orchestra to play with him, at one sitting, three concertos. As a rule, such a proceeding can hardly be commended, but Mr. Hutcheson is so good a pianist, and he had shown such excellent taste in the choice of his concertos, that it was easy to forgive him. The three works on his programme were MacDowell's D minor, which is looming up larger and larger every year, and now seems quite the equal of the other two works played on this occasion: Tchaikovsky's concerto in B flat minor and Liszt's in E flat. Percy Grainger was so impressed by Mr. Hutcheson's playing of MacDowell's splendid work that he promptly made up his mind to add it to his own repertory.

Nothing of special importance happened at the Metropolitan Opera House last week. Of orchestral concerts, the most important were those given in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. Dr. Muck is one of several prominent conductors who were pupils and friends of Anton Bruckner, and once in a while he ventures to place one of Bruckner's symphonies on a programme. The seventh was performed last Thursday, under his bâton, and most admirably; but, as always, the chief impression made was that this symphonist had little to say and took a long time to say it. Amends were made by the violin concertos of Beethoven and Viotti, played by Kreisler, whose cadenzas, or quasi-improvisations—while the orchestra is silent—on the themes of these concertos, and the way he plays them, would alone stamp him as the greatest of living violinists. HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

THE ETCHINGS OF CHILDE HASSAM.

Although one cannot imagine Childe Hassam seriously at a loss with any instrument of the graphic art, the point would seem his least congenial tool. Accordingly, the exhibition of some sixty etchings from his hand, at Keppel's, promised to be chiefly a new *tour de force*. This in many ways it is, largely because of the bewildering variety of the work. Hassam is putting the line through its paces, to excellent effect. Except for occasional infelicities of printing, especially of wiping and tone on plate, the work is like the different periods of a long activity. It is hard to realize that it represents merely the experimenting and recreation of a few years past. One could distinguish several manners, the tremulous expressiveness of the little nude Kitty Resting suggests Whistler; two or three able little memoranda of the Highlands of the Hudson have the frank and direct naturalism of Lalanne or of Daubigny's delightful minor plates; two or three charming architectural bits from old Portsmouth recall just a bit the mood of the smaller Canaletto prints. Then there are plates of old homes amid gardens delicately shimmering and dappled with shadows, the method being so thoroughly effaced that the masses of lines have been completely transmuted into tone. Here, of course, Mr. Hassam's own painting underlies the new effort, and the clearest graphic analogy is Whistler's lithographs. There is an amazingly minute and well-balanced study, Old Warehouses, Portsmouth, which actually assumes the crumbling deliciousness of a lithograph at six-foot range. Its very perfection suggests Mr. Hassam's occasional failure to grasp the idiom of etching. A number of larger interiors with figures are very skilful in adjustment of values of light, very elaborate in execution, and have a not quite happy look as of reproductive prints. These may well be the field of experiment in a new technic. If so, they enhance one's idea of the artist's vitality and resourcefulness.

If I have emphasized the variety of the show, I do not wish to minimize its essential unity. Mr. Hassam carries over into etching the convictions of a delicate luminist. He refuses consistently the broader and more idiomatic means of expression—the areas of dazzling white paper balancing areas of velvety black, which are common to Rembrandt and the recent English etchers under his domination. Mr. Hassam refuses these unnatural contrasts, and multiplies delicate weavings of lines which combine at the right distance into tone. There is almost always an ideal of a definitely pictorial sort. There never was less a sketcher etcher, and this is very interesting, for Mr. Hassam is one of the most accomplished sketchers of our times in water-color and pastel. It shows the seriousness with which

he is taking the new departure. The reticence and subtlety of the method give these prints distinction. In the best, perhaps Cos Cob Docks, and the river scene fancifully named Old Lace, the tenuous yet complete web of lines does its work of constituting tone and value while persisting as visible line. Such plates as these, and the Athenæum, Portsmouth, seem very definitely Mr. Hassam's own contribution to etching. Their equilibrium is a very sensitive one; a little forcing of the contrasts, a further multiplication of the lines in masses, and we should have merely one more "picturesque" or overworked plate. In setting himself a definite pictorial ideal identical with that of his painting, Mr. Hassam goes far to asking the impossible of the etched line. How far he is wise in sacrificing the obvious picturesque resources of the medium is another question. It is enough to record the probity of the effort and its success. Mr. Hassam's capacity to keep the relish of his mood through these new and minute processes of working, biting, and printing the plate reveals anew the tenacity which gives edge to his finesse. He is fully conscious of the sacrifice he is making, for the splendid woman's torso, called simply Nude, is as plastic and velvety as a Zorn. As I write my eye falls on Samuel Palmer's The Morning of Life, with its throbbing contrasts of light and dark rippling over the lovely linear pattern. It is the organ note of etching, or rather the full chord as first sounded by Rembrandt. Yet I do not doubt that Mr. Hassam will make for us exquisite music within the limitations of the oaten flute which he has chosen to be his instrument. M.

Finance

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

In future economic histories of the European war, it is probable that one particular combination of events will be described with considerable interest—the sweepingly successful completion of the German army's military campaign in Servia, and the reception of the news, in the outside world, by the most rapid movement of the foreign exchanges against Berlin that has occurred since the war began. Two weeks ago, when it was still imagined that a chance of relief to the Servians by the Allied armies existed, German exchange at New York was quoted, on the usual basis of reckoning, at 80⅝ cents for four marks. This was above the previous low level of war-time—80⅜ at the opening of September—but it also compared with a normal parity of 95½. On Monday of last week a rapid decline began. The rate touched 79⅝ that day; on Tuesday it was down to 79⅜; on Friday it fell to 78¼.

A movement so striking as this, under all the circumstances, raises the question again, exactly what such fluctuations in exchange on a given belligerent market mean. It is possible for a fall in exchange like this week's to mean one or all of three things. It may simply reflect the balance of trade; the Imperial Finance Minister has officially declared that the depreciation of New York exchange on Berlin is merely a necessary result of the blockade of Germany. On that theory, the present week's fall in Berlin exchange has in some quarters been accounted for by the increased severity of the British blockade. The decline may also reflect, however, increasing depreciation of the German currency.

There is no gold premium in Germany; largely, perhaps, because a law was passed in the autumn sending a man to prison if he should offer such a premium. But gold redemption of the currency has been suspended in Germany since the war began; a draft on Berlin, purchased in the foreign exchange market at New York, can be redeemed at Berlin only in current funds, and the New York purchaser of that draft at a heavy discount from its normal gold redemption value cannot be put in a German jail. Following the suspension of gold payments in Germany during August, 1914, the Imperial Bank's note issues, by the latest weekly return, have been increased $1,000,000,000, or 212 per cent.

How far, in the third place, such a fall in exchange could be held to reflect an unfavorable change in the economic or political situation of the market on which the bills are drawn, is a more obscure question. All that one can say certainly is, that the oldest tradition of modern finance is that, when the foreign exchanges move in favor of a given country, things are going well with it, and that the contrary is equally true.

Had this theory been applied to England and France, at the time when New York exchange on London and Paris touched the year's low level on September 1, one might say, even now and in retrospect, that the movement did mean unfavorable developments—economic, political, and military. Last week's break in Berlin exchange can hardly mean adverse judgment on the German military news. Whether, on the other hand, it was connected with other aspects of the situation—obscurely indicated by the break in the Austrian Cabinet and the angry controversy which began when the German Reichstag reconvened last week—and whether, therefore, it had anything to do with the political and economic situation, is a matter which the longer sequel, both of the economic history of the war and of the foreign exchange market, may have to settle.

Such an incident as this sweeping movement of exchange rates adversely to Berlin revives, very naturally, the talk of "financial exhaustion" which equally prevailed during the similar movement of exchange on London and Paris, just three months ago. It therefore led to fresh talk of a possible formal move towards peace—concerning which, it has certainly seemed of late that, if such proposals were to come just now, they would come from Germany. Rumor itself has never yet attributed the purpose of such proposals to the Allies; indeed, the real news of the week with a bearing on their attitude has been Italy's pledge to make no independent peace.

But even when a depreciated exchange reflects a depreciated currency, it does not necessarily mean exhaustion. Exchange on London during 1809, at the great neutral Continental cities, was as badly depreciated as is Berlin exchange to-day; yet England fought France for the next half-dozen years. On general principles, the case should be the same with Germany now—especially as the last word in expedients of war finance, issue of irredeemable paper directly by the Government, has not yet been said.

Yet the terms of peace may nevertheless be stated, by Germany or by the other belligerents, and Wall Street has indulged in considerable conjecture as to what the effect of such an incident would be. Any proposal with an official backing would inevitably start the markets into an effort to "discount" the effects of actual negotiations, and the resultant possibility of serious negotiations to end the war. As to what that possibly not immediate turn in events would mean to the actual course of things on the Stock Exchange, there are three considerations worth remembering. The "war industrials" have at least had a good part of their inflated speculative valuation squeezed out of them. The standard investment issues have a larger stake for their long prosperity in returning peace than in protracted war. Finally, this week has brought very definite evidence that the revival of activity in American trade is no longer dependent on such an incident as the "war munitions orders."

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Lanson, G. Les Grands Ecrivains de la France. Vols. I and II. Paris, France: Librairie Hachette et Cie.
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University Debater's Manual. 1914-15. H. W. Wilson Co. $1.80 net.
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SCIENCE.

Pitman, I. Course in Shorthand. 1916 edition, revised. New York: Isaac Pitman. $1.50 net.
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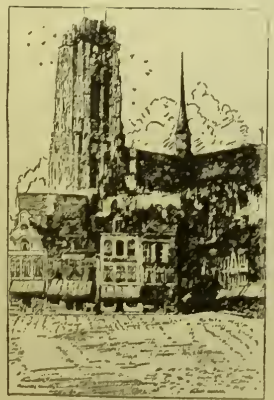

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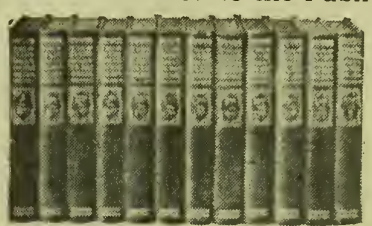

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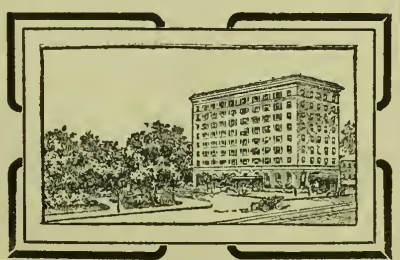

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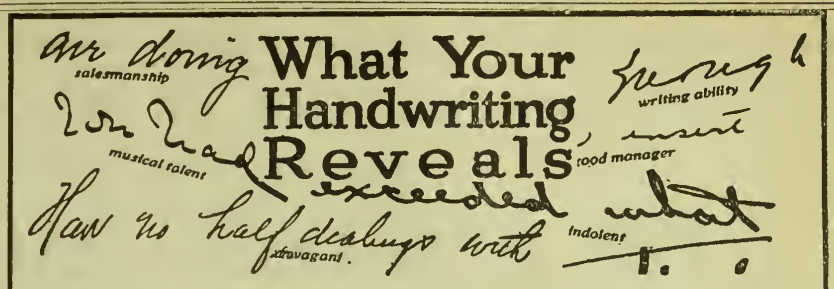

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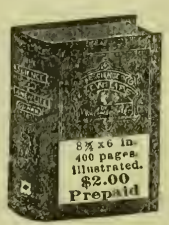

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1915.

Summary of the News

The United States' note to Austria on the torpedoing of the Ancona was dispatched to Vienna on December 8. The full text was published in Monday's papers. The note, which is dated December 6, and signed by Secretary Lansing, is noticeably stronger in tone than previous documents relating to the Lusitania, which have been addressed to the German Government. It "demands" a disavowal of the act, the punishment of the officer responsible for it, and the payment of an indemnity for American citizens wantonly slaughtered.

There is evidence that the Federal Government, in accordance with the President's suggestion in his message, is giving serious consideration to the question of Teutonic conspiracies in the United States. The matter was considered at a conference at the State Department last week, at which many members of the Cabinet were present, and dispatches from Washington express the opinion that agencies of the various departments will be coordinated into a single body for the purpose of investigating these particular conspiracies. Specific suggestions for legislation which shall give the Government powers adequate to deal with the situation were made in the annual report of Attorney-General Gregory, published on December 10.

Among interesting evidence in these cases said to have been discovered during the past week may be mentioned the revelation that von Rintelen (whose activities the German Government has thought it worth while to disown) was actively engaged in an attempt to promote a revolution in Mexico on behalf of Huerta, to the intent that the United States might become embroiled. On December 10 was published the translation of a letter signed by Baron Zwiedinek, chargé d'affaires of the Austrian Embassy, which contains suggestions for the purchase of false passports. According to dispatches from Washington of the following day, Baron Zwiedinek, while admitting the authenticity of the letter, has explained that it was signed by him in the way of routine, and without his knowing its contents, at a time when the embassy was still under the direction of Dr. Dumba. Further evidence, it was reported on Tuesday, has also been discovered bearing on the activities of "Labor's National Peace Council."

Secretary McAdoo's annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, was made public on December 8. Secretary Garrison's annual report on the army, containing a strong plea for adequate land defence, was published on the following day. On December 10 was published a statement on the question of preparedness, submitted to Secretary Garrison by the military experts of the War College division of the General Staff. Secretary Daniels's annual report on the navy, setting forth some of the naval lessons of the war, and making various recommendations for increasing the naval power of the country, was made public on December 12.

Secretary Lansing issued a brief statement on Friday of last week, announcing that the German Emperor had "been pleased to recall Captain von Papen and Captain Boy-Ed, in compliance with the wishes of the United States Government."

President Wilson spoke on December 8 at a luncheon at the White House to members of the Democratic National Committee. On December 10 the President addressed the Chamber of Commerce at Columbus, O.

A reminder that the question of the Frye is still a matter of controversy with Germany came in dispatches from Washington on December 8, which stated that the German reply to the last American note, that of October 12, had been delivered to Ambassador Gerard, and would be mailed to Washington.

The American liner Carolina, of the New York & Porto Rico Line, was last week stopped, when just outside the three-mile limit, by the French cruiser Descartes, which took off her a German chief steward. This and similar matters have been taken up by the State Department in a note sent to France on Tuesday.

Presumably as a result of Ambassador Page's protest, the steamers Hocking and Genesee, flying the American flag, will not be requisitioned by the British Government, according to dispatches from Washington of December 9. The Hocking and Genesee are to be transferred from the prize courts at Halifax and St. Lucia to the main British prize court in London, and on the result of the decision in the case of these ships will depend the attitude of the British Government towards the rest of the fleet of the American Transatlantic Company. The British contention is that the ownership of these ships is in part German.

In the Senate on December 10 the diplomacy of the Administration came up for discussion. Senator Hoke Smith started debate by introducing a resolution calling for an investigation by the Foreign Relations Committee of the interference by Great Britain with neutral trade. Senator Lodge retorted by introducing an amendment calling for an investigation of the law and the facts in the attacks by submarines on the Lusitania, Falaba, Hesperian, Arabic, Gulflight, and Ancona, and of the conspiracies against the neutrality of the United States, referred to in the President's message. Resolution and amendment were referred to the Foreign Relations Committee.

American ships will continue to sail on the Pacific, according to an announcement made on Monday by Charles A. Stone, president of the American International Corporation, which was recently formed with a capital of $50,000,000 for the purpose of strengthening the position of the United States in international commerce. Mr. Stone announced that the company had purchased the ships still remaining under the flag of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

The Allied forces have evacuated the strip of territory they held in Servia, and are in retreat on Salonica, where it is believed they will establish themselves in winter quarters, making of the port a base, under cover of the guns of the fleet, from which they may resume the campaign at a favorable moment. News reports appear to be agreed that a satisfactory settlement has been reached with the Greek Government, but official confirmation of this is still lacking. Germany, according to dispatches from London on Tuesday, is likely to add to the difficulties of Greece by lodging a determined protest.

Under the pricking of Socialist members, the German Chancellor discussed the question of possible terms of peace in the Reichstag on December 9. Comment on the speech will be found in our editorial columns.

Detailed figures of the results of Lord Derby's recruiting campaign, which ended officially on Saturday, but on account of the congestion of the recruiting offices was extended for another day, are not yet available. All reports agree, however, that it has been successful beyond any expectation. Early reports of numbers gave approximately 4,000,000, a figure which is doubtless exaggerated.

The report, which we quoted last week, that the American oil ship Communipaw had been torpedoed in the Mediterranean, appears to have been greatly exaggerated. Information on the subject received by the State Department is fragmentary, but, according to dispatches from Washington on Tuesday, whatever may have happened, the ship has reached Alexandria. Teutonic torpedoes have been fairly successful during the past week, having accounted for ten merchant ships in all, according to reports received: four British, three Italian, two Norwegian, and one Danish. An official statement from Vienna on December 8 announced the sinking by a submarine of a small Italian cruiser.

A bill to extend the duration of the present Parliament beyond the five-year limit, and to postpone a general election during the war, was introduced in the House of Commons on December 9 by the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon. On Monday the House of Commons passed the second reading of a bill empowering the Government to mobilize American or Canadian securities, by purchasing or borrowing them, to be used primarily as collateral for loans, or, in case of necessity, to be sold to meet Great Britain's liabilities in the United States. A reduction, as part of a general scheme of economy, in salaries of law officers of the Crown was announced by Premier Asquith last week.

Dispatches from Peking, under date of December 11, announced that Yuan Shi-Kai, President of the Chinese Republic, had accepted the throne of China, tendered to him by the Council of State. True to historical precedent, Yuan Shi-Kai is reported first to have waved the offer aside, but subsequently to have been prevailed upon to accept it. It is understood, however, that no celebrations are to take place to mark the change until a more favorable moment.

The Week

Three very modest and simple recommendations are made by Attorney-General Gregory for the strengthening of the national Government in its dealings with offences committed in behalf of belligerents in a war in which our own country is neutral. The first is that authority be given the Government to seize arms and ammunition about to be shipped from the country under circumstances which make the shipment a violation of our neutrality laws. The third deals with persons escaping or attempting to escape from an interned warship of a belligerent nation; Mr. Gregory recommends that this be made a crime against the United States, or at least that authority be given to the Government to arrest persons so offending. The second recommendation comes much closer home to what has been agitating the public mind; this is that it be specifically made a crime against the United States to place bombs or other explosives on vessels sailing from the United States. Such a provision of law is so obviously desirable that there can be no doubt of its prompt and unhesitating enactment by Congress. The only question that is likely to excite curiosity or discussion is whether this measure is the only one that is practicable—or necessary—for dealing with the situation. If that is as serious as is indicated by the language of the President's message concerning plots against American industry as well as in violation of our neutrality, the question obtrudes itself whether it can be effectively dealt with under existing laws. The absence of any recommendation by the Attorney-General on this head, except that relating to bombs placed on ships, suggests the inference that the difficulty is not as serious as it has sometimes appeared to be.

"Recently," says Secretary Daniels in his annual report, "in naval circles the pendulum may be said to have swung away from an over-large undersea programme, with emphasis again placed on the Dreadnought." We are thus in a position to grasp the workings of that awesome mystery, the expert mind. When a German submarine sinks three British cruisers at a stroke, the man in the street quickly believes that the submarine has done for the big ship, whereas the cautious and well-informed expert recognizes that the undersea boat is destined to work a revolution in the history of maritime warfare. When German submarines keep picking off a brace of British merchantmen per day, the humble newspaper reader gives it as his opinion that the submarine is decidedly "it," whereas the expert recognizes that Britain's supremacy of the seas is seriously threatened. After half a year the man who reads his newspaper every morning discovers that the German submarines are not doing very much, for the simple reason that the British navy has found a way of dealing with them most effectively. So the man in the street concludes that, after all, there is something to be said for the big ship. Does the expert put it so crudely? No. In naval circles the pendulum swings from an over-large undersea programme to a big-ship programme. Thus the difference between the ordinary man and the expert in deducing lessons from the war while the war is still under way consists in the fact that the ordinary man changes impressions while the expert swings like a pendulum.

The seizure by a French cruiser of Germans working on an American merchant ship appears to have been a clear violation of established principles of international law. Had these men been bound for a German port, the seizure might have been justified on the ground that the men, being capable of military service, were presumptively destined for the German army. But such right to seize and remove them does not hold if, as in the actual case, the ship on which the men were found was bound from one neutral port to another. Our Government has taken up the case, and we have no doubt will insist upon the maintenance of American rights in this matter. In the famous case of Mason and Slidell, the United States did, in regard to those Confederate Commissioners, very much what France has done in the matter of these Germans; but we were sharply challenged by Great Britain, disavowed the act, and freed the Commissioners.

In more than one way the German Socialists are logically the ones to bring forward the advisability of beginning peace negotiations. They are the Opposition in the Reichstag. They represent more than any other party the masses upon whom the burden of the war has fallen most heavily. But, above all, the international character of the Socialist movement compels it to be the pioneer in any attempt towards the appeasement of national hatreds and suspicions. To be sure, the internationalism of the Socialists is today badly damaged, but in all countries efforts are under way towards its reconstruction. It would be fatal for the future of international Socialism if to non-Socialists were left the initiative in a movement towards peace and reconciliation. From this point of view, the debate in the Reichstag on Thursday of last week may prove to be not altogether without result. The German Government has gone officially on record against making peace overtures to the enemy. But the Socialists have equally declared in favor of peace on the basis of no annexations. What we await with interest is the sign of any response by Socialists in Allied countries. There is little chance of the Socialist parties as a whole either in England or in France meeting the German Socialists half way, but even if a small but appreciable number of Socialists in either country come forward, the beginning will have been made towards bridging the chasm.

One statement in the German Chancellor's speech last week has received official denial by the British Government. Bethmann-Hollweg referred to the Baralong case, and asserted that German sailors from a submarine had been brutally fired upon and killed when in the water by that British war vessel. This is the charge which made a sensation in the Reichstag, as uttered by the Chancellor, but which the English official communication of last Saturday declares to be "unwarranted." The full evidence in the affair has not yet been made public, being the subject of diplomatic correspondence between London and Washington. All that we have had has been affidavits by some muleteers who were aboard the Nicosian, which ship the submarine had attacked before the Baralong came up. The captain of the Nicosian denied that helpless German sailors had been murdered, in the way alleged; but the fact is that the affidavits themselves, upon which alone, it would appear, the German Government depends, were on their face incredible. Here, for example, is a statement sworn to by one muleteer:

> We were picked up by the steamer [the Baralong]. . . . There was a general rejoicing, shaking of hands, and congratulating us upon our escape, when the captain of the steamer, William McBride by name, gave the command: "Come on, boys, let us shoot these poor wounded devils in the water."

This is so plainly and flatly impossible that anything else made oath to by the author of that affidavit could not be believed without corroboration. Yet the Germans appear to have swallowed it whole.

Four million is undoubtedly an exaggerated estimate of the number of Englishmen

who have come forward to enlist under Lord Derby's scheme. But there is little doubt that the response has been enormous, and that the prospects of conscription in England are remote. About a week ago the London *Daily Mail*, leading exponent of compulsory service, spoke of the rising tide of recruiting in a way to indicate that the conscription game was up. To understand, however, the rush for enlistment it is necessary to recall that enlistment under Lord Derby's plan is not volunteering for immediate service. On the basis of the recent register of all males of military age, there have been organized forty-six groups. Groups 1 to 23 are the unmarried men from 18 years to 41. Groups 24 to 46 are the married men, classified in the same way. When a man enlists he is assigned to his proper group according to age and marital condition. Thus an unmarried man of twenty-five goes into group 8, a married man of eighteen into group 24, the principle being that the unmarried men of 40 will be called up before the married men of 18. The groups will be summoned in numerical order as the need arises, but opportunities will be supplied for the members of all groups to indulge in preliminary training if they are so inclined. When a group is called up, any man will receive a chance to show cause why he should be transferred to a later group. More important will be the work of the councils established for the purpose of excluding those men who are needed for war-work at home. Apparently, the great mass of Englishmen have accepted the new system.

In commenting on the first year's returns from the Federal income tax, Representative Underwood pointed out, in July, 1914, that the tax as a whole had been operative for only ten months of the calendar year 1913, and that the supertax on large incomes had become operative only after the passage of the bill in October. As the period in which it applied in regard to this class of incomes, besides being so short, did not cover either of the great dividend dates—January 1 and July 1—he regarded the tax collected during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, as equivalent to little more than half a year's tax. The total was about $28,250,000, or far less than the $45,000,000 which the Treasury had estimated. The figures for the year ending June 30, 1915, as made public on Saturday by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, show that Representative Underwood's forecast of the future was too hopeful. The increase does not double the first year's collections, but adds only half again as much to them. There is an added revenue from this source of $13,000,000, or nearly that, making the whole return $41,046,162—a sum still short of the initial forecast of $45,000,000. Moreover, it is thought that several millions of income taxes held back under the provision of ten days' grace after June 30, 1914, appeared as receipts for the fiscal year just closed, though really belonging to that preceding. But it is to be pointed out that there was a marked decrease in the returns from large corporations, which had apparently suffered much during the earlier part of the fiscal year.

Postmaster-General Burleson, in his annual report, renews the recommendations made in his last two annual reports that early action be taken by Congress declaring a Government monopoly over all utilities for the public transmission of intelligence. He wants the telephone and telegraph systems of the country incorporated as soon as possible into the postal establishment. There is no sign, however, that this desire, expressed not only in successive years by the present Postmaster-General, but likewise by his predecessor in Taft's Administration, is being backed up in any other important quarter. President Taft made it very plain that he was not responsible for the recommendation, and President Wilson has been, so far as we can remember, entirely silent on the subject. Accordingly, as the Postmaster-General reports not to Congress, but to the President, the suggestion is not before Congress at all, except as it might be if any private citizen who had the ear of the nation had made it. As for public interest in the project, it is so slight as to be negligible, in relation to a project of such enormous magnitude as that of the acquisition and operation of the telegraph and telephone systems of the United States.

The predominance of the South in assignments to committees at Washington does not promise much in the way of a Republican issue. Of the 53 standing committees in the House, 31 have Southern chairmen and 22 have Northern chairmen. But, as the Atlanta *Constitution* remarks, the division of important chairmanships is a fair one, and, "if political strength and political loyalty be considered, the South has received no more than it is entitled to, and, perhaps, a little bit less." One reason for this preponderance is that the South has the habit of keeping a man at Washington term after term, with the result that its members are apt to surpass others in seniority of service and thus be at the head of the line when chairmanships are to be awarded. Of the Northern States, only Maine has been shrewd enough to follow this policy consistently. At the same time, the solidity of the South has worked against its own interests. Its vote was taken for granted, with the result that a Democratic triumph like that of Cleveland meant more for the party in the North than in the section where it was regularly strongest. Another factor of more or less influence was the persistence of sectional feeling, which made it much harder for a Democratic Administration of the nineties to place many members from the South in the seats of the mighty than is the case to-day. The war with Spain may have to its credit a definite lessening of this feeling, although the real or fancied dragging in of the "issue" in the recent reëlection of Senator Clarke of Arkansas as President pro tem. of the Senate shows how long it takes to end it. Certainly it is high time that the North stopped speaking of the South as if it were in some way tinged with hyphenism.

Mayor Blankenburg's ringing words for straight Americanism have a force far beyond that of the words themselves. The man that does the kind of work for his own city that Rudolph Blankenburg has done for Philadelphia need give no assurance, so far as he himself is concerned, that he is as good an American as any native-born son of the soil. What his sentiments or sympathies are as between the two sides in the great war, we do not know; but whatever they may be, we are quite sure that they are such as not to interfere with a whole-hearted devotion to the country in which he has lived his adult life, and to which he has given an abundant return for all that it may have done for him. There are, of course, extremely few citizens of any class that can point to such a record of service and leadership; but there can be no doubt that the number of Americans of German birth or descent who feel just as Mr. Blankenburg does is incomparably greater than that of those whose allegiance is divided or lukewarm. The trouble is that it is the latter kind who have been doing most of the talking during these troubled times.

"There are hundreds of millions in it" is a statement that would have taken away the breath even of Col. Sellers. Yet it is asserted of railway plans during the last ten years that they have more than made good the

assurance of one expert that a million a day could be saved by scientific management. One student has been surveying the freight traffic of thirty-five leading railways. He finds that during the last fiscal year the average train carried 504 tons; during the fiscal year ending in 1914 it hauled but 482. As in 1904, the average number of tons per freight train was little over 305, in the decade the carrying capacity had been increased 65 per cent. The result is an annual saving of millions of train miles, and a very great reduction in the cost of operation. The experiments in train-loading started by James J. Hill represent, of course, only one side of the general struggle of the railways for economy. In passenger traffic also, in the maintenance of the roads, and in administration the efficiency engineers have made improvements of far-reaching value. There is no doubt that hard times have spurred the railways in their efforts, but the general tendency of business and industry towards greater efficiency would have played its part under any circumstances.

The announcement made in the House of Commons on Monday by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as to the Government's intention to buy American securities now held in Great Britain is of great interest on both sides of the water. The securities will be paid for in 5 per cent. five-year Exchequer bonds. In addition to securities thus bought, American securities will be taken on deposit by the Government, with the privilege of selling in certain contingencies. The general object of the proceeding is, of course, that of providing means of establishing credits in this country, to meet the mounting balance of trade resulting from the enormous excess of exports from this country over imports into it. This will inevitably continue throughout the duration of the war. It is possible—though this was not at all indicated in Mr. McKenna's remarks—that American securities acquired by the British Treasury, whether obtained by purchase or held on deposit, may be made to serve as collateral securities for some future Government loan to be placed in this country. But more probably they will be used simply to sell on the market at such times as may seem most expedient. If the tremendous export balance that has been shown now for many months should continue, it will manifestly be necessary either that we buy British securities or that the British sell American ones. In the recent placing of the Anglo-French loan in this country, followed so soon by this move of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we see both processes going on upon a large scale.

Proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for utilizing the savings of workingmen for purposes of war contain some indication of the differences between the average British and the average Continental home at the present moment. He would issue bonds in multiples of one pound, bearing an interest which increased year by year until by 1920 it bore 5 per cent. The rate of individual wage throughout England, measured by purchasing power, has undoubtedly fallen, for food prices are estimated to have risen 42 per cent., and housing, fuel, and clothing are also much higher. But the absolute increase in wages is considerable; overtime is general, and extra rates are paid for it; the state allowance on behalf of absent earners is liberal; and, above all, large sections of the population once thought unfit for employment, as women and boys, now receive profitable work. To measure the first of these considerations only, the employers' returns for the textile and several other staple industries are stated to indicate a total increased payment in wages of 24.3 per cent., for an increased number of persons as compared with a year ago. The net result is that, while the existence of sporadic distress is shown by the work of relief funds, and by measures like that for relieving poor tenants of increased war rents, the average British family of the working classes must show a slender surplus at the very time that many German and French households are facing the acutest financial problems.

The original purpose of the British advance in Mesopotamia, which has encountered a severe setback south of Bagdad, was an ambitious one. While the British were pushing up the valley of the Tigris to Bagdad and beyond, the Russians were to come south from the Caucasus through the region of Lake Van, and strike for the Tigris along the stretch between Diarbekr and Mussoul. For many months it has been apparent that the Russians could not be counted upon to put through their part of the assigned task. The British, on the contrary, made progress. At first they encountered no serious resistance. Bussora, the port from which Sinbad set forth on his voyages, surrendered easily, and the British campaign resolved itself into a slow but steady advance northward along the Tigris, which was the army's sole line of communications and supply. The vagaries of the Tigris channel and the network of irrigation canals presented a peculiarly difficult problem for the large fleet of light-draught steamers and numerous native boats. This fleet has been described as "the cavalry screen, advance guard, rear guard, flank guard, railway, general headquarters, heavy artillery, line of communications, supply depot, police force, field ambulance, aerial hangar, and base of supply of the Mesopotamian expedition." By the end of September the expedition had reached Kut-el-Amarna, about 100 miles south of Bagdad and 250 miles from the Persian Gulf. There was a battle at Kut-el-Amarna, September 27-29, in which the Turks were driven from a prepared position. The pursuit must have been rapid, under existing conditions, if in two months the British were within striking distance of Bagdad. Events have shown that it was too rapid.

Between President Yuan Shi-Kai hesitating to assume the crown, and Emperor Yuan Shi-Kai accepting the crown in principle but postponing the act to a more opportune time, the difference is small. As head of the republic, Yuan Shi-Kai has been waiting for the temper of the country to show itself. As Emperor designate, he will continue to wait. Until within a few days ago it was only the monarchists who spoke out, and in a manner indicating a carefully organized campaign. The naval mutiny last week in the harbor of Shanghai is probably the first expression of sentiment from the anti-monarchists, and it is not likely that they have had their final say. Yuan's decision to postpone his formal accession until a more favorable opportunity is not a logical step from the monarchist point of view. The great argument on that side has been that the country is suffering from the uncertain state of affairs at Peking, and that only the strong hand of an Emperor can establish order. If Yuan is to wait until order has been established, the argument for a monarchy falls to the ground. For the permanent peace of China the accession of Yuan would be an unhappy thing. It would not be the end, but the beginning, of an epoch. It is not to be supposed that the progressive elements in China will give in without resistance. Yuan himself may be strong enough to defend his Emperorship. When he goes, turmoil will begin. Better for China if the strong man Yuan were to use his strength in educating his people to a free government. As it is, he may be the Porfirio Diaz of China, with results similar to those Mexico has experienced.

THE DEMAND ON AUSTRIA.

The trenchant note of our Government to Austria did not come like a bolt from the blue. It has been amply forecast, and is but a necessary step after what has gone before. Nor can it be described as a mere letting of the eagle scream, as was the famous dispatch which Webster once sent to the Austrian Government. Secretary Lansing, indeed, may be thought to have written in the spirit of Webster's words when the latter said: "Every nation, on being received at her own request into the circle of civilized governments, must understand that she binds herself to the strict and faithful observance of all those principles, laws, and usages which have obtained currency among civilized states and which have for their object the mitigation of the miseries of war." But it is not discussion of the laws of war that our Government is now inviting. Its demand is for prompt action; and this is based, not upon any sudden decision, but upon a controversy which has been threshed out for months, and to which the President now insists that a definite conclusion be put.

The note to Austria is plainly a sequel to the representations which this country has made to Germany. That is assumed. Our Government takes it for granted that Austria is fully aware of the positions laid down by the Washington Administration in its demands upon the German Government. The limits within which the United States would permit the conduct of submarine warfare, so far as it affects the lives of American citizens, had been clearly marked off. The question cannot now be taken up afresh with every other government. The American attitude is known to all the world. In that attitude, the note states significantly, Germany has acquiesced. From this two inferences are unescapable. The first is that Austria cannot be allowed to flout what Germany has decided to respect. And the second is that Germany is to be pressed for a complete and satisfactory settlement of the Lusitania case, just as she made her apologies and disavowals and promises to pay indemnity in the case of the Arabic. There is no question here of being more severe with Austria because she is weaker than Germany. The whole implication, the entire logic of the note, is that equal measure is being meted to both countries by the American Government. It has, in truth, been no secret that Secretary Lansing has been putting pressure upon Ambassador Bernstorff to wind up the Lusitania controversy. If satisfaction in that matter is not soon forthcoming, there may be a note to Germany couched in as strong language as that of the communication to the Austrian Government.

Its argument is condensed but urgent. The effect of it is to serve fair notice that the patience and long-suffering of this Government must not be interpreted as willingness to submit to injustice. In each case of submarine outrage, the President has waited long enough to be assured of the facts. He has done no rash thundering in the index. Full opportunity has been given to the other side to state its case and to determine its policy. But Mr. Wilson evidently feels now that it is time to come to business. If he holds a sharper tone in reference to the Ancona than he did with regard to the Lusitania, it must be because he believes that the argument has been exhausted, and that the Austrian Government, if it countenanced the proceedings of its submarine commander, was acting as if in deliberate contempt of the doctrines of law and humanity which our Government had made it plain that it would omit no word or act to uphold. These acts, which are abhorrent and barbarous, and which at the same time are in direct violation of American rights, cannot be tolerated merely because the scene of them is shifted, or because they are done under one flag rather than another. The imperative air of the note means that the President feels that the sum of the whole matter has long been before Austria as well as before Germany, and that the hour for a settlement has come.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the grave tenor of the note. Its terms are such as one Government rarely uses to another. Where the ordinary dispatch uses the word "request," this one plainly says "demand." And the door is shut to everything except a complete satisfaction offered by Austria. She is called upon not merely to disavow the act of her submarine commander, but to discipline him. Austria has in her time written diplomatic notes with a sharp edge to them—witness the formidable demand which she made upon Servia in 1914—but it is doubtful if she ever received one more curt and cutting than this dispatch of our State Department. That a distinct threat lies behind it is plain. But the threat does not go beyond the severance of diplomatic relations. This is implied in the phrase that the "good relations of the two countries must rest upon a common regard for law and humanity." In case the Austrian Government does not take speedy steps to satisfy the President, it is obvious that Ambassador Penfield will be recalled from Vienna. That Germany would feel herself involved in such a course is highly probable; but this fact may lead her to use her powerful influence with Austria in order to induce her ally to yield as gracefully as possible to the just demands of the United States.

GERMANY AND PEACE.

While Bethmann-Hollweg was engaged in drafting the speech which he delivered in the Reichstag last Thursday, the substance of it had been given to the world by von Hindenburg: "Our enemies are not sufficiently battered. We must hammer them some more." In the language of statesmanship this sentiment took the following form: "So long as this mixture of guilt and ignorance dominates the feelings of the hostile nations and their leaders, every tender of peace on our side would be folly." The state of ignorance referred to is ignorance on the part of the Allies that they are beaten. All through the Chancellor's statement runs this recognition of an awkward fact. The blunt habit of mind of Gen. Hindenburg puts it frankly. The diplomat expresses it circuitously and plaintively. We are victorious on every side, but the enemy does not know it. We have crushed Belgium, Servia, and Russia, and crippled France, but they unfortunately seem not to be aware of it. We have shown that Germany and her allies cannot be starved into submission, but England stupidly insists that the thing can be done. We do not need to conquer additional territory, we have obtained the fullest guarantees for our safety, but we cannot speak of peace lest the enemy interpret it as a sign of weakness. We have won, but our opponents won't let us speak in the tones of a victor.

The Chancellor thus gave the expected answer to the Socialist interpellation. Is Germany ready to take the initiative in making peace? No. "Whenever our enemies approach us with peace proposals which are in consonance with Germany's dignity and security we shall always be ready to discuss them." Is Germany ready to say what she regards as consonant with her dignity and security? No. "In previous speeches I sketched the general aim of the war. I cannot be more definite to-day, or say what guarantees the Imperial Government demands, for example, in the Belgian question." The

first step towards peace will come when the Allies have said, We have had enough. In what form must this acknowledgment come from the Allies? Here the Chancellor's statement becomes peculiarly plaintive. The Allies must renounce the destruction of Germany which they proclaimed as their final goal in "the first intoxication of hope," a goal which, "despite intermediate events, remains the same." It is hard doing business with a beaten enemy who is still determined to destroy you. There can be no approach towards reconciliation with an opponent who refuses you the guarantees which you have conquered and are in a position to hold against the world.

It is a childish argument, this insistence that the first step to peace must be a confession by the Allies that they have been naughty and a promise that they will not do it again. Peace comes not through phrases, but through facts. Mr. Asquith or M. Briand will never say to Germany, "Very well, I promise not to annihilate you," even when they have lost hope of annihilating or even defeating Germany. Nations address one another on such important matters in concrete terms. Peace can come only through the defeated nation asking what the victor is willing to take, or through the victor announcing what he is willing to concede to the vanquished.

Compared with the Chancellor's statement, the position taken by the Socialist spokesman, Scheidemann, shows a closer grasp of realities. We went into this war, said Scheidemann, to defend our national integrity. We have succeeded. Our frontiers are amply protected. Let us have peace. But Bethmann-Hollweg is under the necessity of explaining a defensive war which aims at territorial expansion, a war for self-preservation which calls for conquests. He is under the necessity of satisfying public opinion at home with the assurance that the war is won, and reconciling that cheerful view with the fact that the war is not ended, and cannot end until the Allies cry quits. In the realm of realities we know that either a nation is victorious or it is not. If it has victory, it does not weaken itself by announcing that it is willing to make peace. If it fears that such a statement will raise false hopes in the enemy's camp and prolong the war, then it has not attained victory and is not within measurable approach of it.

In the Chancellor's speech the ground-note is confidence, but there are overtones of doubt and hesitation. There are suggestions that if only the Allies are willing to swallow their pride they may find Germany reasonable. "The longer and more bitterly they wage this war against us, the greater will be the necessary guarantees." It sounds like a threat, but it is also an intimation that an easy settlement is possible to-day. Bethmann-Hollweg speaks of the necessity of establishing the certitude that war will not return. How can that certitude be established? If not through the crushing of the Allies, then it must be through reconciliation. He uses the striking words:

> I cannot say what guarantees the Imperial Government demands, for example, in the Belgian question, *or what combination of Powers seems necessary as a foundation for these guarantees.*

Is this a hint to the moderate elements in England and France that if only they begin to talk peace, Belgium will be regarded by Germany as a subject for discussion? Does the "combination of Powers" suggest that Germany is willing to enter into a league of reconciliation? It falls in with the entire tenor of the Chancellor's speech: Let the Allies own that they are beaten, and the rest is simple.

Plainly, this is not the firm tone of a victor. It indicates a state of mind which we find mirrored in influential sections of the non-Socialist German press. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, out of a clear sky, raises the question of what is to be done with Alsace-Lorraine—as an internal problem, it hastens to say. Conditions there have been unsatisfactory during the war. Are the conquered provinces to remain as a Reichsland? Are they to be partitioned among the other German states? Are they to be incorporated with Prussia? The *Frankfuter Zeitung* favors the last solution. But in the very raising of the question, in the talk of rearrangements and consolidations, there is almost the intimation that in the process of reconstruction a strip of Lorraine might be "rectified" back to France, possibly in exchange for something else. Another writer deals with Germany as a *Weltmacht*, and suggests that Germany can become that without harming England. She can be a *Weltmacht* by being incomparably the strongest Power—in Europe.

Such expressions of German sentiment are known in the Allied countries. If Germany's position can be weakened by her offering peace, then the damage has been done already. The fact remains that peace has been formally debated at Berlin, and nowhere else, with the result that the Allies are likely to remain embedded in guilty "ignorance" of the fact, Teutonically established, that they are beaten.

OUR SUBSIDIZED PRESS.

Labor's National Peace Council is the latest victim of the subsidized press of this country. Ex-Congressman H. Robert Fowler, of Illinois, general counsel of the Association, tells us so, and he is of course in a position to know. Moreover, we find his statement set forth at length—and without denial, mark that!—in one of the subsidized newspapers themselves. "The assaults of the subsidized press upon this organization on the very day of the opening of the Sixty-fourth Congress" stir Mr. Fowler to indignant defiance, to which, as well as to the accusation itself, the subsidized press gives full publicity—and this again without a word of protest. "Neither the intimidation of the wealth of the Armor Trust and the War Trust nor the public slander of their subsidized press," Mr. Fowler declares, "will in any wise deter us or save them from the exposure of their criminal looting of the public treasury." How much of the swag goes to the newspapers and how much is to be retained by the "War Trust," is of course not indicated; but no doubt the sum that will go into the journalistic cash-boxes will make a very comfortable addition to the British gold which swung the American press almost solidly in line for the Allies at the outbreak of the war.

We have referred to Mr. Fowler's remarks as an "accusation"; but the description is not accurate. He does not feel it necessary to take the trouble to accuse; he uses the word "subsidized" as though it were a mere designation which he finds current, and which everybody will accept without challenge. And indeed it is current enough. It is at the free disposal of every one that is in distress and every one that is in debt and every one that is discontented; it is current coin in the cave of Adullam. Mr. Bryan finds it ready to his hand in each one of the successive positions in which he places himself through his deep devotion to one paramount issue after another. If almost the whole of the influential American press is opposed to the debasement of the currency, this is because it is subsidized by the money power. If it does not welcome the initiative, referendum, and recall, it is because it is in the pay of the political bosses. If it denounces Bryan's desertion of his post as Secretary of State, and the lack of honorable observance of its obligations which he displayed while filling it, this is because the press is under the thumb of the men who want to make millions out of the embroilment of the country in the European war.

We might ourselves feel inclined to be weighed down by the thought of this deep degradation of the American press, were it not for some curious facts in regard to it. Among these we should place, first of all, the extraordinary circumstance that so much free publicity is given to the charge by the press itself. As is well known to those sociological experts who have made the venality and subservience of the American newspapers their specialty, the greatest weapon of evil which they wield is that of suppression. To one word that is said by these learned gentlemen about distortion of news, or about insincerity of editorial opinion, there are ten said about suppression of the news. How comes it, then, that the newspapers spread abroad so constantly the exposure of that very suppression, and the accusation of the venality which lies at the root of suppression, distortion, and insincerity alike? That is a puzzle which it may be beyond the power of the sociologists to explain, but which ought to offer no difficulty to their friends the psychologists. Yet we do not recall having ever seen a word on the subject by either. In default of instruction from these high quarters, we confess that, for our own part, we feel constrained to fall back upon a very simple explanation. The reason that the respectable papers of this country so complacently print these charges, and take no further notice of them, is that they count on the good sense of their readers to set them down as irresponsible gabble.

There are many respects in which the American newspaper compares unfavorably with the best examples of European journalism. There is less sense of proportion, less enlistment of special knowledge in the handling of many important departments, more intentness on catching the eye of the crowd by undue "featuring" of striking or sensational, rather than truly important, items. But in point of honesty and sincerity, we have little doubt that the American press is not only equal, but superior, to that of any European country. There are exceptions, of course; but it may be said of the great mass of American newspapers of acknowledged standing that they are not only wholly free from the grosser forms of venality, but are conducted in a spirit of genuine independence. Not, as a rule, to be sure, of an absolutely ideal independence. There are personal predilections, perhaps personal affiliations, that influence the policy of the paper more or less; and there is the sense of representing, in a measure, rather than undertaking altogether to lead, the paper's constituency. From the standpoint of the labor agitator, or the social reformer, or the advocate of some ideal scheme of world-regeneration, all this may present itself in the light of a base and unworthy compliance; but as a matter of fact, the standard of the typical American newspaper of importance is not lower, but far higher, than that by which individuals, even high-minded individuals, are usually guided in their personal conduct. Let fault be found with the papers, nevertheless; they fall below their own standards often enough. But when charges of venality are made, on no better foundation than that the views of the newspaper are not in agreement with those of the accuser, they should serve no other end than that of classing the person who makes them as a cheap slanderer or a silly ignoramus.

A SIDELIGHT ON POPULAR KNOWLEDGE.

A professor in a State university of the Middle West has written to the *Nation* an account (printed in the issue of last week) of an interesting experience upon which he stumbled quite accidentally in the midst of his routine work with a section of his freshman class. They were reading Marlowe's "Hero and Leander":

> Hellespont suggested Gallipoli, and I asked the class—it was quite a chance shot—where Gallipoli was. To my surprise, no one knew. I wrote the word on the blackboard, and was amazed when the class confessed that not one had ever seen the word before!
>
> Within the next twenty-six hours I had met three other sections of freshmen, and had placed "Gallipoli" before them, with the same result. A more advanced course yielded two men who had never heard the name—one of them was on the staff of the university daily paper.

With this for a beginning, the Professor went on to sound the depths of these freshmen's ignorance by setting them a "simple examination paper" consisting of questions relating to the great war. The result furnishes such an array of ludicrous errors as one is accustomed to find displayed in accounts of such tests. Yet we have to confess that the exhibit, amusing as it is, impresses us less than the simple showing upon Gallipoli. Many persons fairly well informed about the war might fail to answer several of the questions. But the Gallipoli thing cannot be explained away. It is quite certain that these boys and girls had completed their high-school course in the midst of the greatest international convulsion of all history without taking enough interest in it to follow with ordinary attention even such accounts of it as are contained in the newspaper headlines.

It may be noticed that even in the Gallipoli matter there appears a gleam of encouragement as to the mental condition of these young people. In a more advanced class, there were only two men who had not heard of Gallipoli; whence we may infer that some development was taking place in the course of their college life. But the questions raised by the exhibition as a whole are both broader and more disturbing than those usually considered in connection with the efficacy of our colleges as breeders either of general culture or of sound citizenship. It is only a small minority, though an extremely important one, that go through college. What these freshmen represent is the youth of both sexes who at the age of sixteen or eighteen go out into life after having had the benefit of a common-school and high-school education. And it is not merely their knowledge, nor even merely their interest in the great events of the world, but their mental attitude that is represented. The professor cites some letters in which this mental attitude is explicitly displayed. One speaks of not having time "to spend looking up magazines and reading unimportant matter which does not pertain to his life's work." Another is willing to wait until "the war is over, and matters are cleared up," at which happy time he will not be bothered with the difficulty of finding out which of the alleged facts contained in the newspapers are true and which false. Small wonder that the professor indulged in some bitter comment on such notions of what is an "unimportant matter" and what our "life's work" is really concerned with.

The question of keenest, one might indeed say crucial, interest is, how far the state of mind of these young people reflects that of their elders. Is it the fact that in the small towns and villages and farmsteads from which they doubtless come the tremendous drama that is enacted in Europe, the convulsion upon whose outcome the whole future of that civilization from which our own is drawn is destined to turn, excites only the most languid and most distant interest? It would be rash to infer so much as this; but certainly something approaching it is strongly suggested. For those who are living at the heart of things in New York or Washington it is difficult to imagine such a state of mind. But even granting that it exists, one must not rush to the conclusion that these people are hopelessly sordid or philistine. If it is only in its broadest lines that the great war is known to them, we must

remember that, as has been said by an acute thinker, there is no operation that the human mind so stubbornly resists as the introduction of new knowledge. And there is lacking that poignant sense of the tremendous reality which is brought about by the contagion of constant and general discussion and of human contact.

One practical lesson bearing on a leading question of the time should be enforced by contemplation of such a phenomenon as is here indicated. We all believe in the rule of the people, but some of us have been insisting that to require that every great question shall be settled by popular vote is to reduce the principle of popular rule to an absurdity. Not the least important reason for holding this is that it takes time for knowledge of any great question to permeate the popular mind, and that nevertheless action upon it may be demanded at once, either by enthusiastic agitators on the one hand or by the force of circumstances on the other. An instance of the latter case is the issue of peace or war; of the former any number of examples might be cited. If in the hard times which gave the great impetus to the silver agitation it had been possible to refer the question of free silver to a popular vote, it is not improbable that the proposal would have been carried, and it is quite certain that the people would have voted upon it without understanding it. In such a matter as any of the issues which have arisen at the present time between this country and Germany, or between this country and Great Britain, the worst possible way to find out the final and deliberate judgment of the American people would be to refer the question to a direct vote. How few of them know enough about it to know what they would think if they knew more about it, the referendum on Gallipoli at this Western State university suffices to give an instructive indication.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS AND THE POETIC DRAMA.

We are accustomed to thinking of the poetic drama as something that in our time and language is almost non-existent. Yet in the dramatic history of the last two decades two of the chief British poets, Stephen Phillips and W. B. Yeats, have devoted almost all their energies to writing plays. Nor have they written in the spirit in which Browning and Tennyson, Swinburne and Robert Bridges, wrote their dramas in verse. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" had a slight stage success, but only after much remodelling; and no one believes that it would ever have been produced had it not been the Poet Laureate's. Phillips and Yeats rather continued, and infinitely bettered, the tradition of Taylor and Talfourd, writing with the definite purpose of being acted. If their materials and methods in writing, their purposes in seeking production, were absolutely different, the fact but illustrates the range of dramatic possibilities still inherent in poetry. Other and kindred recent experiments in poetic drama have made their mark on both sides the Atlantic, chief among them being the versions of Euripides made by Gilbert Murray, produced in successive years at the Court Theatre in London before being brought to America. There have been English translations of Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, and Rostand which had the spirit of poetry, if not its form, and which have held their audiences; and in recent years the pageant and the masque, the superior forms of which are always poetic, have had extraordinary vogue in England and America.

But to Stephen Phillips is due special gratitude as the first English writer in years to show the possibility of producing beautiful poetry, and yet of attending to the technical requirements of the stage. His "Paolo and Francesca" was not equalled in definition of character, tragic passion, and skilled handling of intense action by his later works. He tended to substitute magnificence for actual dramatic movement to a degree that smothered even the poetry in stage presentation. In "Ulysses" the poetry had only a coördinate place with a series of fine tableaux, and in "Nero" the splendor of the settings and the frequency and pomp of the entrances made it wholly subsidiary, while dramatic outline was blurred. But not only were the "Herod" and the "Sin of David" adapted as wholes to the stage, but they and his first play had individual scenes of unusual dramatic merit. The two love scenes of "Paolo and Francesca" are among the most beautiful of their kind in all contemporary drama. Phillips had a certain stage experience during his connection with Benson, and he also worked to the order of influential managers, and was to some degree guided by their ideas. Yeats, similarly, wrote with the requirements of the Irish National Theatre, of which he had partial control, in mind. In Yeats, also, the full possibilities of poetic drama are not revealed. His "On Baile's Strand," despite its Sohrab and Rustum theme of father fighting son, is not dramatic, and neither "Deirdre" nor "The Shadowy Waters" has anything like the fine stirring appeal of the prose "Kathleen ni Houlihan." But both, to a far greater degree than Percy MacKaye in "Jeanne d'Arc" or "The Canterbury Pilgrims," or than writers like Margaret Woods, have shown that there may be realized an English poetic drama.

If Phillips's sense of dramatic requirements was such that early critics accused him of merely giving a poetic handling to old-fashioned melodrama, he merits credit also for offering his actors verse of simple character, its rhythm obvious, and its accent and emphasis much plainer than the Elizabethans. A poetic drama must not differ too markedly in speech from one in prose. Mere declamation, the loading of the action with meditative and moralizing verse in Joanna Baillie's vein, will not do. But there is no reason why the recitation of poetic dialogue should not treat it as poetry, should not bring out its values of rhyme and rhythm. Our want of actors who can speak a scene from Shakespeare with real feeling for blank verse is one reason why the public does not oftener respond to Shakespearean revivals. At one of Granville Barker's performances of Euripides a critic complained that in the opening scene the actor not only concealed from him the fact that the lines were written in rhymed verse, but convinced him that they were not. There may be a division among elocutionists over the propriety of accenting or evading rhythm. But it is certain that the mass of people who make up the potential audiences of poetic drama wish to hear verse read with delicate but perceptible appreciation of the fact that it is verse.

Of the prospects of poetic drama it is possible to say little, because production must always depend upon the occurrence of dramatic faculty and taste in some man poetically endowed, and outer circumstances little control that occurrence. But it is hopeful to find signs that the poetic drama, if well done, may have a more cordial reception in the future than it has had in the past. The war in particular has brought forward a general view that cynicism and ultra-scientific realism were alike becoming distasteful, and that in their place idealism, romanticism, and those things that appeal to the emotions were certain to be in demand. Only the event can test this view, but many theoretical reasons give it force. If it actually proves that emotion and romance have a new place in popular taste, they are sure to find it in some fashion on the stage. But the believer in poetic drama would contend that its place is permanent, and that human nature's liking for it is little affected by changes such as even a great war may bring.

Foreign Correspondence

THE FAILURE OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKIO, November 7.

Many people, I believe, endorsed the Chinese Republic from their idea that democracy, even Whitman's golden democracy, in fact operated under the autocratic form of government in old China. It is true that the philosopher Mencius, for instance, who placed the people first, the gods second, and the sovereign third in the scale of national importance, replied, when asked if a subject were justified in putting his sovereign to death as in the case of an ancient wicked emperor who was attacked by a patriot and subsequently perished in the flame of his palace: "Any one who has violated man's natural charity of heart and failed in the execution of duty towards his neighbors is only an unprincipled ruffian; it was such a ruffian in truth, not an emperor in the real sense of the word, who perished in the case under discussion." But you should spend a thought or two before you take such language (which would sound quite wild from the lips of a reckless Western anarchist) as evidence of the existence of democracy as the fruit of human aspiration; it would be more reasonable to take it as casting a light over the conditions of those days, when the ruling classes were obliged to assume a democratic or liberal attitude, having before their face the eternal problem of pacifying the subdued race, Tibetans or Tartars. The long Chinese history is merely a record of struggle between the conquerors and the conquered; if there was democracy in the old Chinese mind, it was not from passion or love, but from necessity, therefore from reasoning or cold justice-making. I secretly entertain even some suspicion in reading the word "democracy" in ancient Chinese books, that it might be a proof how little democracy existed then in fact. Suppose the people in China quite well cherished a democratic conception. Then how shocking to read of their contentedly living under the tyrannical laws which were at one time or another imposed upon them. I can say that democracy may have been an ideal of old China; but it had no immediate relation, I dare say, with the establishment of a Republic as in present China.

Unlike Japan, whose insular safety, combined with a strange devotion to an emperor, dulled the edge of ambition to complete a home-loving people, China has furnished from time immemorial the most romantic field for a man of undaunted heroic nature to build at the place where the sword was sharpest. We have one Chinese saying that there is no special kind of man born to be a king or a prince or a general; that means that anybody may be the sole creator of his own destiny. Among the most ambitious fighters who contested the Imperial throne is a self-made man of peasant origin called Liu Pang, who originated the Han dynasty, when the once powerful dynasty of Ts'in (the first Emperor of that dynasty successfully unified the Chinese domain in B. C. 222) began to collapse from the impossibility of digesting what it had conquered. The Empire under the Ts'in dynasty, to believe one historian's affirmation, extended "from the plains of Yen and Chao [the modern Ho Nan and Chih Li] to the banks of the Yang-tze and the hills of Yueh [the modern Che'h Kiang], and from the Lake of Tung-ting to the Eastern Sea." The founders of the great T'ang and the Sung dynasties, although the former particularly was, even from a Western point of view, a gentleman and a soldier, were not backed by any august family history. How the best blood of those days was spilled against the northern savages will be seen from the following verse by Li Po:

> Under the crescent moon's faint glow
> The washerman's bat resounds afar,
> And the autumn breeze sighs tenderly.
> But my heart has gone to the Tartar war,
> To bleak Kansul and the steppes of snow,
> Calling my husband back to me.

Who established the Ming dynasty? He was nobody but a priest returned to secular life. And in the Manchu dynasty we read the conquering history of unlearned intruders from the north whom China despised, comparing them even with "birds or beasts." It would be reasonable, even proper, for the masses of the people, under such an endless change of Emperors and dynasties and the general disturbance, to think of their own safety first; who will blame the Chinese if they became, as they did in fact, self-centred and materialistic? Confucius emphasized in his teaching man's duty to his neighbor and his loyalty to the sovereign as the foundation-stone of national prosperity; he taught filial piety and virtue for virtue's sake and not for the hope of reward or fear or punishment. He attempted already in his days to rescue the people from the thought of themselves alone. The self-seeking of the Chinese and their general lack of public spirit (I do not speak of patriotism in the Japanese sense) have such a long history. During those thousand years they learned perfectly the blessing of ignorance under whose protection they thought they found their safety; in China only one will find such a proverb or saying: "To learn letters or books is the beginning of your sorrows." What recked such a people if the form of their government were a republic or a monarchy? For them, it is not too insolent to say, the beautiful forms of a republic were certainly, to use a Japanese common phrase, "a piece of gold to a cat"; and perhaps they feel under no obligation to the present Chinese Republic since they draw no benefit from it. The republican form of government is nothing if the people's pain and joy are not embodied in it; and since the Chinese Republic is a thing merely written up by a handful of young men who studied perhaps in New York or Tokio on the table, but not in the people's living bosoms, it is as irresponsible as a mirage in the high sky. So long as the masses can keep their own physical safety, they would not care if Yuan Shi-Kai should proclaim himself, as did Liu Pang, of the ancient Han dynasty, as the very Prince of Han beloved by Heaven. Doubtless he had many reasons and circumstances for introducing the western republic in China; but he was mistaken if he thought that this advanced form of government, the fruit of people's real awakening to responsibility of life and the world, could be planted in so barren a land as China. The Chinese conservatism is far more obstinate and hard than that of Englishmen; we have seen many examples that they never take up (indeed quite unlike Japanese) any new thing on the spot, even when it is good and proper.

A discriminative mind will soon find that one of the principal reasons for the fall of each dynasty in China was the neglect to create a centre of inspiration which might consolidate the national mind, and the leaving of the country to expend her energies in selfish indulgence; but some wise emperors and imperial advisers who had the wisdom of reflective foresight used Confucius's name to advantage, and made Confucianism a sole guide to life and the world, a philosophy around which the nation might weave a web of compactness and harmony. When Yuan Shi-Kai practiced the ceremony of the so-called Heaven-worshipping last autumn, it was from his desire to gain spiritual consolidation through the power of Confucianism; but what a contradiction as the act of a president of a modern republic! What such an action tells, is that Yuan found it impossible to unite the Chinese mind in one compact whole, and had recourse to an uncertain divine protection. We read in books that many an emperor or, so to say, son of Heaven, of olden days, proceeded once a year to the Temple of Heaven in the Capitol, and after due performance of sacrificial worship, entered alone the central raised building, there placing himself in communication with the Supreme Being who might reveal to him how to manage the affairs of state. Chinese records, I read somewhere, go so far as to mention letters received from God. This may be taken to mean that the emperors, when they were wise, tried to show to the people that they were solicitous of the well-being of all committed to their care; to use the well-known phrase, the Emperors made their own minds one with the people's mind. What use of the Heaven-worshipping ceremony when, as to-day in China, the masses have utterly lost the spirit of devotion? I have many reasons to say that Yuan Shi-Kai as Emperor, but not as President, might make the country more straightforward in conduct, and more compact in her life. In a country like China, where the high officials seek only their self-interest, while the masses are unconcerned for the country's destiny, the question first and last is, "Who will be at the head of the managers of the country?" Let Yuan become a fully accredited Emperor and conduct the national affairs with his own strong lieutenants, whoever they be.

RICHARD NORTON'S AMBULANCE.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, November 30.

Among the more cheerful and gratifying features of a very dismal situation must be ranked the numerous instances of practical sympathy shown to Great Britain and its allies by individual citizens and organizations of the neutral lands; and it has already been my pleasant task to chronicle in the columns of the *Nation* some American cases of this kind. None of them, perhaps, deserve more cordial recognition or are more remarkable in their conception and execution than the services rendered to the Allies by the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps, the only American organization of any kind that has succeeded in reaching the front. The credit of being the "only begetter" of this organization belongs to Mr. Richard Norton, who, both on account of his happy inspiration and his successful achievement, now at least (if not before) has assuredly earned the right to be styled the distinguished son of a dis-

tinguished father. Mr. Norton, during a visit in France at an early stage of the war, had become painfully aware of the great suffering caused by delay in bringing in the wounded to the hospitals provided for them; and he then and there felt the "call" to devote himself to minimizing this evil so far as lay in his power. His first natural wish was to minister to the men of the same blood as himself, and he accordingly offered his services to the British Red Cross. He had, however, previously applied for support to his American friends, who responded generously in money, in cars, and in personal service as chauffeurs, so that his original application to the Red Cross was firmly based on a fleet of ten motor vehicles of one kind or another.

The British Red Cross and the St. John's Ambulance Association were most cordial in their furtherance of Mr. Norton's scheme. Mr. Henry James accepted the office of chairman of the company, and it is impossible to exaggerate the value of his unobtrusive services in this capacity. Probably no other name would have been so efficacious in obtaining the sympathy needed for the success of the corps; and it is perhaps not the least valuable feature of his aid that his pen made the circulars of the organization real contributions to literature. A little later the corps was amalgamated with the Anglo-American Ambulance and incorporated under the company acts of 1907 and 1913, with the certificate of the Board of Trade.

The corps, being accepted as one of the units of the British Red Cross, was of necessity placed under the command of a British officer, Col. A. J. Barry, R. E., with whom Mr. Norton, also wearing the khaki uniform of the Red Cross, was associated as deputy commandant and convoy leader. In the first instance, however, the corps was lent to the French military authorities, whose immediate need for this form of service was more urgent than that of the British forces; and it began its work in October, 1914, behind the French lines. For six months the work here went on very satisfactorily, with most beneficial results to the French wounded and with a constantly augmenting number of ambulances. In March, 1915, the Red Cross Society intimated its desire that the corps should return to Boulogne and take up work with the British army. The Commissioner, Sir Arthur Lawley, readily yielded to representations that it seemed hardly fair to leave the French army, for which the corps had been operating, so suddenly in the lurch. The result was that Mr. Norton, trusting to the generosity of his American and English friends, decided to double the corps, so as to leave the French unit undiminished while responding to the British summons. As a matter of fact, however, the British demand was, for various reasons, not persisted in, and for the moment the fine fleet of sixty cars is operating with a certain French army corps, of which the entire ambulance service has been placed under the control of Col. Barry and Mr. Norton. This expansion of the activity of the corps has had as one result the inclusion of a number of English volunteers in its strength, a feature which all the Americans interested in the service regard with great satisfaction.

The main function of the corps is to gather in the wounded from the *postes de secours* and field hospitals, and to convey them as speedily as possible to the base hospitals or (when practicable) to the railway stations. When the roads permit of it, the ambulances sometimes get very near the trenches and they are often under fire. By great good fortune only one car has so far been injured by shells, and no members of the staff have been injured, though several have had hairbreadth escapes. Such minor inconveniences as spending the night in or below the cars, the facing of asphyxiating gas in masks, the going for days at a time without a moment to change one's clothes, and work carried on at critical periods without rest or sleep for incredible intervals are all accepted as necessary and ordinary features of the service. For details as to the experiences and adventures of the corps, the reader must be referred to the various reports published by the corps, copies of which may be obtained from Mr. Eliot Norton, 2 Rector Street, New York. The chronicles of the heroism of the wounded, whether they are stretcher cases or *blessés assis;* of the courage and devotion of the doctors, *brancardiers,* and chauffeurs; of the help rendered to destitute refugees, and of its frequent opportunity to ascertain and preserve the identity of the dead make extraordinarily interesting reading. Some idea of the extent of the corps' activity may be gathered from the fact that it has altogether carried 28,000 cases (6,000 of these between September 25 and September 30), and has covered 12,000 miles within a single week.

Mr. Norton speaks in the highest terms of the work and spirit of his assistants, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Arthur F. Kemp and Mr. William P. Clyde, both of whom were members of the first expedition; Mr. Allen D. Loney, the well-known sportsman, whose chivalrous death on the Lusitania we all remember; Mr. Julian Day, now on active service as a lieutenant in the West Kent Yeomanry, and Mr. William R. Berry, the archæologist. Mr. Norton himself had already shown his capacity as a leader of men in his various archæological explorations, and this quality has been very evident in his present task. Seldom has so sympathetic and so compassionate a nature been conjoined with such admirable, practical, and administrative faculties. Even this brief sketch indicates how much tact must have been called on to steer this scheme successfully through the technical and other difficulties inseparable from its points of contact with three different nationalities and at least as many military and quasi-military organizations; and Mr. Norton's successful handling of his helpers and subordinates has been as striking as his diplomatic talents in dealing with his subscribers, his backers, and his superior authorities.

Several members of the corps were mentioned in the orders of the day of the Corps d'Armée after the recent serious fighting. Mr. Norton, who had already received the *Croix de Guerre,* was cité à l'ordre de l'armée in the following terms: "Richard Norton, adjoint au Commandant de la Section Sanitaire Anglo-Américaine pendant les combats du 25. Sept. et des jours suivants a fait preuve du plus grand dévouement et du plus beau courage, en conduisant lui-même ses voitures de jour et de nuit dans les zones dangereuses et en donnant à toute sa section l'exemple d'une endurance poussée jusqu'à l'épuisement de ses forces."

The corps is treated exactly as a French military corps, has to obey the same regulations and officials, and receives the regulation army rations (described as "extremely good"). It is being more and more absorbed into the French military system, and a reorganization is now in prospect which will definitely divide it into reserve sections and sections for work at or near the firing line.

The corps has been most generously supported both by American and English friends. Among the most liberal of the former are Mrs. Frances M. Wolcott, of Buffalo, and Mr. Alexander Smith Cochran, of New York. Its chief need at the present juncture is the services of trained chauffeurs.

FRANCE'S COLORED TROOPS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 23.

I wonder what natives of Boston think of the outcry against France that she is using colored soldiers. They used to be proud of St. Gaudens's monument to Col. Shaw and his regiment—the first colored regiment raised in our Civil War. Now there are colored men of the French colonies of Africa whose country is organized into settled communes and who can vote for members of Parliament—and yet they are not so far subject to military conscription. They who have the right to vote should surely have the right to fight.

These darker children of France have not shown themselves backward in offering themselves for military service in defence of what is also their country. They are not all colored in our American sense. There are Arabs of Tunis and Algiers and Kabyles or Berbers as well as Senegalese. All have shown their attachment to the country where they and theirs are well—*ubi bene, ibi patria.* An aged mountaineer on the Algerian frontier, at the beginning of war, brought his eighteen-year-old son to the recruiting office:

"I wish him to go and fight the Germans since they are your enemies. The French have done good to us—we are better fed and better clothed than we used to be. If I were not too old, I would go with my boy."

In Tunis certain classes of natives have already been subject to military service like the French themselves. Sharpshooter reserves, who were not long back from a Moroccan campaign, came trooping in at the first first sign of mobilizing, with the Morocco medal and little military book which shows the civil status and military service of each soldier carefully wrapped up in their handkerchiefs. In their broken French all spoke of France as if she were a person well beloved: "To-morrow to France—to defend our France."

The day war began, on the 3d of August, a battalion of these African sharpshooters was ordered to France from Kenifra, a storm point of South Morocco. A few miles on their march they were attacked by thousands of Moorish marauders who must have been set on them—so the men thought—by some of the German emissaries abounding in Morocco. Many dressed their own wounds for fear the doctor might keep them from going on. One of the dying murmured: "Allah did not wish me to see France!" In a month's time they were at Compiègne, and within four hours were facing the German front in battle. At Lassigny one African section held out twenty-four hours against a German battalion. A Mussulman lieutenant was asked how his men could stand up so long against enemies more numerous and violent. He said: "Our Arabs fight as if in a dream!"

In his picturesque language he explained that the bullets came at them like beans

thrown against a wall—"we were the wall." He was shot through the hips and crawled into a little trench. There he found one of his men—a fellah of Kairouan, that closed city of Mohammedans on the desert's edge. The poor Arab was dying, and in life he had known only want and privation, but he found strength to murmur: "Lieutenant, you will see Paris again, where the pretty ladies gave us flowers and chocolate." There, for the first time, he had tasted such a luxury.

The lieutenant lay paralyzed nearly a day when he heard voices. Holding his revolver ready, he resolved to sell his life dearly. But it was the French stretcher-bearers looking for the wounded, and he wound up in the Sisters' hospital at Rouen. He could not cease marvelling that German wounded should be cared for beside him. One of these Germans, a rough common soldier, in a fit of discontent threw his bowl at a Sister's head—and a swarthy Mussulman all but strangled him for disrespect to a "maraboute." No one need fear that African Mussulmans will recognize the German Emperor's "old God."

Here at Paris I pass daily the Hospital of the Mussulman's Friends under the sign of the Red Star. Shining black Senegalese, with bandages round noses or other impossible parts, show their white teeth and seem to enjoy treatment and convalescence. One, almost a giant, acts as general shepherd dog when the little French nurse takes her boyish charges out for a bit of walk in the neighboring park. These Senegalese are genuine blacks, and they have done themselves credit all through the war—good soldiers, good fellows. They, too, merit the eulogy which an officer of twenty-five years' experience gives to the "Turcos" who fought with him in Madagascar and Indo-China, in Morocco and now on French soil against Germans: "When well commanded, the Tunisian and the Algerian, the Kabyle and the Moroccan, are admirable soldiers. We must cry it aloud—France owes a great debt to them."

The brilliant success of the French in handling such soldiers is largely due to something entirely wanting to Germans in their dealings with subordinate races. It is something which even the Englishman's fair play does not altogether supply. It is the hand-to-hand comradeship of officers and men.

A superior officer of the sharpshooters was lately back in Tunis on some military errand and was walking through the city with a chief civil official of the Regency. In the Arab crowd he suddenly espied one of his young soldiers who had been wounded by the Germans and was hobbling painfully along on crutches. He pushed forward and, regardless of the curious onlookers, put his arm around the man: "Abib! so this is what those savages have done to you. Tell me all about it." The Turco wept with joy and affection, and the officer, leaving the civilian, led him off to lunch with himself. It is the same with the Senegalese. French discipline and, most of all, French officers treat them as human, and human relations start up between them. And in this war France is reaping the fruits of her humanity.

There is a curious mixture of antique races as well as shades of color among these African troops of France. The Kabyles have been thought by some to be of the original Egyptian family which spread all along the North African coast. One thousand of these farming mountaineers were brought last July to the great grain region of the Beauce to help in the harvest, and, in spite of misgivings, they were a success. Next year, when the need of harvesters may be still greater, perhaps 50,000 of these strong, faithful workers will be at the haymaking, reaping, and vintage in France. They were paid a dollar a day, which was riches—and they were worth it. Like all the others, they take back with them a veritable education. They were cheered and managed by five old under-officers of their race from the African troops. Jews of extremely ancient settlement in Africa have also made their way in the army—though they remain less military than their neighbors.

If the war continues, next spring may see a determined effort to profit by these military resources of France, which should easily furnish 700,000 soldiers. The great difficulty is to find the under-officers, for on them will always depend the efficiency and contentment of the men. Four sons of former African kings are now lieutenants in the field, one at the Dardanelles. There are already something more than 60,000 soldiers in the mêlée. Charlerol and the marshes of Saint-Gond, the cold, damp banks of the Yser and Soissons, and the fields of Artois have seen them, as the Duke of Wellington saw Irishmen whom Britons called "allens," do their duty.

One of the First Senegalese Regiment—a student of a French college—writes from the hospital where he is healing his wounds: "Next spring we blacks will give our lives again and show we are worthy to fight beside our white brothers for the defence of France. If I have been able to be somebody in my country, it is owing to the lessons of my French masters."

Notes from the Capital

JOHN LIND.

John Lind's tilt with Henry Lane Wilson, whatever the merits of the incident out of which it grew, was characteristic in its way. Lind has always been so noted for his freedom of speech, extending to a point which his critics called license, that there was an outburst of astonishment in Washington at his designation, soon after President Wilson entered the White House, to a quasi-diplomatic mission in Mexico, till the discovery was made that the direct responsibility for his choice lay at Mr. Bryan's door and not at the President's. Bryan said then that they wanted a man for their local observer in Mexico who had independence of judgment. Lind certainly has that, though his independence sometimes carries him to wise results and sometimes to foolish. In the latter category most intelligent Americans now would place his desertion of the sound-money cause for the silver free-coinage phantom in 1896; but Bryan profited by that, and doubtless holds to a different opinion of it from the mass of his fellow-countrymen.

Lind is a Swede by birth, a rather tall, very angular and ungainly blond man, with the spare habit and bony face of his type. He attracted no particular attention during his first service in the Fiftieth Congress as a Republican Representative from Minnesota; but the newspapers found him of some interest when, in the Fifty-first Congress, he served on the select committee that investigated the Civil Service Commission. His habitual seriousness never forsook him, though there were not a few humorous features in the course of this inquiry which aroused the mirth of his colleagues. He would sit tilted back in his swivel-chair, toying thoughtfully with a penholder in the sound hand resting on the table before him, and looking, from under brows a trifle lowering, straight at the witness on the stand for the moment. He seemed more impressed with the frequent interpolations of Commissioner Roosevelt than with the formal testimony of the other witnesses, but took no part in the examination of anybody beyond the suggestion of an idea here and there which was half comment and half question, and always pretty sharp.

Wilson is not the first person who has called Lind to account for his plainness of expression regarding matters involved in the foreign relations of the United States. In the midst of his term as Governor of Minnesota, the Boer War having broken out, he made a speech in which he declared: "England has bullied, she has robbed, she has oppressed for generations, for centuries. To-day she is despised by every self-respecting citizen in the world. Why, think of it, my friends! The Orange Free State, that noble little republic on African soil, was the first and only country in the world to copy our Constitution and make it its fundamental law, word for word, letter for letter; yet we stand idly by, not willing even to utter a word of protest against its annihilation from among the nations of the world." This drew from the British Vice-Consul at St. Paul a vigorous address to a gathering of English residents of that city, in which he denounced Lind as a blatant politician who, in proclaiming his sympathy with the Boers, was prostituting his office for votes. For a little while the yellow press in the Northwest tried to work up this clash into an international incident; but the Federal Administration refused to get excited over it, and all the agitation died down when it was learned that the Vice-Consul was an American citizen, with as good a right to speak his mind about Lind as Lind had to speak his about anybody else.

His insistence upon his freedom to express his opinions and criticise the conduct of others at such times and in such terms as best suited him contrasts oddly with Lind's own behavior towards an editor of the St. Paul *Dispatch* whom he held accountable for some rather violent strictures on his Administration as Governor which had appeared in that journal. He nursed his grievances quietly till his term had expired, and then walked into the editorial office and knocked his victim down twice, with an accompaniment of language which left no possibility of doubt as to his state of mind. The editor, curiously enough, adopted on that occasion, in extenuation of the offence of which Lind accused him, a line of argument not so very unlike that with which Lind recently waved Wilson aside, but Lind treated it as a subterfuge and declined to be moved from his purpose of vengeance. Doubtless, when called upon by Wilson to affirm or deny the statements imputed to him, Lind felt somewhat like that other Scandinavian of whom the story is told that he offered himself in marriage to a young woman, and was afterwards reproached by her for no longer caring to talk to her as usual. "No," he answered, "ah tank dey ban too much said alretty!"

TATTLER.

Walter Bagehot

By FREDERIC J. WHITING.

Joubert reminds us that beauty and light are necessary to a proper exhibition of truth. Be profound with clear terms and not with obscure terms, he exclaims. As one goes deep into things, one must keep a charm, and one must carry into the dark depths of thought "the pure and antique clearness of centuries less learned than ours, but with more light in them." In his pure and antique clearness we find Walter Bagehot's distinguishing trait. He had a consuming passion for realities: with him ideas were merely the intellectual equivalent of facts. One is so constituted by virtue of an experiencing nature. As he himself says, it is not enough to have opportunity, it is essential to feel it. Some occasions come to all men; but to many they are of little use, and to some they are of none. Of Shakespeare he writes:

It may be said that Shakespeare's works could only be produced by a first-rate imagination working on a first-rate experience. It is often difficult to make out whether the author of a poetic creation is drawing from fancy, or drawing from experience; but for art on a certain scale the two must concur. Out of nothing, nothing can be created. Some plastic power is required, however great may be the material. And when such works as "Hamlet" and "Othello," still more, when both they and others not unequal, have been created by a single mind, it may be fairly said that not only a great imagination, but a full conversancy with the world was necessary to their production. The whole powers of man under the most favorable circumstances are not too great for such an effort. We may assume that Shakespeare had a great experience.

This gives us as clear an insight into Bagehot as into Shakespeare. From the same pen came "Economic Studies," "Lombard Street," the editorials in the *Economist*, "Physics and Politics," "The English Constitution," "Literary Studies," "Letters on the French Coup d'Etat of 1851," "Biographical Studies." Yet each embodies the "whole powers" of the man. It cannot be said that one represents more of Bagehot than another. He was not, as some have supposed, an economist given to frequent excursions into the far country of literary criticism; he was the embodiment of remarkably acute powers of observation and reflection working on multifarious and sharply diversified experiences. He was not more interested in the state of English bank reserves than in the insoluble problem of the mind of William Cowper, and he was as competent to discuss the one as the other. Though he may isolate a subject for the purpose of scientific or literary criticism, it nevertheless remains a part of his intellectual landscape, and its whole claim upon his attention springs from that fact. The play of human emotions fascinates him, whether in Lombard Street, the Tuileries, or the study of Arthur Hugh Clough, and he brings equal wit and imagination (if we may divorce two things so inseparably one) to bear upon each.

Some difference of opinion exists as to the wisdom of republishing *in extenso* what Bagehot wrote. An English critic said the other day that the collection of everything that Bagehot ever wrote did not excite his gratitude. Contrast this with Lord Bryce's letter of October 2, 1877, to R. H. Hutton: "If some of his earlier writings are, as I fancy, out of print, might it not be well to have them reissued, and would there not be, out of his letters or ephemeral articles, many that ought to be printed and would have a permanent value? His study-sweepings were better than most men's labored works." Probably most persons familiar with Bagehot will agree with Lord Bryce. It was his letter which first suggested to Hutton the idea of republishing the "Biographical and Literary Studies." Until now, however, the only uniform edition of Walter Bagehot's writings in existence was one published in 1889 by the Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., which was issued, at a nominal price, as a "souvenir." This was a notable feat for more reasons than one. Above all, it insured for Bagehot's writings the careful editing which they had so long needed. He was, as his best friends are not slow to admit, a very careless writer and proof-reader. Mr. Forrest Morgan, whom the insurance company selected as editor, evoked the admiration of Leslie Stephen, who wrote of his efforts:

Mr. Forrest Morgan labored upon Bagehot's text with a zeal unsurpassable by any editor of a classic. Bagehot was either incapable of correcting proofs or calmly indifferent to errors; his pages bristle with misprints and grammatical solecisms; he mangled quotations so strangely that it is difficult to explain how he contrived to do it, and, as he rarely gave references, the task of identifying and correcting was very laborious. Mr. Morgan's zeal was equal to the difficulty, and a British author again owes to an American the first performance of a valuable service.

"The Works and Life of Walter Bagehot"* which Mrs. Russell Barrington has just issued contains much that was missing in the American edition, and is peculiarly interesting, not merely because she was his sister-in-law, and consequently had access to facts and correspondence denied to others, but also because of a faculty which she frequently displays of catching and succinctly exhibiting the fundamental characteristics of Bagehot.

I.

Walter Bagehot was a West Countryman. For several generations the Bagehots had dwelt at Langport, a small ancient town on the River Parret, in the centre of that part of England which narrows between the Bristol and the English Channels, before it again widens out into Devonshire. It is quite unique. Viewed as a town, it is tiny, and the inhabitants do not now number eight hundred. Yet it cannot be called a village; it has a market. Its importance in history and its commercial prosperity are the results of its being the first ford from the mouth of the River Poiret. Two hills rise out of the moors half a mile apart. One of these was formerly covered by the ancient town of Langport, a crowded mass of houses, within fortified walls, interlaced with narrow alleys and crowned by a grand early perpendicular church, built on the site of a yet earlier Norman church. The opposite hill, Herd's Hill, is crowned by a group of huge elm trees, whose rounded masses of foliage rise with stately effect against the western sky. Between the two hills runs the present street of Langport, which dates back some centuries. One end is called Bow Street, the other Cheapside. In this street was Bank House, where Walter Bagehot was born. On the hill, in the direction of the church, stands Hill House, the residence, first, of the ancestors of the Bagehots, and subsequently of the Stuckey family from about 1750 until ten years ago.

About the year 1772 Samuel Stuckey founded the Somersetshire Bank, at Langport, which in time spread over the entire country, and eventually became the largest private bank of issue in England. In 1909 Stuckey's Banking Company was amalgamated with Parr's Bank.

Samuel Stuckey's niece married Thomas Watson Bagehot, who was for thirty years managing director and vice-chairman of Stuckey's Banking Company. Walter Bagehot, born February 3, 1826, was their child. Mrs. Bagehot was a very pretty and lively woman, who had, as Hutton tells us, by her previous marriage with a son of Dr. Estlin, of Bristol, been brought at an early age into an intellectual atmosphere, by which she had greatly profited. Dr. Prichard, the well-known ethnologist, was her brother-in-law, and it is more than likely that Walter Bagehot's marked taste for science was first awakened in Dr. Prichard's house in Park Row, where he often spent his half-holidays while he was a schoolboy in Bristol. It is conceivable that to Dr. Prichard's "Races of Man" may be first traced that keen interest in the speculative side of ethnological research which Bagehot displays in his work on "Physics and Politics."

Walter Bagehot was entered at University College, London, in 1842. Oxford and Cambridge were debarred to him, owing to the fact that his father was a Unitarian and objected to the doctrinal tests which were then required of the undergraduates at the older universities. Apparently Bagehot had no occasion to regret this choice, for fifteen years later he wrote, in his essay on Shelley: "A distinguished pupil of the University of Oxford once observed to us: 'The use of the University of Oxford is that no one can over-read himself there. The appetite for knowledge is repressed.'"

*The Works and Life of Walter Bagehot. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 10 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $25 net.

Bagehot was a great reader. Poetry, metaphysics, and history were his favorite studies. He was a good mathematician, and is said to have come very much under the influence of Professor Long, who was a learned and accurate student of Roman law. He took his bachelor's degree, with the mathematical scholarship, in 1846, and his master's degree in the University of London, with the gold medal in intellectual and moral philosophy and political economy, in 1848. His college life was nearly contemporaneous with the life of the Anti-Corn Law League and the agitation in favor of Free Trade. Bagehot was strongly influenced by Cobden, seldom missing an opportunity to hear him speak. On leaving the University he read law, and was called to the bar in the autumn of 1852.

In 1851 Bagehot spent some months in Paris and had a chance to study the *Coup d'Etat*. The seven letters which he wrote on that event shocked the sensibilities of Englishmen. In 1851 a number of young Unitarians undertook to help for a time in conducting the *Inquirer*, the chief organ of the Unitarian body. Laurence Hutton was one of these. J. Langton Sanford, afterwards the historian of the Great Rebellion, was another. Hutton says: "Only a denomination of 'just men,' trained in tolerance for generations, and in that respect, at least, made all but 'perfect,' would have endured it at all; but I doubt if any of us caused the Unitarian body so much grief as Bagehot, who never was a Unitarian, but who contributed a series of brilliant letters on the *Coup d'Etat*, in which he trod just as heavily on the toes of his colleagues as he did on those of the public by whom the *Inquirer* was taken." Briefly, he eulogized the Roman Catholic Church, supported the Prince President's military violence, attacked the freedom of the press in France, maintained that the country was wholly unfit for true parliamentary government, lauded Louis Napoleon himself, asserting that he had been far better prepared for the duties of a statesman by gambling on the turf than he would have been by poring over the historical and political dissertations of the wise and the good. It was not to be expected that such doctrine would be swallowed across the Channel. Crabb Robinson, for example, in speaking of him to Hutton, used ever afterwards to describe him as "that friend of yours—you know whom I mean, you rascal! —who wrote those abominable, those most disgraceful, letters. I did not forgive him for years after."

Yet beneath the reckless cynicism of "The Letters on the Coup d'Etat," so different from the moderation of Bagehot's later years, was a great amount of shrewd sense and profound political philosophy. It is here that for the first time we get a view of one of his most deeply rooted theories, namely, that free institutions are apt to succeed best with a stupid people. He writes, for example:

I see you are surprised. You are going to say to me, as Socrates did to Polus, "My young friend, of *course* you are right, but will you explain what you mean, as you are not yet intelligible?" I will do as well as I can, and endeavor to make good what I say, not by an *a priori* demonstration of my own, but from the details of the present and from the facts of history. Not to begin by wounding any present susceptibilities, let me take the Roman character, for, with one exception—I need not say to whom I allude—they are the great political people of history. Now is not a certain dulness their most visible characteristic? What is the history of their speculative mind? A blank. What their literature? A copy. They have left not a single discovery in any abstract science, not a single perfect or well-formed work of high imagination. The Greeks, the perfection of human and accomplished genius, bequeathed to mankind the ideal form of self-idolizing art; the Romans imitated and admired. The Greeks explained the laws of nature; the Romans wondered and despised. The Greeks invented a system of numerals second only to that now in use; the Romans counted to the end of their days with the clumsy apparatus which we still call by their name. The Greeks made a capital and scientific calendar; the Romans began their month when the Pontifex Maximus happened to spy out the new moon. Throughout Latin literature this is the perpetual puzzle—why are we free and they slaves?—we prætors and they barbers? Why do the stupid people always win and the clever people always lose? I need not say that in real, sound stupidity the English people are unrivalled. You'll have more wit, and better wit, in an Irish street-row than would keep Westminster Hall in humor for five weeks. . . . These valuable truths are no discoveries of mine. They are familiar enough to people whose business it is to know them. Hear what a douce and aged attorney says of your peculiarly promising barrister: "Sharpe? Oh! yes, yes; he's too sharp, too sharp by half. He isn't safe, not a minute, isn't that young man." "What style, sir," asked of an East India director some youthful aspirant for literary renown, "is most to be preferred in the composition of official dispatches?" "My good fellow," responded the ruler of Hindustan, "the style, as *we* like, is the Humdrum."

This is the spendthrift wit of youth. Yet behind the cynicism we discover a sincere conviction which Bagehot stated time and again in his maturer years, though with more regard for tender sensibilities. Discussing Lord Eldon, in his essay on the "First Edinburgh Reviewers," he says, "As for Lord Eldon, it is the most difficult thing in the world to believe that there ever was such a man. It only shows how intense historical evidence is, that no one really doubts it. He believed in everything which it is impossible to believe in—in the danger of Parliamentary reform, the danger of Catholic Emancipation, the danger of altering the Court of Chancery, the danger of altering the Courts of Law, the danger of abolishing capital punishment for trivial thefts, the danger of making land-owners pay their debts, the danger of making anything more, the danger of making anything less." Why did the English endure the everlasting Chancellor? "The fact is, that Lord Eldon's rule was maintained a great deal on the same motives as that of Louis Napoleon. . . . He was, like the present Emperor, the head of what we call the party of order. Everybody knows what keeps Louis Napoleon in his place. It is not attachment to him, but dread of what he restrains—dread of revolution. The present may not be good, and having such newspapers is dreadful; but it is better than no trade, bankrupt banks, loss of old savings, your mother beheaded on destructive principles, your eldest son shot on conservative ones." Note the resemblance between this and the following from the second letter on the "French Coup d'Etat of 1851": "The first duty of society is the preservation of society. By the sound work of old-fashioned generations, by the singular painstaking of the slumberers in churchyards, by dull care, by stupid industry, a certain social fabric somehow exists; people contrive to go out to their work, and to find work to employ them actually until the evening, and this is what mankind have to show for their six thousand years of toil and trouble. To keep up this system we must sacrifice everything. Parliaments, liberty, leading articles, essays, eloquence—all are good, but they are secondary; at all hazards, and if we can, mankind must be kept alive."

It was probably during his stay in Paris that Bagehot gave up the idea of the law and decided to join his father in the Somersetshire Bank and in his other affairs as merchant and ship-owner. Hutton seems to think that his health, never quite secure, had something to do with this decision. Mrs. Barrington is convinced that Hutton was restrained by motives of delicacy from stating what she believes to be the real cause. It is from her account that most persons will learn for the first time that Bagehot's mother had fits of insanity. The domestic life of the Bagehot family was clouded by the melancholy fate of this clever and estimable woman, and it is more than likely that Walter Bagehot went back to Somersetshire for the sole purpose of alleviating the lot of his father. Eventually, he succeeded his father in the management of Stuckey's Bank. In 1858 he married the eldest daughter of the Right Honorable James Wilson, who had founded the *Economist* for the purpose of promulgating the doctrine of Free Trade. In 1860 Wilson died in India, where he had gone as the financial member of the Indian Council, to reduce, so far as possible, order out of the financial anarchy then prevailing there. On Wilson's departure Bagehot became editor of the *Economist*, a position which he held to the end of his life. He died in 1877.

II.

Bagehot wielded a busy pen almost from the time when he returned from Paris. His exquisite study of Hartley Coleridge was written in 1852; and this was followed by a long series of literary, biographical, and economic essays, all characterized by shrewd and penetrating observations, subtle and delicate distinctions, voluminous and pithy allusions, searching philosophy (he had mas-

tered his Kant), profound acquaintance with political systems, common-sense political economy, and a diction which ranks him, despite his absent-mindedness in composition, with Newman and Arnold.

To most persons Bagehot is known chiefly by three works, "Physics and Politics," "The English Constitution," and "Lombard Street." Bagehot's imagination was captivated by Wallace, Darwin, Lubbock, and Sir Henry Sumner Maine, and "Physics and Politics" was the outcome. One of the peculiarities of this age, he says, is the sudden acquisition of much physical knowledge. "There is scarcely a department of science or art which is the same, or at all the same, as it was fifty years ago. A new world of inventions—of railways and of telegraphs—has grown up around us which we cannot help seeing; a new world of ideas is in the air and affects us, though we do not see it. . . . I think I may usefully, in a few papers, show how, upon one or two great points, the new ideas are modifying two old sciences—politics and political economy."

Bagehot has recently been called a great *précis*-writer. That is a most inadequate term if it is meant to imply that he was only a *précis*-writer; but if the meaning is that, among his other accomplishments, he could condense another's thought and restate it in clearer and more penetrating language, the characterization is profoundly just. Like Shakespeare and Handel, he always repays with interest: the great physicists of the nineteenth century are, in fact, in debt to Walter Bagehot—in "Physics and Politics" he has provided delightful propylæa to the study of their masterly works. It is in this work that he states his cherished theory of "imitation" with greatest clearness. He discusses nation-making and the changes that take place in national thought and feeling from age to age. Of course, he says, there was always some reason (if we could only find it) which gave the prominence in each age to some particular winning literature. There is always some reason why the fashion of female dress is what it is. But just as, in the case of dress, we know that nowadays the determining cause is very much of an accident; so in the case of literary fashion, the origin is a good deal of an accident. What the milliners of Paris, or the *demi-monde* of Paris, enjoin English ladies is, he supposes, a good deal of chance; but so soon as it is decreed, those whom it suits and those whom it does not, all wear it. The imitative propensity at once insures uniformity; and "that horrid thing we wore last year" (as the phrase may go) is soon nowhere to be seen. Just so a literary fashion spreads, though he is far from saying with equal primitive unreasonableness—a literary taste always begins on some decent reason, but once started, it is propagated as a fashion in dress is propagated; even those who do not like it read it because it is there, and because nothing else is easily to be found. The same patronage of favored forms, and persecution of disliked forms, are the main causes, too, which change national character. Certainly, the philosophy of history was never handled more familiarly, and some will think with less seriousness; but Bagehot, more than any man of his generation, with the exception of Newman, grasped the fact that the greatest of human transformations originate in the simplest and most naïve of human emotions.

As the English Constitution has been in the melting-pot ever since the Reform Act of 1867, I am not disposed to dwell on Bagehot's celebrated work on that subject. In 1872, in his introduction to the second edition, he says: "A new Constitution does not produce its full effect as long as all its subjects were reared under an old Constitution, as long as its statesmen were trained by that old Constitution. It is not really tested till it comes to be worked by statesmen, and among a people neither of whom are guided by a different experience." The change since 1865, he declared, was a change not in one point, but in a thousand points; it was a change not of particular details, but of pervading spirit. The pervading spirit born of the Reform Act of 1867 has animated the British people for half a century; few of those now influenced by it were trained by the old Constitution; it has come to be worked by statesmen, and among a people neither of whom are guided by "a different experience." Bagehot was not lacking prophetic insight. He conceived that questions might be raised which, if continually agitated, would combine the workingmen as a class together. In "The English Constitution" we again find allusion to the Englishman's love of stupid people. Speaking of a completely new House of Lords, mainly composed of men of ability, selected because they were able, he says: "In the present English world such a House of Lords would lose all its influence. People would say 'it is too clever by half,' and in an Englishman's mouth that means a very severe censure."

The changes in British politics in the last half century are not greater than the changes in British finance. In 1873 Bagehot wrote: "Since 1844 Lombard Street is so changed that we cannot judge of it without describing and discussing a most vigorous adult world which was then small and weak." The period since 1873 may fitly be described in almost the same words. For this reason, "Lombard Street," Bagehot's most widely read work, is no longer the vitalizing influence that it was. The things for which it contended have become, in very large measure, accomplished facts. Yet "Lombard Street" still remains a work of great charm and instruction. Bagehot maintained that the Bank of England was bound not only to keep a good reserve against a time of panic, but to use that reserve effectually when that time of panic came. The keepers of the banking reserve, whether one or many, were obliged then to use that reserve for their own safety. If they permitted all other forms of credit to perish, their own would perish immediately, and in consequence. It is hard to believe that this could have ever been doubted. Yet in Bagehot's day, so far as the Bank of England was concerned, a denial was entered. It was alleged that the Bank of England could keep aloof in a panic; that it could, if it would, let other banks and trades fail; that if it chose, it could stand alone and survive intact while all else perished around it. On various occasions, most influential persons, both in the government of the Bank and out of it, said that such was their opinion. The world owes it to Bagehot, in no small part, that such is no longer accepted opinion. It is a surprising fact that no one has yet called attention to the marvellous justification of Bagehot's theory of banking discoverable in the methods employed a year ago by the Bank of England in meeting the situation created by the sudden outbreak of the war.

Yet, after all that is said of his writings, it is the man himself that wins our admiration and affection. His must have been an irresistible personality. The intellect could never have slumbered while in his presence. Everything that one reads about him, and much that one reads in his published works, indicates a sensitive organization, a high spirit (as well as high spirits), a quick appreciation of everything that was just and fine. One would fail to estimate him correctly if one should say that he could be grave and gay, literal and fanciful, matter of fact and witty, in the same breath; these opposite qualities did not so much follow one another as interpenetrate one another in his discourse. He possessed both wit and humor; yet with him they were not mere playthings, but a peculiar vehicle for expressing the highest and most necessary truths.

Book Notes and Byways

ABIGAIL ADAMS AND A FORGOTTEN POET.

By JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Abigail Adams, wife of the second President of the United States, was perhaps the most remarkable woman of the American Revolution. Her published letters amply show her great qualities of mind and heart; moreover, they shed on the period a certain light which can be found in no other printed word. Although largely self-taught, Mrs. Adams was a diligent reader of the English poets and moralists, and she was particularly fond of poetry. It is therefore not in the least surprising that, when a resident of London about the year 1784, she should choose from the attractive shelves of James Dodsley, in Pall Mall, a volume of 243 pages, entitled "The English Garden: A Poem in Four Books," by W. Mason, M.A. (York, 1783), as a present for her niece, Eliza Cranch, the daughter of her elder sister, Mary.

By a lucky chance this volume has been

saved from destruction. A few months ago, while looking over a wheelbarrow-load of rubbish in a second-hand book-shop in a small city of the Middle West, I came across a little book bound in full-calf, which, however, possessed no interest for me until I read the inscription on the fly-leaf. There in a clear, bold hand was written: "Eliza Cranch's from her Aunt A. Adams." Here, then, was an association volume of uncommon interest—an item almost unique by reason of its rarity. This particular edition of "The English Garden" is enriched with commentary and notes by W. Burgh, Esq., LL.D. The learned Doctor's contribution is of greater length than the poem itself. In 125 pages he ponderously displays his erudition and expository powers; but, unfortunately, his somnolent commentary fails to make this "polite" bit of literature more readable. Eliza, no doubt, read the poem with rapt attention. For the young woman of to-day that would be a quite impossible performance. Indeed, I know of few students of poetry who would now feel any degree of eagerness to master the contents of "The English Garden."

The Reverend Mr. Mason has long been a forgotten poet. Two things only, so far as I am aware, have served to keep his name alive: his friendship for the poet Gray, from whom he received many letters, and his famous line on Hume, which finds a place in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations":

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.

The line is from Mason's "Heroic Epistle" to Sir William Chambers—likewise a forgotten worthy.

Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us that Mason's letters to Gray were not infrequently "tributes to his own inordinate vanity." But in spite of this, Gray entertained a genuine friendship for the man, and speaks in the highest terms of Mason's gifts. Concerning his capacity for writing odes, Gray says: "Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with masterly hand, in some of his Choruses." And to him Gray addressed his "Comic Lines." Boaden, in his "Life of Kemble," informs us that "Mason was not meanly skilled in choral and scientific composition." The versatile clergyman also invented a musical instrument, which his friend Gray, in a letter dated May 23, 1767, calls a "zumpe." Mason was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to George the Second in 1757.

Yet he is now all but forgotten; a fact at which I did not marvel when I tried to read his poem, "The English Garden," for the sake of the noble woman, who, one hundred and thirty years before, had purchased it in a famous London book-shop as a gift for Eliza Cranch. We may here indulge only in the opening lines:

To thee, divine SIMPLICITY! to thee,
Best arbitress of what is good and fair,
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,
Of import high to those whose taste would add
To Nature's careless graces; loviest then,
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.

The late Mr. Charles Francis Adams was much interested in my "find," as he termed it, and only a few days before his death wrote about it in part as follows:

There can, I think, be no question whatever that the autograph is that of Mrs. Adams. Her handwriting was distinct and characteristic. I feel no hesitation on this head. It is certainly a curious "find." . . . Eliza Cranch was Mrs. Adams's niece—the daughter of her sister. There is a tract of land in the town of Quincy, Massachusetts, still known as "Cranch's pasture." On it stood the house of Judge Cranch, his brother-in-law, appointed by John Adams, if I recollect right, the first Postmaster of Quincy. The Cranch pasture subsequently passed into the possession of John Adams, and not so very many years ago it was still a cow-pasture, in which I was wont to practice and train my horses.

Mr. Adams's wonderfully rich life closed soon after writing this letter, and I like to think that the recovery of the little volume gave him pleasure.

Correspondence.

THE NATION'S WAR RELIEF FUND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I see that "O." has sent you his check for $2,000, although the condition he laid down has not been fulfilled. I see no reason why I should not do likewise as to the little contribution which I was prompted to offer in support of his scheme. I therefore enclose $200, to be divided equally between the Belgian Relief Fund, the Polish Victims' Relief Fund, the Serbian Relief Committee of America, and the Jewish Relief Society for Poland.

F. F.

New York, December 7.

"SWEET VOICES" OF CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The conjunction, in the morning's newspaper, of Secretary Garrison's hint of a possible "compelling" of military service in this country, and Myron T. Herrick's publicly announced advocacy of "universal military service" for Americans, brought to my mind a paragraph from George Gissing's incomparable book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." Let me quote the passage here:

"Some one, I see, is lifting up his sweet voice in praise of conscription. It is only at long intervals that one reads this kind of thing in our reviews or newspapers, and I am happy in believing that most English people are affected by it even as I am, with the sickness of dread and of disgust. That the thing is impossible in England, who would venture to say? Every one who can think at all sees how slight are our safeguards against that barbaric force in man which the privileged races have so slowly and painfully brought into check. Democracy is full of menace to all the finer hopes of civilization, and the revival, in not unnatural companionship with it, of monarchic power based on militarism, makes the prospect dubious enough. . . . But what a dreary change must come upon our islanders if, without instant danger, they bend beneath the curse of universal soldiering!"

If an Englishman, the citizen of an Old World empire, won and welded primarily by armed force, could feel thus in regard to compulsory military service, with what tenfold or hundredfold "sickness of dread and of disgust" must the possibility of this evil be viewed by Americans! For myself, nothing in all the black history of the past seventeen months seems so fraught with menace for the future—not the future of America only, but of the world. Murdered lives, squandered treasure, devastated towns—these are things over which time soon draws its veil, things which leave no ineradicable scar upon humanity's face. But national ideals, the precarious inch-by-inch growth of centuries, once cut down and trampled upon, are almost irreparably lost. A few months ago America was the hope of the world, the young Moses who alone might lead the nations out of the bondage of armaments and militarism, whose opportunity it was (the most glorious that ever presented itself to any country) to take the van in a world movement towards reason and brotherhood as opposed to the old suicidal dependence upon brute force. To-day America is embarked upon a policy that will soon make her the chief menace to world peace—the leader in a new and madder race to ruin among the nations; a policy that means the Prussianization of the entire world for an indefinite time to come. Never was a warning to mankind fulfilled more utterly than the Christian message that blazes in letters of fire and blood in the eastern sky, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword!" And yet, blinded to that message by fear and selfishness and distrust and hatred, we Americans are wildly throwing overboard all our traditions, all our Christianity, and are taking the sword. Of course we do not lack the old hypocritical mask behind which every nation and every individual, however lawless and tyrannical, has made the appeal to force. "So long as right and wrong exist in the world there will be an inevitable conflict between them. The right-doers must be prepared to protect and defend the right as against the wrong." Nor is the old sophistry lacking to darken counsel and confuse the dull-witted. "One is impelled to query upon what proper consideration there is based any distinction between the right or necessity or desirability of using mental force to repel error, moral force to repel evil, and physical force to repel wrong." There is the frightful essence of the whole matter! To Secretary Garrison, and to the average American whose mind he so well typifies, there *is* no distinction between moral suasion and brute force—Marcus Aurelius is on the same level with Attila, Christ with Wilhelm II. Ideals, traditions, moral values—what are these but "sloppy sentimentalities," the nebulous mental playthings of dreamers and mollycoddles! Let us be real men in a real world. Let us base our conduct "upon a consideration of facts or conclusions of reason." Let us have our "supreme navy," our "world's biggest guns," our conscript army, and all the rest of it. Let us lead the nations in a new and more furious dance of death than has yet been known.

Waldo R. Browne.

Wyoming, N. Y., December 10.

A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the reports which have reached this side of the ocean that ex-President Roosevelt is so keenly disappointed in the course which the American Government has pursued in the matter of its foreign policy that "he would be ashamed to show himself in Europe," may I address to you a few reflections? Of course these problems are very delicate and complex, and I am also well aware that a foreigner should hesitate to intrude in affairs of this kind. But, on the one hand, my attachment for America is so strong that I do not look upon it as a wholly foreign

land to me; and, on the other hand, it is not my intention in this letter to try and settle the question myself. I wish simply to draw the attention of your readers to one of the aspects of it with which they may not be thoroughly acquainted; and, furthermore, they will be quite free to attach whatever importance they may see fit to what I say.

I refer to the incontestable fact that the present attitude of the United State, at least as it appears from this distance, is producing here in Europe a very unfavorable impression.

But I hasten to add that this feeling is far from being associated with all Americans. Those who know and understand your country make a marked distinction between the two sorts of citizens which you have on your side of the Atlantic—those who practice truly the free spirit of America, and those who do not. There are those who, like Mr. Roosevelt and others, wished to come to the defence of Belgium when her neutrality was violated, recognized as it was by the signature of the United States in the conventions of The Hague, or at least give of their riches and their devotion, as so many of your countrymen and women are doing in this Ambulance, to the victims of this atrocious war. But there are others who, too inclined to put first considerations of their own profit, their own quiet, and their own safety, seem to have as their only care the maintenance of peace at any price, forgetting, as Mr. Roosevelt has well said, that, though war is a great evil, it is not the greatest evil. Shame on him who would not prefer the glorious martyr Belgium, victim of its respect for its plighted word, to the tranquil and despicable lot of Greece, refusing to carry out the stipulations of its treaty with Servia, because the danger is too great!

I would not be misunderstood. The friends of America on this side of the ocean do not exactly complain because she does not take part in the war; they are ready to let her be the judge of her duty in this matter, and, furthermore, they fully appreciate the great service she is doing the cause of the Allies by the single fact of her business transactions with them. What afflicts us who have a warm affection for your grand country is to see the American name lose little by little its ancient prestige and fall from the high rank which it once held in the eyes of the other nations. It is hard for us to hear repeated so often over here railleries like this:

"They are easy-going, your Americans! They threaten, and then they are treated in just the way they said they must not be treated! Then they get angry, but again no attention is paid to their anger. They protest once more, but less and less attention is paid to their protest, for it is felt that words and not acts are to be the order of the day. And now they are not even able to prevent a foreign nation from sowing discord among them, causing fires, explosions, and attempts at murder. One asks how much further their patience will go."

But thanks to the views and acts of a large portion of the American public, we are able to reply:

"You have no right to judge the United States by the newly-arrived citizens, who are not yet completely freed from the influences of their former home. Judge her by her real children, the worthy descendants of the companions of Washington and Lafayette; those who were born on American soil, and have drawn from the generous land the sentiments of true honor, the love of justice and real liberty. They are the *élite* of the nation; they are its heart and intelligence. It is their mission to educate their fellow citizens, and in all great crises like the present they end by having the last word. Once again the future will prove the correctness of this assertion."

Such is our reply, and I feel sure that you will approve of it. ABBE FELIX KLEIN.

Chaplain of the American Ambulance.

Neuilly, near Paris, November 29.

SEX IN FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Might I be permitted to append my feeble chirp to Mr. Sherman's magnificent three-page excoriation of Mr. Dreiser and the American realists, and at the same time to air a little grievance of my own?

I am on the executive committee of our local book club. Last winter, for some reason, fiction was hard to come by. The level was low. Such as they were, we got together a tolerably representative lot of reasonably recent novels, English, French, and American; and of all these books—thirty in number—just two were vivid and alive: Mr. Dreiser's "Financier" and Mr. Adams's "Clarion." Unlike as these two books were, they had one peculiarity in common: trenchant and sure when they dealt with the world of men, they became inept, silly, and coarse when they touched the world of sex. I think Mr. Sherman is most unjust to Mr. Dreiser's handling of his financier's business side. That seemed to me masterly; but when it comes to the financier's "softer" side—well, Mr. Sherman's treatment errs, if at all, on the side of gentleness.

And now comes my grievance. This autumn we went forth again to forage for our winter supply of literature, turning eagerly to the two men who had so impressed us the year before, to find that Mr. Dreiser had given to the waiting world a book which he called "The Genius," but on which we bestowed the sub-title "The Amatory Adventures of a Consummate Cad," and forthwith discarded; while Mr. Adams had produced something called "Little Miss Grouch." Possibly we were hasty, but it seemed to us to call for neither sub-title nor examination.

Now this is odd. Americans, who are second to no men in fineness of feeling towards women, seem to be constitutionally incapable of handling the sex motive in fiction. They are either coarse, like Mr. Dreiser; silly, like Mr. Adams and Mr. Chambers, or frigid, like Mr. Churchill and Judge Grant. So why can't they leave it alone? Frenchmen handle it cleverly, Englishmen gracefully—why not leave it to them? They can be relied upon to keep up our interest in the subject. Heaven knows, they give us enough of it! Sex—*sex*—SEX! Until the cloyed reader cries out with Solomon, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love!" Even Mr. Sherman in his review treats it as if in fiction it was the only thing that mattered; but really, as dear old grouchy Carlyle remarked, laying down a recent book by a lady novelist, a forerunner of the present school, for most of his great contemporaries used sex merely as a pin to hold their plot together—such a bent, inadequate, brassy pin, it's a pity they used it at all! "It is a biological fact that only one form of organism exists for that and that alone—the coral polyp."

Defoe, and later Stevenson, greatly daring, threw away the pin. There is no reason to suppose Mr. Stevenson's pirates in "Treasure Island" were sexless. He merely didn't touch that side of them. It was not necessary. There were no women on the Caribbean—there aren't many on the Stock Exchange. After all, men occasionally, in life, keep the two sides separate. M. A. A.

Concord, Mass., December 9.

CLASON'S TWO BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be grateful for space to make an inquiry. In collecting notes on the very numerous attempts to continue Byron's "Don Juan," I have found references to two such poems by Isaac Starr Clason, one, "The Ingenious Forgeries of Don Juan," 1825 (see Sabin's "Bibliotheca Americana"), the other, "Don Juan, Cantos IX, X, and XI," Albany, 1823 (see Cushing's "Anonyms"). Neither of these is at Harvard, Columbia, in the Harris collection at Brown, in the Library of Congress, or in the New York Public Library. In the catalogue of the last named library an anonymous "Continuation," London and Oxford, 1825, is incorrectly ascribed to Clason on the evidence of a pencilled note on the title-page of the copy there. Prof. W. E. Leonard ("Byron and Byronism in America," p. 93) describes one of Clason's continuations, but he is unable to tell me where he saw the copy, his notes being now inaccessible. I may add that the spurious cantos published by Duncombe, London, 1825, are not by Clason. Can any one tell me where to find copies of Clason's two books?

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Bryn Mawr, December 2.

TRUTH IN WINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following *goguette* from Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes" will perhaps bear repetition as a relatively obscure document. The capping epigram itself is for deftness and pungency worth a classification with Johnson's best ("Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," Fourth Edition, p. 261).

"It was, however, unlucky for those who delighted to echo Johnson's sentiments, that he would not endure from them to-day, what perhaps he had yesterday, by his own manner of treating the subject, made them fond of repeating; and I fancy Mr. B—— has not forgotten, that, though his friend one evening in a gay humor talked in praise of wine as one of the blessings permitted by heaven, when used with moderation, to lighten the load of life, and give men strength to endure it; yet, when in consequence of such talk *he* thought fit to make a Bacchanalian discourse in its favor, Mr. Johnson contradicted him somewhat roughly as I remember; and when to assure himself of conquest he added these words, 'You must allow me, Sir, at least that it produces truth; *in vino veritas*, you know, Sir'—"That (replied Mr. Johnson) would be useless to a man who knew he was not a liar when he was sober.'"

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Swarthmore, Pa., December 10.

Literature

A SOCIALIST GENIUS.

Jean Jaurès: L'Homme—le Penseur—le Socialiste. By Charles Rappoport. Paris: L'Emancipatrice. 5 francs.

At the first page of this "book on Jaurès"—for it is that rather than a life—our breath is fairly taken away by words of Anatole France:

> I will give you a preface in which I shall try to follow out your thought and pay homage to the greatest genius of modern times. But it would be impossible for me to write a line of such work during the war. . . . After the war the genius and work of Jaurès, which you have made to live again, shall serve us for a guide and inspiration.

To genius in the Aristotelian explanation—superior power of putting two and two together—Jaurès might well lay claim. So, too, in Cousin's sense of power of continuous application. Like Dr. Samuel Johnson, his communicativeness equalled his receptivity, while, unlike the English doctor, he had, with tireless strength of body, that devouring activity of both body and mind which is characteristic of Frenchmen at their best. As a rhetorician he was the equal of Gambetta, who was comparatively uneducated and without Jaurès's mental readiness of resource; and he was superior in the power of consistent thinking and in personal character, though inferior, in political sense, to Mirabeau, the other Frenchman whom he most resembled.

While waiting for Anatole France's study of the genius, we may accept for the man a formula of Dr. Johnson. He had just warned Boswell: "'Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, Sir, they are exaggerated. You do not see one man shoot a great deal higher than another.' I mentioned Mr. Burke. Johnson—'Yes; Burke *is* an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual.'" No genius of modern times had a stream of life more abundant and perpetual than Jean Jaurès. Yet, on the whole, we might have expected from him something more—something to endure in intellectual production or political reform or social transformation.

In this book, though long in parts and in others obscured by the smoke of recent conflicts, we have materials for judging a great man and an important life; and it is likely to remain for a long time our chief source of information. The speeches and newspaper articles in which Jaurès uttered himself to France day after day, year after year, except in extracts such as are here given have passed with their occasion. This is the common fate of politicians, unless, like Burke, they take time to elaborate masterpieces. Gambetta has left scarcely more than a few happy formulas which he threw into the balance of history. Jaurès has a better chance of furnishing to the rhetoric of the future fragments like the classical *conciones* with which Roman history has been taught in France ever since the Renaissance. Of the Jaurès all but unknown in foreign countries, there is something else that may be more enduring than his eloquence. It is the philosophic mind which shows itself in the pages of his "Socialist History," particularly of the French Revolution.

The author of this book is an old and close friend and associate of Jaurès, but he is no Boswell:

> I have limited myself to the modest rôle of secretary of Jaurès's thoughts, and of the events which called them forth. Indeed, I might have called my book "Jaurès, Told and Explained by Himself." . . . I have tried, while explaining the *essentials* of his life and work, to settle their fundamental idea and directing principle. I flatter myself that I have found the intimate bond that existed between his whole political and social action and his philosophical ideas, which are little known, and so much the more wrongly known.

The middle-class quality—*bourgeoisie*—of Jaurès's family and surroundings is more important in considering his career than his birth in the South of France, although *méridionaux* like himself have had more than their share of political influence. Henri Martin, in his monumental wall-painting in the Salle des Illustres of the Capitole of Toulouse, has Jaurès conspicuous with the others. His uncle was an Admiral who sat as a Republican Senator and was Ambassador at Madrid and St. Petersburg (as it was then) and, as Minister of Marine, lived to face in Parliament his nephew, who was already a disquieting Republican, but not yet a Socialist.

Most *bourgeois* of all was the education of Jaurès, first at his provincial college, then at the Paris Lycée, where he won his baccalaureate at nineteen, and lastly at the old and world-famous Ecole Normale, where he was fed on the purest fruit of the Humanities. At the age of twenty-two he came out an *agrégé* (accepted state professor) of the University of France along with Bergson, who has stuck to philosophy. Jaurès also went forth to teach philosophy for two years in a women's college at Albi, and for two years more he lectured in the University Faculty of Toulouse; but then, in 1885, at twenty-six, he was elected to Parliament—and so finally escaped into politics. Six years later, when his fame as a politician and orator was already established, he went back to pass his two theses for the University doctorate—one a bulky volume in French on "The Reality of the World of Sense," and the other, in Latin, on "The Origins of German Socialism."

Here the distinction of the Man, the Thinker, and the Socialist (which is the somewhat arbitrary division of this book) all but ceases, for never was a public career so underlain by one system of thought and method of thinking. Jaurès, with all his genius, was the *vir systematicus*. His thought was not original, and the consistency of his thinking was in great part an acquirement of superior intellectual training; but there was all the impressiveness of unity and quantity in the result. He was not merely, as Mirabeau's father reproached his son, a "swallower of formulas"; but he deserved fully the veteran philosopher Renouvier's reproach against most systems, that they are forever "realizing abstractions." In working out his Socialism, philosophical as it was, Jaurès seems not to have been trained to that unremitting recall of speculative generalities to real individuals which John Stuart Mill, who was almost the first to segregate the moral sciences, made their necessary condition. "Only particulars do exist," said John Locke, translating the *Tantum singularia existunt* of scholasticism.

Jaurès himself noted very properly in his thesis:

> If Karl Marx had not had the Hegelian dialectic imprinted in his mind, he would not have attached the whole economic movement of England to such Socialist dialectic. England furnished the facts, but German philosophy interpreted them. When you penetrate German Socialism, you find it includes a philosophy. It pretends that in history and political economy there is a certain dialectic which changes the forms of things and the relations of men. It defines liberty, not as an abstract faculty of choosing between contraries or a hypothetical independence of each citizen taken individually, but as the veritable basis of the equality of men and their communion. . . . To German Socialism, accordingly, there is attached a solid dialectical doctrine of the Universal Becoming, of human liberty, of Nature and God.

In plain language, such Socialism does not seem to allow the individual citizen, as a matter of right, to do what he pleases, but only as a matter of social expediency. Tocqueville noted that, all through the French Revolution, in spite of the proclamation of the Rights of Man, liberty was confounded with equality. Tocqueville perhaps, and Jaurès certainly, were not acquainted with the words which John Adams wrote in 1766 in praise of the British Constitution, while he was leading Americans to an independent imitation of it: "Liberty is its end, its use, its designation, drift, and scope, as much as grinding corn is the use of a mill."

German philosophic Socialism, under its mask of Internationalism, was to take full possession of the thinking and speaking mill which Jaurès had become. His last pained astonishment, before a criminal fool struck him down, was to find the Internationalism disclosing stubborn Germanism behind it in fundamental accord with Prussian militarism.

With this clue the open-eyed reader will be able to thread the labyrinth of Jaurès's thought as presented in this book, where much truth is often inverted and confused. Above all, a firm hold on Americanism, so far as it has been worked out, is necessary to avoid being swamped in all this Socialism which, in the reality of human lives, has never been worked out at all.

It is plain that Jaurès, in his conception of the state as it is to be constituted by Socialism, that is, of the human community

as he would have it reorganized for the Society of the future, had no notion of liberty and authority essentially different from that which he found in the traditions of the French Revolution. This is why the work of Jaurès, which is least known abroad—his "History of the Revolution"—is the most important for the student who would understand:

It is from the Socialist point of view that we wish to recount to the people, to workmen, to peasants, the events which developed themselves from 1789 to the end of the nineteenth century. . . . How and through what crises, by what efforts of men and what evolution of things, did the proletariat grow to the decisive part which it shall play to-morrow? It is this which all of us [the many-volumed book was the work of several authors, along with Juarès] militant Socialists purpose recounting. We know that economic conditions, the form of production and property, are the foundation depths of history. And, while the economic life is indeed the foundation and the upward spring of human history, through all the succession of social forms Man, a thinking force, aspires to the full life of thought, to the ardent communion of unquiet mind, avid of unity, with the mysterious universe.

That liberty is the atmosphere in which man must breathe, no matter what the economic life, Jaurès and his masters did not know. "Also, our interpretation of history shall be at once materialist with Marx and mystic with Michelet."

In fact, Jaurès's whole theory of the state differs only in the location of the seat of authority from the previous absolute sovereignty. This the Revolution picked up when monarchy went to pieces, and transmitted it, whole and entire, to successive empires and monarchies and republics of France. Between this and the American idea of a primordial limitation of government itself—a restriction of the authority of the very community over the individuals composing it—the great Atlantic gulf between Europe and America is still fixed.

Even the sovereign independence of the judicial power which has created English liberties and, in spite of minor failures, still conserves American freedom amid "knavish politics," has won scant recognition and less esteem in France. American democracy, in which rule should work from the town-meeting up instead of from some convention down, seems, in France, to Socialists and Radicals and Conservatives alike, little better than Prince Kropotkin's Utopia based on the Russian *mir*. Logically, in the Socialism of Jaurès, the Government of the United States could be little more in theory than anarchy tempered by a judicial system, or in practice other than a capitalist machine. He seems never to have thought it worth his serious attention.

This inherent contradiction of the theory of German Socialism and its French derivatives with Americanism as it has grown up from the beginning is best heard in utterances of Jaurès where, to every thoughtful American, he was quite right in practice. In answer to unfair and untruthful attacks on his private life, such as one who breaks away from the social traditions to which he was born must always undergo, Jaurès wrote (the attack contrasted his little daughter's first communion with his Socialist severity to religion):

Never did I say that the Socialist party, when master of the state, will use violence in the state to abolish traditional worship. Never have I appealed to anything but the gradual organization of liberty and the intimate strength of science and reason. I do not believe that by Hébert's procedure we shall get the better of religion (*venir à bout de la religion*).

Surely, in the American sense, not "state" nor government nor any ruling majority has right or power to "abolish," either with or without "violence," or to "organize," gradually or at all, any human activity which is not comprised within the constitutionally limited sphere of government. Religion, in particular, so far from the state having the right "to get the better of it," is altogether removed from the control even of the entire community. Religious liberty—or any other liberty, if it is to have any meaning at all—must mean this. And "liberty" is not "toleration," the state which can tolerate being also capable not to tolerate.

This incomprehension of Jaurès was never so manifest as in the Parliamentary debates preceding the law "separating" the churches (Roman Catholic, Calvinist, and Luthern Reformed, and Jewish religious organization) from the French state. This separation mainly consisted in the withdrawal of state subsidies and the consequent cessation of the preceding state control over nominations of the clergy. The state regulation of religious communities had been secured by a previous law. Jaurès was chiefly responsible for the voting of the famous Article VIII, making it impossible for Catholics to accept their organization into the *associations cultuelles* which the law imposed on them, since it made such organization incompatible with the essentials of their religion. This is in direct contradiction with American religious practice, and has ended, in France, by making the law inoperative and leaving an uncertain, if not dangerous, civil status to religious organizations. In this, Jaurès overbore the superior political sense of Briand, who reported the bill in Parliament.

In the better known transformation of the Dreyfus case into the Dreyfus affair—of the revision of a military tribunal's judgment against an army officer into such a political campaign as even Revolutionary France seldom experienced—Jaurès was not of the first hour. It is true that, without the campaign, the judgment might never have been reversed. It was Senator Rane who first grasped the political opportunities of what in other countries would have remained a judicial case; and he succeeded in founding on it many generations of Radical rule. But he could not have succeeded if Jaurès had not awakened Socialists, against the judgment of older leaders, to possibilities which have made their vote in Parliament the turning-point of French policy ever since. In the judicial order, it may be doubted if the "case" has accomplished the reform in military or even civil tribunals which should have been its natural issue.

One of the most interesting chapters of this book is devoted to the "affair." The author, who was by Jaurès's side during its whole course, uses a fairness and moderation in his formulas which may astound foreigners who remember only the fury of the conflict. He has passed over the foolish, reckless, unscrupulous anti-Semitism which, if it did not invent the case, started the campaign—to its own well-merited disablement:

The Dreyfus affair concerned directly the army. High chiefs committed the fault of joining closely together their honor and that of the army with a judicial error having a material forgery as its basis. . . . From the Dreyfus affair issued, as from its immediate source, the precipitate action of "laicization" and democratization of France during the whole period of the most democratic Ministries which this country has known—that of Waldeck-Rousseau and Millerand and that of Combes.

Millerand, who later was the antagonist of Jaurès the Pacifist, was his early Socialist comrade just when Socialism was becoming a political power. It was then Clemenceau alertly took his party designation "Radical Socialist," saying: "I am Socialist, but not Collectivist." With Jaurès as "dictator" under Combes, France might have thought this, which came to be the governmental designation, was reversed.

Jaurès, though he seems not to have had the political sense to initiate, did have the readiness to profit by opportunities which others opened to him and his International Socialism. Only a world-war could sweep all away before him—and he died before he saw the full extent of the catastrophe to which his pacifism had helped to lead.

In his last speech—at Brussels, four days before all able-bodied Frenchmen were called to arms—he vouched for the French Government "practicing a policy of peace" and "wishing peace":

Attila is on the brink of the abyss, but his horse still stumbles and hesitates. . . . If appeal is made to a secret treaty with Russia, we shall appeal from it to the public treaty with Humanity. . . . At the beginning of war everybody will be hurried away. But when consequences and disasters unfold, the peoples will say to those who are responsible, "Get you gone, and God pardon you!"

At this writing—sixteen months later, months of wider and more cruel war than the world has seen before—Humanity has not been substituted for *Patrie*, the country of men's flesh and blood, nor has any people yet called monarchs or military aggressors to account. The author of this necessary book on Jaurès, while trying to save the future prospect of his life-work, acknowledges for the present:

What Jaurès feared has happened. Political and military reaction, pushing the world

into an abyss of bloody adventure without precedent, has destroyed the weak guarantees of peaceful evolution. . . . It has put in the order of the day—Revolution.

CURRENT FICTION.

David Penstephen. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Three years ago five of Mr. Pryce's novels were published in America. The earlier stories were brilliant, but experimental and uneven. "Christopher" evidently represented his matured work, and with "Christopher" the present novel is naturally to be compared. They are both "life" stories, tracing the development of a human character from earliest childhood to maturity. David Penstephen is still a very young man when we part with him; but he has passed through fire, and his road lies clear before him. As for the character of his ordeal, it is very old-fashioned and very British. The time is late Victorian, from the sixties to the eighties (the period, we may note, of the author's own youth). This accounts, perhaps, for the fact that one fancies that there are traces of De Morgan, not only in the atmosphere, but in the manner, of the performance. Here, as Mr. Pryce suggests in one passage, is the England of Du Maurier. Here is an England still dominated by an ideal of passionate domesticity, still in practice worshipping the twin idols of Property and Family. It is as secret worshippers of these idols that the Penstephens come to grief. David Penstephen's father, rebelling against the smug conventions of society, has registered his protest by not formally marrying the woman of his choice. She is the old-fashioned type, the clinging-vine type, capable of infinite yielding to the authority of love, yet at heart obeisant to the more menacing authorities of church and caste. This is true despite her coming of "advanced" parents, as well as her union with an advanced mate. Penstephen's own people have refused to recognize the mother of his two children, and social difficulties have virtually exiled them from England, when the man at last realizes the woman's unhappiness and marries her. On the heels of this step comes the sudden news that, by one of those double fatalities so dear to the British romancer, Penstephen is become a baronet, and head of a family. And at this moment, the moment of their return home to take up their places as responsible members of society, the wife finds that she is to have another child. Here is our situation: the deadly wrong they have done their first-born, not by bringing him into the world without a name, but by making him ineligible to inherit property and title. The pathos of the ensuing narrative all centres here; it is rubbed in with unflagging diligence and seriousness. And we are required to believe not only that David's parents fail to tell him of his disability, but that he grows to manhood without discovering it. If we accept the premises, we are left free to acknowledge that the conclusion is worked up to with great skill and subtlety. David's growing sense of a mystery at the roots of his life is built up by cumulative allusions and inferences, which prepare the scene, quite in the De Morgan manner, for the predestined moment of rather brutal enlightenment. David comes through it all as triumphantly as the precedents permit. But the precedents (pitilessly British and "Victorian" to the end) can only yield him a forlorn and private pedestal, as an object quite as much of pity as of admiration.

Barnavaux. By Pierre Mille. Translated by Bérengère Drillien. New York: John Lane Co.

The title of this English version of "Sur la Vaste Terre" is not especially happy, since M. Mille's Barnavaux appears in only four of the ten tales in the collection. In a vague way Barnavaux may be called the Mulvaney of that story-teller who has with the vaguest appositeness been called the French Kipling. As with Mulvaney, the exploits which now and then lift him from the ranks are always followed shortly by exploits of a different sort, with the opposite result. But they both love moral liberty, and find it, by a familiar paradox, in the rôle of the subordinate. The episodes in which Barnavaux here figures are characteristic. In "Barnavaux, General," he puts down by sheer courage and effrontery an insurrection of natives against a lonely French post in Madagascar. In "Barnavaux, Statesman," he tells the story of a native woman who has refused to give herself to him because she is a slave, and it is unfitting that his son—the son of a god—should be a slave. This worship of the white man must be maintained, says Barnavaux, if he is to continue his rule. The others must be kept in ignorance. "We must not take the niggers out of their own country," he concludes simply; "we must not show them how we live at home, or there will be an end to our superiority and prestige." In another tale, of a French conscript who, being a Socialist, feigns blindness and escapes service, and then, as a man, debates the ethics of his act with the major he has deceived, M. Mille probes deep into the question of patriotism and its justification. The longest of the stories, "Ramary and Ketaka," presents without comment a picture of a double ménage involving two young Frenchmen and their little Malagasy "wives."

The Anvil of Chance. By Gerald Chittenden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

For some reason the schoolmaster is not often selected as a hero by the novelists; it seems to be felt that there is something essentially unheroic about the profession. Robert Brooke, Mr. Chittenden's hero, shares this feeling; he is rather ashamed of his job, and likes to pose as a journalist or something else whenever he gets the chance. In fact, he is an inveterate poser. As a college freshman, he adopted from a senior a working philosophy of life. "If you are walking with two other men, always manage to walk between them. People notice that sort of thing." Literally and figuratively, we are told, he has followed this advice; his acts are nearly always calculated with a view to making a favorable social impression. Fortunately for himself, on his first day of teaching he loses his temper under strong provocation and knocks down the biggest boy in the room; but the excellent effect produced by this spontaneous act does not suggest to him that his general course has been mistaken. He associates chiefly with the more superficial and cynical of his colleagues, and comes to regard the life of a teacher as necessarily narrowing. Nevertheless, he has good stuff in him; the trouble is that his whole scale of values is wrong. What he needs is some vital revolutionizing experience—a shock violent enough to break that false scale and force him to adopt a truer one. Through his very habit of posing he is driven against his will into such an experience, which need not here be described. The book is evidently a first novel; it bears the marks of youth, especially a certain rather conscious cleverness in the dialogue. But the central character is drawn with real insight, the pictures of life in a boys' school are excellent, and the story is thought-provoking.

God's Man. By George Bronson-Howard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

One is tempted to dismiss Mr. Howard's effort as melodramatic clap-trap, but a careful study of its turbid length discloses occasional bits of verity and honest realism. Indeed, if it were not for the aggregation, the constant forced straining after atmosphere, the utter lack of sense of proportion, "God's Man" might have been a good book, almost a great book. As it stands, it is neither. It is merely the somewhat amateurish product of a man who dimly glimpsed a big idea. Concretely put, "God's Man" is the story of Arnold L'Hommedieu, son of a race of Long Island preachers, dedicated to the ministry, who, in his efforts to help others, finds himself plunged deeper and deeper into disgrace, until, at last, he consorts with thieves and smugglers. What plot there is revolves about the experiences of himself and two friends, who are all three expelled from college for their part in showing up a young scoundrel who had preyed on a weaker classmate. The lesson it pretends to teach is summed up in the words of a lonely philosopher, who advises L'Hommedieu on his final night of Calvary, when he faces the alternative of easy flight from justice or surrender, to take his punishment, and prove thereby that "the System was guilty, not the man." Argues the philosopher: "It was necessary that so-called Civilization should drag down a man meant to be good and force him to do evil. . . . Too many of the weak and helpless and ignorant and hungry had been sacrificed in previous warnings—and to what end? It was too easy for them to fall, too brutally easy for

so-called Civilization to kick them while they were down. . . . So somebody had to be sacrificed who hadn't any of the mob's ugly little reasons for rebellion. . . . And, above all, a man who would finally come before the Law, and stand his trial, and show that it was helping that brought him there, not hurting. Can't you see? From the first God meant it that way. That was why every time you helped another you hurt yourself."

The book is ambitiously planned, in broad, sweeping style; but it lacks the breath of life. Its characters move puppet-wise from page to page, talking, eating, acting existences that seldom approach the verge of reality. The bare truth is that one puts it down with the impression that some typical work of Mr. Wells has been carelessly Americanized—but, then, Mr. Wells would have polished off the rough edges, would have left a symmetrical whole.

NATURAL ARISTOCRACY.

Aristocracy and Justice. Shelburne Essays. Ninth Series. By Paul Elmer More. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Most of the essays of the present volume were written for the *Unpopular Review.* This will explain why, as a whole, they differ in character from the literary and biographical analyses of previous series. Mr. More writes as usual with a grace of style which is the expression of a scholarly and disciplined mind. As a literary product, however, the present seems less attractive than former series. Evidently, Mr. More is at his best in the analysis of the individual. At any rate, it seems that the essays of the present series suffer from being brought together. Each a pleasure and a stimulus when read by itself, the combined effect is that of a too extended homily, in which the denunciation of evil tendencies tends to overshadow and obscure the outlines of the positive theory of good.

In taking the side of "aristocracy" and of "justice," Mr. More stands firmly for the Platonic and Aristotelian conception of an ordered society based upon distinctions of intelligence and merit, as against modern "humanitarianism" and "democracy"; in "humanitarianism" his readers will recognize the social equivalent of romanticism. The political philosophy of the Greeks was based upon intelligence, which Mr. More defines as (it seems, exclusively) the faculty of making distinctions; and therefore upon fact. Modern humanitarianism rests, however, upon an appeal to the emotions. Sympathy with the under dog leads us to overlook those distinctions of merit and capacity which form the basis of justice, and from moral distinctions the attitude is extended to intellectual distinctions. One man's opinion, we hear, is as good as another's; the uninformed are as much to be trusted as the informed. But really they know a little more. For the essence of romanticism is to believe that, in the end, the children of nature are endowed with an insight somewhat superior to that of the children of light.

As against this, Mr. More stands for a "natural aristocracy," that is, an aristocracy based upon merit rather than upon hereditary privilege or prescriptive right—reminding us, indeed, that the purpose of every theory of social and political relations is to find a method for putting each individual into his proper place. But how a respect for the superior is to become a recognized institution, he does not tell us; perhaps he remembers that upon this point Plato was equally at a loss. Addressing himself to educated men, however, he calls upon them to stand for their own, to speak the truth as they see it, without regard to the offence given to popular sympathies. We have heard much of late years about "class-consciousness"; it is time that class-consciousness be developed among men of superior intelligence.

Thus far we may follow him. Nor may we doubt that the sermon is timely. It is hardly too much to say that pandering to the multitude is our national American vice; nor, again, that the fact stands for a general flabbiness of mind. In the small town one learns that the first article of virtue is to avoid being a "knocker"; in other words, find out what is pleasing to your fellows and stand for it. Nor is the vice confined to the uneducated. When one hears the modern college professor explaining to only too credulous students that the really educative and enlightening features of the college life are the sports and the "interests," one feels inclined to apply Mr. More's epithet, "a traitor to his class."

According to Mr. More, however, the cure for "democracy" is not more democracy, but better democracy. This seems harmless enough. But we have just read that "better democracy" consists "in bringing the people to respect and follow their right leaders." And this we beg leave to doubt. Following the leader seems hardly to belong to any sort of democracy. The phrase is significant, however, as revealing a set of implications, running throughout the volume, which, in the opinion of the reviewer, are incompatible both with justice and with any genuine aristocracy. Mr. More calls upon the upper class of educated men to stand for themselves, while in the same breath he resents a similar attitude on the part of the presumably lower class representing manual labor. Trade-unionism he treats as a species of "humanitarianism." The upper classes are, therefore, to be guided by their own intelligence, while the lower classes are to defer to the intelligence of their superiors. In a word, the doctor is to prescribe to his patient, but the patient is not even to choose his doctor. One wonders how this differs from a "prescriptive" aristocracy—and, indeed, whether Mr. More's rejection of prescriptive distinctions is not, after all, a reluctant concession to "humanitarianism." Not only is the programme futile, it is not aristocratic. A genuine aristocracy must be able to maintain itself in the face of criticism. The power of ideas is their power to convert; not their power to please—on this point we can agree heartily—but their power to convert even the unwilling by the appeal to reason. The appeal to reason presupposes, however, some respect for the intelligence of those to whom it is made.

One of the difficulties in coming to terms with Mr. More lies in his use of the term "democracy." As a classical scholar, he seems to have followed a usage too narrowly etymological. For Plato, "democracy" was simply the rule of the mob; and the political demagogue who, in our day, proves his democracy by a noble and well advertised refusal to wear evening dress, is still the Platonic sort of democrat. Meanwhile the term is used quite as often, as the mark of a political and social ideal, by those who would abhor the appeal to the mob. For them it stands for the free and fearless discussion of opinion and for a state of society in which every one has the chance to show what he is worth. In this sense democracy is not only compatible with aristocracy, but the presupposition of any *natural* aristocracy. Perhaps this is the "better democracy" that Mr. More has in mind. At any rate, we may agree upon the statement that the cure for humanitarianism is intellectual courage.

PERSIA.

A History of Persia. By Lieut.-Col. Percy Molesworth Sykes. With maps and illustrations. 2 volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $15 net.

The need of an up-to-date history of Persia has long been felt as a desideratum; and Col. Sykes, now Sir Percy Sykes, has at last supplied the lacuna by two important volumes. His twenty-one years of official residence and travel in the Land of the Lion and the Sun as a representative of the British Government, together with special studies and researches as a scholar in the field of Persian lore, have combined to qualify him in a marked degree to fulfil the task. The dedication of his *magnum opus* to British administrators in India and at Whitehall is a mark of distinguished appreciation of governmental recognition of the historical and political importance of Persia; and between the lines may likewise be read a direct sympathy with Persia itself, born of a long residence among its people and fostered by a knowledge of the ties that bind East and West together.

The Persia of antiquity, or Iran in its broadest sense, though shrunk to its present minor measure, was the greatest Power with which the Western world came into contact and conflict in ages past. The country has never lost its significance for those who watch historically and politically the chances and changes in the Region of the Dawn. Kingdom after kingdom has passed away, dynasty after dynasty succeeded one another, in the more than three thousand years of

its history, but never without having some bearing upon the relations between Orient and Occident. Especially is this true at the present time because of Persia's geographical connection with India and the adjacent domains in Central Asia, both of which England and Russia watch over to-day with keen statesmanlike interest. It is no wonder that some eight years ago they formed together an Anglo-Russian *entente* with regard to their respective spheres of influence in this country which possesses economic possibilities yet wholly undeveloped, especially as Persia is still entirely without railways.

Almost all of the historic writers on this country of a mighty past and vast extent that once reached from Greece on the west to the river Indus on the east, and from Egypt and Arabia to the borders of Turkestan, now under Russian sway, have been used to excellent advantage by the author in compiling his noteworthy work. The Greek and Roman classics combined with Oriental sources, old and new, come in for due consideration. But among Sir Percy's more immediate English predecessors as historians in this particular field may be mentioned Sir John Malcolm, whose "History of Persia," however, was published as long ago as 1829 and has been out of date for years. Well-known, of course, is the monumental work by Canon George Rawlinson—"Five Great Monarchies"—but that was written a half-century ago. Lord Curzon's "Persia and the Persian Question," though a storehouse of information of every kind for all times, has become so rare and expensive as to be accessible only in large libraries or on the shelves of special collectors. All of these facts help to make more important the appearance of the present two volumes. Among contributions from France the large work by Count Gobineau, dealing with the period of ancient Persian history, is familiar, yet that contribution appears not to have been consulted in the preparation of the first volume, although other French writers on special phases are frequently quoted. The fact, perhaps, that Russian articles on particular historic aspects connected with the main theme are not easily available may account for their not being listed in the comprehensive bibliography given at the end of the second volume. Yet throughout the work one misses any reference to the noteworthy writings on the history of Persia by two such late German authorities as Justi and Horn, as well as to the researches of Eduard Meyer in regard to the era when Persian power was at its zenith in antiquity. But these omissions may be due simply to chance, for Nöldeke and Gutschmid are cited, each in his special line of research. This incidental criticism, however, is made only as a passing comment before turning to the work itself as a whole, which is altogether deserving of the highest praise.

To sweep swiftly the scope of the entire work the author has given in the first volume an admirable and critical survey of the history of Iran from the dim past when the relations of Elam, Media, and Persia began to be historical and called forth ultimately a Cyrus the Great and his successors, onward through the centuries before and after Christ until the cataclysm came in Persia's national development, about 650 A. D., through the Mohammedan conquest of Iran by the Arabs. In this volume the subject of myths, legends, and presumable historical data for early antiquity receive appropriate attention. Photographic illustrations and sketch-drawings made from prehistoric remains, accompanied also by replicas of ancient cylinders, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, lend life to the pages, while pictures taken to-day by the author's own camera are interspersed to show survivals of ancient conditions at the present hour. All this, again, owing to the author's direct knowledge of the country, helps to give a vivid touch to his pen. The mighty empire of the Achæmenian kings, Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and their followers, lives anew betweeen the lines. Persia's attempted conquest of Greece and the later invasion of the East, as a return visitation, by Alexander the Great become actual realities and have lessons to teach for all time. The wars later between Parthia and Rome have likewise messages to convey; while the fall of the Sasanian monarchy, which ruled over Persia from 224 A. D. to 650, destined to destruction by the Arab sword, is not without significance for the philosophic historian.

Persia to-day is Mohammedan; it has been so in religion more than twelve hundred years. The Moslem victories at Kadesia and Nihavand, in 636 and 642 A. D., proved to be a turning point in the nation's history. But it was still a *Persia rediviva*, despite the rule of the Islam Caliphs. The Abbasid, Saffarid, and Samanid monarchs still reflect elements of the real power in the country; the Turkish power of the Ghaznavids and later the Seljuks never destroyed the true Persian spirit, any more than did the Mongol deluge and the conquering sword of Tamerlane. These various historic epochs, including the rise of the Safavid dynasty, are treated in more than a score of chapters in the second volume, which comes down to the renowned era of Shah Abbas the Great, the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and of King James.

The subsequent events in Persia's history are then followed with equal care by the author down to our own times, when a Constitution was granted to Persia in 1906, the old order giving place to the new, but as the author adds in conclusion: "What the future may be, whether Persia, which gained so bloodless a victory over absolutism, will prosper under a constitutional form of government or not, lies on the knees of the gods."

The excellent small maps in this volume, and the large pocket maps at the end, combined with the same high quality of illustration, photographic, lithographic, wood-cut, and colored reproductions, together with chapters on Persian literature, art, and architecture, enhance its value just as in the case of the first. The entire work, from beginning to end, is of great importance and entitles its author to a first-rate rank among historians dealing with the East.

NOVA ROMA IMMORTALIS.

Constantinople, Old and New. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The city by the Bosphorus is possessed of undying charm. For more than four hundred years scarcely a decade has passed without the publication in some western European language of a description of Constantinople or the life and government centred there. A ruin, yet inhabited and very much alive, borrowing from the West but full of the glamour of the East, commanding land routes and sea ways, poor and wealthy, beautiful and corrupt, Christian and Moslem, polyglot and particolored: Stamboul calls forth from the soul of every observer an individual response. Busbecq and Lady Mary Montagu pictured its life and pageantry; Evliya Effendi described it as seen by Turkish eyes; Gibbon drew it well, never having looked upon it; Spandugino and Rycaut, D'Ohsson and von Hammer, and others in legion, described the government and manners of its rulers, the Turks; Gyllius and Van Millingen wrote of its antiquities, Murray and Baedeker of its existing sights; Racine made the city the scene of tragedy; Byron, Fikret Bey, and Mrs. Poynter embodied it in poetry; Scott, Crawford, and Wallace used it as the scene of fiction; Pierre Loti and Demetra Vaka wrote fiction about it, which they called fact (and only the experienced can attempt to distinguish these); Hamlin, Goddell, and Washburn narrated their experiences as missionaries and educators there; Dr. H. O. Dwight, Sir Edwin Pears, and Sir Charles Eliot have recently described the city's imperial dominion; Gautier and Grosvenor pictured comprehensively its palaces and pleasure-grounds, its temples and tombs; Miss Jenkins, Stanwood Cobb, and Ahmed Emin Bey have lately shown aspects of its life; and who shall enumerate the war correspondents, the sojourning travellers, and the endless procession of historians that have tried to exhaust its possibilities, and have failed?

Mr. Dwight joins this great company humbly, in the garb of an impressionist. He is worthy, because he brings his own distinct contribution; he portrays only what he has seen and loved. Even where, as now and then in the chapter on the Magnificent Community, his style runs a little too closely parallel to that of a guide-book, every detail of the material bears his own touch. His manner is happiest, perhaps, in describing "The City of Gold" and "A Turkish Village," where he has resided; next, it may be, in portraying "Stamboul" and "The Golden Horn." The numerous new and well-chosen illustrations are intimately adapted to the text. One might sometimes wish for a little less avoidance of

beautiful scenes which have often been described, but this rare fault is incomparably superior to its widely prevalent opposite. Mr. Dwight's impressionism is of a practical, shall one say, of an *American* sort. Compare him with Kinglake. The latter is dateless and almost factless. Though he spent a considerable time in Constantinople, what he tells of it may almost be summed up in the following words ("Eothen," ch. 3, *ad finem*): "It happened to me one day to mount the high grounds overhanging the streets of Pera. I sated my eyes with the pomps of the city and its crowded waters, and then I looked over where Scutari lay half-veiled in her mournful cypresses. I looked yet farther, and higher, and saw in the heavens a silvery cloud that stood fast and still against the breeze. . . . I saw and acknowledged the snowy crown of the Mysian Olympus!" Mr. Dwight has no fear of dates or facts; his impressionism is at times self-conscious and almost artificial, and its total effect is to provide a pleasing atmosphere. But the atmosphere is indeed that of Constantinople, for he belongs to the race of men whom he describes, "that is curious about the ways and thoughts of other men and feels under no responsibility to change them, that can see happy arrangements of light and shade, of form and color, without having them pointed out and in very common materials, that is not repelled by things which look old and out of order, that is even attracted by things which do look so and therefore have a mellowness of tone and a richness of association." "It pleases me," he says, "that all the people in the world are not the same. It pleases me that some are content to sit in coffee-houses, to enjoy simple pleasures, to watch common spectacles, to find that in life which every one may possess—light, growing things, the movement of water, and an outlook on the ways of men."

Mr. Dwight conducts his readers in a leisurely way about the old city and its environs. Such obvious sights as the great mosques, the walls, and the bazaars are presented, usually, in a new light; witness his rhapsody on the walls (pp. 111-112). His enthusiasm, however, is rather for unfrequented paths and seldom-studied works of man: for the Turkish dwelling-houses, with their projecting upper stories, latticed windows, and red-tiled roofs, for the beautifully designed mural tiles of the mosques and tombs, for the innumerable private and public fountains, results of an alliance between art and charity (what admirable multiple bird baths might be made after the model of the Turkish *selsebils!*), for the varied and abundant shipping, for the coffee-houses and the mosque yards, and for the pleasant gardens and the picturesque cemeteries ("Life and death seem never very far apart in Constantinople"). He shows us the people on their holidays, fasting and feasting, praying and promenading, worshipping and dancing; and repeating the practices of classical Greece and pagan Turkestan and Arabia, in the belief that they are conciliating saints and angels and serving God and Allah.

At the beginning of the third chapter stands a spirited comparison of Constantinople with Athens and Rome, evoked by the feeling that justice has not been rendered to the first city. Her day came after theirs was done. In the matter of years, while Rome was a great capital for hardly five centuries, Constantinople has held imperial sway almost three times as long. If Athens was a centre of learning for a thousand years, the younger city, though lacking always the incomparable originality of the first two centuries of Athenian greatness, has been a focus and distributing station for knowledge during a millennium and a half. Nor does it seem likely that she will ever lose her actual rank, to such an extent as did both Athens and Rome in the mediæval age. Athens never had wide religious influence, whatever may be true of her philosophy; Rome was and is the centre of a great subdivision of the Christian Church; Constantinople has held first rank for wide areas of both Christianity and Islam.

The last three chapters are of a special character. The old city has been passing through seven troubled years, during which she has suffered from fire, pestilence, and famine, and borne two major revolutions, besides several *coups d'état.* In four wars which her Government has sustained, she has been threatened twice, and in the second revolution she was taken. Mr. Dwight makes no reference to the great war, but he was in the city during most of the previous vicissitudes. He tells of the "little golden age" of joy and fraternity after the first revolution, in 1908, and of the last *selamlik* of the old Sultan, the capture of the city, and the first going to mosque of the new Sultan, in 1909. The tone changes perforce with the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913. "The hordes of Asia" pour through Constantinople in order to fight in Europe. Beaten in battle, they return, diminished, disheartened, wounded, and stricken by pestilence. With them come new hordes of refugees fleeing from Europe to Asia. Benevolent Europeans strive to keep them sheltered and clothed and fed. During this time the Greek patriarch, full of years, dies, and after much ceremony is put to rest, seated, like the dead Charlemagne, upon a throne. In concluding, Mr. Dwight, with nearly all who have known the Turks well, expresses the hope that they will be remade and their government regenerated.

Mr. Dwight lays claim to conservatism, but nevertheless feels joy in iconoclasm. He attacks with apparent success the tradition that the decorative tiles of the great Turkish period were not locally made, but were brought from Persia and Rhodes. He believes that seven hills cannot be found in Stamboul, except in an artificial topography borrowed from the elder Rome. Perhaps he goes too far in denying the paramount influence of the Church of St. Sophia over the designs of the great mosques. He certainly appears to have overlooked some color effects when he says that the city is "in tone one of the soberest." As seen from a height on a clear day, it shows indeed weathered wood, gray stones, and domes surfaced with lead; but these are brightened by the sunlight, and interspersed under the blue sky with red house-roofs, green trees and gardens, and glimpses of waters whose deep blue is broken by white wings of birds and sails of ships.

The book contains a few defects and errors. The delightful style is occasionally unpolished or obscure. Mr. Dwight is fond of giving derivations, but is not always accurate: *Beshiktash* means not "five stones," but "cradle stone"; Evliya Effendi explains that a Christian church which formerly stood there contained the stone upon which the infant Jesus had been for the first time bathed; *Tekfour*, rather than meaning the "crown-wearer," is a Turkish corruption of the Greek words τοῦ κυρίου, "of the lord"; *Galata* may bear some relation to the late Greek word γαλατᾶς, a "milkman." The head of the Venetian community in Constantinople was a *Bailo* rather than a Balio. *Khurrem* was not the mother of Suleiman's eldest son Mustapha, but was Roxelana under her Turkish name. The historical excursions are not always interesting; that concerning the patriarchs of Constantinople seems out of place among the recent events of the last chapter. At the end of the book is a useful list of the "Masters of Constantinople," and an incomplete but good "Constantinople Book-Shelf."

Notes

"The Foreign Relations of the United States," by Willis Fletcher Johnson, is announced for publication early in the new year by the Century Company.

Robert M. McBride & Co. announce for immediate publication "American Rights and British Pretensions on the Seas," compiled, with introductory chapters, by William Bayard Hale.

M. Paul Sabatier's recent lectures at Bedford College, London, have been published in volume form by T. Fisher Unwin under the title "A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War."

"Industrial Leadership," by H. L. Gantt, will be published shortly by the Yale University Press, which also announces the publication of the late Professor Lounsbury's "The Life and Times of Tennyson, 1809-1850."

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish shortly "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book," edited by George Goodchild, and "The Rights and Duties of Neutrals," by Daniel C. Brewer. The same house, as agent for the Cambridge University Press, announces the publication of the following volumes: "Selections from the Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited by A. Hamilton Thompson; "Selections from the Poems of John Keats," edited by the same; "North America during the Eighteenth Century," by T. Crockett and B. C. Wallis; "Collected Papers on Spectroscopy," by G. D. Live-

ing; "Passages in Prose and Verse from German Literature of the Nineteenth Century (1800 to 1870)," selected by M. E. Weber; "Archæological Excavation," by J. P. Droop; "Euclid's Book on Divisions of Figures," with a Restoration Based on Woepcke's Text and the "Practica Geometriæ" of Leonardo Pisano, by Raymond Clare Archibald.

Poultney Bigelow's "Prussian Memories, 1864-1894" (Putnam; $1.25) run a sprightly course, not always in the best taste, but always diverting and not seldom instructive as to present tragic events. As the son of the American Minister young Bigelow was the playmate of the present Kaiser, and for years his friend. He has seen him near at hand, in court, yachting, on manœuvres, and in intimacy. Mr. Bigelow will doubtless be criticised for what he has revealed of Imperial *personalia*. We think he should have a counter credit for what he has abstained from saying. Mr. Bigelow's experience with the public machinery of Prussia, from the time when he was cuffed at school for keeping head up during the *Vater unser*, are both humorous and enlightening. They make one realize the preposterous regimentation of life in Imperial Germany. Reminiscences of the stage, including Edwin Booth's tour in Germany, vary the generally political tenor of the pages. The general temper of the comment may be seized from this note on German unclubableness:

> The curious will note that such clubs as the Athenæum and Reform in London, or the Century and Union in New York, not only are lacking in Germany, but are inconceivable in Berlin, Munich, or Cologne. A club presupposes personal dignity and equality. Imagine if you can a club in New York or London where every member had to rise and salute whenever a person of superior rank passed through the rooms.

This view is reinforced by an account of the difficulty which the author once had in visiting the Kiel Yacht Club, of which he is a life member, though he approached from the water and wearing the club cap.

Will the experience of the United States be of any service to those who, when the battlefields are silent, must be called upon to reunite the shattered amities of Europe? That is the question which David Jayne Hill asks and undertakes to answer in "The People's Government" (Appleton; $1.25 net). In brief the author examines anew the fundamental concepts of statehood, law, and citizenship. The discussion is in part historical, tracing the evolution of the state from the earliest times, and in part systematic or analytical. The nature, sanction, and supremacy of law, the relation of law to liberty and property, the scope and efficiency of constitutional guarantees, the American doctrine of judicial supremacy—these and many other related topics are reëxamined in the light of contemporary political facts and tendencies. Dr. Hill's task has been to throw aside the husks and to uncover the kernels: on the whole he has done his work carefully and well. The discussion is throughout sane and practical; the style is good, and the book, indeed, is one which any thoughtful reader should enjoy.

For more than a year a committee of prominent Englishmen, under the direction of Lord Bryce, has been studying the possibility of eventually developing out of the present European mêlée some form of peace insuring international polity. As a member of this committee Mr. J. A. Hobson has given the subject much careful thought, and some of it now finds expression in a volume entitled "Towards International Government" (Macmillan; $1 net). The author does not state conclusions, but he does set forth various tentative proposals and argues plausibly in support of them. He is well aware that no enduring international amity and no effective agreement to reduce armaments will ever be possible so long as national policy is actuated by those motives which have everywhere guided it in the past. We must first procure, accordingly, a reversal of those motives. But how can that be accomplished? Fundamentally, in Mr. Hobson's judgment, it can only be accomplished by bringing to pass a situation in which no increase of a nation's armed forces will make aggression more likely to succeed. And no slight task that would be. It would involve huge readjustments, both political and economic. The larger portion of the book is devoted to a speculative consideration of the practical steps towards this end. The feasibility of a "social contract of nations," the personnel and jurisdiction of an international court for the settlement of disputes, the efficacy of the economic boycott as a weapon for enforcing its decisions, and the relation of internationalism to democracy—these are some of the matters dealt with in detail. There is an earnest plea for more publicity and more popular control in the conduct of all international affairs, for the handling of foreign policy "upon the same footing of decent, reasonable settlement that prevails in every other human relation." Whatever the outcome of the war, it will in any case, if Mr. Hobson predicts right, bring into being a popular outburst against the old arts of diplomacy with the earmarks of secrecy, intrigue, exclusiveness, and antagonism. The book is interesting, hopeful, and free from any touch of partisan bitterness.

When H. G. Wells, in "The Passionate Friends," wishes to indicate the vision and beneficence of his hero, he has only to attribute to him the actual enterprises of our modern publishers of books, who are vieing with one another for the opportunity of supplying the wit and wisdom of the world to readers of large appetites but small incomes. This movement in the earlier phase provided editions of the classics, like the "Banquet" of Plato or the "Essays" of Bacon, at the price of a breakfast or a couple of Sunday newspapers. In its later phase, well represented by Henry Holt's Home University Library, it attempts to bring popular knowledge up to date by furnishing inexpensive, readable, expert introductions to periods of history, aspects of science, problems of philosophy, and the like. Mr. Holt's newly launched fifty-cent series, Writers of the Day, is in effect an extension of the modern wing of the Home University Library. In this series the works of living notables are to be discussed by fellow-workers of a younger generation. Three volumes have now been issued: "Anatole France," by W. L. George; "H. G. Wells," by J. D. Beresford, and "Arnold Bennett," by F. J. Harvey Darton. The ingenuity of the scheme lies in the fact that each author, while introducing his relatively illustrious elder, indirectly introduces himself; and the way he sets himself off from his subject is not the least interesting feature of his performance.

Mr. George, who as a novelist is an avowed disciple of H. G. Wells, brings in Anatole France with a certain jaunty condescension both to the Frenchman and to the English-speaking public. He tells us all in a breath that he has "read very little about" his subject, and that "people are afraid to criticise Anatole France adversely"—he is "acclaimed all over the world." Obviously Mr. George has not observed the recent French attacks upon M. France's position, represented by such mordant criticism as that of Michaut and Giraud. He writes, in other words, as if unaware that there is a "younger generation" in France as well as in England. He is grateful to the present war for furnishing him a background of beer, sweat, fine courage, and self-sacrifice against which to contrast "the dapper quality of the great Frenchman's thought." He is grateful, also, to the British public for furnishing him a background of moral idealism against which to contrast the inveterate sensuality of the Gaul. "I have come to think," he says, "that, if we differ at all from the brute, it is by the courage with which we face the consequences of our deeds, by delicacies of feeling in which caresses have no place, by something that is more than elegance, that can maintain love when sickness, ugliness appear, and æsthetics fall to the ground. There is not in the works of Anatole France a line devoted to love." This is no doubt very firm and just. The injustice consists in the intimation that no Frenchman could possibly see the point of that criticism. As a matter of fact, M. Michaut's book concludes with exactly the same judgment: "From beginning to end . . . *son œuvre est vouée au Désir et à la Volupté.*"

Mr. Beresford, author of several realistic novels of serious intention, introduces Mr. Wells with words of high admiration for his general spiritual attitude and endeavor, but with qualified praise for his accomplishment in fiction. He is ready to maintain that Wells is second to none as a writer of the fantastic romances which he produced in the earlier part of his career. But he adds: "I am less certain of his position as a novelist." "On the one hand he is inclined to idealize the engineer and the scientific researcher, on the other to satirize, and, in effect, to group into one sloppy-thinking mass, every other kind of Englishman, not excepting philosophers, politicians, and social reformers." He will not live, thinks Mr. Beresford, by virtue of his characterizations. His virtue resides in his fecundity, his mastery of language, and, above all, in his "pointing the possible road of our endeavor." "Through all his work moves the urgency of one who would create something more than a mere work of art to amuse the multitude or afford satisfaction to the critic. His chief achievement is that he has set up the ideal of a finer civilization, of a more generous life, than that in which we live; an ideal that, if it is still too high for us of this generation, will be appreciated and followed by the people of the future." One may quarrel with the prophetic part of this sentence, without in the least denying that many of Mr. Wells's readers rise from the perusal of his works with a singular elation of the heart and a conviction that they have participated in a miraculous and authentic feast of Pentecost.

Mr. Darton, author of "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims" and "The Wonder Book of Old Romance," presents the historian of the Five Towns as a literary phenomenon of

grave and indeed almost appalling significance. In his attempt to do justice to a writer with whom he finds that he has little or nothing in common, he gives us a good deal of rather sharp criticism. One enjoys his manly endeavor to conceal his unconcealable feeling that Mr. Bennett is a literary "bounder" of talent. He springs up in an industrial civilization; he matriculates at London University, "that august negation of the idea of a university"; he is impregnated with the egoism and pride and push of his social *milieu;* he writes 335,340 words a year, and brags of it; he is hungry for success and quick returns in cash. With him we behold the dreadful advent of the novel about the middle class, by a man of the middle class, and written from the middle-class point of view. The work is ugly, gray, coarse, gloomy, oppressive; but it is honest, efficient, inexorable, brave, imposing. It is permeated by the sturdy English spirit of liberty. Perhaps the most interesting passage in Mr. Darton's book is his general characterization of the new school of fiction: "In the new school there is neither high nor low. Nor is there a necessary beginning or end, except the beginning of birth and the end of death. The characteristic achievement is controlled mass. A modern novel is like a modern battle. A thousand circumstances vibrate and vanish, sometimes with little apparent inter-connection. So vivid and real are the details that often they, and not the whole movement, linger in the memory. Even at the 'end' the reader may be vague. But the reader and the novelist have taken part in a battle of the soul. They have seen life together, and the reader, willy-nilly, has had to face what the author decrees to be reality."

A memoir of Elizabeth Buffum Chace, one of the finest spirits of the anti-slavery agitation and for fifty years a foremost citizen of Rhode Island, is altogether welcome because of its subject and her friendships with the leaders of the greatest moral agitation of our time. But the two volumes published by her daughter, Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman, and Arthur Crawford Wyman (Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.; $8) bring a distinct disappointment, in that they give no connected picture of Mrs. Chace or her time. They are made up chiefly of extracts from letters from and to Mrs. Chace, many of which are without value or significance. Others are, however, of distinct historical value and, as a whole, the work indubitably throws an interesting sidelight upon the chief personalities of Mrs. Chace's times. But so remarkable a woman and so devoted a worker in the anti-slavery cause, when to be affiliated with it meant social ostracism of the worst kind and the risk of personal violence, deserved a better record of her manifold civic activities. Descended from one of the oldest colonial families, she was an untiring reformer even when she had passed fourscore years and ten, and being the daughter of the first president of the New England Anti-Slavery Society was, as she herself said, "born and baptized into the anti-slavery spirit." These two volumes of her doings and writings are admirably illustrated by pictures of the anti-slavery leaders who were Mrs. Chace's admiring friends and devoted associates.

Is there any hope for colleges and college education, on evil days though fallen and evil tongues? No longer need any one wonder or analyze. Mr. Seymour Deming has solved the problem once and for all in "The Pillar of Fire" (Small, Maynard; $1 net). Amid much Carlylean diatribe he discovers the solution in the answer to the question, "How can the college be brought back to its rightful task—the teaching of revolutionism?" He can easily explain why it doesn't train I. W. W. orators now. "Contemplate, if you will, these professorial gentry who, from the serene altitude of a square meal yesterday, to-day, and forever, sound alarums against a too precipitate mending of the machinery for fear the fly-wheel, if suddenly stopped, may burst; and when it does burst, at Lawrence, or Paterson, or West Virginia, or Calumet, or Ludlow, and then when the working class puts forth leaders as naturally and as spontaneously as a tree puts forth fruit, these, our trainers for leadership, exclaim in dismay that 'democracy is unsafe unless the masses will submit to rational guidance.'" He can also explain why his own piercing vision sees all this so clearly where many life-long students of education gaze at the situation as through a glass darkly. "Young people," he assures us, "marvel at the sorry showing made by our faculties and presidents as thinkers when they address themselves to 'current political and economic questions.' They are dazed to hear some ragged tyro of the soap-box put their great academic gods utterly and unmistakably to rout, and, what is more, do so with that grim humor which is an unfailing token of intellectual mastery. The simple reason is that the soap-boxer has got one or two fundamental facts right, and that the college president has been obliged by his responsibility for an institution to get the same one or two fundamental facts wrong." It is surely a great comfort to have the vexed waters finally stilled beyond the peradventure of further debate.

Prof. Edward Hall Gardner, in his "Effective Business Letters" (New York: The Ronald Press; $2), assures us that "there is no difference between 'business English' and good English." This will be cheering news to those who receive, and much-needed information to the many who still write, letters like the following: "Your esteemed favor of 16th ult. at hand and contents carefully noted. In reference to your complaint, we beg to advise that our Mr. Jones will call on the 10th inst. to explain the proposition as per ours of the 13th, which you evidently misunderstood. May we kindly ask you to fill out meantime the enclosed blank for our information and oblige. Yrs. respectfully." The foregoing is not quoted from Professor Gardner's book, but it contains no less than sixteen stock phrases through which thousands of business men show that they do not know the difference between business English and bad English. They are exposed in Chapter V of Professor Gardner's book, where will be found many other examples of the peculiar jargon which is going out of style. "Effective Business Letters" is a good textbook, in that it instructs and informs, with abundant sub-headings and examples, and does not go into lengthy justification of the principles advanced. Part I discusses general principles in simple terms adapted to the beginner's understanding. Part II takes up the mechanics of the art—make-up, heading, address, spacing, paragraphing, punctuation, paper stock, envelopes, etc., with a chapter on mistakes in language, to which we have already referred. Part III goes into more explicit directions for specific types of letters, and deals as much with the thought as with the form. In Part IV the author returns to general principles, but now speaks of unity, coherence, emphasis, and other general aspects of the subject which more properly follow than precede the elementary instruction of earlier chapters. There is much valuable information for the business correspondent in this book.

The latest Jonson play in the list of Yale dissertations is "A Tale of a Tub," edited by Prof. Florence M. Snell (Longmans, Green; $2.50). The principal problem arising from this rustic comedy, with its lively Valentine's day scramble for the hand of the fair Awdrey, is one of date. Licensed in 1633, and palpably hitting, even though the licenser "struck out" much of the satire, at Jonson's erstwhile collaborator, Inigo Jones, the play has nevertheless been regarded by most American scholars, following Collier and Fleay, and by its recent editor, Scherer, as an early play of Jonson's, which late in life he pressed into service, with a few additions, as a vehicle for his spleen against the famous architect and masque-maker. Miss Snell contends, a view already in the field, that the play "stands where its licensing in 1633 puts it, as Jonson's last work for the stage." She fails to find any metrical differences between the old and supposedly new parts or between this play and the rest of Jonson's later work; and she refuses to attach any significance to the curious "scene interloping." In the end it is hardly more than a toss of the coin whether one shall account for the inferiority of the play to Jonson's best work on the score of his 'prentice or his failing hand. On any view of its date, the play is interesting as being something of a *tour de force,* a conscious attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of the early years of Elizabeth. Professor Boas has recently adopted a similar view of "Gammer Gurton's Needle." The Elizabethans are not traditionally credited with very much of this kind of literary artifice.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Holiday books received too late for mention in our special Holiday Book Number include "Beautiful Gardens in America" (Scribner; $5 net), in which the author, Louise Shelton, furnishes, besides a pleasant descriptive text of nearly 350 pages, 170 large photographs and six full-page reproductions in color. Just to turn over the pages for the lovely illustrations is a great treat in itself.

A grim presentation of the horrors of war is to be found in Vernon Lee's "The Ballet of the Nations, a Present-Day Morality" (Putnam; $1.25 net). Satan is made the leading agent, and his lieutenants are Rapine, Lust, Murder, Famine, Self-Righteousness, etc. With such a crew as instigators, it is not difficult for the talented author to set the nations of the earth in a dizzy whirl, which puts in the shade even the doings of the notorious Deadly Sins. A pictorial running (rather leaping) commentary is furnished in stunning, if also lurid, brick and white. The volume is dedicated to Romain Rolland.

Messrs. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge have done a real service by putting forth in attractive form "The Most Popular Mother Goose Songs" (60 cents), with the traditional English airs. The illustrations which border each page are, it seems to us, in strict accord with what we conceive the Mother Goose spirit to be.

In "Romance of Old Belgium, from Cæsar to Kaiser" (Putnam; $2.50 net), Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney have formed a text based upon the legendary and authentic history of this distracted country. Here is found such matter as the story of Cæsar's Nervian wife, the Four Sons of Aymon, Godfrey of Bouillon, Orange and Egmont, Rubens and Waterloo. Fact is mingled with fiction throughout, even when the events of the present war are reached. The attempt has been to adhere merely to Belgium's essential spirit.

Drama

PRONOUNCEMENTS OF A VETERAN CRITIC.

Vagrant Memories. By William Winter. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3 net.

This volume of "Vagrant Memories," the latest addition to the imposing definitive edition of the works of the veteran critic and poet, William Winter, is one of the most attractive and valuable in the whole series. It will be prized equally by the student, the amateur, the future historian, and the literary connoisseur. Eloquent and vivid in style, full and authoritative in detail, it offers a feast of brilliant description, solid criticism, and sage reflection. With some of his estimates of individual actors it is possible to disagree, but most of them are eminently sound, and for all of them he gives his reasons for the faith that is in him. In all cases he writes with the sincerity of profound conviction. It is in his incidental essays on the theatre, its art and functions, and on famous dramatic characters and their proper interpretation, that his encyclopædic knowledge of his subject and the deep thought he has bestowed upon it are displayed most impressively.

To the frivolous, ephemeral, sensational, or lewd plays, which have been so frequent during the recent years of speculative commercial management, he pays little heed. When he alludes to them it is to dismiss them with a few curt phrases of contempt or disgust. With him the stage is a serious, dignified profession, to which all the arts are handmaids, of which the abuse for vulgar ends is desecration. But he is no blind devotee of the ancient and classic. For all that is best in modern drama, gay or earnest, he has instant appreciation and approval. Far from being a pessimist, he records his deliberate opinion that the present decadence of the theatre is but a temporary phenomenon. But he asserts without hesitation that the actors of a preceding generation were superior to those of to-day, and in this verdict he will be supported very heartily by every one who is old enough to make comparisons between them. The modern actor is inferior, not because of less natural ability, but because, since the virtual disappearance of the stock companies, he has had no means of mastering the essentials of his art. Now this truth is beginning to dawn upon public conception.

Particularly interesting and instructive are Mr. Winter's remarks upon the acting of farce, comedy, and tragedy. He concludes that comedy imposes the most exacting test of histrionic art. He argues that the startling action, poetic conception, and vehement emotions of high tragedy so stir the imagination of the spectator that his judgment is blinded to minor defects in the execution of the actor, whereas, in comedy, in which the emotions are less galvanic, the critical and purely intellectual faculties are less disturbed, and therefore quicker to note shortcomings in the player. This is subtle and, as a general rule, probably true. Whether it can be accepted as a law universal in its application, is open to question. If so, then John Gilbert, for instance, by virtue of his Sir Anthony Absolute, which was as near to absolute perfection as any mortal work could be, might plausibly be pronounced the most proficient actor of his era. It supplies, however, a scientific explanation of the fact that more actors of moderate ability have acquired fame in tragic than in the great comic parts. On the other hand, it must be remembered that it is the greatest imaginative works, all tragic, that make the supreme demands upon histrionic interpretative genius, and that the fame of nearly all the acknowledged great actors, who shone in both departments of the drama —Garrick, Bannister, Phelps, Davenport, Macready, Salvini, and others—rests almost entirely upon tragic achievements. Executive perfection may be more necessary in comedy than in tragedy, but it is also more easily attained. Acting, in the last resort, can only be judged by its approximation to the loftiest creative ideals. There have been many wholly satisfying Sir Peter Teazles, from King to Gilbert—how many Lears? The new stage humor, says Mr. Winter, may be distinguished from the old by its lack of heart. It evokes laughter, but is hard, metallic, even cynical, and seldom appeals to the affections.

Many famous actors figure in the biographical parts of the book. A fine chapter on Matilda Heron contains a masterly analysis of the character and acting of that strange and gifted woman. There is also a very notable and just tribute to the sterling character and abilities of that almost forgotten actor, Mark Smith, who is classed with King, Farren, Got, Placide, Blake, Gilbert, and Warren. Of the last-named performer, William Warren, who for many years divided the honors of the old comedy stage with John Gilbert, Mr. Winter writes with loving enthusiasm. Of J. B. Booth and his son, Edwin, he has, of course, little to add to what he has written before. To the latter he pays a noble tribute and eulogy. He makes it plain that his failure with Booth's Theatre was due solely to the inordinate cost of the building. His productions were richly remunerative. Another interesting paper gives an intimate personal study of that ambitious, indomitable manager, Augustin Daly, which only Mr. Winter could have written.

His dictum that Henry Irving was the greatest actor of whom there is any record must be questioned, eloquently as he writes in support of it. But he was extraordinary as actor, manager, and man. He was the dominant figure of his theatrical period, and the value of his services to his art and his profession could scarcely be overestimated. Intellect, courage, and personal fascination constituted in him a rare individuality. His self-reliance was superb. He told Mr. Winter that his Shylock was "the best ever given." In Primrose, he said, "there was too much waiting. It did not enlist his full powers." Of his Dubosc he remarked that "all the Bill Sykes parts are easy." Corporal Brewster, he complained, was "utterly selfish." His greatest performance, he asserted, was his King Lear, which was "psychological."

A notice of this book must not close without reference to a pungent and admirable pronouncement on Church and Stage and a brilliant analytical essay on the character of Hamlet.

J. Ranken Towse.

"MAJOR BARBARA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Mr. Shaw has never been afraid of the improbable. He creates a bizarre situation swiftly and with entire assurance that it will be accepted as real. Unlike the pseudo-realist who wastes much time trying to relate his characters to a known world, Shaw sweeps the world clean of all personages but his own. Whether or not the impression of actuality is thereby furthered, the method has the distinct advantage of leaving plenty of opportunity for unhampered dialogue. The dialogue in "Major Barbara" has an ease which is almost abandon; yet only at the close of the final act, when it is necessary to draw up the arguments into some sort of a conclusion, is there any sign of faltering. The play then for a few minutes becomes talky and aimless. Not that the author has had throughout any very definite goal, but up to this point he has made the audience think that he had one. "Major Barbara," in emphasis and general proportions, is not unlike "The Doctor's Dilemma." Neither play is pure fooling. Out of the merry popping of nostrums emerges not a little shrewd sense; yet neither work does more than rake a few trenches, and there is no attempt to "consolidate" a new position.

If "Major Barbara" had been written yesterday, instead of eight or ten years ago, a large part of its discussion could not have been more timely. This has to do with the moral value of manufacturing munitions of war and selling them to any bidder, regardless of the justice of his quarrel. The Undershafts are the Krupps of England. In the long tradition, reaching back to the seventeenth century, of their pursuit of this special industry, the head of the house in each generation has been a foundling, and in each instance the wife has separated from him because of his determination to disinherit his legal heir. In the play Lady Britomart has the additional reason that her husband preaches immorality, but never practices it (a stab, by the way, which the author may have directed at himself). Of the two daughters, one is Barbara, who has joined the Salvation

Army with the fervor of a true convert. Associated with her in this organization is her fiancé, a professor of Greek, who is willing to beat the drum because of his love for her, and because he is a "collector of religions." An inveterate cynic, he carries on a rare duel with Undershaft, who is smart enough to justify his two consuming tenets: adoration of riches and belief in protection by the use of might. But the real clash is between father and daughter. He agrees to visit her Salvation Army post provided she will come and look over his huge plant. We need not indicate the line of reasoning whereby, in the scene at the post, he robs her of faith, nor that by which, at the plant, she is made to see the constructive value of her father's work and the opportunities that it offers for humanitarian endeavor. It is all very clever—too clever by half—yet the entertainment it provides is perhaps above Shaw's average.

The production of the play was remarkably finished, and once more proved the possibilities of a well-picked stock company. Miss George herself put much spiritual warmth into the part of Barbara. No one could make the rôle quite vital. Ernest Lawford was again excellent as the professor of Greek, and Louis Calvert, for whom the part of Undershaft was written, made it commanding, except when he occasionally stumbled over his lines. A novel rôle for Conway Tearle was that of a White Chapel thug somewhat curious about religion, which he enacted with much skill. For the character of Lady Britomart, Charlotte Granville had been specially engaged. If space permitted, it would be interesting to examine at length two or three of the minor personages of this extraordinary play—those who are but loosely connected with the central theme. They seem to indicate that, if Shaw did not forever have a propaganda up his sleeve, he could do some pretty character study. F.

Music

THREE PIANISTS AND KREISLER.

Musical entertainments in New York—not Greater New York, but just Manhattan—have lately been offered at the rate of six a day. Partly, this excess of supply over demand is due to the fact that many of the minor musicians follow the example of the great ones in giving two or more recitals, with the obvious object of impressing concert-goers in other cities with the fact that they appeared repeatedly in the metropolis. Of the artists who give several recitals because there is a demand for them, four have been heard within a week—Paderewski, Percy Grainger, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and Fritz Kreisler.

A few days before Paderewski came to New York for his second recital, there were reports from Boston of a performance he gave there which not only made the audience "wildly enthusiastic," but made him admit that he himself was satisfied with what he had done. One of the leading critics, Olin Downes, declared that Paderewski to-day "is truly stupendous and might be called, without hysterical exaggeration, the Over-man of the piano." As such he appeared also in Carnegie Hall last week. One sometimes hears the remark, especially among minor professional musicians, that Paderewski is not what he was twenty-four years ago, when he made his first tour in this country. They forget that they decried him then, too, with the instinctive aversion to genius that characterizes their tribe. At the age of fifty-four one could hardly be surprised if he had lost some of his juvenile fire and impetuosity, but he has not; nor has his technique deteriorated in the least. On the other hand, his art has gained in maturity, and, even more than formerly, it has assumed the form and the charm of a perpetual improvisation. While he plays the notes as printed, he recasts them in his own mould, making them seem strangely different from what they are when others play them. He still has no superior as an interpreter of the older romantic composers, notably Schubert and Schumann; and in the realms of Chopin and Liszt he has no rival. He dreamed rather than played a Chopin nocturne at this last recital, and made a tragedy—the tragedy of Poland—of the wonderful étude, opus 25, No. 7. Of the Liszt rhapsodies he makes so much more in revealing their exotic charm than the other pianists do that most of them hardly dare to play them any more in public; which is a pity; but the future of these rhapsodies is as sure as that of the best of Beethoven's sonatas.

Percy Grainger has reminded not a few of Paderewski as he was when he first came to America. He has, indeed, in common with the great Polish pianist, the quality of genius—Grieg was the first to call the attention of the musical world to this Australian pianist's genius—besides a marvellous technique which never obtrudes itself, youthful enthusiasm, complete absorption in the music without a thought of the audience, a rare capacity for tonal coloring, with the aid of new pedal effects, and the art of clearly setting forth the content of a composition, however polyphonic and complicated. In their programmes and sympathies, however, they differ widely. While Grainger also adores the older masters, notably Bach, Chopin, and Liszt, he has made a specialty of Grieg, whom Paderewski has ignored, admires the modern and even the ultra-modern composers, from Debussy to Schönberg, intensely, and is a worker in the realm of folksong, whereas Paderewski plays national music only in the artistic reproductions of Chopin and Liszt, as well as his own pieces cast in the Polish mould (notably the enchanting "Krakoviak").

There is another point of contrast: whereas the Polish pianist is disappointingly coy about playing his own compositions in public, the Australian, fortunately, makes up his programmes largely of his own delightful pieces, many of which are based on British or Irish folk tunes. At his recital last week he also played, as a tribute to our Stephen Foster (whom he justly considers "one of the most touching and subtle melodists and poets of all time"), his own arrangement for piano of a composition by himself, based on "De Camptown Races." This was enjoyed by the audience as much as were "The Leprechaun's Dance" and "Maguire's Kick," arranged for piano by Grainger from Stanford's "Four Irish Dances." No one plays Irish music as Grainger does.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a great pianist of still another type, is so cosmopolitan in taste and so free from jealousy that he has included pieces by both Paderewski and Grainger in the programme of the sixth and last of his series of recitals, illustrating the development of piano music from the days of the clavichord and harpsichord to the present time. That, however, will not be presented before March 11. The third of the series was given last Saturday before a crowded auditorium. Evidently the public was not frightened by the possibly "educational" implication of the word "historic." As a matter of fact, Mr. Gabrilowitsch has made up his programmes chiefly of compositions that have long been favorites. On this occasion four of the German romanticists were chosen: Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, whose scores gave this Russian pianist abundant opportunity to show his art at its best. His next recital on December 28 will be devoted to Chopin, and on February 24 he will boldly place in juxtaposition those two antipodes in music—Brahms and Liszt.

Fritz Kreisler's first recital of the season in Carnegie Hall filled not only the large auditorium, but the stage, too, with eager listeners, who compelled him, it is needless to say, to add half a dozen extra pieces to those named on the programme. Among these there was an unusual number of novelties. There were three pieces by Godowsky, whose name heretofore has been associated exclusively with the piano; a Rondino on a theme by Beethoven, composed by Kreisler, a charmingly simple and effective number which the audience insisted on hearing twice, and which in a few weeks will be played the country over; a Spanish dance, gay and Andalusian, by Granados; and, most important of all, Schumann's Fantasy for violin, opus 131. This work was left in a strangely unfinished condition. Joachim, to whom it is dedicated, used to play it, but he urged Kreisler to edit it and make it more coherent and idiomatic for the violin. This Mr. Kreisler has done. In a statement given to the press he explained just what he had done, closing with the words: "I approached the task with humility and wrought in reverence. I lived up to my ideals, and I trust I have not violated Schumann's, in this reconstruction and restoration." These words indicate the general spirit of Kreisler's habit of revising neglected masterworks of the past—all of them neglected simply because they lacked what he has given them; he has made them live as if they were inspired products of our own time. Nearly all other violinists have included them in their repertory, but if no one else plays them as he does, they nevertheless delight audiences the world over. HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

LONDON, November 25.

The venerable old societies, like the British Artists and the Old Water-Color and the Institute, continue unperturbed in their venerable old ways, opening shows as like as could be to those they have been opening throughout the long, peaceful years of their existence, suggesting no comment or criticism that has not been made a hundred times before. The brand-new Post-Impressionism may have grown a trifle less aggressive, though Roger Fry has chosen this moment to break out with an exhibition of fifty-three exercises in "Abstract" and other "Design," some built up about bus tickets and bits of marbled paper with the diligence, but hardly the spontaneity, of the child who has just received his first present of a toy paint-box. The Royal Academy, after handing over several of its galleries to the use of the Red Cross, has decided not to give a winter exhibition this year, a decision that will affect its own pocket and the pleasure of the public rather than influence the tendency of modern art, for until last year the winter exhibition was devoted to old masters or to Academicians who had died within the immediate past. The necessity of not showing old masters is clear on the face of it at a moment when the masterpieces of private and public collections are being taken down from the walls where they belong and stowed away nobody knows where. A visit to the National Gallery these days is one of the most extraordinary experiences in an extraordinary London.

The exhibition of lithographs by the Senefelder Club at the Leicester Galleries is again the most interesting of the autumn exhibitions, as it has been every year since the Club was founded, except last, when it seemed as if, in the first fury of recruiting and organization, nobody would have a thought to spare for lithography and no exhibition was held. The members have therefore had two years to prepare for this new collection, and they are liberal enough to include the work of other artist-lithographers who are not members. I have written of the Club before this, of its part in reviving the art of lithography in England, and its success where the earlier attempts, though as zealous, of the eighteen-eighties and nineties failed. As Mr. Campbell Dodgson, keeper of prints in the British Museum, says in his preface to the catalogue, the members of the Club are enthusiasts for their beautiful art, they are determined to free it from the taint of commercialism and cheapness, they have proved that in modern times "it is not only Whistler who has made the stone to sing."

The exhibition establishes above all the infinite possibilities of the stone as a medium, for nothing is more striking than the variety in the effect, quality, and color obtained, as well as in the subjects treated. If strength, richness, in color is what the artist seeks, the stone will yield it to him with a fulness and a directness no form of engraving can surpass. Joseph Pennell, the president of the Club, shows this in his series of impressions of the strange, fantastic, all too seldom visited monasteries of Metéora in Greece—prints in which the lithographic chalk is used with equal ease to express the rugged boldness, the solidity, the heavy shadows of the curious cliffs and peaks upon which the monasteries are perched, and the delicacy and faint distances of the Plain of Thessaly that stretches away beyond them, every gradation from the purest black to the most silvery gray rendered as it would be impossible for the etcher to render it with his needle. Of actual color in the more usual sense, the examples are few, and still fewer those in which the artist aims at the elaborate arrangements that were so amazing in the color prints of French lithographers like Lautrec and Lunois and Chéret and the others whose prints were the glory of the Paris salons and streets some fifteen or twenty years ago. Spencer Pryse uses color in many of his prints, but sparingly, with an almost austere respect for technical limitations. It really serves him but as a wash to heighten and deepen the stronger passages in the composition. Two or three of his new lithographs are treated in this way. The most effective is Refugees in Calais, a large print, for he likes to work on a large scale, and not unlike more than one he has already exhibited. He is indeed in danger of being caught in the snares of formula, and his design, whether women bathing or Belgians in flight, people at the races or soldiers at the front, is apt to be built up on much the same lines. However, this new group of refugees, if reminiscent, is one of the best things he has done. Against a vague background two women are resting, one rigid, upright, as she sits there with a baby in her arms, the other half sitting, half lying down and leaning heavily against her, something monumental in their grouping, tragedy itself in their pose. Over the carefully modelled draperies of the two women a flat tint is laid of a deep, sombre, brooding red that intensifies the gloom and emphasizes the tragedy, though the slightest note of false or irrelevant color would have cheapened or ruined it. Anthony Barker has carried his color scheme much further in a small version of a scene on the Thames which, as a big poster, hung for a month last summer in all the underground stations of London. It was one of a series to which Pennell, Hartrick, Jackson, Becker, Kerr-Lawson, all members of the Club, contributed, and which told with startling effect in the midst of the horrible commercial posters that have long defaced the stations and hoardings of London, and the distressing recruiting posters that must be the despair of every Englishman who has the dignity of his country at heart. In the nineties, William Nicholson and James Pryde, figuring then as the Beggarstaff Brothers, Beardsley, and one or two others did what they could to redeem the London poster from vulgarity, but theirs was a short-lived experiment. That, after their failure, the managers of the Underground should have sought the services of the Senefelder Club explains that the Club has done something to educate the public, even if the public has such a talent for forgetting that the second experiment may be doomed to pass only less quickly than the first.

What can be done with wash, another method known, as all were, to Senefelder and practiced with wonderful results by many of the greatest lithographers, may be seen, in one or two of A. S. Hartrick's prints, more especially The Man on the Hill, 1914. The lithographer will study it with interest for the way the wash is treated, for the varied and expressive quality of the blacks got from it with such difference, such subtle truth, in the ploughed field, the solitary figure, the sweep of the clouded sky above; to those to whom the technical problem solved will mean nothing, the print must appeal by the dramatic treatment of the simple motive, something prophetic almost in the pose of the man alone there, waiting and watching on his windy hill-top. But there is not one of Hartrick's series that does not reveal the artist's love of his medium and desire to master its resources. This is true also of the work of John Copley. Like Spencer Pryse, he has gone to the war for inspiration. Refugees and recruits have supplied him with types that interest him, though his chief preoccupation seems to be less with them as types—less with the pathos of the weary exiles we have grown used now to seeing in England, less with the half-shamed, half-pleased first march of the men from the recruiting station, the familiar daily spectacle in the Strand—than with the forms and groups he discovers in them that can be woven into a consistent pattern, with the amusing lines, the spaces of white and black they suggest that require all the printer's as well as the draughtsman's art to take and maintain their proper value and place in the design. In the prints of Ethel Gabain the same concern with design, the same preoccupation with the lithographer's problem, is felt. From a simple gray interior and a single note of black in a figure, doing it matters not what, she will work out an arrangement on the stone that pleases by the very quiet and simplicity of the harmony and the absence of what is popularly known as meaning. She has repeated the one theme often, but this year, in The Wedding Morning, with the single figure, a bride in bridal gown, that allows of no note of black, she has turned to a new motive in the study of gray upon gray, more difficult to the lithographer than to the painter.

This interest in the medium for itself as well as for the subject it interprets is really characteristic of almost all the work shown—of the prints of C. H. Shannon, who has done little in lithography of late; Daniel

Wehrschmidt, Ernest Jackson, Miss Hope; of the two Belgians, Paulus and Poortenaar, who exhibit for the first time, I believe, with the Club. And it is because of this interest of the artists themselves that they stimulate the interest of others in their work. They have not dabbled with stones and presses, chalks and washes, stumps and scrapers, to make the pretty or topical pictures the public is supposed to like. They have used the stone because it could best express what they had to say, and because they were amused with the different ways their tools enabled them to say it, one experiment, one problem, leading on to still another. This may be the attitude distrusted in the near past when critics angrily protested against "art for art's sake," a phrase that has disappeared with its inventors. But it is the attitude of the true artist always, whether he may be called Classicist or Romanticist, Impressionist or Post-Impressionist, and so long as it remains his attitude the world can await with equanimity the part art is pre-ordained to play in whatever change the war is to bring in its train. N. N.

Finance

RETROSPECT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Exactly twelve months ago this week, on December 12, 1914, the New York Stock Exchange reopened, after having been closed during the eighteen weeks from July 30. Why the reopening had been so long delayed; why it occurred at just that date, and whether the reopening in itself reflected or indicated any positive idea that the things which have happened since then, in American finance, were likely to happen—these are questions which may reasonably be asked, in retrospect.

Going back in memory to the period which preceded the reopening, it is not difficult to recall the circumstances which delayed the reopening nearly five months after war broke out. Having been closed in order that the panic which raged on Europe's markets should not be converged upon New York, the avowed ground for not reopening was the fear that the hundreds of millions of American securities owned abroad might be thrown on the New York market, breaking down the whole structure of security values and paralyzing the finances of the country.

How seriously that possibility was regarded, even after Europe had passed out of its own acute stage of panic, was illustrated by the suggestions actually made to the famous "committee of five" regarding the methods which ought to be adopted when the Exchange should actually be reopened. One recommendation, from high banking quarters, was that a commission be sent abroad, to visit every country of Europe and take an inventory of all American stocks and bonds that were likely to be sold; the Exchange remaining closed until the commission had returned. Another suggestion, seriously made, was that the Government declare it a misdemeanor for a broker to take orders from any one but an American citizen. This was to shut out European sellers. Still another proposal was that the national Treasury issue currency against stocks and bonds; another, that the Stock Exchange make a rule for securities from abroad to be paid for on a basis of 10 per cent. cash and the balance in certificates of deposit, non-negotiable except between banks.

These ideas now sound as quaint as the "currency proposals" of the army of visionaries who travelled to Washington after the panic of 1907. As to why, despite the misgivings of the day, the Stock Exchange actually did resume open trading in stocks on Saturday, December 12, the strongest reason was that the Stock Exchange could not help itself. The New Street "curb market" had grown to large proportions; despite the discountenancing of it by the banks and the Stock Exchange, it was really fixing prices, and on a basis very largely of legitimate sales and purchases by the public. When this had gradually given way to the semi-official market in the Stock Exchange clearing-house, the volume of business done in that market had by December risen to proportions with which the extemporized machinery was unable to cope. There was really nothing for the Stock Exchange but to take the plunge and see what would happen.

But the Exchange had undoubtedly made up its subconscious mind that nothing serious would happen. Even the restriction of the "minimum price" chafed; in April, that precaution also was abolished. The three or four weeks preceding the reopening of the Stock Exchange had given at least a foretaste of the notable change that was about to occur in the country's economic situation. Part of that change had in fact occurred already; the return of money rates to a normal level, the fall of sterling exchange almost to parity, the cessation of gold exports, and, not least of all, the establishment of the new Federal Reserve system, with its safeguards and its smaller requirements for individual bank reserve.

Even the balance of international trade in merchandise was swinging so rapidly to the export side that the country's surplus of exports, which in November was $18,000,000 less than the year before, had in December run $82,000,000 beyond 1913. The orders of belligerent Europe on our manufacturers of munitions, which have subsequently reached such extraordinary magnitude, had at that time scarcely begun. No one could then foresee the influence which those orders were destined to exert whether on the export trade, on the steel industry, or on the stock market itself. But on the other hand, our exports of grain had already, at this time a year ago, surpassed all precedent in the history of the American grain trade.

It is reasonably safe to say, therefore, that when the Stock Exchange reopened it had already obtained a glimpse of the cheerful economic developments then ahead of us. To what extent Wall Street actually foresaw the conditions which have followed, in the matter of European holdings of American securities, is another question. That heavy sales from that quarter were inevitable, every one believed; that belief was the reason for the long maintenance of "minimum prices." And the belief turned out to be correct.

What nobody could have expected even the most daring financial authority to predict, and what nobody did in fact prophesy, was that $700,000,000 of those securities would actually be "unloaded" on our market in the ensuing twelvemonth, without preventing a general rise in American prices for the same securities. "If any one had predicted, just a year ago," a member of a well-known American banking house lately remarked, "that within twelve months Wall Street would be complaining that London was not selling back its American securities fast enough, and that England's shipments of gold to us were so large as to be injurious to our own interests, would he or would he not have been considered in his right mind?" Yet both things have come to pass.

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Tales by Polish Authors. Translated by E. C. M. Benecke. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brooks, V. W. America's Coming-of-Age. Huebsch. $1 net.
Butler, H. C. Publications of the Princeton University Archæological Expeditions to Syria. Section A. Part 5—Southern Syria. Leyden, Holland: E. J. Brill.
Carhart, A. P. Masoud the Bedouin. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States. $1 net.
Dunsany, Lord. The Book of Wonder. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.
Goldsmith, P. H. A Brief Bibliography of Works on Latin-America. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Griggs, E. H. Friendship, Love, and Marriage. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Lindsay, V. The Art of the Moving Picture. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Meillet, A. Langues Indo-Européennes. Paris, France: Librairie Hachette et Cie.
Philpott, A. J. The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.
Rhodes, G. Mind Cures. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.
Scott, Sir W. The Lay of the Last Minstrel. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Comstock, W. C. Man's Life of Purpose. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Miner, E. B. Parabolical Teachings of Christ. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Worcester, E. The Issues of Life. Moffat, Yard. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Collman, C. A. The War Plotters. New York: The Fatherland Corporation.
Lesage, C. Cables sous-Marins Allemands. Paris, France: Librairie Plon.
Macy, J., and Gannaway, J. W. Comparative Free Government. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Purinton, E. E. Efficient Living. McBride. $1.25 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Conway, M. The Crowd in Peace and War. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.
Henning, K. Die Wahrheit über Amerika. Leipzig, Germany: Julius Klinkhardt.
How Diplomats Make War. By a British Statesman. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Long, R. C. Colours of War. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Lyde, L. W. Some Frontiers of To-morrow. Macmillan. $1 net.
Osborn, H. F. Men of the Old Stone Age. Scribner. $5 net.
Sykes, Lieut.-Col. Sir M. The Caliphs' Last Heritage. Macmillan. $6.25 net.
Wharton, E. Fighting France. Scribner. $1 net.

POETRY.

Botrel, T. Songs of Brittany. Translated by E. S. Dickerman. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Braithwaite, W. S. Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915. Gomme & Marshall. $1.50.
Kinnicutt, L. N. To Your Dog and to My Dog. Houghton Mifflin.
Scollard, C. Italy in Arms, and Other Poems.
Smith, L. Evolution and Other Poems. Edited by L. Maynard. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.

SCIENCE.

Donaldson, H. H. The Rat. Philadelphia, Pa.: The Wistar Institute of Anatomy. $3 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Beyerlein, F. A. Taps. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.
Mulford, H. J. Zeitkinder. Brentano's.

ART.

Anesaki, M. Buddhist Art. Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.
Averill, M. The Flower Art of Japan. Lane. $1.50 net.

JUVENILE.

The Most Popular Mother Goose Songs. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldridge. 60 cents.

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The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, President; JOHN PALMER GAVIT, Sec. and Treas.; EMIL M. SCHOLZ, Publisher.

Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street. London Office, 16 Regent Street, S. W.

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER, Editor.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1915.

Summary of the News

The exchange of notes between Washington and Vienna has been rapid. The Austrian reply, dated December 15, to the demands made by the United States in regard to the Ancona, was published in Sunday's papers. The general tone of the reply was considered wholly unsatisfactory, and intended only to prolong the controversy, in the same manner in which the dispute with Germany over the Lusitania has been dragged out through seven months. The reply of the United States to the Austrian note was dispatched on Sunday, and the full text of it was made public yesterday.

In a brief document of barely six hundred words, Secretary Lansing reiterates, without qualification, the "definite but respectful demands made by the United States in its communication of December 6." The request of the Austrian Government for further enlightenment concerning the sources of information on which the demands of the United States are based is courteously but quite definitely brushed aside by the reminder that the report of the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty, transmitted to the State Department by Baron Zwiedinek on November 15, contained an admission that "the vessel was torpedoed after her engines had been stopped and when passengers were still on board." This, it is held, is "sufficient to fix upon the commander of the submarine which fired the torpedo the responsibility for having wilfully violated the recognized law of nations, and entirely disregarded those humane principles which every belligerent should observe in the conduct of war at sea." These humane principles and the rules of international law the Government of the United States "does not feel called upon to debate." No time limit is set for the reply of the Austrian Government, nor is any statement made of the consequences that may follow a refusal to satisfy the demands of the United States. In Washington, however, the general opinion prevails that a long delay will not be tolerated, and that undue procrastination or a refusal to accept the views set forth in the note must result in a severance of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

Shadows of coming events have fallen freely over the political arena during the past few days. The Republican Committee last week, anticipating by one week the Democratic Convention to be held at St. Louis, fixed on Chicago as the meeting place, and June 7 as the date, for the Republican Convention. There remained to be heard from Col. Roosevelt and the Progressives. On Saturday news came out of the Colonel's presence on the preceding evening at a dinner given by ex-Judge Elbert H. Gary, at which a number of financial magnates were present. Speculation connects the dinner with a renewed attempt to adjust Progressive and Republican differences. An apparently authorized statement on Monday declared that any of three possible Presidential candidates—Justice Hughes, ex-Gov. Hadley, or ex-Secretary of State Knox—would have Col. Roosevelt's endorsement; only the "Old Guard" must be kept from control of the Convention. The Colonel himself, it was stated, would only become a candidate "by the action of a convention so spontaneous that no man could refuse."

Secretary Lansing announced on Monday that a protest had been sent to England concerning that country's interference with shipments by parcel post between the United States and Sweden.

In the brief session of Congress previous to adjournment over the holidays plenty of indications have developed that there exist wide differences of opinion over the question of preparedness, and that the Administration's programme is destined to have by no means easy sailing. The War Revenue bill was extended for one year, only after a hot debate in the House on December 16, by a vote of 205 to 289. The bill was passed by the Senate, and signed on the following day.

Sensible progress has been made towards a restoration of normal conditions in Mexico by the settlement of terms of peace between the Provisional Government of Carranza and representatives of Villa's faction. The terms, details of which were published in Washington on Monday, include: a general amnesty to the partisans of Villa; safe conduct for Villa himself to the United States, where he will enjoy the status of a political refugee; the cession to the Government of Carranza of territory at present controlled by Villa; the incorporation of Villa's troops in the Constitutionalist army, and their employment against the Zapatistas. The intentions of Villa himself remain obscure as we write. Reports on Tuesday spoke of his having disappeared with a handful of followers.

Revelations of Teutonic plots continue merrily. The most important event of the past week in this connection was the arrest on Friday of Paul Koenig, who is connected with the Hamburg-American Line, on a charge of having set on foot a plot to wreck the Welland Canal, the artery for Canada's transatlantic trade from the Great Lakes. Persons alleged to be Koenig's associates in the enterprise have also been arrested. Other incidents were the arrest last week of a man called Swoboda, on suspicion of being concerned in recent explosions in the works of the du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, and the presumed scuttling of a barge in the Hudson by which more than five hundred horses intended for the Allies were drowned. Dispatches by wireless to Sayville of December 18 contained an authorized disavowal by the German Government of any connection with conspiracies organized by Germans or German-Americans in the United States.

Two important items of military news, neither of them altogether unexpected, have been received. Dispatches from London of December 15 announced the retirement of Sir John French from the command of the British forces in the west, and the appointment as his successor of Gen. Sir Douglas Haig. Sir John French is created a viscount, and becomes commander-in-chief of the armies in the United Kingdom. On Monday came the official announcement that British forces had evacuated the regions of Suvla Bay and Anzac, in Gallipoli, and been transferred to "another sphere of operation." The positions at Sedd-el-Bahr, on the tip of the peninsula, are to be retained. The transference of the troops, it is stated, was accomplished successfully and with insignificant casualties. The destination of the troops is not announced, but it is thought probable that they have been transferred either to Egypt or to Salonica. There have been rumors, which are probably not to be taken very seriously, during the past week of a contemplated Teutonic and Turkish attack on a grand scale on the Suez Canal. Another change in the British high command is the appointment of Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien to the command of the British forces in German East Africa.

There has been little change in the situation in Macedonia. The Allied forces, having made good their retreat to Salonica, are busy strengthening their positions. So far neither Bulgarian nor German troops have carried the pursuit across the Greek frontier. News dispatches state that an agreement has been come to with the Greek Government that in no case shall the Bulgarians cross the frontier. It does not appear to be established definitely what will be the attitude of the Greek Government if a campaign in Macedonia shall be undertaken by the Teutonic forces alone; but if the news, received on Tuesday, be true, that Greek forces have occupied Doiran, it would seem that the intention is to resist a German invasion. In any case, however, it is improbable that the Teutonic forces are in sufficient strength to undertake such an enterprise unaided. An Italian relief force has been landed in Albania for the assistance of the Servians and Montenegrins. The result of the Greek elections, held on Sunday, which means nothing since the adherents of M. Venizelos abstained from voting, is the return by a large majority of the government of M. Gounaris.

In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Lloyd George made an important speech on the question of munitions, outlining with considerable frankness the rather sorry story of the past, and appealing for the assistance of the labor unions for the future.

Debates in the Reichstag have been concerned largely with questions relating to the food supply and prices. A new credit for $2,500,000,000 was introduced last week. Speaking on Monday, Dr. Karl Helfferich, Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, forecast a considerable increase in taxation. Reviewing Dr. Helfferich's speech in support of the proposed credit, the Socialist *Vorwärts* demands that the German Government and the Reichstag indicate in what way the money necessary for the payment of interest on the nation's war debts and for their redemption is to be provided.

M. Camille de Coppet was, on December 16, elected President of the Swiss republic.

The Week

The report of the Commissioner of Navigation on the activity of American shipyards cannot be characterized as a piece of all-round teamwork with the backers of the new Government shipping measure. It gives the unfortunate impression that the yards are crammed to capacity with business. As the essential feature of the new bill is that it would make the Government a sort of ship-broker, buying or building a specified total of shipping and leasing the vessels in large part to private parties, the report casts doubt on the wisdom of the Government's entrance at just this juncture. All available yards, all that can be refurbished, are choked with contracts. How can the Government procure the building of ships without forcing out of these shipyards vessels that would go direct to private operators? If the Government proposes to fit up merchant yards of its own, that is an expensive enterprise, and requires time; and the shipping bill is admittedly an emergency measure. Above all, it must be remembered that if the Government is to give any striking amount of help to American shipping, it must build or have built on a large scale. The Commissioner reports 98 merchant vessels of over 3,000 tons, 70 of more than 5,000, now under construction or contracted for. Not by obtaining and leasing a mere handful of ships could the Government pretend that it had rescued our commerce.

There was no closure in the Senate last Friday, but Senator Penrose was closed up by Mr. Underwood. The Alabama Senator, on the question of revenue from the tariff law and the general relation of prosperity to high protection, carried altogether too many guns for the Pennsylvanian. The latter, in the running debate between the two, was driven into several different corners and walked into a number of traps. All that he could do at the end was to declare that, anyhow, if the country must be admitted to be flourishing under a Democratic Administration, the prosperity is "meretricious." This is pretty nearly to plagiarize from Horace Greeley, who wrote of the low tariff of 1833 that the country was launched by it "on the flood of a factitious but seductive semblance of prosperity." On the main question before the Senate—the extension of the war-taxes for another year—there was really but one thing to do. "Excoriate" the Administration as the Republicans might, and make party speeches as they pleased, the money to carry on the Government must be voted. The Republican opposition was purely formal and partisan. If any wonder that the whole subject should have been disposed of in one day, they should observe that it was the day before the holiday adjournment. If Christmas came once a week, there would never be any need of closure in the Senate.

The recommendations which Governor-General Harrison has made for changes in the Jones-Hitchcock bill, as reported to the Senate Philippines Committee, breathe a spirit of caution. He would have the preamble amended to declare the intention of the United States to grant the islands their independence when, in the American judgment, it would be "to the permanent interest of the people of the islands"; not, as now, when the Filipinos "shall have shown themselves to be fitted therefor." It is explained that no Filipino will admit himself unfitted for independence, though many admit that it will not be to their best interests for a long time to come. He would lower the voting age by one or two years, to include a greater number of American-educated young men. For stability he would hold elections triennially instead of biennially; he would increase the present Senate of nine merely to twelve, instead of twenty-four members, as likely to bring out better men; and he would elect the resident commissioners by the Legislature instead of by popular vote. One change to which the Republicans may object is that vesting in the Governor-General the assignment of duties to the Vice-Governor. The bill now specifies that the latter shall be in charge of education, health, and the non-Christian tribes. This would enable the Governor, upon his own discretion, to place these departments in charge of Filipinos whom he thought fitted to administer them. But this involves precisely the main question of policy at issue in the bill; and the Administration is committed to an increase of the participation of Filipinos in the Government.

Why should people puzzle over Mr. Roosevelt's presence at the Gary dinner? The Colonel did not go as a politician, he did not go as a social-justice expert, he did not go as a magazine writer. He went as a faunal naturalist, as a scientist led by that vast curiosity for new lands and new people which has taken him to Africa, to South America, to slums and factories and picture exhibitions. Here was a Gary dinner recalling those famous Gary dinners at which, between the soup and the entrée, extraordinary things used to happen to the iron and steel trade. We wonder if any one has kept a record of the table-talk at the Gary dinners. There must have been a flow of soul and high conversation. People spoke there of the novels of the season, of Futurist art, of Bernard Shaw and Richard Strauss, of the Boy Scouts, and amidst the flash of wit and good-natured raillery, pig iron went up so much, steel billets so much, and tubes so much. It was inevitable that the man who has penetrated so many dark regions of the earth, traversed so many jungles, mapped so many rivers of doubt, should have been impelled to find out the mystery of the famous Gary dinners. Mr. Roosevelt went as a naturalist—studying the habitat and habits of *Octopus Gariensis*.

It would never do for a party which furnished such a sensation as did the Republicans in 1912 to settle down to tame and commonplace procedure in 1916. So the Republican Committee springs a surprise by setting the date for the Republican Convention ahead of that selected by the Democrats. At one stroke it astonishes the nation and stimulates itself. Could its lost leader do more? When the Chicago Convention has finished with the issues and named its candidates for 1916, let the St. Louis Convention do what it can with what it finds left. The Chicago Convention will be based upon the new apportionment plan, with the Southern delegations materially reduced in numbers and importance. This one thing the Chicago of 1912 wrote large for the Conventions that were to come after, and the results will be interesting to observe. Lovers of historic parallels—and reversals—may be impressed with the contrast which the Convention arrangement for next year affords with that for just twenty years ago. McKinley was nominated at St. Louis, as everybody knew he would be, a few days before the Democratic Convention met at Chicago, at sea as to candidates.

It appears that in France, as well as in England, there is a lack of that swift and penetrating hindsight which enables so many of our bright American journalists to pronounce an unqualified judgment of incompetence and failure on a man like Sir John French. The *Manchester Guardian* has never been accounted either stupid or ignorant, yet it has the tactlessness to draw attention to the difficulties with which it imagines

that the British general had to deal, and even the boldness to make this assertion:

> The movement from the Aisne to Flanders, which was Sir John French's idea and his alone, was an inspiration. It saved the French system of defence, which must otherwise have gone to pieces entirely. This movement is one of the few instances in the war of our having divined in advance and forestalled the enemy's strategy.

As for the Paris press, instead of rejoicing at the removal of an incubus, the cable informs us that it "is unanimous in expressions of regret at the departure of Field-Marshal French, and lays particular emphasis on his services during the trying times of the opening period of the war." And as though this were not enough, the French actually carry their perversity to the point of expressing satisfaction over the appointment of Gen. Sir Douglas Haig, not because he is the diametrical opposite of his predecessor, but because he is one of Field-Marshal French's most apt pupils!

The German Finance Minister, Dr. Karl Helfferich, in his speech before the Reichstag on Monday, recognizes a limitation on the possibilities of the war indemnities to be wrung from Germany's enemies which did not appear in his speech of last August. He still speaks of that indemnity, "upon which we naturally reckon," but he now finds it necessary to acknowledge that, whatever may be the amount of it, it will not suffice to prevent the war from having brought upon the German people "its train of colossal tax burdens." Just what consequence this consideration will have in the shape of new taxes to be immediately imposed, does not as yet appear; indeed, it is not plain whether Dr. Helfferich has in mind any very heavy augmentation of immediate tax burdens. The emphasis of his speech is all upon post-bellum taxes. That these will be "colossal" he now frankly admits; but he makes it clear that the policy will be continued of placing as much as possible of the expenditure, while the war lasts, upon loans, leaving for new taxation only what cannot be avoided without grave financial danger. How long this policy can stand the strain is a question which is bound to become of critical urgency unless the war should come to an unexpectedly speedy close.

The "facts" as to England's peril in Egypt, reported from Rome, call for some consideration. And first as to the double-track railway "from Damascus" to the Egyptian frontier, which has been pushed with extraordinary speed, and which needs only fifty miles more of track before the peninsula of Sinai is reached. As a matter of fact, there has been for ten years a railway from Damascus in the general direction of the Egyptian frontier. This is the famous Damascus-Mecca Railway, which, at Maan, is about fifty-five miles from the Egyptian frontier. Apparently, then, the extraordinary speed with which the railway has been pushed has resulted so far in five miles of new track, with fifty more to be completed. It may be, of course, that part of the work consisted in double-tracking the original single line from Damascus to Maan. At any rate, there remain fifty miles of double-track to build before Sinai is reached. How long will that take? The Damascus-Mecca line was built as a pious undertaking. Patriotic Mussulmans gave their money, and Turkish troops were employed in its construction. In seven and a half years 820 miles were built, or an average of less than ten miles a month. The best record was on the stretch to Medina, 350 miles in twenty-four months, or fifteen miles of single track a month. The fifty miles of double-track to Sinai would thus take about six months, even if we suppose that Turkey, in time of war, with her armies very busy, could equal the record of peace time.

When the double-track railway reaches the Egyptian frontier, what then? The implication of the Rome dispatches is that once an army has reached the Egyptian frontier it is at the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact, the Suez Canal lies 150 miles west of the frontier and between is the whole of the peninsula of Sinai. If the Teuto-Turkish army of invasion leaves the rails at the frontier, it is no better off than the Turkish army which made the first attempt against the Suez Canal, with this important difference: that it would be a question of feeding and supplying an army of 300,000 men across 150 miles of desert, instead of the comparative handful which the Turks employed. If, on the other hand, it is the intention to push the railway straight across the Sinai peninsula to within striking distance of the Canal, the Kaiser and the Sultan have undertaken a building operation of a couple of years, and not a task that will be finished by next February, as the dispatches from Rome assert. In addition there are all the miles of waterpipes to lay across the desert! By that time England should be in a position to meet the attack with adequate forces. We are very much inclined to think that England to-day has enough men for the task in Egypt, which is her principal base for the operations in the Balkans.

The proprieties in the Balkans are being carefully observed. Italy, for example, has been pouring out her blood against Austria, but with Austria's great ally Italy is not at war. She may soon be, in Albania, but it is not certain. Greece has her own punctilio: the Germans and Austrians may cross the Greek border in pursuit of the Allies, but the Bulgars must not. It is a choosing of partners in a tragic quadrille. Austrians are matched off against the Montenegrins because the Germans, by attacking Montenegro, might irritate Italy, whose Queen is a Black Mountain princess. For the same reason Germans will not enter Albania, but will let the Bulgarians do it, while they do the Bulgars' work in Greece, etc., etc. Is this another sign of diplomatic Bourbonism which insists, even in the midst of a world catastrophe, on its little convenances? Or is it cool-headed recognition of the fact that life will go on after the war and that every trifle which may help the reëstablishment of civilized relations is worth preserving?

A literary *entente* seems to be forming rapidly among the Allies. A few months ago sixty-seven Russian writers addressed an appeal for closer relations to the British world of letters. Emile Boutroux has headed a committee designed to draw English and French authors together, and in November appeared a literary "manifesto" signed by Belgians and French. In such a time the literary men recall the fact that so long ago as 1754 humanistic cosmopolitanism bore fruit in a French periodical called the *Journal Etranger*, and that it aimed to include all Europe, not merely the nations of a military alliance. Its first editor was Grimm, whose cosmopolitan tastes were among his chief distinctions, and its second the Abbé Prévost, a renowned traveller, who knew English literature as no other Frenchman of his time. Among its supporters were the royal families of France, Poland, and Prussia, and libraries of all Europe, and among its contributors were Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Malesherbes. The *Journal Etranger* endured three years, one of its strangest adventures into foreign fields, the publication of three Iroquois chants, proving its swan song. It did not, as its prospectus hoped, see born a literary age to be called the age, not of Elizabeth or Louis XIV, but *le siècle glorieux de l'Europe entière*. But it may serve to remind modern cosmopolitanism that it can

succeed only by a spirit that will overcome such barriers as now exist between the Teutonic and the other Powers.

The death of Francis M. Cockrell recalls to mind not so much his own thirty years' service as United States Senator from Missouri, though that was of respectable quality, as the career of the man whom he succeeded. When Missouri went back to the Democratic fold, it was plain that Carl Schurz could have no political future in that State, and his retirement from the Senate in 1875, after a single term of distinguished service, was felt by intelligent citizens to be a serious loss to the nation. He was, indeed, enabled to continue to render services of the highest value to the country, as Secretary of the Interior under Hayes and afterwards as journalist and as a personal leader of opinion. But the natural sequel to such a career as his had been—beginning almost with his arrival in the land of his adoption and continuing throughout twenty of the most crucial years of our country's history—would have been continuous service in public posts of the highest importance. It is one of the serious drawbacks of our State system—arising by no means solely from Constitutional restrictions, but even more from the traditions of local pride or exclusiveness—that the future of a man who is essentially a national figure depends on circumstances peculiar to his own State. A change of residence is indeed possible, but the new arrival labors under a tremendous handicap. What might it not have meant for the country if New York had risen to its opportunity and sent Schurz to the Senate!

Secretary Redfield's annual report contains a reminder to Congress that the new orders he issued following the Eastland disaster by no means serve as a full protection against future occurrences of the sort. The two most important forbade the issuance of an increased passenger-carrying license except after a personal inspection, and called for "inclining tests" of any vessel whose stability the inspectors questioned. But there is still no law giving the Government adequate control over the structural strength of vessels, so that the plans are left to the builder's judgment, and only the likelihood of incurring the disapproval of Lloyd's and other classification services operates as a restraint upon the launching of unseaworthy craft. The Secretary asks for power to centralize the inspection of hulls and boilers in the Supervising Inspector-General, for a law requiring fireproof construction of all excursion steamers built after 1917, and, above all, for a much larger force in the Steamboat Inspection Service, which is at present "seriously overworked." The Chicago grand jury complained that the inspectors were untrained men, and prayed that the service be turned over to the Navy Department. If it is the duty of Congress to see that the appropriation for the inspection service and the powers granted it are enlarged, it is the duty of the Secretary to see that his field force is well chosen.

The election of Major R. R. Moton, of Hampton Institute, as head of Tuskegee to succeed Dr. Booker T. Washington, will everywhere cause the friends of negro education to rejoice. Major Moton has well earned this position by his admirable work for Hampton, which will keenly feel the loss of his services. An excellent orator of exactly Dr. Washington's type, with a thorough understanding of conditions in the South and the Southern white people, Major Moton could not be better equipped for the great task which he assumes. Like Dr. Washington, he has made his way up from small beginnings, but, unlike his predecessor, he has given his whole life to service at Hampton, where his tact, his self-subordination, and his never-failing patience and good humor early attracted attention. Finally it is interesting to note that Major Moton is a full-blooded negro, who in his new position will, like Richard R. Wright, of the Savannah Industrial School, and many others, give the lie to the old fable that only mulattoes advance to responsible intellectual positions. As it is, there is now every assurance that Tuskegee will go on with as slight a break in leadership as possible, and will be carried on as an educational institution in precisely the spirit of Booker Washington. If Hampton can now find the right successor to Major Moton, it will be further gratifying proof of the ability of the colored people to develop high and worthy leadership.

That one "purpose play" has lived three-quarters of a century is a fact recalled by the death of an actor said to be the original "Uncle Tom"; for no doubt there are still stray companies presenting one version or another of Mrs. Stowe's story. Its production on the stage was simultaneous with its publication as a book, for it first appeared in a periodical. While in 1852 it was running up a sale of 300,000 copies, there were beginning those performances which have reached a total beyond those of any other play in America. It was perhaps with the stage version in mind that Fanny Kemble wrote the London *Times* that she could bear witness to the truth and moderation of the book as a representation of the slave system. Yet the history of the play must be looked back upon with mixed feelings. Its great vogue during the years preceding and immediately following the Civil War was accounted for by its graphic bearing upon the most vital question of the time. Its long vigor since then is much less attributable to its historical interest than to its melodramatic thrills; and it is not pleasant to consider that the most popular American drama has been one dramatically cheaper than "East Lynne." Not merely rural, but metropolitan, audiences have helped make Topsy the prototype of all negro comic characters, Legree the symbol of an arch-villain, and Little Eva the object of a wider bathetic regard than Paul Dombey. It was in the large cities that the apotheosis of Uncle Tom reached its most magnificent absurdity.

The Villistas' acknowledgment that the game is up is formal recognition of a fact that has been patent for some months. It marks the end of an epoch and the beginning of another which will be signalized with due pomp when Carranza enters Mexico City and sets to work at the reconstruction of Mexico with the good will of the nations. For the moment our interest attaches to the flitting from the contemporary stage of one of its most picturesque characters. "Pancho" Villa, the outlaw, who came within striking distance of the Presidency of Mexico, the bandit who developed into a military genius, represented in his own person the raw capacities of the Mexican people for good and evil. He was the peon to whom the policies of Diaz denied the opportunity for developing into a contented and prosperous citizen of his country. It has been a romantic career. Yuan Shi-Kai, who has won an emperor's crown, set out from the high position of Governor of one of China's greatest provinces, and has traversed the interval in fifteen years. If we measure the distance from Villa's starting point to where he stood at the height of his power, the record is no less impressive. Nor does the picturesque record suffer from the fact that the outlaw Villa rose to fame on the crest of a great cause, that he will go down in history as one of the avengers of Francisco Madero and a vindicator of the cause of Mexican democracy.

IF THE COLONEL HAD BEEN THE KAISER.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his latest article in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, finds the whole world more out of joint than he usually does. But what could he expect, since the one man born to set it right is out of office? President Wilson is, of course, thoroughly incompetent. If proof of this were lacking, it could be found in the fact that he is heartily supported by Mr. Taft. And Mr. Roosevelt can find no hope even in the fact that the President is borrowing ideas from the Colonel—though always about a year too late. "Over a year ago I pointed out that it was the duty of the United States to champion the integrity of the neutral rights of Belgium, against the lawless conduct of belligerent Germany."

This statement, which in substance Mr. Roosevelt has made repeatedly, raises an interesting question. Many have asked what Mr. Roosevelt would have done if he had been President in August, 1914. The answer just made by his old friend and psychological analyzer, Professor Münsterberg, is that "in the White House he would have been the leader of the anti-Allies." This is an inference from the fundamental German sympathies which the professor discovers in the Colonel. And here comes the really interesting question. It is not, what would Roosevelt have done had he been President, but what would he have done if he had been the Kaiser? In other words, in his violent and iterated condemnation of the German Government for violating the treaty with Belgium, is he not condemning himself? Have we not evidence, in what he did and in the views which he has expressed, that if he had been in the Kaiser's place he would have invaded Belgium without scruple, and, instead of apologizing for it half-heartedly, as the German Chancellor did, would have glorified it as an act of the highest international righteousness?

The essence of the charge against Germany is that she broke her treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium and the inviolability of her territory. Well, the United States had a treaty binding this country just as strongly, yet President Roosevelt broke it without a moment's hesitation. The treaty of 1846 between Colombia and this country solemnly recited that "as an especial compensation for the said advantages, and for the favors they have acquired by the fourth, fifth, and sixth articles of this treaty, the United States guarantee, positively and efficaciously, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus [Panama] . . . and the United States also guarantee, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada [Colombia] has and possesses over the said territory." But we all know what happened. When Roosevelt "took" the isthmus, far from paying any regard to our promise to guarantee Colombian sovereignty over it, he gave orders to prevent Colombia from even attempting to assert her own sovereignty. And as if to leave no doubt in any one's mind concerning his notions of international morality, Mr. Roosevelt flatly declared later that if he had not been able to seize the isthmus by means of a fraudulent revolution, he would have resorted to direct force. In a letter to W. R. Thayer, printed in the latter's Life of John Hay, Vol. II, p. 328, he wrote: "If they [the Panamanians] had not revolted, *I should have recommended to Congress to take possession of the isthmus by force of arms.*" The Kaiser would be hard put to it to beat that.

In the same Life of Hay there is another letter by Mr. Roosevelt which indicates how much weight he would have given, had he been Kaiser, to the Prussian treaty of 1839 guaranteeing Belgian neutrality. This letter was written to John Hay himself, at the time of the negotiation of the Hay-Pauncefote Canal treaty, in 1900. It contains a phrase which might well be thought a Roosevelt variant of Bethmann-Hollweg's "scrap of paper." Here it is:

> *As for existing treaties—I do not admit the "dead hand" of the treaty-making power in the past.*

Of course, being Mr. Roosevelt, he hedged and went on to speak of the need of having treaties "honorably abrogated," but who can doubt that the sentence we have quoted speaks the instinctive attitude of the Colonel towards a treaty that gets in his way? By so much, the Harvard psychologist is right in finding a right Prussian quality in the American whom he has so intimately studied.

Going back, then, to the question what the Colonel would have done if he had been the Kaiser, we are forced to conclude that he would have struck at France through Belgium with even less reluctance than Wilhelm II displayed. And such talk as he now indulges in about Belgium he would have scorned as merely so much chatter. We do take patriotic pride, however, in the belief that the Colonel would have far outdone the Kaiser in one respect. The latter represented the attack on Belgium as a disagreeable military necessity, and his heart bled over Louvain. But if Mr. Roosevelt had had the job to do, he would have set about it in the blithest spirit, would have put joyous zest into the violation of a treaty, and would have lectured all and sundry with a kind of holy unction on the exalted regard for righteousness which he had exhibited.

GALLIPOLI AND AFTER.

What is the "other sphere of operations" to which the British forces from northern and central Gallipoli have been transferred? This is the outstanding question of the moment. If we knew the correct answer we should know, at least in outline, the Allied plans for winter and spring. And this not only for the Balkans and the Mediterranean but for every theatre of war. It is hard not to associate the withdrawal from Gallipoli with the prolonged conferences among the military authorities of the Allies recently concluded in Paris. The decision must have been framed there. The situation had been thoroughly canvassed. France must have told what troops she could continue to spare for the Balkans. Italy must have made it pretty clear to what extent the Allies could count upon her. Coming after the conquest of Servia and the vanishing of the hope of an immediate Allied campaign from Salonica, the Paris conferences must once for all have decided upon a course demanded by the ultimate necessity of victory, to the disregard of the loss of prestige involved in this or that confession of defeat. At Paris it was recognized that the Gallipoli campaign was a failure. It was a question where the deadlocked troops could be used with better effect. Was it decided to bring the French forces home, or to send them to Salonica? And the British troops, have they been taken to Salonica or have they been shipped back to Egypt?

Once the Allies have determined to face the realities of the situation in the Mediterranean, it is not altogether improbable that a retirement from Salonica may follow the retirement from Gallipoli. The immediate purpose of the Allied dash for Salonica, the rescue of Servia, has failed. The secondary purpose, the development of a possible flank attack on the Turks, has also failed, at least for months to come. Confronting the Allies in the Balkans there are now at least 150,000 Austro-Germans, a quarter of a million Bulgarians, and 150,000 Turks released from Gallipoli. If the Allies are to redress the situation in the Balkans they must bring to

bear an equal number of troops. Where are they to come from? We cannot take seriously the story of an Italian army advancing through the Albanian mountains. Just about as much importance attaches to the army Russia is supposed to have been collecting on the Rumanian frontier. If the Allies are to make another try in the Balkans an army of half a million men must operate from Salonica. Only then could Rumania be stirred from her present apathy for the Allied cause. Even then it would be an uncertain fight, involving a tremendous effort without corresponding gains. The original hope of aligning the Balkan states solidly against Germany has vanished. Bulgaria is definitely committed, Greece is determined to remain neutral, and Austria's position is not what it was when the Russians were hammering away at the Carpathians.

Only by throwing the necessary half-million men into Salonica, by winning over Greece, by making the chances for victory extremely attractive to Rumania, can the situation be redressed. The thing is possible, but not probable. It is not to be supposed that the Germans will stand still while Salonica is converted into an impregnable base. It is not impossible that the fortifications north of Salonica are intended to safeguard the withdrawal of the Allied troops from that port. The Balkans having lost their value as a short cut to victory, the Allies may have decided to do what Germany did after the Marne and Ypres—stand on the defensive where they cannot advance, and try elsewhere. The French, who are now calling out the class of 1917, could easily use their colonial troops at home. The British could use their Balkan forces for Egypt, definitely assuring the safety of that country, and giving them a free mind for operations in the field where the war must after all be decided, in Flanders and Belgium. With Egypt safe, with the enormous strain of holding the Ægean and feeding its marooned armies relaxed, England would be giving its new commander-in-chief in the west a chance such as Field-Marshal French never had. It is true that the Germans and Turks, with the way clear in the Balkans, will develop pressure against Egypt. But the British forces now in the Balkans would have in Egypt an advantage they now lack. And conversely the armies of the Central Powers would be confronted with the serious task of conducting operations in the Arabian desert hundreds of miles away from their base.

The Gallipoli campaign has been one of many surprises. It has taught the world many things. Not the least is the rejuvenation of Turkey upon which so much stress has been laid at Berlin. It would be more proper to speak of the rejuvenation of the Turkish army. The future of the Ottoman Empire is not so rosy when we think of a victorious Bulgaria turning its eyes from Macedonia to Thrace, of the Russians in the Caucasus, of the British in Mesopotamia, in spite of their recent defeats. The Turkish army, on the other hand, fighting on three fronts, has certainly belied the predictions based on its showing in the Balkan wars of three years ago. Yet the transformation has been a simple one as we see it now. Against the Balkan states the Turks went to pieces because they were badly organized and led, and greatly outnumbered. The fighting qualities of the Turkish soldier have always been recognized. After 1913 the Turkish army was rebuilt under German supervision. In the present war it has had the advantage of German ammunition and German leadership.

COMMANDERS WHO HAVE FAILED.

The retirement of Field-Marshal French from the chief command of the British forces on the western front leaves Joffre the only survivor of the generalissimos at the outbreak of the war. Von Moltke is gone, the Grand Duke Nicholas is gone, the Austrian generals Auffenberg and Dank were among the first to go. A war lasting nearly a year and a half is bound to make and unmake leaders. A war so full of technical surprises as the present war is bound to facilitate the process. It is only the military genius who lasts through changes and surprises. Men of inferior talent go down and are succeeded by men who need not be of superior talent, but who profit by the mistakes of their predecessors. Kitchener and French made their great reputations in the Boer War. But if either of the men had first been in command in South Africa instead of Sir Redvers Buller, it is not impossible that theirs would have been the mistakes.

Below the rank of commander-in-chief there has been a drastic weeding out of generals in all the armies. The hand of Joffre has been particularly heavy. He made wholesale changes before the war, on the showing of corps and division commanders in the great manœuvres. During the first weeks of actual fighting he cut right and left. Of the men at the head of the five French armies which took the field, Dubail, Castelnau, Ruffey, Langle de Cary, and Lanrezac, two were removed as soon as the retreat began to the Marne. Ruffey, who failed on the Meuse, gaze way to Sarrail, and Lanrezac, who failed on the Sambre, made way for Franchet d'Esperey. It is true that Castelnau failed in the invasion of Lorraine, but his influence was apparently strong enough to keep him in place until he got the chance to redeem himself magnificently around Nancy. Since the first week of actual fighting new French armies have been created and new men have come up. The Sixth Army, which D'Amade organized out of territorial forces and new levies in Flanders, was brought to Paris and under Gen. Maunoury won the battle of the Ourcq as part of the battle of the Marne. A Seventh Army, under Gen. Foch, held the centre in that battle, and is believed by many to have decided its outcome. New men have come up since then. At the head of some of the French armies are men like D'Urbal, who was a general of division at the outbreak of the war; Maud'huy, who was a general of brigade, and, the most remarkable case of rapid advancement, Pétain, who at the beginning of the war was colonel of infantry and who within a year rose through the ranks of brigadier, division commander, and corps commander to his present post.

There have been similar failures and promotions in all the other armies. Of the Germans the first to go was von Hausen, who led the Saxon army at the battle of the Marne. Von Deimling, who commanded in Alsace, has disappeared from the news. The great von Kluck is now convalescing from what gives every sign of being a diplomatic illness. Of British commanders, Ian Hamilton failed in Gallipoli. The Russians, Rennenkampf and Sievers are gone, for obvious reasons. Radko Dmitrieff, who felt the brunt of the Teutonic attack in Galicia, is out of the news. Neither is there mention of Brusiloff, who helped to win the battles of Rawarusska and Lemberg. But Gens. Ruszky and Ivanoff have survived, and apparently with credit. We know of no definite changes in the Turkish command, but instead of Liman von Sanders, who was prominent during the first phase of the fighting in the Dardanelles, we now hear of von der Goltz. Names in the Austrian bulletins are new—Bothmer, Koevess, Baltin, Pflanzer. Archdukes and Crown Princes, of course, never fail.

When we look for specific reasons in the case of Field-Marshal French, it is hard to speak definitely. The outstanding reason, of course, is his failure to show results commensurate with the present size of the British army. The specific charges are the

failure at Neuve Chapelle in March, and the disappointment of Loos in September. The same accusations have been made in both instances—lack of preparation by the Staff and unaccountable delay in bringing up reserves. Sir John French confesses to some confusion in part of the operations around Loos. But it would be unjust to overlook the peculiar handicap under which the British army has labored. It has not had the advantage of veteran staff officers and intimate acquaintance with the ground. The British army has had to create its officers as well as its men. Furthermore, it is unjust to speak of the British "failure" around Loos as compared with the French success in Champagne. From the German point of view, both attacks failed. Considering the superior resources Joffre had at his command, the relative gains may not have been so disproportionate. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in Joffre the French have a man of proved ability.

Sir John French's going emphasizes the changed aspect of the war since last spring. It concerns the question of men and munitions. At the beginning of the war events were decided by leadership and numbers. With the commencement of trench warfare it became a question of munitions, and even now people speak of a war to be won in the armament factories. But it would really appear that the problem of munitions has been solved and that it is once more a question of leadership. At Neuve Chapelle the British ammunition gave out in a short time. It was on this issue that Lord Northcliffe conducted his drive against Lord Kitchener. There was no shortage of ammunition around Loos. Britain first had to find her men. Then she had to find guns and ammunition. Now she must find a great leader.

CONGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

WASHINGTON, December 13.—Congress will be urged at its present session to *submit the question* of a national constitutional prohibition amendment to the States for ratification.

The words we have put in italics convey a false and dangerous view of the duty of Congress in relation to a proposed amendment of the Constitution. When such a proposal is presented to Congress, its duty is to consider it and pass judgment on its merits; and only in the event that the proposal is approved by a two-thirds vote of each house does it become a question with which the Legislatures of the several States have anything to do. Their share in the matter is solely in the nature of a check on the decision of Congress. That decision does not become operative until the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States have expressed their approval of it; but it is the act of Congress, and not the ratification by the Legislatures, that is the fundamental part of the proceeding.

All this would be plain enough even if the passage of a constitutional amendment by Congress were effected, like that of an ordinary bill, by a mere majority vote; but the extraordinary requirement of a two-thirds vote of each house makes it peculiarly evident. If the main part of the process were the action of the Legislatures—if the function of Congress were merely to "submit the question" to these bodies—surely a majority vote would be an ample condition to lay down. Obviously, the idea was that no amendment should be made to the Constitution which had not received the emphatic approval of the national Legislature. If the advocates of a bill in Congress, or in a State Legislature, were to urge that body not to pass the bill on its merits but to "submit the question" to the President, or the Governor, they would be laughed out of court; everybody recognizes that the veto power is designed as a check upon the judgment of the legislative body and not as a substitute for such judgment. Take, again, the case of the treaty-making power. The President's power to make treaties is limited by the necessity of ratification by the Senate; but would any one dream of asking him to waive his own judgment in relation to a proposed treaty, and simply "submit the question" of its adoption to the Senate? In all these matters, the primary and fundamental responsibility rests with the body, or the individual, that takes action on the subject in the first instance; the ratifying power is secondary, designed to provide an additional safeguard against error, and not at all to absolve from responsibility those who are charged with the duty of the primary decision.

Not only is this the actual fact in regard to the amendment of the Federal Constitution, but it is manifestly what ought to be the fact. It is only in Congress that the merits of a proposed change in the Constitution of the United States can be discussed on the large lines which are appropriate to such a question, and with a thoroughness commensurate with its importance. It is only when the subject is before Congress that public attention can be adequately centred upon it. The importance of the action then pending is so plain that the persons opposed to it, the persons in favor of it, and the persons whose judgment has not been formed, are alike upon notice to fix their attention on the question. It has a chance of receiving its due share of notice in the press. The various stages of its parliamentary progress are followed with keen interest. As the final test of strength approaches, everybody interested realizes that a decision of crucial importance is about to be made; and when the vote is taken, it is the outcome of such a contest as befits an issue of fundamental importance. If Congress were to abdicate its function, and regard itself as a mere vehicle for the placing of the question before the State Legislatures, all this would be swept away; for it is obvious that nothing of the kind would take place in the scattered proceedings of the forty-eight State Legislatures, each charged with but a small share in the responsibility of the decision, and taking it up at odd times, determined perhaps by chance, perhaps by some clever and unnoticed manœuvre.

And in addition to these broad considerations there are two circumstances of a peculiar nature which greatly add to the imperativeness of the duty of Congress to pronounce its own deliberate judgment on any proposed amendment to the Constitution. One of these turns on the gross inequality with which the population of the country is represented in the count of State Legislatures. Nevada, with 80,000 population, counts for as much as New York with 9,000,000; and in fact (by the Census of 1910) the twelve most populous States in the Union have a population of 51,000,000, while the other thirty-six States—three-fourths of the whole number—have only 41,000,000. The House of Representatives is the only place, in the whole process of passing an amendment, where the people are represented even approximately according to their number. The other circumstance is still more important. There appears to be no limit of time for the ratification of an amendment by a State Legislature. It might easily happen that these ratifications would be gradually accumulated at odd times until the requisite three-fourths was obtained, and yet that there would be no one time when three-fourths of the Legislatures in actual existence were in favor of it. If Congress is to stand aside, the whole question of the adoption of an amendment becomes a haphazard affair, devoid of almost every feature belonging to a real test of public sentiment. If we are to preserve our fundamental law from all sorts of unpredictable danger, we must adhere firmly to that view of the conditions requisite to effecting a

change in it which is prescribed alike by the language of the Constitution and by the plainest considerations of reason and justice.

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

Lord Alverstone, formerly Lord Chief Justice of England, whose death was recorded last week, had several contacts with the United States. He was repeatedly invited to address the American Bar Association, as his predecessors, Russell and Coleridge, had done, but was unable to accept. However, he formed the acquaintance of many American lawyers. Some of them he met at the two great international arbitrations at which he, as Sir Richard Webster, was of British counsel. We refer to the Behring Sea arbitration of 1893 and the Venezuela arbitration of 1897. But Alverstone's chief repute in this country was due to his unusual and high-minded course when he was himself a member of the arbitration tribunal which, in 1903, passed upon the Alaska boundary dispute between Great Britain and the United States. The controversy was primarily between our Government and the Canadian, and two of the arbitrators were Canadians. There were three Americans, Messrs. Root, Lodge, and Turner, so that Lord Alverstone's vote for the American contention was decisive.

It was a fact that our Senate was led to ratify the treaty to arbitrate the Alaska boundary question by a rather ignoble argument. We could not possibly lose under it, so it was said, and we might win. Our own arbitrators were certain to stand for the American view, and there was a bare chance that one of the three on the other side might be persuaded of the justice of our cause. So it turned out. But the clever people at Washington could hardly have anticipated the large and noble way in which Lord Alverstone interpreted his duty. His own account of the matter was quietly given, but so illustrates his high conception of the obligations of a judge, and so clearly points out the unfortunate nature of arbitrations without disinterested third parties taking part in the decision, that it is worth quoting:

> The papers were very voluminous, and after studying them carefully and hearing all the arguments, I came to the conclusion that I could not support the main contention of Canada as regarded the boundary, and, acting purely in a judicial capacity, I was under the painful necessity of differing from my two Canadian colleagues. I need scarcely say that, as I had appeared for Canada with success in the Behring Sea Arbitration, I only came to this decision with the greatest reluctance, and nothing but a sense of my duty to my position influenced me. I mention this because my conduct in giving this decision was the subject of violent and unjust criticism on the part of some Canadians. This feeling lasted for a considerable time, but I am bound to say that I think reflection and later consideration of the questions involved have resulted in a fairer judgment. I have always felt since that arbitration that in any dispute between nations some members of the tribunal dealing with the questions should be of a nationality independent of the two contesting parties. In this case, as I have shown, the United States and Great Britain were both represented by their own nationals, and it puts a great strain on the members of the tribunal in such cases when they have to decide against the country by which they have been nominated, without having the support of any independent jurists of another nationality.

The above citation is from the book, "Recollections of Bar and Bench," which Lord Alverstone wrote in 1914. It was published in this country early in 1915. From its unpretentious record of a great lawyer's success, one gets a very definite impression of the qualities which enabled Richard Webster to win the highest prizes of the English bar. He was, first of all, a tremendous worker. He had an industry seemingly made of iron. His intense application in the mastery of his cases led to such humorous exaggerations as that which Frank Lockwood embodied in a whimsical sketch, to the effect that Webster went to bed with his boots on, so as to lose no time. As he rose rapidly in his profession, the amount of business urged upon him was enormous. He notes simply that "for two separate periods of ten months, I had a case every day from October 12th till August 12th." But in addition to this capacity for severe labor, Sir Richard Webster impressed everybody with the great simplicity and integrity of his character. His action in the Alaska arbitration was of a piece with his whole career. Professional zeal or pride never overcame his desire that justice be done and that the soundest view of the law be established. As Attorney-General he once gave the Privy Council an opinion which it refused to accept. Thereupon, observed Lord Alverstone, "I had the mortification of writing over against my opinion in the Law Officers' Book, 'This opinion is wrong. See Walker *v.* Baird.'"

It must not be supposed that Lord Alverstone was merely a law machine. He touched life humanly in many ways. A University athlete himself, he took great interest in athletic contests, often serving as a judge of them. One of his chapters is headed "Athletics and Music," indicating his two main recreations. He writes of his membership in different glee clubs, and of his fondness for part-singing, all in a sober way, nowhere alluding to the fact that the Lord Chief Justice could sing a comic song as well as the next man. It was a life of great dignity which has closed, but also one of singular amenity. Lord Alverstone is fully entitled to a place among the worthies of the English bar and bench who not only did a man's full work in their profession, but warmed both hands at the fire of life.

Foreign Correspondence

THE COALITION GOVERNMENT—AFTER SEVEN MONTHS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

LONDON, December 4.

Disraeli's much-quoted aphorism about England's dislike of a Coalition Government is falsified by the result of the one over which Mr. Asquith presides. Its formation was one of his happiest thoughts, his most successful strokes of state. It was the more startling since not only was its adoption sudden and unexpected, but it was in direct conflict with recently avowed convictions. Within ten days of one on which he came down to the House and almost casually mentioned the new arrangements, the Premier, questioned on the subject, declared that coalition had not been discussed in the Cabinet circle, and committed himself to statement of the opinion that it was not desired by the public. The public was not consulted in the matter. After an experience of seven months it found reason to abandon any measure of hostile prejudice that may have existed.

It is historically true that earlier Coalition Governments, from the time of Fox onwards, have not been successful. The reason is obvious. They were based upon party expediency presenting the last desperate chance of maintaining or creating a government of any kind. It was a forced division of spoil effected between the chiefs of two hostile camps. The present Government rests on the foundation of the abnegation of party ambitions and tactics. The country was in danger, and claimed the help, not of one or other party, but of the best brains among the leaders of both. This help was freely forthcoming unhampered by conditions, freed from petty jealousies or party prejudice. Such rare conditions in political life made possible the creation and smooth working of a homogeneous body. In ordinary times and circumstances nothing is sacred to smoking-room gossip. Making free with personages prominent in public life, it is particularly active in hinting at dissension in the Cabinet. It is a fact significant to those intimately acquainted with political and parliamentary life that since last spring, when the present Government was constituted, there has not been a whisper of the imminence of its break-up consequent upon cabals of the Cabinet. The fact that there have been none would not necessarily account for this rare reticence.

The novelty of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law seated side by side in confidential conversation, while Mr. Balfour beams on Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Walter Long hobnobs with Mr. Lloyd George, has worn itself out. But from time to time there recurs a gentle

surprise that such things can be in perfect consummation. The new recruits have fallen into their changed places as easily and completely as if they had been born to them. Each has his own department to look after, and is content to leave the leadership of the House and the general direction of affairs in the hands of the Prime Minister. On a recent occasion, when he was called across the Channel on urgent business connected with the war, he nominated Mr. Bonar Law as his deputy. In accordance with Parliamentary tradition, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in such circumstances temporarily succeeds to the leadership. Without detriment to Mr. McKenna's capacity for performing the duty, it may be counted fortunate that the moment found him too busy with his budget to take on added work. The Colonial Secretary accordingly found his opportunity and made the most of it. The House had long been familiar with him, standing at the other side of the table performing the traditional duty of the Leader of the Opposition to oppose. While admitting his ability, it was occasionally disposed to criticise his manner. At the outset Mr. Law naïvely informed the Government that he was not going to say other than disagreeable things about them. From time to time, with the chivalrous prevision of the curate in "The Private Secretary," he announced that he was going to "give them a good hard knock." Time and experience blunted the sharp edge of this little mannerism. His attitude and speech as representing the Leader of a House in which opposition is practically non-existent entirely freed him from it. He was at once urbane and dexterous, with touches of personal frankness that lent novelty to a speech delivered from this quarter of the House. He made a distinct advance in the esteem of the critical assembly closely watching and listening.

Mr. Balfour habitually effaces himself from the position of prominence and authority demanded by his personality and his high office. He drops in occasionally at the question hour and admiringly listens to Dr. Macnamara answering questions addressed to the First Lord of the Admiralty. Thereafter departmental business of a pressing character calls him away. Only once since he took his seat on the Treasury Bench has he come to the front. Called by critical inquiries into the doings of the navy, submitted by an honorable friend below the Gangway on the Ministerial side, he delivered a speech of considerable length, which testified that his long retirement from active participation in public affairs has not lowered his old form as a Parliamentary debater.

As a rule, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in common with his colleagues on the front Opposition bench, is content to confine his energies and his interposition in the day's proceedings to matters concerning his own Department. This is a course of conduct that naturally accompanies an abnormal state of Parliamentary affairs. There being no organized opposition, there is nothing in the way of a full-dress debate. The longest speeches of Mr. Chaplin, unofficial Leader of the Opposition, take the form of daily inquiry as to the business of to-morrow and the day after, or to gentle advice to restive members of the motley team on the front bench to be gentle with his Majesty's Government such as it is. If by chance debate were to arise on one of the traditional issues, say a vote of confidence in the Government, the Prime Minister would be able to muster on the combined wings of the forces at his command an incomparable array of Parliamentary swordsmen.

The state of affairs in India affords Mr. Chamberlain no chance of distinguishing himself in his new office. Happy is the country that has no annals. One night last week the Secretary of State, in charge of a small measure affecting the internal affairs of India, was privileged to address an audience of sixteen members. He had one opportunity of which he made the most. Replying to a friendly question, he enumerated the names of the princes and chiefs of native states who have come to the assistance of Great Britain in time of peril. The ease and accent with which he declaimed the catalogue of sonorous Indian titles excited the marvel and admiration of the House. Busiest among new members is Mr. Walter Long, who has this week added to earlier legislative successes a bill usefully restraining the tendency to raise rents upon small house property.

A NEW FIELD OF WAR—PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, December 1.

In this war of wars, we are not only learning more geography than we thought possible when we were schoolboys, we are also growing familiar with all sorts and conditions of men, who would have been fit subject-matter for some university course in ethnography, let alone ethnology. It interests us now. The yellow splotch on the map which I remember as Turkey in Asia takes on new details daily. Palestine was always a household word. What most of us knew about Syria was that Napoleon laid siege there to St. Jean d'Acre, and that Queen Hortense gave her name to an army song which shows how simple-hearted the world was then:

> When he left for Syria,
> Handsome, young Dunois
> Prayed the Holy Virgin
> To bless him in the war:
> "O immortal Queen," he prayed,
> Sailing o'er the sea,
> "Let me love the most beautiful,
> And let me bravest be!"

Perhaps the next weeks, or the next months, will see handsome, young Frenchmen sailing away again to Syria, as they are now sailing to Salonica, which is on the way; and most of them will pray just as Dunois did, though hardly in the same words, but more likely in traditional prayers which the real Crusaders used. They are not the only traditions of her past which France has in Syria.

In these last days, the news and the talk of war make it more and more likely that the Allies will have to extend their expeditions to Syria, and, even if they have not, may very well do so. It is late in the day, perhaps Syria is not the place for an armed diversion that may make the Turks leave off massacring the Armenians who are still alive. Yet the Romans got possession of Syria by subduing Tigranes, King of Armenia. Possibly a more urgent military reason will be the defence of the Suez Canal and Egypt against any expedition of the enemy. The working of the English towards Bagdad will help the fitness of an advance of France on Syria.

All names like these bring back the "spheres of influence" on which Germany, before she exploded them by war, insisted complainingly and threateningly, and by which she was profiting. Before Germany put her mailed fist on all this Turkey in Asia, the United States alone—what with buying goatskins and sausage-casings in Asia Minor and carpets in Smyrna—had more of the country's trade. France showed herself amiable, and let her people supply the necessary funds when it was decided that Germany should build and exploit the Bagdad railway and land route to the East. Germany meanwhile used her clergy, according to her usual methods, to supplant the French protectorate over Catholics, which would have been the death-blow to the already old influence of France in Syria.

It must be said that neither there nor elsewhere in exotic countries have German methods proved conciliatory of natives or their rulers. The older newspaper men in Paris remember Laurence Oliphant, who experienced erratic religion with Thomas Lake Harris in America, then did journalistic fireworks for the London *Times* in Paris during that other war of France with Germany, and, last of all, retired to the foot of Mount Carmel—where he found the curious German colony, half-religious, half-agricultural, and altogether national. The French republic has not so carefully attended to Syrian culture, although religious enterprise has scattered French men and women from their university town of Beirut to the least villages of the interior.

It should be remembered that Syria, by its people, is not so much Turkish as Arabic. Its territory stretches from Arabia to what ought to have been Armenia. There is the usual mixture of races and religions of this part of the world. There are 1,500,000 orthodox Mussulmans, like the Turks, but showing no great sympathy with them. There are 200,000 Mussulmans of unorthodox persuasion, 200,000 Druses, 150,000 Jews, 500,000 Christians, called simply Syrians, and 400,000 Maronites, 200,000 Greeks, and 50,000 Latins (numbers of the Maronites and others are also in communion with Rome).

For Mussulmans, the Turks have been all along alive to the danger of alienation. A year ago as many Arab Syrians as had a claim to clerical influence among their people were called to Constantinople and indoctrinated with a sound form of words for their teaching at home. The result has been a most Oriental address of thanks to the German Emperor for the lamp which he gave to the Grand Mosque of Damascus. In spite of all, Syrian agitators continue to demand a French military administration such as they have seen at work in other Mussulman countries, entrusted to officers used to Arabs and their religious and civil customs. Such administration has been successful in Algiers and Tunis, and now in Morocco.

Some expect an explosion of Mussulman fanaticism, encouraged by what has been allowed to go on among the Armenians. This seems unlikely, for Syria has never been constituted into a political unity by the Turks, and races are now too balanced for one to attack murderously the other, as Kurds do to Armenians. Some of us, indeed, remember the Druses' massacres of Maronites, which brought about the last intervention of French troops sixty-five years ago, and enough disunion remains to lessen the importance of late news, even if true, about Djemal Pasha, one-time Turkish Minister of Marine, having raised the standard of insurrection in the

Syrian mountains against the Young Turks.

Where would the expeditions of the Allies disembark, if they should wish to enter Turkey in Asia from this side? It seems they have been talking about it. It was suggested that the English should enter by Alexandretta, to cut off the railway by which Germans and Turks hope to reach Egypt. It is said that Abdul Hamid, cleverer than his successor, insisted the line should be laid winding absurdly in and out of the mountains, so as to prevent it being exposed to any attack from the sea. This would oblige the attacking expedition to fight step by step through fastnesses defended by the stanchest adherents of the Sultan. For fifteen years the Germans have studied all this ground. In 1913 they were narrowly prevented from landing an expedition of their own—to prevent Turkey massacring Armenians! They have done everything to counteract French influence, which had always been paramount in this region, by establishing everywhere banks and trade, schools and electricity, along with their military explorers.

If anything is done by the Allies, it is more likely to start from the neighborhood of Beirut, where the French are favorably known and where they are at home. This region is also that which for many years has received subsidy and help from the many Syrian emigrants to the United States. The overbearing manner of the Germans in these regions has already indisposed the natives against them; and there is little love lost on the Turks.

There can be no question of another great expedition of the Allies, after Salonica. The attack on the Asiatic coast of Turkey would admit only of the method which the French have blamed elsewhere—that of *petits paquets*. It has been urged, perhaps not seriously, that the defence of the Suez Canal should be entrusted to the Japanese, who are also Allies. A Frenchman who knows the Syrian country (Marius Leblond) proposes that yet another ally should be summoned, one fitted for dealing—under Islamized French officers—with the population—Portugal!

THE CORONATION OF EMPEROR YOSHIHITO.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

Tokio, November 10.

The Japanese passion for festival making, though not in mere song and wine, as in the dear old romantic, foolish, and rotten feudal days (it was only in festival making that the Tokugawa civilization managed to turn a passion into a system), has now with the ceremony of coronation again justified and even encouraged itself. Modern Japan, which often seeks a heterogeneous aspiration, has at once stepped back, as it seems, into the old age with only one song in heart, that is the song of life's joy. You will not believe your eyes when you see Japan (who was wearing even a cosmopolitan sack coat) dressed in a historical symphony of hues in silk and brocade, wearing ancient lacquered wooden shoes. This temporary creation of old Japan in the very heart of new Japan was begotten, happy to say, not merely from a reminiscent mood of a tired brain, but from realization that the very new Japan is nothing but the real old Japan on whom I exclaimed:

> Marvel of thy every atom burning in life,
> How fully thou livest!

This true old Japan, united heart and soul in a perfect compact, was voiced when the people all at once shouted their *Banzais* that the Empire should live, to use the words of the national anthem, "till tiny pebbles grow into giant boulders covered with emerald mosses," when our Emperor Yoshihito formally stepped up on to the Takamikura or Imperial High Throne at Shishinden Palace in Kyoto; indeed at this moment, half-past three o'clock of the tenth of November, while I am writing this brief article, my ears are deafened and stunned by the outburst of shouts from all the neighboring houses at the very time when the Emperor proclaims that "He is the holder of the Imperial seat of unparalleled antiquity descending from the Emperor Jimmu, the founder of Japan, and the very successor to his illustrious father, the Great Emperor of Meiji." Not only the conservative minds are glad to see the living proof of the Imperial House as the unshaken centre of devotion; this coronation, indeed, has proved the perfect consolidation of all Japan. And as it is the time when even in Japan we hear a dangerous sort of so-called socialism or even anarchism in broad daylight, such a proof of the nation's solidity is a joy itself.

My mind dwells on the ancient court costumes, in which the Emperor appeared before the Imperial ancestral divinities to announce the fact of his succession to the Imperial rule and his coming into possession of the Sacred Treasure. He made his presence with a lacquered wooden crown and *shitatare* of silk and brocade, not with a diamond-decked crown and sword like a European king. I have the following lines in my English diary: "The blazing crowns, sceptres, and swords in Wakefield Tower looked as if confessing, I dare say, a certain love of barbarism or brutal splendor of the British mind; I could not help thinking at this moment about the lacquered wooden crown and the wooden sceptres with which our old Emperors of Japan stepped up into the seats of the throne. Look at King George V's crown, with 3,200 diamonds and pearls, weighing some 2½ pounds. Oh, what wealth of England; and again what barbarous splendor!" But what poetry and art in our Japanese Emperor's lacquered headgear and sceptre! True, our Emperors, all of them, have stepped up on to the throne with hearts of love and beauty; and now again the Emperor Yoshihito has assumed his Imperial Throne not with a menacing sword and dazzling crown, but with the thought of love and peace.

The term coronation that here I use is an analogy; for the ceremony does not mean, as in Western countries, the placing of an hereditary crown upon the head of the ruler. Although we can say that that sort of crowning ceremony (there is no person, however, to crown the Emperor, he crowns himself when he takes possession of the Sacred Treasures which, it is said, were handed down by Amaterasu Omikami or the Sun Goddess) is one of the important proceedings, the main idea of the coronation is that the Emperor augustly announces his rule of the land to all his ancestors; the reason of the great importance of the Daijo Festival on the Fourteenth Day is that he, as the new Emperor, personally offers the new crop of rice of the year to the Sun Goddess and all the deities of heaven and earth as the first thing, and then himself partakes of it and shares it with his subjects. Japan was named of old the "Land of the Beautiful Rice Crop," and rice has been ever the principal foodstuff of her people; the performance of this harvest thanksgiving is from a real sense of gratitude towards the ancestors under whose blessing the country's peace and prosperity is assured. And in the Emperor's sharing of the new sacred crop with his subjects, we read the very meaning of his love of the people, as well as his encouragement of agriculture; indeed this Japanese coronation is the reunion of the ruler and the ruled more than anything else. Since the Daijo Festival occupies the most important place in the whole programme, the sacred grain used in the ceremony was grown in the two fields called "Yuki," in Aichi Province, and "Suki," in Kanagawa Province, which were selected many months ago as the most suitable fields. The fields, when they were chosen, were surrounded by bamboo fences; on the east and the west side were put up a Gate of the Imperial Messenger, the gate on the north side being for general admission. A ditch about six feet wide surrounded the fields for the purpose of draining off the surplus water and dirt; the fields, which were cultivated by ninety men and thirty women by special appointment, were divided into four equal sections by a crossway from the centre. And on the eastern corner was built a sentinel house where the reserve soldiers during the night kept a constant watch; and every morning a Shinto priest performed a rite for opening the day, and purified a basin of salt water with which the men and women who came to work cleansed themselves. With such pains the grain to be used at the Daijo Festival was obtained.

We college students and professors were given a place outside the palace to see the Emperor off to Kyoto on November 6; we all appeared on the ground as early as three o'clock in the morning, and patiently waited for the Imperial train to pass before us. I believe that a short service was performed at the "Kashikodokoro," or Imperial Sanctuary, where the Sacred Treasure was enshrined, before it was placed in a palanquin called "Amano Haguruma," or "Feathery Wheel of Heaven"; and it was duly brought out of the palace with the announcement of the Emperor's departure for the station on his way to Kyoto. The Emperor followed the "Kashikodokoro" along the beautifully decorated road, amid the devoted multitudes. The "Kashikodokoro" was carried reverently by men attired in ancient costume; to it our heads lowly bent in the thought that the old palanquin, nothing unusual in appearance, held the three treasures, the sword, the band necklace, and the mirror, which, as I said before, were handed down from the Sun Goddess. Indeed they are merely a sword, a necklace, and a mirror; but allow my modern mind to consider them as symbolic of Courage, Mercy, and Knowledge. When the Sun Goddess gave her grandson the divine Mirror, Yada no Kagami, she said: "When thou lookest upon this mirror, let it be as thou wert looking at me. Let it be with thee in thy hall and on thy floor." Therefore no Emperor is a right ruler without the mirror of the Sun Goddess.

The Realism of Arnold Bennett

AN ESTIMATE OF BENNETT'S PHILOSOPHY AND SOME INVIDIOUS DISTINCTIONS.

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

In a discussion of Mr. Dreiser's work, recently printed in these pages, I offered a protest against the confusion which results from calling all novelists who deal with contemporary life realists; and I proposed, as a means of making useful distinctions among them, a scrutiny of the bundle of general ideas which constitutes for each his "working philosophy," and which, as I maintained, necessarily underlies the artistic representation of each and in considerable measure determines its form. Having proposed to distinguish Mr. Dreiser as a naturalist on the basis of his theory of animal behavior, I felt the need of supplementing my argument by exhibiting the relationship, in some conspicuous exemplar, between genuine realism and a respectable theory of human conduct.

I.

Arnold Bennett at once appeared in at least one respect to be the most promising candidate for the position. His works, to be sure, are of very unequal value, for, frankly writing to live, he has diversified the production of masterpieces by the production of potboilers. But all sorts of good judges unite in declaring that his best novels—"The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," "Hilda Lessways," and the newly published "These Twain,"* completing the Clayhanger trilogy—produce upon them an unprecedented impression of reality. These books, we are told, challenge and endure a comparison not with literature, but with life itself. Their "transcript" of Five Towns society is so detailed, so nearly complete, and so accurate that it may be used by the student of human nature with almost the same confidence that he places in his own first-hand observations. I was glad to find general agreement on this point, for it relieved me of the task of justifying my own conviction that Mr. Bennett is a realist.

The only objection that I saw to the choice of Mr. Bennett as the contemporary realist was that the very critics who praise the reality of his representations insist rather sternly that he has no "philosophy of life," that he does not interpret his facts, that his value resides wholly in the energetic integrity of his transcript. Mr. Darton, who has just written a book about him, and who is himself a novelist, says: "In the Five Towns novels there is no ideal. There is no criticism. There is no tradition or philosophy of society. There is nothing but life as the people described live it and see it and feel it." This is highly interesting, if true. If true, it effectively disposes of my contention that an artist cannot observe without a theory. If true, it should suggest to the younger realistic writers who are looking to Mr. Bennett as their master the wisdom of making all haste to get rid of their ideas.

Mr. Darton's assertion that Arnold Bennett's work has no value save that of mere representation was anticipated by Mr. Henry James in his discussion of the "new novel" in 1914, and was by him extended to an entire group of the younger writers, of which he specified Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells as the leaders. The distinguishing characteristic of the group, according to Mr. James, is "saturation." By this he means, as I take it, that all these novelists, and to a high degree their leaders, are masters of the materials of their art. They know with extraordinary completeness and detail *what* they are talking about. When they have made us see what they have seen, they yield us no further satisfaction. They squeeze the sponge or, as Mr. James puts it, the "orange"; this gives us an "expression of life." Expectant but disappointed criticism cries: "Yes, yes—but is this all? These are the circumstances of the interest—we see, we see; but where is the interest itself, where and what is its centre, and how are we to measure it in relation to that?"

I cannot follow a critic who finds Wells and Bennett alike in their dominant value, and, what is far more interesting, neither can Mr. Wells! Stung to the quick of his celestial mind by the polite implication that he is only a thoroughly immersed sponge, he has retorted in his semi-pseudonymous "Boon," 1915, with a scathing criticism and a "take-off" on Mr. James, whom he links with Mr. George Moore by virtue of their sterile æstheticizing. That is *their* dominant "value"—their central "interest." His own central interest, as he reasserts with more than customary vehemence and formlessness, is the expression of his yearning for a life of divine efficiency and divine ecstasy. He has a theory of conduct which has developed out of that romantic yearning; and his representations of life in fiction are experimental illustrations of that theory. It is quite absurd to charge an author with "mere representation," who almost invariably bursts the outlines of his hero, disrupts his narrative in mid-career, shatters the illusion of reality, and buries all the characters under the avalanche of his own personal dreams and desires. Mr. Wells, in brief, cherishes a "philosophy of life" which makes it impossible for him to write a realistic novel. He is dedicated to romance. His high calling is to write pseudo-scientific fantasies and fairy tales of contemporary society.

Mr. Wells in "Boon" incidentally repudiates yoke-fellowship with the novelist of the Five Towns in a passage which gives us the key to Mr. Bennett's philosophical position. Mr. Bennett is there recorded as a "derelict," an "imperfectly developed," an "aborted" great man surviving from the old times: "Would have made a Great Victorian and had a crowd of satellite helpers. Now no one will ever treasure his old hats and pipes." This is both amusing and instructive. Mr. Wells does not call a man a Victorian without malice aforethought. If I may be pardoned a violent expression, Mr. Wells would like to slay all the Victorians; better still, he would like to believe that they are all dead. What he objects to in that generation is not the "mere representation" of the novelists; it is the accursed philosophy of life which underlies their representations. Mr. Bennett rises up to prove, alas, that this philosophy is not dead yet. His solid realistic novels protest against Mr. Wells's fairy tales. His vision of life protests against Mr. Wells's vision of life. "The Old Wives' Tale" makes "The Research Magnificent" look like child's play. Put "These Twain" beside "Marriage," and instantly the art of the latter seems flimsy and incondite, and its informing ideas fantastic. And one may perhaps just note in passing that beside any one of Mr. Bennett's novels, Mr. Dreiser's "Genius" instantly appears to be a "barbaric yawp." An author whose work thus judges, so to speak, another work with which it is brought into contact, has a potent critical value meriting examination.

II.

The popular impression that Mr. Bennett has no general ideas is easily explained by the fact that he does not attempt, as Mr. Wells does, to break down the boundaries between the literary *genres*, and to make the novel serve at the same time as a narrative of events and as a philosophical dissertation. Respecting the personalities of his *dramatis personæ*, wishing to preserve the sharpness of their outlines in their own atmosphere, he does not impute to them his ideas nor set them to discussing them. With a restraint unusual among English novelists, he refrains from "editorial" comment upon his "news." When he wishes to set forth his ideas, he writes a book of popular philosophy: "Mental Efficiency," "The Feast of St. Friend," "The Plain Man and his Wife." If these books were as well known to the American public as the novels are, we should hear no more in this country about Mr. Bennett's lack of ideas. On the contrary, all our women's clubs would be debating, in their eager, simple-hearted fashion, "The Philosophy of Arnold Bennett."

Mr. Darton, more sophisticated than our fellow-countrywomen, says in effect that the philosophy of Mr. Bennett is not worth discussing. The works named above have been advertised in England, he tells us, as containing "big, strong, vital thinking." But, he continues, " 'big, strong, vital thinking' is just what these remarkable little books do not contain. They contain the completest common-sense, expressed with astonishing simplicity and directness, and based upon unimpeachable honesty of outlook. They are a guide to efficiency, to self-help, to practical idealism, to alertness of intelligence, to sinewy culture, to every high quality which every crass Briton has always thought the crass Briton does not show. The United

*New York: George H. Doran Co.

Kingdom is . . . almost overstocked with agencies for the purpose, from the physical energies of Mr. Sandow to the benevolent writings of the late Lord Avebury. . . . They are quite perfect lay sermons. But"—and this is the damning word—"they are not original." I perfectly agree that Mr. Bennett's general ideas are not "original," and commend his judgment in not tying up his art to anything so transitory as a "new" philosophy. I object to the implication, in which Mr. Wells will rejoice, that because they are old they are dead or deficient in strength and vitality. I will not stand upon the word "big," a term which should be reserved for the use of advertising managers and radical reformers. But I cannot reconcile Mr. Darton's description of these books as guides to every high quality needed by the crass Briton with his assertion that there is no criticism in the Five Towns novels, except on what seems to me the untenable assumption that Mr. Bennett, the popular novelist, and Mr. Bennett, the popular philosopher, are distinct and non-communicating beings.

The beginning of wisdom, according to this philosophy, which runs counter to our current naturalism, is the recognition of a fundamental duality in human experience. Mr. Bennett presumes not God to scan, but looking into himself as a microcosm, reports that the universe consists of a power-to-control, which is the quintessence of man, and of a power-to-be-controlled, which is nature. The zest, the object, and the compensation of existence lie in the possibility of extending the dominion of the human over the natural power. "For me," he says, "spiritual content (I will not use the word 'happiness,' which implies too much) springs from no mental or physical facts. It springs from the spiritual fact that there is something higher in man than the mind, and that something can control the mind. Call that something the soul, or what you will. My sense of security amid the collisions of existence lies in the firm consciousness that just as my body is the servant of my mind, so is my mind the servant of *me*. An unruly servant, but a servant—and possibly getting less unruly every day! Often have I said to that restive brain: 'Now, O mind, sole means of communication between the *me* and all external phenomena, you are not a free agent; you are subordinate; you are nothing but a piece of machinery; and obey me you shall.'"

The responsibility for extending the dominion of man over his own nature, and, indirectly, over his remoter circumstances, Mr. Bennett, in opposition to our popular sociological doctors, places primarily upon the individual. While Mr. Wells, for example, urges us to cast our burdens and our sins upon society, and goes about beating up enthusiasm for schemes to improve the "mind of the race" by leagues of Samurai and legislative enactments, Mr. Bennett fixes his eye upon plain John Smith, and says: "I am convinced that we have already too many societies for the furtherance of our ends. To my mind, most societies with a moral aim are merely clumsy machines for doing simple jobs with a maximum of friction, expense, and inefficiency. I should define the majority of these societies as a group of persons each of whom expects the others to do something very wonderful. Why create a society in order to help you perform some act which nobody can perform but yourself?" Arnold Bennett says disappointingly little about that "big" idea, "the mind of the race." And whenever he contemplates that impressive and admired abstraction, "the backbone of the nation," it resolves itself under his realistic gaze into the by-him-no-less-admired but certainly less generally impressive spinal columns of John Smith and other homely vertebrates.

In dealing with the relations of John Smith to Mrs. Smith, the Victorian Bennett feels obliged to say, in opposition to those who hold out for these plain people the prospect of a life of freedom and sustained ecstasy to be attained by upsetting the established social and economic order, that the ideas of freedom and ecstasy are romantic will-o'-the-wisps. In the recent "evolution" of society he perceives rapid changes for the better in living conditions and a gradual amelioration of manners and tastes, but no significant alteration in the elements of human nature. "Passionate love," he insists, "does not mean happiness; it means excitement, apprehension, and continually renewed desires." "Luxury," he adds, "according to the universal experience of those who have had it, has no connection whatever with happiness." "Happiness as it is dreamed of cannot possibly exist save for short periods of self-deception which are followed by terrible periods of reaction. Real practicable happiness is due primarily not to any kind of environment, but to an inward state of mind. Real happiness consists, first, in an acceptance of the fact that discontent is a condition of life, and, secondly, in an honest endeavor to adjust conduct to an ideal."

It must infuriate an advocate of moral revolution and loose fluent sensuality, like Mr. Wells, to hear Mr. Bennett, bracketed with him as a leader of the new school, asserting that "the great principles, spiritual and moral, remain intact." It must perplex an apologist for moral anarchy and strident self-assertion like Mr. Dreiser to find a fellow-realist declaring that "after all the shattering discoveries of science and conclusions of philosophy, mankind has still to live with dignity amid hostile nature," and that mankind can succeed in this tremendous feat only "by the exercise of faith and of that mutual good-will which is based on sincerity and charity." But what must distress them both beyond measure is this able craftsman's exposition of the relation of moral conventions to artistic form. "What form is in art, conventions are in life. . . . No art that is not planned in form is worth consideration, and no life that is not planned in conventions can ever be satisfactory. . . . The full beauty of an activity is never brought out until it is subjected to discipline and strict ordering and nice balancing. A life without petty artificiality would be the life of a tiger in the forest. . . . Laws and rules, forms and ceremonies, are good in themselves, from a merely æsthetic point of view, apart from their social value and necessity."

These are the ideas of a man who has taken his stand against Mr. Wells's Utopia on the one hand and against Mr. Dreiser's jungle on the other. As old as civilized society, they have the conservative complexion of all traditional and enduring things. They are not worth discussing if they are not challenged. Like fire and water, they do not appear vital till they are denied. Ordinarily a novelist has not needed consciously to concern himself with them, unless he has intended to trample them under foot. But in the face of the present naturalistic invasion, when humanistic ideas are in the trenches, fighting for existence, a novelist who paints men in preference to tigers, supermen, or scientific angels, has interestingly taken sides.

III.

The general theme of Mr. Bennett's masterpieces, determined by the central interest of his philosophy, is the development of character in relation to a society which is also developing. He has no foolishly simple mechanical formula for expressing the nature of the relation between the individual and the social process. He has rather a sense that this relationship involves an interplay of forces of fascinating and inexplicable complexity.

His sense of the marvellous intricacy of his theme explains his elaborate presentation of the community life in which his principal figures have their being. He is bent upon bringing before the eye of the reader every scrap of evidence that may be conceived of as relevant to the "case." The reader who believes that character is determined mainly by inherited physiological traits finds in the Five Towns novels a physiological account of three successive generations. The reader who holds that education is the significant factor is abundantly supplied with the educational history of father and children and grandchildren. The reader who lays stress upon a changing environment and the pressure of the hour sees how from decade to decade and from year to year the hero or heroine is housed and clothed and fed and occupied and amused; and wrought upon by parents and children and relatives and friends and servants and strangers; and subjected to the influences of social customs and business and politics and religion and art and books and newspapers transmitting to the thick local atmosphere the pressure of the world outside. The reader who looks for the main currents of the nineteenth century in the Five Towns discovers the Clayhanger family and their neighbors developing in relation to the democratic movement, the industrial revolution, the decay of dogmatic theology, the extension of scientific thought and

invention, the organization of labor, and the diffusion of æsthetic consciousness. One's first impression before this spectacle is of admiration at the unrelenting artistic energy which keeps this presented community life whole and steady yet perceptibly in motion through a long span of time.

One's second impression is of admiration at the force of composition which keeps the principal figures from being "swamped" in the life of the community. They are immersed in it and dyed in it and warped and battered and grooved by it; yet they are never made to appear as its impotent creatures; somehow they are made to emerge above their "environment" as its creators and preservers—its plain, grim, but enduring heroes. The secret of this "somehow" is that Mr. Bennett implicitly recognizes as an artist what he explicitly declares as a popular philosopher, namely, the existence in the individual of something deeper than the body, deeper than the mind—an ultimately responsible, independent, spiritual self, with the power to control, in some measure, its circumstances. In his preface to "The Old Wives' Tale" he tells us that the originating impulse of that work was a conviction that a "heart-rending novel" might be written to express "the extreme pathos in the fact that every stout, ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind." The theme as he states it is only the threadbare platitude of Cavalier poetry—the deciduousness of physical beauty; and its pathos is only skin deep. But the theme as he develops it is the spiritual truth sung by the Puritan—"only a sweet and virtuous soul, like seasoned timber, never gives"; and its pathos is indeed heart-rending. Constance and Sophia, the two heroines of "The Old Wives' Tale," appeal to tragic compassion not because they were young and fair and have grown old and grotesque, but because they hungered for love and life yet have quietly and proudly starved in their respectability rather than touch a morsel of forbidden food. After a considerable course of reading in the "temperamental" novels of the naturalistic school, one begins to feel that the resisting power of formed character has vanished from the earth. I shall not soon forget the sigh of relief that I uttered when I came upon a certain passage in the story of Sophia's resistance to the various invitations of Parisian sensuality. The poor girl in her loneliness craving for sympathy and affection finds her physical and mental self responding involuntarily to the ardent wooing of the kindly Chirac. "'My dear friend,' he urges with undaunted confidence, 'you must know that I love you.' She shook her head impatiently, *all the time wondering what it was that prevented her from slipping into his arms.*" She does not slip into his arms; and one rejoices—not because one's moral sense is gratified, but simply because one is pleased to find occasionally a novelist who recognizes an inhibited impulse, in the sexual connection, as among the interesting "facts of life." Though the self of a person with the power of inhibiting impulses may have no definite circumference, it has a defined centre, about which the framework of character may be built. Mr. Bennett portrays persons with various powers of inhibition, but his heroes have, or achieve, character. The interest of his story centres in the deliberate acts of rational beings, who are conscious, like Hilda Lessways, of their miraculous power to "create all their future by a single gesture"; and so the rich mass of his observations becomes a coherent illustration of human responsibility.

The Clayhanger trilogy, triumphantly completed by the publication of "These Twain," expresses with the moving force of dramatic representation the ideas more simply exposed in "The Plain Man and His Wife." The first volume has for its theme the development of the character of Edwin Clayhanger from the eager formlessness of his boyhood to the steadiness, honesty, application, efficiency, solidity, tolerance, justice, and self-control of his manhood. The theme of the second volume is the development of the character of Hilda Lessways from the innocent, ignorant rebelliousness and rapturousness of girlhood, through a brief ill-advised matrimonial adventure, to the vibrant, hopeful, open-eyed egoism and rather grim determination of early womanhood. The theme of the third volume is the further development of this "dynamic" and that "static" character through the difficult and at times almost baffling process of adapting themselves to living together as man and wife. Taken together, the three novels constitute an impressive criticism of Mr. Wells's theory of the life of sustained ecstasy and, if you please, of Mr. Dreiser's theory of the life of ruthless animality.

It is clear that Mr. Bennett has attempted to present in the completed trilogy an adequate account of the fiery conflict, with typical antagonists, of the Eternal-Feminine with the Eternal-Masculine. If you are a man, you will writhe, or you ought to writhe, at the exposure in Edwin of your own obstinate conviction that you think straight and that your wife does not, and at the exposure of your hot fits of indignation at her shifty evasions of your flawless argument. If you are a woman, you will blush, or you ought to blush, at the exposure in Hilda of your own illogicality and your willingness to gain ends—commendable no doubt—by perfectly unscrupulous means. Hilda respects and loves her husband deeply, but she is irritated by his colds, by his little set habits, by the deliberateness of his temper, and by the inarticulateness of his appreciation of her. Edwin loves his wife and feels the charm and force of her personality; but he distrusts her intellect and cannot entirely approve of her morality. He is exasperated by her interference in his business. He keenly resents the injustice in which she involves him through acts inspired by her ambition for him and by her passionate and jealous devotion to the advancement of their own family interests. She develops social aspirations in which he does not share, and a desire for a style of living which promises him increased burdens with no added satisfactions. Their common effort seems to multiply luxuries and superficial refinements without in the least sweetening or deepening or strengthening their spiritual intercourse. He tells himself in a moment of intense self-commiseration that the great complex edifice of his business, "with its dirt, noise, crudity, strain, and eternal effort," exists solely that Hilda may exist "in her elegance, her disturbing femininity, her restricted and deep affections, her irrational capriciousness, and her strange, brusque common-sense." He asks himself in poignant self-pity: "Where do I come in?" After repeated scenes of domestic tension he walks out of his house and home with hot brain and twitching nerves. He mutters to himself: "She won't alter her ways—and I sha'n't stand them." In what he takes for ultimate despair, he says to himself, "as millions of men and women have said to themselves, with awestruck calm: 'My marriage was a mistake.'"

But as this plain, average man wanders aimlessly through the streets of the Five Towns with tumult in his breast, confronting the ruin of his private universe, he has an experience comparable in character and significance with that of Thomas Carlyle when in sultry Leith Walk he authentically took the Devil by the nose. When his brain cools and his nerves stop twitching and his formed character returns to its equilibrium, he has first a flashing intuition into a method by which he can reconcile himself to his "universe." "It was banal; it was commonplace; it was what every one knew. Yet it was the great discovery of all his career. If Hilda had not been unjust in the assertion of her own individuality, there could be no merit in yielding to her. . . . He was objecting to injustice as a child objects to rain on a holiday. Injustice was a tremendous actuality! It had to be faced and accepted. (He himself was unjust. At any rate, he intellectually conceived that he must be, though honestly he could remember no instance of injustice on his part.) To reconcile one's self to injustice was the master achievement. . . . He yielded on the canal-bridge. And in yielding, it seemed to him that he was victorious." He has found content by accepting discontent as a condition of life, and by honestly endeavoring to adapt his conduct to an ideal. In his recognition of the need of a more flexible intelligence and a stiffer backbone he embodies at once the principle of progress and the principle of conservation. He is the hero of his generation, not victorious but conquering. He cannot stand like Benham in "The Research Magnificent," and say, "I am Man. The Thought of the world." But he might stand, if he had the habit of attitudinizing, and say, "I am a man. A vertebral unit in the backbone of the nation."

One cannot plan a life in conventions without cutting out of it many wayward desires and "beautiful impulses." The young lions

and lionesses of radicalism are forcing the question upon us whether one can plan a life in beautiful impulses and wayward desires without cutting out the plan. Mr. Bennett answers in the negative, and votes for preserving the plan. I do not undertake to speak critically of his philosophy. I only observe that it seems to support an altogether decent theory of human conduct. And this in turn underlies an artistic representation of life remarkable for its fulness, its energy, its gusto, its pathos, its play of tragic and comic lights, its dramatic clashes, its catastrophes, and its reconciliations—in short, for its adequacy. I fear that my reasoning will not make much impression upon the young, for the young, as Mr. Randolph Bourne tells us, are in love with life; and to accept conventions is to reject life. The young will still turn to Mr. Wells, "for he," says one Rebecca West, of London—penning for the *New Republic* perhaps the most delicious sentence in modern criticism—"for he has inspired the young to demand clear thinking and intellectual passion from the governing classes, instead of the sexual regularity which was their one virtue and which, he has hinted, is merely part of a general slothfulness and disinclination for adventure." As I sadly take my obscure place in the rear of the "cretinous butlers" who "do not like Mr. Wells," I summon my Christian charity to declare that much shall be forgiven a champion of Mr. Wells, whose critical arrows go singing, like this sentence of Rebecca West's, straight to the heart of laughter.

Notes from the Capital

JOSEPH G. CANNON.

The other evening some one, alluding to the personal appearance of Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, compared him to the prophet Ezekiel. Up sprang Cannon, who was within hearing. "You're wrong," he exclaimed, swinging his long left arm around his head in one of his flail-like gestures. "Ezekiel was driven into exile and stayed there; but I've come back!" It is doubtful whether a half-dozen men in all Washington, including the clergy, could have been so quick to detect the weak spot in the parallel; but it is one of Cannon's great points as an orator that you cannot find a Scripture story which he doesn't know by heart. He has sometimes said that the only books he ever saw as a boy, outside of his common-school textbooks, were the Bible and Josephus.

The arm-swinging was quite as characteristic. Cannon formed the habit when he first became a public orator, and he is helpless without it. Once, in a debate, while Carlisle was Speaker, he tried to beg a few minutes' time from the late "Sunset" Cox, who happened to have the floor.

"If the gentleman from Illinois will put his hands in his pockets," said Cox, "I will yield the floor to him for as long a time as he will keep them there."

Into his side-pockets dived Cannon's hands at once; but before he had finished three sentences out they came again, and went whirling around his head. Down came the Speaker's gavel: "The gentleman's time has expired!" And Cannon dropped into his seat amid the roars of the House.

Cannon has now been a national figure for forty-three years, having received his first election to Congress in 1872. From the day he entered the Capitol he has been a power there. In 1890 he was defeated for reëlection, just as were McKinley and other advocates of the High Tariff Act of the Fifty-first Congress; but, after trying some one else for a single term, his constituents were glad to send him back to his old place. The same thing has happened this time. There have been revolts against his authority as Speaker, and columns of newspaper space have been royally expended in showing what a bad man he is, and yet it does not seem possible to make most people believe it for long. The truth undoubtedly is that, while no one can deny that Cannon has serious faults, he has also some compensating qualities which come into strong accentuation when his enemies overdo their censure of him. The professional labor element discovered this when they attempted to browbeat him into making over his committees so as to let in men whom they wanted in places which he had selected for others. They were reminded of it once more when they ran a candidate against him in his home district. The insurgents discovered it when they threatened to drive him out of the Speaker's chair in mid-session. The Senators learned it when they opposed his effort to give the House its rightful share in legislation, because it meant a shortage in the "pork-barrel," at which they had been helping themselves without stint for so many years.

Cannon is not an elegant man. His ever-present tip-tilted cigar is sufficient evidence of that, to say nothing of his varlegated vocabulary of denunciation. When a book-agent lured him into the purchase of a set of volumes which turned out, on examination, absurdly poor stuff, he wrote out his check to the order of the publishers, but endorsed it: "This check for $150 is in full settlement, both legal and moral, for an edition of '—— ——,' which is not worth a single damn. We are never too old to learn, and the way your gentlemanly agent came it over your Uncle Joseph was well worth the money."

Next to Thomas B. Reed, no man who has ever filled the Speaker's chair has been so active in trying to reduce the waste of time in the House. Once the Invalid Pensions Committee turned in its usual crop of some hundreds of bills, most of them with favorable and unanimous reports, and the House accepted them in committee of the whole. If, in the regular session, they had been put through the usual process of reading every one by title and voting on it separately, they would have consumed an indefinite period for mere form's sake. Cannon cut the matter short by proposing that, by unanimous consent, the House vote on them in a bunch. This was done, and in hardly more time than it takes to tell the story they had gone into the record as passed. The incident scandalized the strict constructionists, but saved hours of time, which the House was able to devote to other business, and the result was precisely the same. On another occasion, after he had nearly splintered the top of his desk in trying to pound the House into good order with his gavel, he handed the book of House rules to the clerk, and had the passage about etiquette read aloud. Members who had paid no attention to the gavel suddenly "took notice" when they discovered that they were violating the solemn rules of the House, and were individually liable to punishment.

Cannon, who began life as a Quaker, and was read out of meeting because he persisted in marrying the girl of his choice, in spite of her not belonging to the same body, has lived to help bury the elders who condemned him for his non-conformity. He is about eighty years old now, and expects to live to be a hundred. He was asked once for his rules of living, and these were what he cited in response:

"Honor thy father and thy mother.

"Take no thought of the morrow; don't worry.

"Work, work, work, with hands, legs, feet, and brain.

"Learn to sing, no matter how miserably.

"Sing and laugh and be happy; and keep on, and keep a-keeping on." TATTLER.

Book Notes and Byways

NOTES ON SOME EARLY AMERICAN NOVELS.

A recent study of the development of American fiction before Cooper's "Precaution" has brought to light some facts which are not to be found in the careful records of Mr. Wegelin ("Early American Fiction," rev. ed. 1913) and Miss Loshe ("The Early American Novel," 1907), but which are yet of interest to the bibliographer of the period.

For instance, both these authorities seem to ascribe to an anonymous American author the piece issued, in 1797 at Hartford and in 1798 at Northampton, as "Cynthia, with the tragical account of the unfortunate loves of Almerin and Desdemona." As a matter of fact, the "Term Catalogues" show that this work had been published in London as early as May, 1687, as *"Cynthia;* with the Tragical account of the unfortunate Loves of *Almerin* and *Desdemona.* A Novel. Illustrated with variety of the Chances of Fortune; moraliz'd with many useful Observations drawn from thence, whereby the Reader may reap both Pleasure and Profit. Done by an English Hand." A sixth edition appeared at London in 1715; in 1740 Benjamin Franklin advertised the romance in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* as for sale at his shop (Miss E. C. Cook, "Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers 1704-1750," 1912, p. 115).

In 1804 J. Gales, printer to the State of North Carolina, issued at Raleigh a novel called "Matilda Berkely, or, Family Anecdotes; By the Author of the History of Lady Emma Melcombe and Her Family, &c." The scene is laid in England and in Russia, and the contents show no special American qualities. No search has identified the author, but in July, 1806, a "letter from a gentleman at Raleigh, N. C.," to the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review* (Vol. III, p. 356) declared that among the original works produced in North Carolina must be included "Matilda Berkley, a novel. About upon a level with the Massachusetts novel of the Coquette, or Eliza Wharton. Published by J. Gales in 1804." Writing so soon after the appearance

of the book, the "gentleman at Raleigh" may be assumed, at least reasonably, to have known that the book was, as he seems to declare, a native production.

"Ira and Isabella: or the Natural Children. A Novel, founded in fiction. A Posthumous Work. By the late William H. Brown, of Boston," Boston, 1807, seems not to have been seen by either Miss Loshe or Mr. Wegelin. The book itself is unimportant, a tale of two lovers separated by the wrong belief that they are brother and sister, but finally united. It has some interest as being by a writer to whom the first American novel, "The Power of Sympathy," has been, not very convincingly, ascribed. But the chief interest lies in the preface, which comments on the fiction of the day. Brown confesses, ironically, that he has a poor invention, laments *"the want of* machinery *in modern novels,"* and grieves *"for the extinction of the* eastern manner," that is, the Oriental fashion which was going, he seems to think, out of vogue. "I have taken for my own use and behoof, a style peculiar to myself." He calls it *"the* COMPOSITE *style, as it partakes of the English* relation, *and the French* dialogue. *To bring about this end requires a novelty: That the character be so strongly designated that the reader may know who is the speaker, not only by the insertion of* said he *and* said she, *but,* in some small degree, *by the uniformity of the speaker's sentiments."* Modern novelists, he goes on, *"have endeavoured with bold attempt to make a* verbal *distinction of character . . . which is a difference known only by provincial accent; false English; favourite words; idiomatical barbarity; vernacular vulgarity; insipid tautaulogy; discordant technicals; disgusting prophanity; domestic prejudices, or foreign unintelligibility."* He thinks all will agree of novels "that the foundation of these elegant fabricks is laid in the passion of love. *I except the wonderful history of Robinson Crusoe."* He decides that *"to allure the untutored mind to the practice of virtue by an example which is rewarded, and to deter it from vice by the representation of its misery, are means often found adequate to win vivacity to the side of prudence, and fix sensibility in the cause of discretion. Thus far I am the friend of novels, and thus far I am a novelist."* He then draws up a "SCALE OF NOVELISTS," in which he estimates the novelists then most popular on a scale of twenty under each of seven heads. The table is worth reprinting as an indication of contemporary taste; it speaks for itself:

Authors:	Genius	Satire	Knowledge	Taste. Intellig.	Imagin.	Style	Pathos
Cervantes	19	19	17	16	18	15	13
Rabelais	15	18	17	15	13	10	7
Le Sage	14	17	12	12	14	11	6
Rousseau	16	10	13	15	15	17	16
Fenelon	16	7	15	16	14	17	14
Marmontel	14	10	11	15	15	17	16
Smollet	11	16	10	9	14	6	5
Richardson	19	11	12	16	17	17	18
Swift	18	19	17	18	18	17	14
De Foe	11	4	10	10	15	6	10
Sterne	18	15	14	14	16	17	19
Miss Burney	14	11	12	16	16	16	17
Miss Smith	13	9	12	15	15	14	9
Johnson	18	15	19	18	18	19	15
Gesner	10	6	11	15	15	16	16
Mad. Genlis	12	10	10	12	13	15	12
Dr. Dodd	11	9	12	10	13	10	13
Voltaire	18	17	18	16	18	16	13

CARL VAN DOREN.

Academic Freedom

CHANGES IN THE STATUS OF THE TEACHING BODY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA—A PLEASANT SEQUEL TO THE SCOTT NEARING CASE.

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

The dismissal of Assistant Prof. Scott Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, which so profoundly stirred the academic world last summer, has had most important results that will certainly be as widely acclaimed as the dismissal was criticised. By a sweeping resolution unanimously adopted by the Board of Trustees at a meeting held at Philadelphia on Monday last, the status of the entire teaching body of the University has been reorganized, while assurances have been given that no teacher shall be dropped by the Board except after the case has been passed upon by a committee of nine, representing each one of the faculties, which shall sit in the case in direct personal contact with a similar committee of the trustees. Moreover, the terms of assistant professors are lengthened to three and five years, and assurances are given that no professor shall be dropped without a year's warning, while instructors holding yearly appointments shall have notice on April 1 if their appointments are to be terminated or renewed. It will be remembered that Professor Nearing's term lasted but one year, and that he was not notified of his being dropped until the end of the academic year.

The following amendments were on Monday substituted for the present sections of the statutes of the University of Pennsylvania governing the appointments, promotion, and dismissal of members of the teaching force:

(1.) There shall be four grades in the teaching staff: (1) professor, (2) assistant professor, (3) instructor, (4) assistant.

(2.) Before any reappointments or promotions of members of the teaching staff shall be made, the trustees shall request the group of instruction of which the appointee is, or is to become, a member, to make recommendation. The recommendation shall be given careful consideration by the trustees, and, if approved by the Provost and the Board of Trustees, shall be followed. In the event of the non-approval of any such recommendation, or in the event that no recommendation shall be made, the Provost and the Board of Trustees shall proceed to make such reappointments or promotions as their judgment approves. In all cases in which the Board of Trustees shall feel it to the interest of the University, they shall in like manner request the advice of the proper group of instruction in reference to original appointments. In exceptional cases, where loss to the University of the services of a man of recognized ability might follow delay in his appointment, the same may be made by the Provost and Board of Trustees without prior consultation with or recommendation of the group of instruction of which he would become a member.

(3.) A professor shall be appointed for an indefinite term.

(4.) An assistant professor shall receive a first appointment for a term of three years. Subsequent reappointments shall be for the term of five years each.

(5.) Instructors and assistants shall be appointed for a term of one year.

(6.) The foregoing appointments shall respectively cease at the expiration of the several terms mentioned, unless notice of renewal shall have been given in writing by the Provost, in case of instructors and assistants not later than the first day of April preceding the expiration of the academic year for which the appointment was made, and in the case of an assistant professor at least one academic year before the expiration of the term for which the appointment or reappointment was made. In the event of a decision by the trustees not to continue the appointment or reappointment of an assistant professor, or to remove a professor or assistant professor, as hereinafter provided in paragraph 7, leave of absence may be given to such professor or assistant professor by the trustees for one year, with full salary. All appointees are subject to the regulation covering the retiring age.

(7.) A professor or an assistant professor shall be removed by the Board of Trustees only after a conference between a committee, consisting of one representative from each of the faculties in the University (such representative being chosen by the faculty of which the representative is a member), and a committee of equal number from the Board of Trustees, at which conference the Provost shall preside, and upon a report from such conference to the Board of Trustees for consideration and action by them.

(8.) Resolved, That the Provost be, and he is hereby, requested to communicate the foregoing amendment to the statutes to all members of the teaching staff.

While it is too much to say, as does one enthusiastic trustee of the University, that this establishes academic freedom throughout the entire American college world, it does mean a remarkable advance which will powerfully affect not only the University of Pennsylvania, but all our colleges and universities, for it establishes, by the voluntary act of the trustees of one of our foremost universities, the principle that the teaching force has a right to be heard in case of the dismissal of one of its members. Certainly it will be much more difficult hereafter for any reactionary or corporation-controlled Board, or one that is merely mistaken, to strike a blow at academic freedom. Thus, out of the evil of Professor Nearing's dismissal has come much good, with more to follow. Although this does not restore him to his position (he has profited enormously in prestige, being in great demand as a lecturer, besides having obtained an excellent position in Toledo), it does virtually render impossible a repetition of the mistakes committed by the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania; a man must needs be but a poor servant of academic ideals if he would not gladly be a martyr in such fashion, and thereby advance the cause.

More than that, it is to be assumed that hereafter there will be closer consultation between the appointing power and the pro-

fessors of a given department as to original appointments. If it is true that the worst evil confronting our universities is not the improper removal of competent teachers, but the inability to remove the many teachers who, as Professor MacDonald put it in the *Nation* recently, are "neither sound scholars nor respectable teachers," greater care in the selection of men is certainly a prerequisite to a better state of affairs, and there is now indubitable evidence that the trustees of Pennsylvania propose to exercise great care in that respect hereafter. This will promptly prove or disprove their willingness to give the opportunity to instruct students to men who do not take the accepted view of social conditions and will test their assertion, which I, for one, after a careful study of the Scott Nearing case on the spot, am ready to accept, that the motive of a *majority* of the Board was not to discipline Professor Nearing for tilting at the social order, but to drop him for vagaries of speech—in either case, it was a mistake in the manner of its coming to pass.

As for the change in tenure of office that has now been safeguarded in the University of Pennsylvania, the Board has now frankly admitted its fault in the Nearing case by providing that notice of discharge shall go to the person dropped, not on June 15, but on April 1, while assistant professors shall have a whole year's notice. If, therefore, the University of Pennsylvania should hereafter be able to pay its teachers adequately, it would seem as if the American Association of University Professors would have little to ask of this University, for the bugbear of Presidential usurpation is not menacing at Pennsylvania, whose Board of Trustees, through its committees and as a whole, exercises executive supervision to a remarkable degree—as trustees go.

But the reforms planned by the Pennsylvania Board of Trustees are not going to stop there. It is understood that a far-reaching change in the method of selecting trustees is also under consideration, and will probably be acted upon at an early date. Up to this time, as required by the charter, the Board has made all appointments for life, or until voluntary retirement, and it has been the custom of the Board to ask the directors of the General Alumni Society for nominations to fill a vacancy, they having received the right to offer four names from which one was chosen by the Board. If, however, none of them was acceptable to the trustees, four other names could then be proposed by the General Alumni Society, and so on until the vacancy was filled. The objection to this system was that the alumni could not obtain the election to the Board of Trustees of an alumnus not acceptable to the Board, but acceptable to the alumni. It was asserted that this had the appearance of doing something to gratify the alumni, "while preserving intact the self-perpetuating power of the Board of Trustees." And the General Alumni Society was itself criticised, partly because it was a comparatively small body, and partly because it was said to be too much under the influence of the Board of Trustees, its officers being too much from the same social group. It is now proposed, and the matter is under discussion by a committee of the Board of Trustees, to change the relationship of the alumni to the Board, somewhat along the following lines:

On the occasion of every vacancy hereafter among the twenty-four members composing the Board, the trustees shall advise the Board of Managers of the General Alumni Society, or any other agency of the alumni which may be created, and shall invite this agency to submit not less than six names of persons, preferably alumni, from whom three persons shall be chosen by the Board of Trustees as candidates. Instead of stopping here as in the past, and picking a nomination made purely by the Board of Managers of the General Alumni Society without any vote being taken thereon, the alumni will now be asked to vote upon the three candidates by written ballot, to be mailed to the Alumni Society. The Board of Trustees shall then, if the plan goes through as indicated, elect to membership the candidate who shall receive the highest number of votes, provided that at least one thousand votes shall have been cast. Should this number of votes not be registered because of indifference on the part of the alumni, the Board of Trustees will reserve the right to disregard the result of the election, and in the event of a tie the trustees will also decide. It will undoubtedly be stipulated that the rights of the trustees as expressed in the charter shall in no wise be abrogated or impaired by the statute.

While this does not liberalize the election of trustees to the extent that the Harvard election of Overseers is thrown open to the alumni—which the charter would probably prevent—it is obviously a great step forward, and provides the means by which the Board can in time be varied in its membership. Most of the trustees today, in fact almost all, are Philadelphia men, but if the alumni take sufficient interest it is quite possible that men living in New York and elsewhere will find their way to the Board.

While these changes have indubitably been precipitated by the storm of criticism that burst over the heads of the trustees, it is but just to say that several of the leading spirits of the Board, notably its devoted chairman, Mr. Effingham B. Morris, have had them under consideration for some time—long before the advent of the Nearing case. They see clearly now that if they had had the approval of nine professors acting in a representative capacity for their action as to Scott Nearing, the outcry against them which they think so unjust could not have occurred. But whatever the cause, it is pleasant to record that the Board has not been deterred from doing what is right now by fear of its being alleged that it was driven into it—which makes up for a good deal of blundering of last June.

Literature

THE SECRET MEMOIRS OF AN ORIENTAL DIPLOMATIST.

The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi. Edited by A. M. Pooley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Whatever throws light upon a political transaction so fraught with world-wide import as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of thirteen years ago, and upon the man chiefly responsible for it, deserves immediate and careful attention. It will go down to posterity associated with the name of Count Hayashi, for seven years the representative of Japan at the Court of St. James's, and the first to enjoy the rank of Ambassador. In the "Secret Memoirs" (Chap. III) he states that he arrived at a time when "England was tired of war, that in South Africa having just been concluded." But although Pretoria was occupied in June of 1900, the treaty of peace was not signed until two years thereafter; and the editor makes the necessary correction in a foot-note. The Boxer troubles in China were causing much anxiety just then, and the British Government was grateful to Japan for the prompt manner in which she dispatched troops to Peking. The whole conduct of this expedition, the behavior of the troops, the moderation shown in the diplomatic transactions which followed, were particularly creditable to the island empire, and Hayashi deservedly received much of the credit. At this period Japanese statesmen were divided into two parties: those who were pro-British and those who favored a Russian alliance. The naval men, who came mostly from the island of Kyushu, were pro-British, while Ito and the Choshu military party preferred to make friendly overtures to St. Petershurg. Hayashi, a native of Yedo (Tokyo), and son of a physician attached to the court of the Shogun, belonged to neither faction; but, as it happened, his training had been English.

He was one of fourteen youths sent to London at the very close of the Shogunate Government to receive a European education, and entered University College in the summer of 1867. Shortly afterwards, however, he, with his fellows, was hurriedly recalled, and in the revolutionary struggles which followed he drew his sword on the losing side of his old master, the Shogun. After a short imprisonment, he was released, and was soon in the way of promotion. He was attached as interpreter to the notable Iwakura mission of the year 1871, which visited the chief countries of Europe and America and reported on foreign methods of life and government; as a decade later he was to be attached to the Ito mission which gave Japan her attack of "German measles." Mr. Pooley, in his biographical sketch, fails to mention this second opportunity Hayashi enjoyed of seeing the world of politics at close quarters. The writer of this article

remembers how carefully he summed up in conversation the various impressions made upon him in this later mission. Of all the countries they visited, Portugal struck him as the least satisfactory.

The visit to London, so summarily cut short in 1867, was not to be his last. Within a few years he was in the diplomatic service, attached to the London Embassy. The experience he received was to be of the greatest value to him in his future career. He became a thorough critic of governmental methods, with a keen sense of the honor involved in treaty keeping or breaking; restive under militarism, and an ardent believer in press publicity. To this fact we owe the publication of these "Secret Memoirs" which profoundly disgusted the Tokyo Government, as telling tales out of school. Mr. Pooley's narrative of the capture of the burked manuscript makes good reading (pp. 29-36).

In one of the valuable "Notes" inserted in the "Memoirs" (close of Chap. VII), there is a significant passage dealing with the status of Japanese Cabinets. It helps to explain the charges of bad faith brought against Hayashi, who was personally the most honorable of men, with high ideals of political morality:

> The mistake which Count Hayashi seems to have made was in thinking that, because the Saionji Cabinet was in power, it was, therefore, going to govern the country. The policies of Japan are made by the Genro (Council of Elder Statesmen) and merely executed by the Ministry for the time being. With a majority of the Genro belonging to the militarist faction, it is easy to realize the difficult position in which a Minister bent on curbing the ambitions of the army would find himself.

Ever since the revolution of 1868, which was brought about by leaders of the Satsuma and Choshu clans, Japan has been ruled by an oligarchy, known as the Sat-Cho clique, who believe in settling things by the sword. The refusal of the Japanese Government in 1876 to decide the Korean question at that time by force of arms is held to have been the controlling motive for the ill-advised Satsuma rebellion, when the heroic Saigo met his death. From the outset Hayashi was an official in the confidence of the Sat-Cho clique, but not one of them. He deplored the frequent arrogance of the army. In the chapter on Foreign Policy (p. 264), he gives expression to this dislike: "Generally speaking, soldiers who have won battles have done so by making sacrifices, even of what they value most in the world—their own lives. Naturally, they want to gain fame, they want to appropriate, as a result of victory and risk, as many privileges as possible to crown their success in arms. . . . It is easy to imagine how boastful and aggressive our soldiers were after the Russo-Japanese War. By what they did there after the war we lost not only the good-will of the Chinese, but have also won the adverse criticism of Europeans and Americans." As the editor of the "Memoirs" intimates, he would have deeply regretted the recent aggressive policy of his Government, which in the period since his lamented death has converted simmering dislike into furious hatred. It is noticeable that hatred of Japan seems now to be the prevailing topic in Chinese magazines published in this country, and it is a new development. "The principal point on which the late Cabinet was attacked," remarks the Count at page 256, "was that we had spent in Manchuria several hundred millions of *yen* [dollars] and 100,000 lives in order to win our rights and privileges in that country. We ought not, therefore, to be slack in our policy in Manchuria. We ought still to extend further the rights which we have acquired and to strengthen the foundations of our position there, but on no account are we to make China our enemy. The object of Japan ought to be to maintain the peace of the Orient and obtain Chinese goodwill and trust."

That Hayashi, as Foreign Minister in the Saionji Cabinet, started out with an honest desire to follow the policy of the "Open Door" in China and respect her independence and integrity, may be conceded; but he was compelled to drift from his moorings and to take up the other policy of "spheres of influence." It is the bitter complaint of the Chinese vernacular press that the constant reiteration on the part of Japan and other Powers that they intend to respect the independence and integrity of China is meaningless verbiage. "Whatever has been leased by the Chinese Government," remarked the *Nang Fang Pao* some years ago (p. 221), "is now almost invested with the rights of occupation, and whatever has not been leased, but is bordering on the leased territory, is in danger of being enclosed in the same." Modern militarism is, in the last issue, immoral and unscrupulous; and it is pitiable to note how a scholar and a gentleman like Hayashi, a man who under representative institutions would have been a pillar of strength and a model of consistency, saw his good name compromised and his cherished policies thwarted and nullified by pressure from a military clique. It is to his bitter disappointment and disgust that we owe the publication of the "Secret Memoirs," which in a free country like our own would have taken the form of platform speeches or invectives on the floor of Congress.

The editor, though generally sympathetic, is not always happy in the treatment of his subject. He credits the Count with an inadequate knowledge of America, where he himself may be at fault: "It is significant that the only serious error he made during his whole career was in connection with the one country he had never visited." Now, as a member of the Iwakura mission, he must have visited America in 1871; and what about the later Ito mission? Moreover, Mr. Pooley fails to show that Hayashi made any such blunder in his handling of American questions. He was hand-and-glove with Fukuzawa, editor of the *Jiji Shimpo*, the medium through which from time to time he gave anonymous publicity to his cherished opinions. This great publicist was founder of the Keio University, which for the past quarter of a century has had on its staff able American graduates, one of whom is now our Minister to Greece. Nowhere in the Japanese Empire is there a journal in fuller touch with American policy and ideals than the *Jiji Shimpo*. Mr. Pooley believes that Hayashi, when Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1907, played a fast-and-loose game with this country. Viscount Aoki was then Japanese Minister at Washington; married, by the way, to a German lady, and very German in his sympathies. "Both Aoki and Hayashi," says Mr. Pooley (p. 19), "recognized that China was the crux of the difficulty between Japan and America. Aoki realized that if the problem of China were settled, Japan would be able to maintain her credit at Washington, for the school and immigration affairs were local difficulties on which it was uncertain even that Japan was in the right. Hayashi tried to shut out America from China by raising difficulties for her nearer home. He failed to realize that the Americans are a hard-headed business race, with a strong undercurrent of sentimentality. To their remonstrances with regard to Manchuria, he retorted by raising the school question. They came back with the immigration trouble, and Hayashi found that he had slung a boomerang, which returned in double-quick time, bringing with it the whole of the credit which Japan had so carefully amassed in the States during fifty years past.

"In a few months he killed the long-established friendship between America and Japan, and in place has been substituted on the one side an openly expressed dislike and suspicion, and on the other a swelling hatred, which is only kept within manageable bounds by official repression."

This is pure moonshine. Hayashi played no such political game, nor can the anti-Japanese agitation in America he explained in this way. His disagreement with Aoki, which resulted in the recall of the latter, was of a technical nature, a breach of diplomatic etiquette, and Princes Ito and Katsura agreed with Hayashi in his disapproval. The matter may be allowed to stand as explained by Hayashi in the eighth chapter of the "Memoirs." Aoki's attempt on his own initiative to patch up an agreement with this country, which should contain no account whatever of the immigration problem, was tactless and impossible. Hayashi states (p. 251) that the three questions between Japan and America in 1908 were "the immigration question, the school question, and the problem of China." He was right in placing the immigration question first. The anti-Japanese movement in this country began in the spring of 1905 with a hot newspaper campaign in San Francisco, followed by the organization in May of that year of the Asiatic Exclusion League. It was a burning question long before the private diplomatic difference between Hayashi and Aoki, which occurred late in the year 1907.

The close of the Aoki-Hayashi quarrel is

interesting. After his recall the Viscount is said to have succeeded in excluding his rival from the Privy Council, a seat that was his due because of his great services to the nation. The other alleged reason for his exclusion was that he had become a Free Mason during his stay in London.

Mr. Pooley is hardly a safe guide to follow in these international matters. He credits the Japanese with an "innate contempt, a burning detestation for all white men," beside which the "vicious deep-seated contempt" that exists between Chinese and Japanese sinks into a vanishing quantity. Many who know the Japanese best might be ready to reverse, and then modify, the statement. His acquaintance with the Japanese public is probably limited to the gusty and prejudiced mob of the capital, led by disgruntled *soshi*—"political bullies." Count Hayashi has a significant paragraph (Chap. VII, p. 226) on this topic:

> The public in Japan is rather cool in its interest in foreign affairs, indeed I could almost say it is indifferent. When, however, something happens that forces the public to pay some attention to foreign affairs, then at once the public seems to get intoxicated, as though drunk with alcohol, and it behaves as if it were not able to discriminate, just as an intoxicated man cannot tell the difference between *sake* (rice beer) and water.

In many respects the most interesting pages in the "Memoirs" are to bo found at the close of the first chapter, where the Count tells how German diplomatic clumsiness wounded Japanese sensitiveness at its most delicate point. After the signature of the Treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895, which concluded the war between China and Japan, tho Japanese were greatly surprised when Germany suddenly took common action with France and Russia in compelling Japan to surrender Port Arthur. They could understand the intervention of Russia and France, but why should Germany push in? Great Britain had refused the invitation of Russia to join in the intervention, on the ground that such an act would be contrary to the established principles of international relationship, and the reason appliod quite as strongly to Germany. But not only did Germany send a separate note, in addition to the joint note of Russia and France, but she inserted therein a blunt threat of possible resort to arms. Here is the story in Hayashi's own words (p. 83):

> The same day [April 23] the German Minister [Baron von Gutschmid] called [at the Foreign Office, where Hayashi was Acting Minister], but later in the afternoon. In spite of a sufficient knowledge of English and French, the German Minister apparently thought it an indignity to draft a memorandum in either of these languages, and in consequence of my inability to understand German, brought me a memorandum written in *romaji* [Japanese written in Roman letters, according to the Japanese phonetics], and caused his secretary, Herr Weipert, to read it out. Now the secretary was extremely well acquainted with the ordinary Japanese script, and was vexed at having to read out an unfamiliar transcript of the original text, which had been composed from Chinese ideographs. It was quite clear that neither the secretary nor the Minister understood a single word of what the former was reading, while I, though paying the deepest attention, was barely able to catch the meaning of the memorandum.
>
> The memorandum which had been left by the French and Russian Ministers was practically a brief sentence advising the retrocession of the territory acquired by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, and giving as a reason for the advice friendship for the neighboring country. The German memorandum, on the other hand, said there was no possibility of Japan being able to hope for a victory in fighting Russia, Germany, and France, and therefore it would be beneficial for Japan if the advice tendered by the three Powers should be accepted.
>
> Standing at the table opposite to the German Minister, I said, "Your Excellency's colleagues, the Ministers of Russia and France, have been here and have given friendly advice for the purpose of maintaining peace, and in doing so they have used a friendly terminology. But your Excellency's memorandum is phrased as if it were the proposal to solve the question by force of arms. If you mean this, then the dignity of the state, as well as the feeling of the nation, must be considered, let alone the words in which the memorandum is couched. It seems as if the memorandum has been couched in the Japanese language, with which you are unfamiliar, and consequently errors have been made in the use of words."
>
> The German Minister, in the most awkward manner, said that the views expressed by me as being in the memorandum were not so meant, and if such views occurred in it, it was due to errors in the wording of the memorandum in Japanese. He promised to cancel the memorandum and asked me to regard the German memorandum as being identical with those of the Russian and French Ministers.

Some of the German papers at the time, remarks Mr. Pooley (p. 54), were curiously prophetic in their expressions of disgust at their Government's policy. "In a struggle with France and Russia," said tho *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Berlin, "Japan would be a very useful ally, and her forces are strong enough to distract from her western frontier a good portion of the Russian armies. At the end of the affair we seriously fear that Germany will pay bitterly for her action, for the Japaneso will eventually seek their revengo."

Whilo giving Hayashi credit for the bringing about of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1902, and its renewal on a broader basis in 1905, "the crown of Hayashi's career," Mr. Pooley regrets that it was ever signed. "I shall bo very much surprised," he doclares towards the close of his Introduction, "if within a few years England does not realize that her money and her support have raised up against us in tho Far East a Power as powerful and as dangerous as Germany has becomo, and ono infinitely more difficult to handlo, on account of her geographical position."

It is a pity that the book lacks an alphabetical index. The editor's English is at times somewhat slovenly; for instance, at page 28, where he complains that "for many years the British and American press have been so slovenly represented in Tokio, and indeed is so to-day." Not so with the "Memoirs," for Hayashi prided himself on his English, and is author of an excellently written novel ("For His People"; Harper, 1903), a faithful picture of pre-Restoration times in Japan. There occur a few blunders in the Introduction. "Masumae" (p. 6) should be *Matsumae*, Kido was never "Marquis" (p. 8), and Hayashi was Secretary, not of "the Industrial Bureau" (p. 9), but of the great Department of Public Works (Kôbusho), abolished in 1886.

CURRENT FICTION.

Moyle Church-Town. By John Trevena. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The gloomily romantic John Trevena of Dartmoor's present here becomes the lighthearted and fairly light-footed adventurer in the romance of her past. The scene is laid in the early eighteenth century. England is beginning to drink tea (when sho can afford it) and has not forgotten her fear of witches. The official villain, one of those grinding country lawyers, tyrants, and extortioners who have played such a part in rural fiction, is abjectly superstitious, and much of tho action turns upon this weakness. Among many other victims of Grambla's greed and trickiness has been Squire Clabar of Moyle, who has died ruined and brokenhearted, and whose son has become Grambla's drudge. Against this son, as the story opens, Grambla turns; discharges him from his employ, and turns him out of his cottage. At this moment, however, returns to Moyle Church-Town, after long absenco as a sailor and wanderer, Clabar's supposed son Peter, who is really his daughter Cherry. A baronet in the neighborhood to befriend the father, and two baronet's sons to becomo involved with the disguised daughter, give us abundant and well-seasoned materials for romantic comedy. Cherry, like Rosalind and others too numerous for mention, has roamed the world without harm in her man's garb. She is able to appear either as a strong fellow with a gruff voice or, in the twinkling of an eye, even without shift of raiment, all that is fair and feminine. By taking the trouble to squint a bit, tho reader may easily give the old sievelike convention the air of holding water once more. Having accomplished this feat, he may well enjoy a tale told with far moro skill and gusto than are common to its kind. The baronet designs Cherry's hand (sho is something of an heiress, and he knows tho secret of her birth) for his eldest son; but it is tho younger who has won her heart, and, after duo mystifications, sho surprises him with her hand. The villain gets his deserts, as all villains must, and Cherry's father (tho exiled duke in effect) comes into his own onco more. All this has been done, but who shall say that it does not deservo to be done again and yet again, so long as a story-

teller may be found who can bring a fresh and willing hand to the business?

In Mr. Knox's Country. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

We suppose that Miss Somerville and Miss Ross, the two ladies who write of Ireland with so robust humor and so virile pens, are regarded as quite *déclassées* by those of the modern Irish school, who, without Synge's genius, ape Synge's melancholy. It is quite possible that we should be told, if indeed we have not been told already, that these most entertaining ladies who belong properly to the tradition of Lover and Lever are false to the ideals of Ireland and misrepresent the Irish people to make a Saxon holiday. Well, if indeed we shall be thus exhorted, we shall be able to bear it with philosophy, and so, we imagine, will Miss Somerville and Miss Ross. And we shall continue in our phlegmatic Saxon way to hold it as an article of faith that the colors used by these ladies are not less true of Ireland than the sombre tints of Synge's imitators. After all, it doesn't rain every day, even in Ireland.

In the present volume we renew acquaintance with many delightful friends, and chief among them Mr. Flurry Knox, master of hounds, and that shrewd old tartar, his grandmother. We cannot discover the faintest sign of any exhaustion of the fecund imagination that has produced so many stories dealing with the adventures of Major Yeates, R.M., and his neighbors. Indeed, the humor, if anything, seems to romp more riotously through this series of sketches than through its predecessors. "The Comte de Pralines" is an example of the authors' work at its best. The description of the famous run, in which the spurious "Count," Miss McRory, Major Yeates, and a couple of jackasses, enticed to the chase by misguided enthusiasm for the Major's hunter, were the only participants, is one that will be appreciated by any one who has ridden to hounds anywhere: the introduction of the jackasses is a stroke of humor that amounts to genius. The illustrations, for which Miss Somerville is responsible, are, as usual, excellent.

H. R. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper & Bros.

In his inscription the author, after a fashion now in favor, takes the bread out of the mouths of "the critics" by foreseeing that they will presently "point out how completely he has failed to write a Satirical Romance of To-day." Just why the critics are likely to make such a slip is suggested by a passage in the context: "To irritate a reader by compelling him to think in order to understand was, you told me, both unfair and unwise." And if a reader, how much more a critic! However, a reviewer must say something, if it is only what the author expects of him. The truth is, we have no one in America just now who can do the kind of thing Mr. Lefevre attempts. Several Englishmen can do it, and have done it, notably Mr. Bennett in "Hugo" and "Denry the Audacious," and Mr. Wells in "Mr. Polly" and elsewhere. The daring male who breaks loose from convention and timidity and sweeps all before him is a favorite pivot for satirical fantasy. But he must break loose, not be propelled from behind. H. R. is a bank clerk who suddenly receives word from Mr. Lefevre that he is to demonstrate a rebel and a genius. Therefore he beards and browbeats the president of the bank, insults his daughter, and sallies forth to conquer New York. This, by the free play of an effrontery and egotism which, we gather, are upon a scale hitherto unknown in the metropolis, he proceeds to do. The means are such as come to his hand—anything might have served as a fulcrum for this colossal will. As it chances, he collides with a sandwich-man on the street, and gets his idea. Around the sandwich-man he builds a new system of advertising, makes a fortune, wins the banker's daughter, and is understood to be on his way to the White House, or thereabouts. The success of such a book depends upon its spontaneity and easy force. Mr. Lefevre has labored the business. His primary error, for this kind of thing, is an error of which Mr. Bennett or Mr. Wells is incapable—his sprinkling the pages with detached epigrams and clevernesses which irritate the reader without compelling him to think. And they irritate him especially because in the main they are not flashes of true satirical wit, but cheap cynicisms.

The Green Half Moon. By James Francis Dwyer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Judged by the standard Balzac set himself when he wrote the "Comédie Humaine," "The Green Half Moon" has little chance of immortality. "Listening to these people," he said of the creatures of his imagination, "I could espouse their lives, I felt their rags on my back, I walked with my feet in their tattered shoes; their desires, their wants, everything, passed into my soul and my soul passed into theirs; it was the dream of a waking man." "The Green Moon," on the contrary, is a pleasant bit of fiction made out of cardboard, and the people in it sprung into life, not in a garret, where are born "the dreams of a waking man," but in a snug library, where the puppet, pulled with a string, is but too apt to step within the covers of a novel.

A particularly good American man, young and handsome, meets a perfectly beautiful American girl as both are steaming out of Bombay on a fast steamer bound for Arden. They love at first sight; but love is not all beer and skittles for the stricken. Miss Alice Harrington, of Troy, New York, is the companion of Lady Hope Stanger, and to Lady Hope Stanger the British Government, just entered into war with Germany, has confided a most important task which has to do with a mysterious jewel. Mr. Dwyer excites suspicions that he can do better than he has taken the pains to do by the way he hides this jewel. For some really exciting pages we do not know, as the hero does not know, what is contained in a package that Alice, with small feminine insight, has confided to him. Good, pure men are proverbially maladroit, and John Sheridan Warren among simpletons is the chief. He gets the jewel, loses it, gets it again, and loses it, till the reader, out of patience, hopes with all his heart that wicked Zunel, the incendiary Mohammedan, may find it and tuck it away under his green turban. None of the adventures recorded in this book ever took place, but Mr. Dwyer has a certain gift in storytelling. He has the art of putting in details which puzzle the judgment and almost persuade.

The Twisted Skein. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Some day somebody will write a story about college life in which the hero is not working his way through Yale by tending furnaces and waiting on table, is not one of the brightest students in the junior class, is not looked upon as a "grind" and accordingly snubbed by his classmates who own automobiles, is not the idol of the elderly maiden ladies with whom he boards, does not get into all sorts of misunderstandings and more trouble because he is constitutionally unable to "tell" on some athlete whom the campus adores (despite a pronounced yellow streak), and does not finally square himself with the whole college, not forgetting the crew coach and his charming young daughter, by "making" the 'varsity crew overnight and pulling it—single-handed, of course—to victory over Harvard in the last pulse-quickening chapter. But that day seems a long way off. Consequently, one finds Karl Truman, the hero of Ralph D. Paine's latest book of undergraduate life, performing in accordance with all the best principles that have guided generations of college heroes to glory on the printed page.

Karl is altogether too good and too hard-working to be more than a nonentity at Yale until he comes to New York as captain of the chess team and defeats Princeton, Harvard, and Columbia. An elderly stranger who has wasted his life making money and accumulating a successful business man's grouch sees the chess champion perform, becomes interested, and determines to "invest" in him. And so, when the captain of the chess team returns to New Haven, it is with a handsome allowance which enables him to blossom out in modish clothes, live in a high-priced dormitory, mingle as an equal with the other students, try for the crew, and enjoy all the things from which his former poverty barred him. But, of course, there are serious complications. He is not suspected of locking a cow in the chapel, but another equally villanous freshman prank is charged up against him; he is arrested, and his backer goes back on him. When all seems lost, save "Yale spirit," the hero brings that useful commodity into play, and, by the time Harvard's colors are lowered on the Thames, there is very little for the other characters to

do but offer apologies and make an enormous fuss over the great No. 7 who won the race for Yale when the stroke-oar failed.

His German Wife. By Douglas Sladen. New York: Brentano's.

The imperturbable tolerance which this English writer affects makes curious reading in time of war. We have no quarrel, he seems to insist, with Germans as Germans, certainly not with any really nice, well-bred Germans, who are after all pretty much like ourselves, only better educated and more conscientious and energetic and habitually efficient in every way. As for the English themselves, page after page of well-considered criticism falls from the lips of the fair, impecunious Baroness Ernestine Frederika Kunigunde Lysnar von Adlerstein, who is modestly sampling insular life as Mrs. Isherwood's lady companion. Again and again to the flower of British youth, in the person of Capt. Renny Isherwood, his unemployed physical magnificence, his superfluous magnanimity, and his general futility, are pointedly brought home by the candid young Baroness. She decides to marry Renny, however, takes him home for a German honeymoon, and, after participating in the English exodus following the declaration of war, manages to have a taste of army-post life in both countries. None of the episodes are of great interest in themselves, the story's real intention being the comparison of German and English types and standards. This is competently and perhaps too chivalrously done—one touch of real malice would have improved the tale immeasurably.

The Obsession of Victoria Gracen. By Grace Livingston Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

"The Obsession of Victoria Gracen" has popular qualities and those guaranteed to please its audience. The first few pages are well written, with a faithfulness to reality that is not stereotyped. A funeral party, excited with the morning's happenings and pumped up to a high level of vulgar interest in the recent death and its grewsome details, sits down at a full meal to discuss the future of the orphaned boy who is to live under the roof. Richard is hard, resentful, unattractive, and he bitterly resents the criticisms, frankly uttered in his presence, upon his dead father and mother. That night, out of the blue, comes a message, inviting him to live with a maiden aunt, his father's sister, a woman of wealth and breeding, alienated from Richard's father by the latter's marriage. After this, the literary merits of the book are nil, for the author, like other people, does not thrive in prosperity. But although from a certain standpoint this book is poor reading, it is spectacular, sentimental, and pietistic, and therefore sure to please the thousands to whom the Elsie Books fell as manna from heaven. Cleverness in the management of petty incidents is an asset of which the author makes good use.

COURAGE AND CANT.

Greek Genius and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Chapman is nothing if not courageous. He is so courageous that he is willing, out of confidence in an active and original mind, to write without thinking; with the result that he sometimes says very good things, and sometimes says things which are not good at all. The latest example of his courage is this book of essays, wherein he passes from criticism of Euripides to lack of criticism on Shakespeare and Balzac with the amazing versatility of a plunging horse that has broken from the traces. We are writing in a feeble effort to imitate Mr. Chapman's own breezy manner, and our words may sound a trifle presumptuous, but, as a matter of fact, there is one section of the book so sound in judgment and so timely in point that we are almost ready to forgive the author his glowing indiscretions in other chapters. We refer to Mr. Chapman's diatribe on Sir Gilbert Murray, and we think the rebuke therein administered, though it might perhaps be better if spoken in the language of one gentleman to another, is deserved. Every one in these days has been reading Murray's translations of Euripides and hearing them on the stage; every one admits the brilliancy of these productions, and every competent judge knows that he stands very high as a scholar. But Murray has admittedly used a free hand with his author, and the layman frequently asks just how free he has been and how far this freedom is justified. Now, Mr. Chapman shows by sufficient illustration that Murray not only expands his author in a way and to a degree that are at least surprising, but transfuses into his version a tone of neo-British religiosity and æstheticism that, unfortunately, are not surprising to those familiar with certain tendencies of modern Oxford scholarship. And we think that Mr. Chapman is entirely justified in meting out this severe language to what is really a systematic perversion of the Greek genius:

> The structural nature of a Greek drama is known to every one, and is perfectly well known to Mr. Gilbert Murray; but the fumes from his tripod cover his brain as he writes his translations, and these fumes pervade the introductions and the notes to the poems. The merit of the verse itself is due to this very envelope of steaming inspiration and poetic sentiment. But the waking Murray ought really to join in warning the public against the hymning, dreamy, irresponsible Murray, the poet Murray, who is spreading grotesque ideas about Euripides beneath every shaded lamp in the Anglo-Saxon world.

We know that certain scholarly and honest persons excuse these aberrations on the part of the brilliant Oxford professor on the ground that he is making Greek a live subject to thousands whom it would otherwise never reach at all. The plea is specious, but we are afraid of it; we distrust dishonesty even from Greek professors *dona ferentes.* Another man might be indulged in his ambition to rewrite into modern moods a classical poet, but when the highest authority of the greatest of English universities spreads false notions about his subject, the question of veracity takes another color. He stands as the apostle of Greek; and if Greek has any value for the modern world, it is because the supreme Greek poets presented life in a manner the very opposite of the religiosity and sentimentalism which Sir Gilbert Murray is pouring out of Oxford.

Mr. Chapman can scarcely be reckoned a scholar; he is a David beside the Goliath he attacks; but he has hurled his pebbles well. He might even have gone further, and found in Murray's importation of very recent humanitarian ideas into the origins of Greek epic something of the same betrayal of a great trust. Sir Gilbert has published a manly recantation of the pacifist opinions he held in politics before the present war. We wonder whether it has occurred to him that the sentimentalism of his scholarship is of the same character, and indeed not free from the same perils.

Mr. Chapman, we have said, is courageous; would that he was always wise. "We should read Shakespeare for pleasure, and only for pleasure," he says. "The plays were meant to be gay trifles, the perfume and the suppliance of a minute." Alas, has Sir Gilbert Murray ever written anything as false in regard to Euripides as is this grotesquely exaggerated half-truth about Shakespeare? Mr. Chapman stumbles on an occasional bit of shrewd criticism in the later essays in his volume, but on the whole his tone and manner are lamentable. His contempt for all other critics but himself is not pretty. He writes in a spirit of hysterical exasperation against the "pundits" who have seriously studied an author, and against "the whole cant of criticism." His system is revealed in the command that "we should use no method in dealing with Balzac, but should approach him through accident and chaotically." Will Mr. Chapman understand us when we intimate that his attitude in these essays is about as sad a piece of cant as has come to us in many a long day? It is a pity.

SCIENCE AND SOCIOLOGY.

Introduction to the Study of Sociology. By Edward Cary Hayes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

It is just as well to realize that, in the recent past, the opinion of the genuine scientist on most sociological works has been adverse; and that a gathering weight of disapproval has given sociology a bad name—has, in fact, distinctly put it on the defensive. What has it done to deserve the name of a science? Every new book on sociology, especially every general treatise, must meet this skeptical attitude; an attitude which is entirely justified.

What is it that has created this distrust of sociology, since Spencer? It seems fair to use that last qualifying phrase, for the great contemporaries of Spencer certainly

did not feel towards his work as later scientists have felt towards that of his successors. Sociology teems with wearisome commonplaces, says one critic; it is full of wild theory and guesswork, objects another. It is emotional; full of snap judgments; not objective; cannot define its terms; misinterprets its evidence, when it offers any; is sensational; stresses the obvious; goes in for therapeutics in advance of heuristics; is approached from selected points of view; is metaphysical, juggling concepts and theories and ignoring facts; has a propensity for petty or large-scale thievery from the legitimate sciences; is, withal, feebly aspiring, pretending to be the "science of sciences" (like philosophy), though it demands little real training in its votaries, has no rigor of method, and doesn't get anywhere. It is so new and raw, commented one scientist, that any crank can fasten on it from any angle. Worse things than these have been said of it.

The book under review is not likely to better this reputation of sociology among scientists. The treatment spreads, often very thinly, over wide and lonely ranges. But no panorama or perspective emerges; no new "world view," which the author, in his introduction, says we need. Part I, on the "Causes which Affect the Life of Society," begins auspiciously with the geographical controls, and lists a number of the most obvious of them. But there is no adequate clarification of the relative importance and limitations of this set of causes. Then we proceed to the technic controls, and enter upon a consideration of a set of topics beginning with rural and urban conditions. Here the treatment periodically deserts the strictly scientific field to exercise the therapeutic function. Moral judgments abound. "Sociology cannot be non-ethical without being unscientific. Private property has been sacred, but general welfare has not. This must be reversed." (Come, let us make objects fall upward!) Opinions here are commendable, but tentative. "The talk about 'busting the trusts,' of which so much has been heard, is probably folly." There are also a number of things we "ought" to do: "Society should conspire to cheer old age by its manners and its spirit of kindness and deference." "There ought to be government employment agencies with announcement of openings displayed in every post office."

It is elsewhere remarked that "the evil of unemployment of the employable is likely to be great when times are hard, building operations suspended, and factories closed or running half time." The directors of labor should note, however, that "it is good economy for private employers to push on repairs and extensions in slack times." Then, we take it, they will be all ready for the good times, if they come; and if they do not come, at least labor will have been employed and paid for. In any case, "there ought to be abundant and free opportunity for unmarried women to secure adequate profitable employment." And we should also note that certain of our casual practices are a "shame" to us. In regard to vagrants, for example, the proper treatment "often requires communication, perhaps by telephone, with the cities from which they profess to come, or to which they say they wish to go. To some of these men it is possible to give important help, and to these it would have been a shame to give merely a 'hand-out' at the door."

Psychophysical causes also affect the life of society, and so do social causes. Eugenics comes in here. "There is no reason why eugenic fitness may not be included in love's ideal." Again, laboring through the issues of immigration, we are advised that "the spirit that expresses itself in the epithets 'Sheeny,' 'Dago,' 'Hunky,' and 'Mick' is not the one that promises fulfilment of the best possibilities of Americanism." A solemn warning! Let us get together and pass a little resolution against naughty human nature. We do not quote all this to amuse ourselves, or any one else. We do it with deep regret. But is this sort of thing science or is it a sermon?

After we have learned about these various causes that affect the life of society, "we have now provided ourselves with the clues that must be used in explaining social realities, and it is time for us to fix attention upon those realities themselves which we wish to explain." So we proceed to consider the Nature and Analysis of the Life of Society, Social Evolution, and Social Control. Taken by itself, there is a good deal that is of value in this latter part of the book. The Examples of Social Evolution are well put together. Apparently, the author would like to go back on the course of evolution, in the case of trial by jury, and approximate the form which it superseded. A final section on Education contains much good sense.

But the impression left by the volume as a whole is not one of orderliness and sequence, nor yet of distinction. It would be hard to say what is the dominant idea or ideas. As the reader tries to sum up the whole, and asks himself: "What does sociology mean to this writer?" he cannot answer. "In sociology nothing is all-important because many things are all-important; that is, here, as in every organic correlation of realities, the ruin of one may ruin all, and by the same token the presence of all is essential to the worth of any." However, at the very end of the book occurs a sentence that seems to state the purpose of sociology: "To the student of sociology it is an impressive fact that with Jesus the sole test of discipleship was *service* in obedience to the purpose to bring in throughout the world and in each particular situation the Kingdom of Human Fulfillment, in which God's will should be accomplished upon earth and the coming of which his followers are bidden to make the first of all their prayers."

Though excellent pages and passages or even sections can be picked out of this book, it fails in the face of the attitude, now becoming traditional among true scientists, towards sociology. It is too inclusive; it mixes together too many things; it does not show rigor of method or a sure hand. Nor will it do for a textbook. Above all things, a textbook must be simple, clear, and with a stride from proposition to proposition. There, if anywhere, is a call for orientation and perspective, a rigid exclusion of the extraneous, problematical, and hortatory. It should construct as far as it can sure-handedly, and stop there. It should deal chiefly in inductions, and least of all balance deductions-from-deductions, or state (with many a "probably" or "possibly") vaguely tentative opinions. And it is the most dangerous sort of thing, from the standpoint of education, to give the student to understand that it is legitimate to draw conclusions from conditions to which you propose at once to apply those conclusions, with the object of betterment. There is, in this book, too little background of historic fact; too little that is calculated to lend distance and detachment to the attitude which any one, let alone a beginner, should take towards contemporary social issues. The young person is to-day too little clear as to what constitutes a right to an opinion on social matters. He seems often to think that his personal "reaction" on a question, that is, the result he gets by measuring things up against his pet prepossessions, is the great be-all and end-all of his education. The sooner he learns that the field of sociology is not an arena or forum where, as one bright lad put it, "one man's opinion is just as good as another's," the better for him and for society.

MAJOR PUTNAM'S REMINISCENCES.

Memories of a Publisher, 1865-1915. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

This volume, supplementing Major Putnam's "Memories of My Youth," brings down to present days the interesting record of an active and useful life illumined by a fine type of citizenship and civic service, which are best illustrated by his years of labor for the betterment of New York, and his indomitable fight for international copyright. These are set forth in separate chapters of the memoir before us, and they are historical contributions of value, for the group of men with whom Major Putnam consorted, the "mugwumps" of the Cleveland school, is so rapidly passing off the stage that such a record of its point of view as this becomes more and more desirable.

His many friendships, American and international, Major Putnam has also recorded here, notable among them being his characterizations of Grover Cleveland, Carl Schurz, and Theodore Roosevelt, with all of whom his personal relationships were close, Col. Roosevelt having for a time been a special partner in the Putnam firm. Of this connection Major Putnam has the following to say: "He [Mr. Roosevelt] promptly developed a full measure of original theories for the running of a publishing business, theories which were always interesting, but

which in most cases did not appear to be practicable or promising of good results under the existing conditions. . . . I became very fond of the man, although there were times when the prolific suggestions, the exuberance of utterance, and the cockiness of optimism came to be fatiguing." The English experiences of Mr. Putnam are of particular interest at this time, when all eyes are focussed upon that country.

Major Putnam's volume suffers, however, by a rather haphazard arrangement, and it is evident that he has relied too greatly upon his memory in matters of detail. Thus (p. 83), the *Evening Post* was not under the editorial direction of Edwin L. Godkin when Carl Schurz joined its staff in 1881, and his association with it lasted little over a year, and not for some time, as might be deduced from the text. Again (p. 109), Henry Villard was not an Alsatian by birth (which would have made him a Frenchman), but a Rhenish Bavarian. Frederick Billings (p. 108) did not succeed Mr. Villard, but was his predecessor, in the presidency of the Northern Pacific. Mr. Billings is, therefore, unjustly charged with blocking Prof. Raphael Pumpelly's census of the resources of the Northern Pacific region. There are numerous other slips.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry. By W. J. A. Donald. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The Tin Plate Industry. By D. E. Dunbar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

These books are prize essays in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx series. Both are highly creditable to the series—judicial in tone, painstaking, accurate. They are replete with historical matter, statistics, charts, and, indeed, pretty well all the material needed for the understanding of their respective subjects. They make substantial and valuable contributions to the literature of the controversy on free trade and protection. So much of vague generalization has been put forth in this unending debate that detailed inquiry on the working of particular pieces of legislation is refreshing and welcome. Of the two, Dr. Donald's book is the bulkier, though not for that reason necessarily the better. It gives perhaps a surplusage of material; one does not see the forest for all the trees. Mr. Dunbar's book is more compact and more skilfully put together.

In Dr. Donald's account of the Canadian iron and steel industry the most interesting episode, and indeed the chief episode that suggests questions of principle, is the application of the bounty system by the Canadian Government. The use of bounties for the purposes of protection, in place of import duties, has been commended by writers on protection from the days of Alexander Hamilton on. It is said, and this much in general is true, that they have the advantage of extending aid to a new industry (or an old one, for that matter) without bringing a charge on the consumer of the particular article affected. An import duty makes the price higher to the consumer; but a bounty reimburses the producer for a (supposed) heavy expense and encourages him to go on, without necessarily causing the price to rise. It is not, however, on any such theoretical grounds as these that the bounty system was adopted in Canada. The explanation is to be found, as is so often the case in these devious happenings, in the political exigencies of the moment. The so-called "national system" had been started in Canada by the Conservatives in 1879, and sundry increases of duty had been made during the years following. In 1896 a reaction set in; the Liberals came to power again, and were pledged to a general revision and lowering of duties. The rapidly growing Canadian West was impatient of the burdens of the protective system, and some concessions had to be made to it and to the farming element in general. On the other hand, the interested manufacturers of iron and steel and their constituencies were clamorously opposed to a reduction of duties, and indeed asked for more protection. The Liberal Government compromised (1897) by continuing some duties at a lower rate, and by developing a far-reaching system of bounties on iron and steel products. The beginnings of the bounty system, it is true, reached back ten years earlier, to 1883; but its application on a large scale did not come until 1897. The sums that were finally paid out in bounties reached dimensions that would discompose even our plethoric Treasury, and for Canada threatened to be portentous. From a million and a half to two millions were paid out annually during the later years of the system, from 1904 until 1911.

It was these very payments which finally brought the system to an end. The opponents of protection have always maintained that if the thing must be done, it had better be by bounties than by duties, since the direct payment of money out of the Treasury makes plain to every one what is going on, whereas the concealment of the effect of import duties makes it possible to keep these up for an indefinite time. So it proved in Canada. When a couple of millions came to be paid out each year to the iron and steel producers, the system became untenable. Notwithstanding endeavors of the politicians and the interested producers to keep it up, it was finally abolished in 1906. The payments were continued for a few years thereafter, on a decreasing scale, but the end came in 1911.

From another point of view bounties may fairly be said to be preferable to duties. The argument for protection to young industries, the most respectable of the arguments in favor of protection, is applicable to a bounty system better than to one of protective import duties; and this for the very reason that bounties are not likely to last indefinitely. Protection to young industries implies that the protection will be withdrawn when the industry is no longer young. The universal experience with duties, however, is that the domestic producers clamor for their indefinite retention, and usually succeed in securing their retention long after the industry has ceased to be young. Bounties, however, are always on the defensive; they are never likely to last long, and are pretty certain to be bowled over unless a very strong case for upholding them can be made out.

On the Canadian episode Dr. Donald's conclusion is that even on the ground of young industries the iron and steel bounties cannot be proved defensible. He presents evidence almost conclusive to show that the enterprises which got the benefit of the bounty would have started up anyhow, and that even their inception was hardly hastened. Not only this; the bounty system, so far from leading to progress and improvement, seems to have retarded it. It was the abolition of the bounties which stimulated technical progress in the one great enterprise, the Dominion Steel Company, which got the greatest share of the largess.

Mr. Dunbar's book on the Tin Plate Industry is based upon wide observation both in this country and in England, and shows a more intimate knowledge of the conditions in both countries than is ordinarily to be found in books of this sort. The extraordinary and dramatic development of the tin-plate manufacture under the McKinley duty of 1890 is carefully traced, and it is pointed out that the general revolution in the steel trade which was wrought in the decade following (1890-1900) accounts for the unexpected success of the McKinley protection. Then followed the no less spectacular episode of the Tin Plate Trust, its speculative manipulations, its squeezing of the consumers, and its final absorption by the Steel Corporation. The later development of the industry, largely but by no means exclusively at the hands of the Steel Corporation, has received much less attention from other writers, and on this phase Mr. Dunbar makes new and interesting contributions. He points out that improvements in method have followed one another rapidly in the American plants—both the independent plants and those in the Trust—and that in recent years the American industry, so far from having anything to learn from the Welsh, has taken the lead and can give instruction to its previous rival and superior. In this development there appears to be some ground for asserting that protection to young industries has been successfully applied; the American product has become as cheap as the Welsh, if not cheaper. And by the same token, there is excellent ground for saying that the duty might now be removed once for all. The truth seems to be that where protection is applied so widely and indiscriminately as it has been in the United States during the last fifty years, there can hardly fail to be some successes. If you fire off shots enough, you can hardly fail to make some hits. In this tin-plate case there seems to have been a lucky hit.

Notes

The Oxford University Press announces the publication of "The Unity of Western Civilization," a volume of essays collected and edited by F. S. Marvin.

Harper & Brothers announce for immediate publication "Over the Front in an Aeroplane," by Ralph Pulitzer.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for publication this month "The Book of the Homeless," edited by Edith Wharton.

"Buddhist Art in Its Relation to Buddhist Ideals," by M. Anesaki, has been published by Houghton Mifflin Co., in conjunction with the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

The "Proceedings of the First Librarians' Convention," which was held in New York on September 15, 1853, has been republished in a limited edition by The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Booker T. Washington: Builder of a Civilization," by Lyman Beecher Stowe and Emmett J. Scott.

The following volumes will be published next month by Frederick A. Stokes Co.: "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton (new and revised edition); "Persuasive Peggy," by Maravene Thompson; "The Nameless One," by Anne Cleveland Cheney; "The Efficient Secretary," by Ellen Lane Spencer.

"Crainquebille, Putois, Riquet and Other Profitable Tales," by Anatole France, has now appeared in a translation by Winifred Stephens in the edition of the works published by John Lane ($1.75 net). The profit derivable from this bundle of stories presumably resides in their exposure of human stupidity and credulity masking as justice, piety, philosophy, and charity. Crainquebille, a costermonger, failing to "move on" at the order of the police, is fined and jailed on a trumped-up charge that he cried, "Down with the cops." On his release from prison, finding himself dropped by his former customers and driven to misery, he repeats the cry, "Down with the cops," in the hope that he will be jailed again and provided for by the "justice" which has ruined him. But the police take him for a mere addle-pate, and refuse to arrest him; he plunges into the darkness. "Putois" illustrates, with malicious innuendo, the "natural history" of a myth. To avoid an unwelcome invitation to a Sunday dinner, a white lie is told: "Putois the gardener is coming." Thus begotten, Putois—with no more substance than the illustrious Mrs. Harris—rapidly acquires every essential attribute of human existence. Whatever in the neighborhood lacks visible explanation, is credited to him—including the paternity of otherwise fatherless children. Belief in his reality becomes at last so nearly unanimous that the original inventor of Putois cannot hold out against it. "Riquet," a dog's philosophy based upon his introspection and his observation of his master, is by implication a burlesque account of human conceptions of deity. "Emdée, or Charity Well Bestowed," is a vinaigrous satire on the benevolence of the rich as represented in the conventional story written for the Christmas holidays. In general the first taste of these tales is somewhat bitter. Ruminated, they are not so unpalatable; for, though there is a rather indecent cynicism in the husk, there is much decent sentiment in the kernel. Through the amused, contemptuous, almost despairing mask of the satirist, flash out, now and then, eyes sincerely enamoured of sweetness and light.

Nothing leaves a more unpleasant impression on the traveller in Ireland than the squalor of its cities and towns—their dreary, ill-kept streets, their air of poverty and *laissez-faire*, their lack, in all but a few notable cases, of distinguished architecture and picturesque atmosphere. Yet, behind all this, as Mr. Stephen Gwynn reveals in "The Famous Cities of Ireland" (Macmillan; $2), there is a history of fascinating and gallant exploits, and a promise of the new prosperity accruing to the country generally under the new Land acts. The bravery of Derry and Limerick is known to all who have read Macaulay; the distinction of Kilkenny, which fostered Berkeley, Congreve, and Farquhar, is no less noteworthy; and Dublin, in the eighteenth century, was one of the most brilliant capitals in Europe. But who that knows the Galway of to-day would imagine that in 1585 the Government found it necessary to enact sumptuary laws there, and drastic ones at that? Mr. Gwynn's book contains much information of this character which, though known to the student, will undoubtedly be new to the general reader. It contains also one or two brilliant surveys of troublous periods in which the author has had the courage to take the scholarly rather than the popular view. This is notably the case in his references to the Norman Conquest, the real tragedy of which was that it did not impose a universal system of law throughout the country, but established one law for the Pale and another for the "wild Irishry." Even the Church made this distinction, so that one hundred and fifty years after Strongbow's landing, the Irish King of Ulster made a bitter complaint to the Pope against the Cistercians of Inch "for appearing publicly in arms, they attack and slay the Irish and yet celebrate their Masses notwithstanding." *Ab uno disce omnes!* However, since Mr. Orpen's admirable volumes were published a few years ago we know that the Normans brought comparative law and order wherever they were strong enough to do so. They founded the cities as alien fortresses and developed them as commercial centres, for the native Irish never showed much talent for municipal development. The ruin of the cities later on was not due to these old Anglo-Irish, but to the greed of English merchants. While Mr. Gwynn (an Ulster Protestant who is also a Nationalist member of Parliament) has not succeeded in keeping politics out of his book, he has done better in this respect than most writers of books on Irish subjects. He pays an adequate tribute to the business ability of Belfast. His most conspicuous failure is his inability to communicate the charm of places he loves. Not in anything he writes, for instance, is to be discovered the lure of Dublin which has drawn Mr. George Moore back to the capital of Ireland after he had written three volumes to explain why he must leave it! Had Mr. Gwynn possessed this secret he might have written a piece of literature instead of writing by far the best of the guide books. It is excellently illustrated with colored plates and sketches by Mr. Hugh Thomson and has a good index.

"We Discover New England," by Louise Closser Hale (Dodd, Mead; $2 net), is a very attractive volume of the gift-book type. Mrs. Hale writes with a pleasant vivacity which seldom descends to the level of mere sprightliness—as if writing were a form of recreation, and not concelvably a task or an art. The motor journey through New England here recorded is an occasion for the mildest of adventures, unless motoring and sight-seeing are themselves adventures. With a considerable knowledge of European highways, Mr. and Mrs. Hale here set forth for the first time to explore unknown America. They used, to be sure, the method naturally followed abroad, of a careful itinerary and a frank use of guide-books, and were therefore able to carry out the plan of seeing in a week or two many of the show-places of New England. But there are different ways of seeing even a show-place, and Mrs. Hale's is that of a traveller rather than a tourist. Their course took them almost straight north along the New England border through the Berkshires to Burlington, with a détour to Cornish and Woodstock; from Burlington east through the White Mountains to Poland Springs and Portland; then south along the coast, through Portsmouth, Newburyport, Gloucester, and Salem, to Boston, and so cutting off the Cape to Newport; thence along the Sound to New Haven, and by a night run to New York. There is nothing to be said for the novelty of this route, but the most interesting travellers' tales have to do with the old recognizable things seen through fresh eyes. Mrs. Hale has followed the high lights of the New England landscape without letting them dazzle or (what is quite as familiar an experience) bore her. She has visited her show-places not, as it were, to do, but to be done by them; and has reaped the reward of the simple-hearted and generous-minded traveller. Not simple-minded! Mrs. Hale has a vein of real and spontaneous humor which keeps her from taking either her theme or herself (or her husband!) with undue seriousness. The unpretentious merit of her record is enhanced by Mr. Hale's charming sketches.

As a title, "Out of Doors" (Appleton; $1.25 net), by Emerson Hough, is certainly lacking in definiteness: the book is not a collection of nature poems or essays, but a manual of practical information for those who choose to live out of doors more or less—campers, fishermen, hunters. The author has the somewhat unusual gift of knowing how to chat spontaneously (witness, for instance, his slang) without digressing unduly from his task of telling the half-experienced woodsman and the "rank greenhorn" what a sensible outfit is; how to fight mosquitoes, black flies, etc.; how to prepare for a canoeing trip, or for mountain camping; how to use a gun, a bird dog, or a campfire; how to avoid panic on getting lost. To devotees of an out-of-doors life, the book will prove useful as well as entertaining. Mr. Hough, though dogmatic—*e. g.*, "Always wear a waistcoat, whether you keep it buttoned or not"—is nothing if not shrewd. Yet his chapter on The Woman in Camp may rub the creature in question the wrong way; thus, "If I had to give only one word of advice to the woman going into camp, I would say, 'Smile.'" An entire chapter rightly is devoted to the topic of shoes, and the

author rightly concludes the type of shoe in use in the United States army to be the best adapted to the needs of the hunter and tramper. Clearly, a book of this kind may prevent a great deal of discomfort and pain, not to mention expense.

That war correspondents are able to do nothing more than hang about the outskirts of the great battle ground and snatch bits of material at second-hand or worse, is an impression which books like Horace Green's "The Log of a Non-Combatant" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net) are bound to dispel. On the outbreak of the war Mr. Green at once set out for the front as staff correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* and special correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. With him, for the adventure of it, went an old friend, a lawyer of Boston. A few weeks later they were at Termonde just before the second German bombardment, and were the last to crawl across the remnants of the ruined bridge before it was dynamited by the Belgians. But this was not close enough to the centre of things. Two days later they set out from Ghent for Brussels, in a Belgian military automobile, carrying mail from Dr. Van Dyke at The Hague to Brand Whitlock at Brussels. The car bore American colors, and contained also Mr. Van Hee, American Vice-Consul at Ghent. They presently ran into the thick of a skirmish between some Belgian infantry and German pickets, and by way of escape drove straight between the opposing lines, and were duly arrested by the German patrol. It was a serious offence, but resulted in nothing worse than eight days' retention within the German lines, part of the time at Brussels, with plenty of chance to talk with Germans of all ranks, and to see the inner surface of their military system. They were then shipped in a box-car to Aix, took a passenger train over the Dutch border, and were promptly arrested at Maastricht in the neutral Netherlands—probably, Mr. Green thinks, by the indirect agency of the German Secret Service. They were finally told that correspondents were not tolerated there, and sent to The Hague. Three days later Mr. Green started on what he calls his "lucky trip" into Antwerp, "the besieged." Chances were not bright for getting into Antwerp. By steady bluffing, a little exhibition of clog-dancing, and the timely application of cognac to certain sentries, he succeeded in gaining entrance. The same day Winston Churchill's English "army of relief" appeared. But hopes of relief were vain; presently the Germans got their big guns in place, and the bombardment began. The Belgian and English troops and the people left the city by the famous pontoon bridge; and Mr. Green and several other non-combatants remained till the city was fairly in ruins. Mr. Green seems to have accepted all possible chances of death by shell-fire; it was a lucky trip, as we understand it, not so much because he escaped, as because he almost did not! Much of the rest of his war experience was within the German lines, in Berlin, and elsewhere. He has very firm convictions on the subject of the "atrocities" charges against the German soldier as a type, and an Appendix discusses the matter at some length. The book is admirable for its simple and unpretentious way of recording things; it is quite free from taint of the American magazine or Sunday newspaper style.

The official text of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" for 1782, comprising Volumes XXII and XXIII of Mr. Gaillard Hunt's monumental edition (Government Printing Office), is, as the editor points out, relatively of meagre bulk; but the gaps have been filled, so far as possible, by additions from the papers of the Congress, and by the inclusion, for November and December, of Madison's notes of the debates. Substantively, the record is one of marked activity. The military establishment was continued, though with some reduction, notwithstanding the cessation of active hostilities; and as late as August the States were urged not to slacken their efforts to keep the country in a good state of defence, as one of the surest means of effecting a satisfactory peace. The organization of the National Government made progress with the reconstitution of the Department of Foreign Affairs, the establishment of a mint, the extension of the postal service, and the adoption of a seal. The Federal Court of Appeals was in operation. A plan for the protection and encouragement of American commerce, submitted in May, is an informing economic document. The diplomatic situation, however, was disturbing. In January the terms of a consular convention with France were agreed to; but, for the purpose of hastening a treaty with Spain, Congress was actually ready to surrender for a time the free navigation of the Mississippi. At the beginning of the year, also, came the announcement that France would lend no more money, and in May followed a request for an accounting. Without foreign aid, the United States were still helpless, and in September Congress made bold to solicit an additional loan of four million dollars. Throughout the year, the absorbing problem of revenue grew steadily more difficult. The scheme of apportioning national charges among the States according to the value of land, provided for in the Articles of Confederation, proved unworkable; the States neglected their constitutional obligations entirely, or raised only a part of their quotas; New Jersey proposed to apply to its own military uses a part of what it had raised to meet the requisitions; while the refusal of Rhode Island to approve the amendment for a 5 per cent. revenue duty on imports gave occasion to Virginia to rescind its own ratification of the amendment. An attempt to censure David Howell, of Rhode Island, the leader of the extreme State rights party in that State, for his connection with the defeat of the revenue scheme, brought on a lively controversy, but the honors of battle remained with Howell. The status of prisoners of war on both sides was also perplexing, and for a time threatened serious consequences. The late summer, however, brought a gleam of light, for in August Congress had practically agreed upon the terms of peace. The publications of the year, as listed in Mr. Hunt's bibliography, were few, and do not include any instalment of the Journals themselves.

In "The Nightside of Japan" (Lippincott; $2.50 net) Mr. T. Fujimoto has covered a wide field with great thoroughness and discrimination. He has given an intimate account of Tokio and its people, an account which could only have been written by a Japanese. He has chosen his incidents wisely and described them well. At the same time, he has contrived to supply his readers with a really prodigious amount of information. One is told the price of a bowl of rice and the name of a certain street where it is served at midnight, and one may learn the exact situation of the oldest cherry tree in the city as well as the particular night in spring when its branches will be hung with colored lanterns by way of celebration. There are also descriptions of wrestling, of parks, of children, of lovers, and of waterways, boats, and crickets. These are treated with detail and without prejudice. Mr. Fujimoto finds something interesting in every phase of his city, and he understands its people and the motives which lie behind their virtues and their vices. He writes of their religions and ideals, and he describes their fêtes and dissipations with a very disarming Oriental candor. He believes that any human deed and any popular faith deserve publication; therefore his chronicle could not fail to be comprehensive and outspoken. The style is largely a matter of the author's own devising. Whenever he finds the English language inadequate he creates a grammar and syntax according to the needs of the moment. The result is to give to the volume an individual flavor, unique and engaging.

The reader experiences some surprise in finding Povl Drachmann's handsome little volume, "The Industrial Development and Commercial Policies of the Three Scandinavian Countries" (Oxford University Press; $1.50), published under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. There is no immediate reference to the problem of war and peace in the volume, and the Endowment proposes evidently to construe liberally the definition of its field of publication. Presumably the book is classed in the Endowment's programme as a study of "conflicts of economic interests in the present age," or of "the unifying effects of international trade"—but so might be most other studies of recent economic conditions. While the book is a useful survey of the topics that it covers, it makes no very important additions to the material that can be found in the studies by Scharling and Fahlbeck, in the "Schriften des Vereins für Socialpolitik," and in the books published for the Paris Exposition of 1900 by Sundbärg and by Konow and Fischer. Scholars may hope at least that in the future the Endowment will require of its authors some indication of the sources from which the statements of the text are drawn. The present writer makes no reference whatever to his authorities.

An English translation of "A History of Economic Doctrines," by Charles Gide, of the University of Paris, and Charles Rist, of the University of Montpellier, was made by R. Richards, at the suggestion of the late Professor Smart, and is now published in this country by D. C. Heath & Co. Since the first appearance of this book in French, in 1909, it has been accepted as a standard manual on the part of the field that it covers, from the time of the physiocrats to the present. It is distinctly a better piece of work than Professor Gide's "Principles of Political Economy," which has had a considerable currency in American colleges, but which lacks vigor and consistency. The French have tried more earnestly than any other people to organize instruction in the history of doctrine, on which a course is given in every faculty of law; and they seem to have

peculiar gifts for the exposition of the subject. Their sympathy with varying views, their art of clear description and effective arrangement, are admirably exemplified in the work of Professors Gide and Rist, and make the book an excellent introduction to the history of political economy throughout the period in which it has been treated as a science. The translator, who is a lecturer in the University College of North Wales, appears to have done his work well.

Following the boundary line between government and economics (if in these days of prodigious governmental activity any such boundary can be said to remain), Prof. Samuel P. Orth, of the University of Pennsylvania, has brought together a volume of "Readings in the Relation of Government to Property and Industry" (Ginn; $2.25 net). There is a vast amount of available literature on this broad subject, but relatively little is of enduring value. The editor's task has been to cull out of the entire mass those discussions which go to the vitals of each problem, which speak authoritatively, and which may be regarded, to some degree at least, as having helped to build up public opinion. This is no easy task, to be sure, but Professor Orth has performed it with a sure hand and sound judgment. The selections relating to the police power, for example, are chosen with fine discrimination. Where else can one find a better résumé of this perplexing subject within the compass of seventy-five pages? The sections relating to public service commissions may also be singled out as showing breadth and catholicity of interest. The book will prove useful in many quarters, not only to those special students of political science or of business problems whom the editor has had chiefly in mind, but to lawyers and men of affairs as well. The text of the Federal Trade Commission act is included, likewise some interesting excerpts from the testimony given at the hearings before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce during the weeks when this measure was under consideration.

In Mr. Harry Parker Ward's volume devoted to "Some American College Bookplates" (Columbus, O.: The Champlin Press; $3 net) and limited to 500 numbered copies, will be found much to delight the eye and warm the heart of the book-lover; for it follows naturally that a love of books also embraces an appreciative interest in the marks of their ownership. About 375 examples of the art are given, a few being printed from the original plates. The collection is not confined to college book-plates; it also contains some of individuals, fraternities, clubs, and learned societies. Naturally, there is a wide range of artistic merit and interest. The collection is particularly rich in examples of the work of American designers and engravers. A number of plates reproduced in Mr. Clifford N. Carver's charming little volume, "Bookplates of Princeton and Princetonians" (1912) are included. The compiler contributes a brief introduction, and Mr. Theodore Wesley Koch, librarian of the University of Michigan, a pleasantly discursive essay bearing the infelicitous title, "A Defense of Bookplates." No defence or apology appears to be necessary, and Mr. Koch should not take too seriously criticism like that which he in part quotes from the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*. This critic clearly was indulging in a bit of whimsy. A noteworthy contribution to the volume is Mr. Winward Prescott's "Check List of Bookplate Literature." His introductory remarks will be of service to those who have more than a passing interest in the subject. A lengthy list of advance subscribers is printed, and it is gratifying to note that this attractive volume will find a place in many of the leading libraries, where it may be enjoyed by those who care for bookplates, but who are unable to purchase the work for their own shelves.

The history of the western highlanders of India, known as the Mahrattas, is full of the stirring incident and picturesque situations that lured the pen of Scott, and, as is usual with all mountainous, border tribes, their history is told largely through the lives of their chiefs. Prof. H. G. Rawlinson's task in "Shivaji the Mahratta" (Oxford University Press; 85 cents) is simplified because the Mahrattas comprised, at the heyday of their power, a homogeneous aggregation of clans that readily fused themselves under the great leader Shivaji into a young and virile nation. Secure in their fastnesses of the western *ghats*, the Mahrattas offered little resistance to the early Mughal invasions. But, as the Moslem tide slowly encroached towards the east and south of the Mahratta hills four centuries later, across the rich plains that they had come to regard it as their peculiar privilege to harry in frequent raids, the need arose to stem or divert this tide. When the power of the nearest Mohammedan King at Bijapur became a too onerous and intolerable burden, the inevitable leader arose with Shivaji, in 1657, who may be readily compared to Robert Bruce. About this Hindu fighting race a good deal of Hindu romance still clings: according to their lights they alone represented the only serious Hindu opposition offered the Mughals; this was enough to galvanize the Mahrattas into a nation under wise leadership and laws, with a vision of empire. But the force of sheer personality was ever the secret of Shivaji's success, and their subsequent decline and eventual disintegration under a purely Brahman dynasty would seem to have been foredoomed when we remember their picaresque origins.

In Shivaji the Mahrattas found and lost their predestined leader. Professor Rawlinson has been at considerable pains to divest his fascinating hero of the rich accretions of myth and legend laid on by Hindu chroniclers, ancient and modern, a task in itself of no small compass. In this attractive biography he has successfully gleaned and regimented facts that still retain their original glamour: that the Shivaji, reviled as a "mountain rat" and freebooter, had a statesmanlike vision, a deep sense of nationalism for his dashing and volatile clansmen, that lifted the Mahrattas into Indian history for a brief and stirring page. From the scornful Mughal angle Shivaji more or less merited the obloquy heaped on him by their historians, which was followed by Western writers. True to his origin and race, he was crafty and treacherous, yet an ideal leader for their guerrilla mode of warfare, and incidentally one of the finest cavalry generals India has produced. Thus, there is no need to mitigate his treacherous conduct, when he assassinated the Mughal general, Afzal Kahn, in a *durbar*. Until his death, April 5, 1680, Shivaji was a consistent goad and deterrent to Mughal power: "On that day," wrote the Mughal chronicler, Khafi Khan, in a Persian anagram on the date, "the Kafir went to Hell." Along with Shivaji's great administrative powers the most interesting side to this wily leader was his love of poetry, of the ballad type, celebrating his race and even his own exploits, a taste that is true to his highland temperament. Professor Rawlinson is to be commended for his illuminating appendix on Shivaji's poets laureate, Tukaram and Ramdas, and for the typical verses translated. Curiously enough, in contrast with their wild border tradition and antecedents, we find these two favorites of Shivaji's empire eschewing the ballad, and exhibiting a metaphysical style peculiar to the English school of Crashaw, Herbert, and Vaughan. Tukaram in particular, as Professor Rawlinson points out, indulged to an extraordinary degree in its mysticism and quaint conceits. We can only remark this literary phenomenon, as contrasted with the later popular Mahratta ballads, as a great tribute to the deep religious fervor for Hinduism always shown by Shivaji, and to the state of culture prevailing at his court at the apogee of his power. In so attractive and readable a book it is a pity that the map should prove inadequate for the needs of the American reader.

Drama

There is uncommonly good craftsmanship in the "Jane Clegg" (Holt; 80 cents net) of St. John G. Ervine. The whole story, from beginning to end, is exhibited in action, in perfectly simple, natural, logical fashion, without any recourse to explanatory dialogue. In this respect it is a notable bit of genuine drama. And it has other distinctive qualities. It is, in the true sense, realistic—dealing with unmistakable human beings—it is consistent and absolutely credible; it is compact, ingenious, and interesting. The tale itself is drab and sordid, but it is dignified by a very definite purpose and meaning. Virtually it is an attack upon the English divorce laws, inasmuch as it asserts the right of a good wife and mother to rid herself of a worthless and faithless husband, who yet has not brought himself within the reach of existing statutes. In other words, it is a plea for the establishment of equal moral obligations upon husband and wife. And the case for the plaintiff, in this particular instance, could not easily be more strongly put. It is all the stronger because it is stated without hysteria or exaggeration. The theme, of course, is one of the oldest in stage and other fiction and Mr. Ervine, like other predecessors who have taken his side of the debate, ignores the one natural impediment, with its hitherto insoluble complications, which has barred the way to an equable solution of a cruel problem. Unfortunately the consequences of male and female incontinence, in the material view, are not identical. In equity the case of Jane Clegg is perfect. In full confidence she has married a specious, genial, selfish, mean, shifty, and utterly immoral scoundrel. She has slaved uncomplainingly for him and her children, to whom she is devoted. Then she inherits a little fortune of seven hundred pounds, out of which he tries to wheedle her. When he steals from his employers—as he avers to pay bad debts for which they

ought to be responsible—she repays the money rather than let him go to jail; but when she discovers that he has used the stolen funds to buy tickets for Canada for himself and another woman, that he is an incorrigible liar, gambler, and wastrel, she refuses to have anything more to do with him and turns him out of the house. There is not an incident in the play that is not of every-day occurrence. There is not a line of "fine writing" or any attempt at theatrical emotionalism, but the simple dialogue is full of pregnant suggestion and the interest is progressive and cumulative, up to the final climax. The characters of the three principal personages—the patient, conscientious, resolute, and perplexed wife; the parasitical, conscienceless husband, and his ignorant, foolish, doting old mother, whose misplaced maternal zeal precipitates the catastrophe—are unfolded, in speech and action, with remarkable consistency, veracity, and insight. In short, the whole piece might be an actual transcript from life. Dealing faithfully as it does with the commonplace, it does not, of course, exhibit any of those literary or imaginative qualities essential to a great play, but it is an able, skilful, and vital work, and a rarely good example of modern realism. Moreover, it is admirably adapted for theatrical representation, though its freedom from exaggeration, which is its chief artistic virtue, would probably be regarded as a fatal defect by most modern stars and managers.

Five of the Masques, written by Thomas Wood Stevens and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, and produced by the Art Institute of Chicago, have been collected in a handy volume (Gomme & Marshall). They furnish substantial evidence of the notable development in the West of this ancient and admirable form of literary and artistic entertainment, and set an example which should spur the East to generous rivalry. Of the works themselves, which have been very fully described in the past, it would be difficult now to say anything new. They carry with them their own commendation. Written to suit special conditions, and with the purpose of making the spectators participants in the action devised for their delectation and amusement, they are remarkable examples of sympathetic, imaginative, and skilful collaboration. The reprinted pieces are "The Daimio's Head," "The Masque of Montezuma," "Cæsar's Gods," "Rainald and the Red Wolf," "A Pageant for Independence Day," and "The Masque of Quetzal's Bowl." As Percy MacKaye points out in a foreword, they are more essentially dramatic than the Masques of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, played in the open air, with elaborate choral and instrumental accompaniment. Most of them, indeed, could with little difficulty be made serviceable in the regular theatre. The literary work in them has a distinctive quality such as is rarely met with on the modern stage. Dealing with widely contrasting eras and nationalities, the authors have succeeded in reproducing the appropriate atmosphere in each case with singular felicity. "The Daimio's Head" is saturated with the spirit of old Japan; "Rainald and the Red Wolf" is a capital specimen of mediæval romance, seasoned with some vigorous satire, while in "Quetzal's Bowl," the most imaginative perhaps of the whole series, past and present are most adroitly commingled. In the Independence Day Pageant an imitation of the Elizabethan chorus is introduced with excellent effect. All of them have a very positive literary, artistic, and educational value, while offering novel and most attractive entertainment, just the sort of intellectual distraction for which a moderately intelligent public would be grateful.

Methodical students of the drama will find Barrett H. Clark's "The British and American Drama of To-day" (Holt; $1.60 net) a very useful handbook if they happen to have a tolerably complete theatrical library at their disposal. Without it the brief comments on plays with which they are not familiar will not be particularly enlightening. The play lists, biographies, and bibliographies will afford them much convenient and accurate information. There are profitable suggestions also in the examination papers appended to most of the chapters as helps to critical discrimination. It may be observed, however, that some of the questions are much more easily asked than answered, as the art of dramatic construction, which must always be governed largely by ever varying conditions, is by no means an exact science. The critical opinions of the author himself will not meet with universal acceptance, least of all his estimates of the relative values of much modern dramatic work. The catholicity of his judgment is impaired by his enthusiasm for the advanced modern school. He says in his preface that in his selection of plays for discussion it was his aim only to select "typical plays of typical dramatists"—a somewhat vague expression. As a matter of count, he enumerates forty-five dramatists and discusses only forty-four plays. His list of dramatists is a fairly representative one, although some notable names are missing from it. He explains his omission of Israel Zangwill, Rudolf Besier, Charles Rann Kennedy, Alfred Sutro, and Somerset Maugham on the ground that they are not truly representative, or their work is represented by that of others. This is somewhat hard upon writers who have achieved notable successes in the modern theatre—and a trifle cryptic. "The Winter Feast" of Mr. Kennedy, although it failed in New York, is a drama of signal power and ability. In other respects the list of dramatists is amply comprehensive, but exception, perhaps, might be taken to some of the plays selected for peculiar consideration. On the whole, however, the book is a good one for its purpose. There is a somewhat obvious reflection to be made on the subject of modern stage directions. Mr. Clark suggests that the amplification of these into analytical, descriptive, and biographical essays by Bernard Shaw and other professed disciples of Ibsen is necessitated by the development of modern drama, with its complex settings and subtle characterization. In reply to this it may be permissible to point out that a marked tendency of modern drama is to return to the old classic unity of scene, not because it is artistic, but because it is cheaper. As for subtlety of characterization—vital characterization, that is—typical or other, it would be interesting to learn what modern dramatist has made any substantial advance upon Shakespeare, Jonson, Congreve, or Sheridan. The explanation of the elaborate foot-notes in the contemporary play is much more simple. They are virtually confessions of the conscious inability of the dramatist to make his characters self-revelational. Who needs foot-notes to explain the significance of leading characters in masterpieces of the old drama or the best of the new? Mr. Clark alludes to the mystery of the governing motives of Bernard Shaw. It is not hopelessly obscure. In his social and moral philosophy Mr. Shaw generally makes a point of traversing the popular view, apparently discerning in this method the shortest road to notoriety. This, probably, is the secret of his recent pro-Germanism, which was a miscalculation. Instead of the protests, that mean advertisement, he encountered an angry and contemptuous silence.

Music

FAVORITE SONGS OF FAVORITE SINGERS.

The winter's fashion in collections of music is to issue volumes containing the preferred songs of famous singers. Thus, the Oliver Ditson Company has published within a few weeks Emma Calvé's "My Favorite French Songs" and Elena Gerhardt's "My Favorite German Songs," while a third volume, now in press, will include the best of Geraldine Farrar's selections for recitals, regardless of nationality; and G. Schirmer has printed a collection entitled "Kitty Cheatham—Her Book." This volume includes twenty-nine songs, all but four of which were composed expressly for Miss Cheatham, and existed heretofore in manuscript only. Miss Cheatham's unique entertainments are intended primarily for young folk, but they are attended by as many adults as children. Fairy-land is largely represented, but this volumes does not include any of her negro songs, which she delivers so characteristically and which are really the best things she does. Perhaps these are reserved for another volume. In the present selection there are a few songs by Europeans, such as Schumann's "Guardian Angel" and "A Legend" by Tchaikovsky; but most of them are by Americans, among whom one is glad to note, particularly, the Californian song-writer, Edith Simonds, besides one of the most promising of our younger men, Walter Kramer; also Harvey Worthington Loomis, an American composer who still remains to be discovered by the givers of recitals. Some day—perhaps not till after his death—he will be found out, and then his songs will have a great vogue. He has stood in his own way by writing too many. Why not bring out a Loomis book containing some two-score of his best songs? He is a brother of the late humorist, Charles Battell Loomis, who, in a serious (and somewhat indignant) mood, first called the present writer's attention to his brother's genius.

Emma Calvé's name, until a few years ago, was associated in the public mind almost exclusively with her Carmen, which was so unique and marvellous a creation that she found it difficult to persuade the world that she had a right to appear also in other parts, such as Ophelia, Marguerite, the Navarraise in Massenet's opera, and San-

tuzza or Suzel in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz." Since leaving the operatic stage, she has sung in concert halls and at vaudeville entertainments, with her vocal charms almost undiminished (she is not yet fifty). The two volumes containing her fifty-two favorite French songs include two airs from Bizet's operas. Among the other composers represented are Lalo, Massenet, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Chausson, Delibes, Fauré, Franck, Marie Antoinette, Mme. de Travanet; nor are men of the present day, like D'Indy and Debussy, left out. There are also a few folk-songs.

Of the German vocalists at present entertaining American audiences the most prominent is Elena Gerhardt (Julia Culp is not German, but Dutch). She had the good fortune to be launched as a concert-singer by Arthur Nikisch, who accompanied her at the piano and by his endorsement paved an easy way for her international fame. With thousands of German songs to choose from, she naturally found it difficult to name a few as her favorites. "My Favorite German Songs" contains twenty-nine numbers. The composers represented are Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Franz, Brahms, Jensen, Wolf, and Strauss. In an introductory note the singer calls attention to the fact that these lieder have been not only her own favorites, but "have proven to be the best-loved by a thousand audiences."

The editor of the Musicians Library, published by the Oliver Ditson Company, William Arms Fisher, has just added to it a volume of his own which might also be included in the series of "My Favorite Songs." Its title is "Sixty Irish Songs," and it includes, besides twenty old favorites, forty more, which Mr. Fisher liked best after a thorough examination of more than two thousand Irish folk melodies. Mr. Fisher has not only shown admirable judgment as editor of the Musicians Library, which has brought home to many thousands the best songs and piano pieces in the world, but he is also one of the most original of American song writers. He, too, is still waiting to be discovered by the givers of recitals; but his day will come when these professionals shall find out, as they must ere long, that the "Allerseelen" of Richard Strauss, which they sing so often, is not nearly so inspired a song—nor so effective—as Mr. Fisher's setting of the same poem under the title, "Wie einst im Mai"; find out, furthermore, the rare charm of others of this American's songs, such as "I Wait for Thee" and an unusually beautiful Irish lullaby called "Gae to Sleep."

For the "Sixty Irish Songs" Mr. Fisher has provided new pianoforte accompaniments, in a style worthy of those of his own best songs. They are modern without being offensively so by reason of uncalled-for cacophonies. Folk music, having no harmony or accompaniment of its own, can be treated in a style as simple as Haydn's or as subtle and sophisticated as Debussy's. Mr. Fisher's accompaniments take the middle course, and they certainly add much to the charm of these songs without altering their spirit or national flavor. In the case of that exquisite lyric, "My Love's an Arbutus" ("Coola Shore"), the setting of Charles Villiers Stanford has been retained, with a few slight alterations, but "The Little Red Lark" has been reset entirely. Both versions are good—and what a heavenly song it is—a song that brings tears to the eyes of the most blasé concert-goer. In view of gems like these one feels tempted to endorse Dr. Ernest Walker's opinion—shared by thousands—that "Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists." Mr. Fisher's volume, the value of which is enhanced by an illuminating introduction, will do much to give further vogue to this opinion.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

A PROPHET OF THE NEW PAINTING.

Modern Painting, Its Tendency and Meaning. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Like young Lochinvar, Mr. Wright comes out of the West, his dialectic is more mettlesome than any in the broad border. Everything except his literary manner, which is acutely jargonish, is easy to him. He comes to set crooked matters straight once for all. There is no hesitancy as to his vocation, no mercy for any who see otherwise than himself, and naturally there is the clarity and hardness of this sort of conviction. He knows precisely what has been amiss with the art of painting:

> For centuries painting has been reared on a false foundation, and the criteria of æsthetic appreciation have been irrelevant. Painting has been a bastard—an agglomeration of literature, religion, photography, and decoration.

Happily, that is being put right by the simple process of jettisoning from the good ship Painting the irrelevant parts of her cargo. Or, less figuratively, "the efforts of painters for the last century have been devoted to the elimination of all extraneous considerations, to making painting as pure an art as music." The qualities that make a great picture are singularly few—perhaps three: First, a vivid effect of mass in third dimension; second, of abstract mass representing no recognizable object, and hence free from irrelevant associations; third, the mass to be expressed solely by color—which is the only authentic medium of painting—by color at its intensest, in the primaries. Or, trying for a still briefer summary, the business of painting is to express abstract volume solely through color. How simple and conclusive the doctrine is! How much extraneous thinking and feeling the present writer might have spared himself had the true inwardness of painting been vouchsafed to him twenty years ago. But that was impossible, for the great consummation was attained only about two years ago, when two young American painters, Morgan Russell and Macdonald-Wright, exhibited *chez Bernheim-Jeune* and issued the manifesto of Synchromism. They first knew how to make pure color express significant form; thus they purged painting of all non-æsthetic constituents and raised it to purity. The final act of discovery has been made, and we may permit ourselves an indulgent moment of pitying retrospect under our author's firm guidance:

> So long as painting deals with objective nature, it is an impure art, for recognizability precludes the highest æsthetic emotion. All painting, ancient and modern, moves us æsthetically only in so far as it possesses a force over and beyond its mimetic aspect. The average spectator is unable to differentiate his literary and associative emotions from his æsthetic ecstasy. Form and rhythm alone are the bases of æsthetic enjoyment; all else in a picture is superfluity. Therefore, a picture, in order to represent its intensest emotive power, must be an abstract presentation expressed entirely in the medium of painting; and that medium is color. There are no longer any experiments to be made in methods. Form and color, the two permanent and inalienable qualities of painting, have become synonymous. Ancient painting sounded the depths of composition. Modern painting has sounded the depths of color. Research is at an end. It now remains only for artists to create.

After such brave words it is something of a shock to see what are the triumphs of the new school in Morgan Russell's arrangement of celestial spheres, very like Besnard's ceiling for the Hôtel de Ville, and Macdonald-Wright's set of polychromatic spirals, which are gay and pleasing after the fashion of a catherine wheel seen through smoked glass. In both cases there is an uneasy going in and out of the pattern; this we take to be the abstract sense of mass which enraptures our critic, and for him is the only æsthetic verity. Now, of course, if a man is made ecstatic by a particular titillation of his retina, that is for him æsthetic value. When this ecstasy is too exceptional, however, one may regard it as eccentric and negligible. Schiller, for example, got high olfactory bliss from the rotten apples which he kept in his study. But the case is more properly one of morbid psychology than of æsthetics. Doubtless, a critic who has incubated—we use the word advisedly, for the egg is palpably of another laying—an æsthetic of mass, and an organon for its expression, will honestly get more bliss out of the expression of volume according to his own formulas than he can out of any work of art whose production he has been unable to superintend. The entire sincerity of such an experience may be conceded, without admitting for it any general significance.

Mr. Wright's survey of the history of art considered as leading up to Synchromy is as brilliant as it is perverse. The older artists were merely victims of their subject-matter, the greatest, at most, successful evaders of it. Giotto cared nothing for his legends save as they permitted him to express volume. For centuries painting lingered in this

stage, an ill-destined slave of literature. But in the middle of the last century Courbet and Daumier started matters by achieving an intenser feeling for mass. The realists and luminists did good work in breaking down the veneration for particular subject-matter. The Post-Impressionists, or rather their precursors, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne, achieved a further liberation from the subject and representation by claiming a free license for distortion. Cézanne did the more important work of making color directly expressive of mass and position. Matisse and his herd still further distorted natural appearance. It was, indeed, by this time so damaged that to throw it overboard was the inevitable next step. There was a moment of hesitation when the Cubists and the Futurists tried to reintegrate a natural appearance already "fatally twisted." Happily, their notion of natural appearance was so unlike the data of common vision that it hastened the work of disintegration. It got the world well interested in what seemed unnatural, and the next best thing to being unnatural in painting is to seem so. After all, Matisse is merely a decorator, Picasso a lyrist, and Severini an illustrator. After this attempt to refurbish the ideal of imitation, Morgan Russell and Macdonald-Wright arose, with the auspicious results which we have already indicated.

This brief abstract of the history of art as seen through Synchromistic eyes does injustice to the pungency and spirit of Mr. Wright's survey. He has the qualities of his wrong-headedness, in energy and consistency. To read him carefully is to have to think. He says many good things incidentally, and if he can learn to write English and can purge his mind of narrow formulas, he may go far.

What ails his thinking may be very briefly indicated. He carries to the absurd the romantic dissatisfaction with the complexity of the human individual and of the work of art. Romanticism split up the artist, who formerly had been regarded as integral, into mere man, and artistic superman. Similarly, Romanticism split up the work of art into an artistic and inartistic part. Formerly it had been assumed that the work of art was highly complex, its value lying in the whole nexus of relations it presented. It was not valuable because of subject matter, but because of subject matter as expressed. Nothing was negligible in it. What really counted was the exquisiteness of the composite. The work of art was a humanistic integer, just as the artist was a human integer.

Neo-Romanticism has steadily dehumanized both. The artist is no longer a man, but a special capacity inhering in a necessary but extraneous organism; the work of art is some residuum arrived at by eliminating irrelevant layers, like an onion peeled to the core. The work of art is not gold, but a lump of ore from which gold may be smelted. The attainment of purity in art may be regarded as a radical unloading process. The early romanticists threw over social control, the realists threw over traditional taste, the impressionists unloaded memory. Then followed a gradual jettisoning of natural appearance, the victim being prepared for the plunge by preliminary racking. Finally, natural appearance was jettisoned, and to celebrate the auspicious event the ship was set on fire. Thus painting was purified and Synchromism records the effulgent reflections of the cathartic funeral pyre.

Now, we need to set against this ingenious false logic and anti-humanistic splitting up of complex unities merely a reasonable degree of humanistic common-sense. Let us not achieve simplicity by shedding all the difficulties. The process is too facile; its success too cheap. No historically minded person, no man who in the broader sense had lived, could have written this book of Mr. Wright's. It emanates from the cave where phantoms acquire a monstrous consistency. A ray of sunlight, a single impulse of humor, would shatter the entire dream fabric.

With characteristic conservatism the New York Historical Society presents in its new "Catalogue of the Gallery of Art" what is virtually a reprint of the catalogue of some forty years ago. There is, however, a more logical arrangement, corresponding to the better hanging facilities of the new building, and a useful appendix of brief biographies of artists has been added. The most welcome innovation is the eighteen photogravures which reproduce the best pieces of the collection, and alone make the catalogue necessary to the student. With a single exception, the transfer of a former "Perugino" to Macrino d'Alba, the considerable critical literature that has been written about the gallery has been ignored. One can entirely understand the reluctance of the authorities to enter into the merry war of attributions. Yet the grave errors which Mr. Bryan took over from the preposterous catalogue of Artaud de Montor should have been expunged. It is a pity to reproduce as a Guido da Siena, for example, the admirable Florentine Madonna, No. B3, which has all the marks of Orcagna's studio, and has been ascribed to Nardo di Cione by Suida and Sirén. It is even worse to reproduce as a Giotto the magnificent Birth Salver, No. B5. It has on the back the arms of Lorenzo de Medici's father and mother, and was almost certainly prepared for his birth in 1449. That is to say, more than a century after Giotto's death. Such information is entirely available in François Monod's paper on the gallery in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. It is precisely the kind of information that visitors to an historical society should receive. In the first twenty-five numbers of the Bryan collection, Italian Primitives, there are eight errors as bad as the above. It is a serious blemish, which could easily be removed. Even if the Society wishes to keep out of the attribution-mongering game, it should at least get right the approximate date and the school of the pictures. It would add to the usefulness of the catalogue if the material on which the painting is made were registered.

"A Loan Exhibition of Early Italian Engravings (Intaglio)," issued by the Fogg Art Museum, at Cambridge, through the Harvard University Press, is a remarkable sort of catalogue. It is gracefully dedicated to that fine amateur, the late Francis Bullard, a benefactor both of the Fogg Museum and of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The field of early Italian engraving was a favorite one with him. Of the 119 prints in this loan exhibition, a number are from his collections, others are lent by the new assistant director of the Fogg Museum and compiler of this catalogue, Paul J. Sachs, but the bulk of the exhibits are from the rich stores of the Boston Art Museum and the Gray collection, Harvard. The ground is representatively covered from the earliest *niello* prints, to the work of Jacopo Francia, Jacopo dei Barbari, and Giulio and Domenico Campagnola. All of the eight prints by Mantegna are included, as well as many of his school, often in exceptional impressions. All of the plates are reproduced, and the ample quarto format generally permits of reproduction to true scale. Thus the catalogue, with its succinct technical and biographical notes, is an excellent compendium of the subject, a genuine resource for students of this fascinating field. Here and there the annotation might have been advantageously extended. Thus, the nude by Giulio Campagnola, No. 102, is almost certainly a copy of a lost original by Giorgione, and the novel stippie technique is induced by the need of imitating the finesses of an oil painting. We may also venture the suggestion that a painting by Sebastiano del Piombo must underlie the fine print by Giulio Campagnola of Christ and the Woman of Samaria, No. 95. Here is not the place to extend such observations. They are made merely to illustrate the usefulness of this most convenient catalogue to all students of Italian art. In thus making its temporary exhibition serve the permanent advantage of special scholarship, the Fogg Museum sets a valuable example.

Mr. James Ward, formerly a professor of decoration in Sheffield, and the author of several manuals of decorative art, has added to these a volume entitled "Colour Decoration of Architecture" (Dutton; $3.50 net). Its scope and purpose are explained in the sub-title: "Treating on colour and decoration of the interiors and exteriors of buildings. With historical notices of the art and practice of colour decoration in Italy, France, Germany, and England. For the use of decorators and students." To combine successfully in a volume of but 131 heavily leaded pages of text an adequate discussion of the principles of color decoration in the widely distinct fields of interior and exterior architecture, with an historical *aperçu* of color decoration in Italy and three other countries, is probably an impossible task; certainly, if undertaken, it must require the utmost condensation, the most carefully systematic treatment, and great conciseness of style. These qualities do not appear in Mr. Ward's effort. The discussion of theory and principles is fragmentary; the broad generalizations so necessary as a groundwork for detailed criticisms and rules of procedure are lacking; and in the historical portions there is a similar lack of the broad, comprehensive presentation of developments, and want of historical perspective. Mr. Ward's style is loose and abounds in faults of grammar and rhetoric, which greatly mar the excellence of his treatment of details. In these, however, there is much to commend. The specific rules laid down, the particular criticisms, the practical suggestions, are generally sound and valuable, and the historical statements generally correct. Much also can be forgiven to so earnest and cogent a pleader for

a wider and better use of color in architecture as Mr. Ward shows himself to be. His closing paragraph confesses the English to be, as a nation, far "behind the French, Germans, and Americans in the encouragement of decorative art"; would that we Americans could conscientiously admit ourselves to be deserving of this compliment! The book is illustrated with thirty-four plates, of which twelve are in color.

An interesting contribution to the history of French engraving in the eighteenth century is "L'Estampe française" (Brussels and Paris: G. Van Oist & Cie.), by François Courboin, curator of the print department of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. The volume forms part of the series Bibliothèque de l'art du XVIIIe siècle, and has a subtitle, "Graveurs et Marchands," which indicates that it is concerned also with the print-sellers of those days. It is not a connected history of French prints of the eighteenth century that the author gives us, but rather a series of interesting chats about his exploration of byways. It is the facts not easily found in the numerous books relating to the subject that M. Courboin has unearthed for our information. Where, for example, he asks, are we to learn "about the practice and theory of the art of the engravers, their traditions, the laws and usages which regulated their relations with the printers, the dealers, the powerful corporation of the booksellers, the Academy, the state?" It is thus the men and their surroundings that he describes. We are told about families of engravers, "ateliers," apprenticeship, collaboration. The various processes in use are described, the eighteenth century being, indeed, a period of experimental processes. There follows a chapter on the business of print-selling (carried on particularly in the Rue St. Jacques), sales, editions, orders, stocks of prints, advertising, printing, proofs, changed plates, counterfeits. The rôle of the state is considered, and that of the Academy. In a word, all is amusing and interesting reading for the lover and student of prints. A number of illustrations help the narrative.

John R. Eyre's monograph on Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" (Scribner; $2 net) is an ingenious plea for the authenticity of the "Isleworth Mona Lisa." By a rather tenuous web of circumstantial evidence, it is maintained that there were two genuine portraits of La Gioconda—one, the famous Louvre example, finished in Leonardo's later years; the other, the Isleworth copy, left unfinished. The fact that Raphael's sketch after the Mona Lisa agrees in many respects with the Isleworth version lends a certain color to the hypothesis. On the other hand, Raphael's drawing seems a loose sketch from memory, and no confidence can be set on its general proportions and details, as precisely representing original features of a composition by Leonardo. We have recently examined the Isleworth Mona Lisa, which was loaned to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and it would surprise us if this cold and smooth work, with its Poussinesque tree and landscape, were a product of the sixteenth century. It seems merely one of the more attractive copies made in the century after Leonardo's death. Like other copies which come from France, the fantastic background has been toned down to a sort of academic decency. Mr. Eyre's monograph is well printed and sufficiently illustrated.

Finance

THE TIGHTENING FINANCIAL STRAIN IN EUROPE.

Two incidents of the past week, not without a bearing on each other, were the arrival on Thursday of a European steamer with the largest cargo of American securities since last summer, and the announcement of the British Exchequer's much-discussed plan for "mobilizing" American bonds still held in England. Mr. McKenna stated that the Government would offer to buy such securities at the average price of the day, and to pay for them in 5 per cent. Exchequer bonds. It would also offer to borrow them for a two years' term, paying the holder ½ per cent. more than the interest rate of the securities.

It would sell these whenever the owner so desired, and might in certain contingencies do so without his consent; in that case paying the owner 2½ per cent. over the selling price. When asked in Parliament whether the Exchequer intended primarily to sell the securities acquired, or only to use them as collateral on fresh loans raised in America, the Government's reply was ambiguous. It "did not propose to confine itself to either."

This action—of a kind to which no government has ever before resorted—raises some interesting questions. First, this effort at semi-compulsory realizing on the foreign investments of Great Britain means, necessarily, a further step in the present relinquishing of London's primacy in the financial world. Its investments in the outside world have always been the witness to that position. But it equally represents a tribute to the standing of American securities, not only because of the British Government's high bid for them, but because the bulk of English investors must have obviously refused to sell. Had this not been so, the Exchequer's project would not be thought of.

Two further questions concern the probable influence of the operation in maintaining New York exchange on London, and the effect of it on our market. The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought that the outcome of his plan would be to maintain exchange in equilibrium, and he added that any disturbance of American values would be carefully avoided. This would go without saying; the Exchequer would hardly wish to spoil its own market in advance. But even without that fact, our Stock Exchanges long ago made up their minds that the bulk of these English holdings were bound to be sold back. They accepted the fact philosophically—perhaps on the economic ground that we should be redeeming the best of our own investment issues through export of grain and munitions; but even more because of the belief that our markets can comfortably absorb the returning securities.

During the early weeks of the present year it was a common prediction, in the most experienced circles of international finance, that the European war could not outlast 1915. The ground for the prediction was that available resources and economic resisting power would by the end of this year be so far depleted that the war would be brought to an end through the process of exhaustion. The year is already practically over, and the prediction cannot be fulfilled. Yet the grounds on which the forecast was based are turning out not so very far astray, as shown by the public statements of the finance ministers, and, to an extent, in the action of the markets.

What Germany's actual economic situation is, remains still very largely a matter of dispute and conjecture. Except for the subscriptions to last autumn's war loan, and the heavy progressive increase in the Reichsbank's note circulation (that account crossed 6,000,000,000 marks last week, as against 4,230,000,000 a year ago, and 1,890,000,000 at the outbreak of the war), little or no information is obtainable about the Empire's finances. The additional war currency, issued by specially contrived agencies, on loans with personal goods and property as their collateral, did not by any means reach the height of inflation, early in the war, that had been predicted outside of Germany. But the German Finance Minister declared this week to the Reichstag that $400,000,000 of such currency is outstanding.

The sensational depreciation of German exchange in all neutral markets—at New York the American valuation of the four-mark unit fell last week to 75¾ cents, a 20 per cent. depreciation, as against 95⅜ cents parity, and a low level of 80⅜ until this present month—indicates the judgment of the outside financial world. Meantime, the German newspapers themselves are discussing angrily the increasingly critical condition in supplies of necessaries of life to the people at large, and the new war credit of 10,000,000,000 marks voted to the Government this week will bring the annual interest on the debt of Germany nearly up to her total annual public revenue a year or two before the war.

But, if this is the case with Germany, we have England this week planning an unlimited 5 per cent. short loan of its Government at par, as against the preceding long-term issue on a 4½ per cent. basis, and resorting to the hitherto unheard-of expedient of buying with such bonds American securities owned in England, with a view to using them, either for steadying American exchange or as collateral on a foreign loan—a project, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared to Parliament, which "can only be justified by the absolute necessity" of so employing them.

These things do not mean that either Germany or England is at the end of her financial rope. They do not mean that the war cannot be continued. The attitude, not only of the Governments at the various capitals, but of the banking communities as

well, indicates the contrary. But the unusual character of the situation in both countries, and in the other belligerent states as well, certainly directs conjecture to the two questions, exactly what conditions in all these respects would be created in Europe by another year of war, and just what will be the financial situation, absolute and relative, of the belligerent nations after the war is over. Still, the same apparently hopeless questions were asked about England and Germany during the eighteen years of the Napoleonic wars, and about the United States during the four years of our own Civil War; and the answer of history was different from the expectations of the time.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Powys, J. C. Wood and Stone. C. A. Shaw. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cole, G. W. Book Collectors as Benefactors of Public Libraries. Privately printed.
Drage, G. Ephemera. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Mullowney, Dr. J. J. The Peace Calendar and Diary for 1916. San Francisco, Cal.: Paul Elder & Co. $1 net.
Proceedings of the Librarians' Convention Held in New York City, September, 1853. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press.
Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Weston, A. H. Latin Satirical Writing Subsequent to Juvenal. Lancaster, Pa.: The New Era Printing Co.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Holt, E. B. The Freudian Wish. Holt. $1.25 net.
Nivedita, Sister. Religion and Dharma. Longmans, Green. 90 cents.
Wilson, W. John Wesley's Place in History. Abingdon Press. 50 cents.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Barnett, J. D. The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in Oregon. Macmillan. $2 net.
Beman, L. T. Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic. H. W. Wilson Co. $1 net.
Commerce of Rhode Island. Vol. II. Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society.
Fuller, G. P. An Introduction to the History of Connecticut as a Manufacturing State. Smith College Studies in History. Vol. I. No. 1.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Muir, R. The Making of British India. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Muller, J. W. The A B C of National Defense. Dutton. $1 net.
Willson, B. The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Vols. I and II. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50 net.

POETRY.

Crapsey, A. Verse. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press. $1 net.
Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson. Macmillan. $2.25.
Rand, K. The Dreamer. Sherman, French. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Belgian Relief Cook Book.
Morley, S. G. An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs. Washington: Government Printing Office.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Andreiev, L. The Life of Man. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
A New Drama. Translated from Spanish by J. D. Fitzgerald and T. H. Guild. Publication of the Hispanic Society of America. $1.75 net.
Elson, L. C. The History of American Music. Macmillan. New and revised edition. $6.
Stoll, E. E. Othello: An Historical and Comparative Study. University of Minnesota. 50 cents.

ART.

Kimball, F. Thomas Jefferson and the First Monument of the Classical Revival in America. Privately printed.
Parkyn, E. A. Prehistoric Art. Longmans. Green. $3.25 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Gunnison, W. B., and Harley, W. S. Latin for the First Year. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Krapp, G. P. The Rise of English Literary Prose. Oxford University Press. $1.75.
Leskien, I. Schuld and Other Stories. Edited by B. Q. Morgan. Oxford University Press. 40 cents.
Loane, G. G. Cæsar's Gallic War: A Vocabulary. Oxford University Press. 40 cents.
Longan, G. B., Serl, E., and Elledge, F. Everyday Number Stories. World Book Co.
Loti, P. Le Roman d'un Enfant. Edited by A. F. Whittem. Heath. 45 cents.
Selections from Carlyle. Edited by S. B. Hemingway and C. Seymour. Heath.
Sonnenschein, E. A. A Latin Syntax. A First Latin Grammar. Oxford University Press. 40 cents each.
The Fall of Troy. Selections from Vergil. Edited by W. D. Lowe. Oxford University Press. 40 cents.
The Lay of Havelock the Dane. Edited by W. W. Skeat and K. Sisam. Oxford University Press. $1.10.
Titchener, E. B. A Beginner's Psychology. Macmillan. $1 net.

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(Nation 12-'15)

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JANUARY 1916

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The Hope of the Great Community	*Josiah Royce*
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Book Reviews	

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A BUDGET OF LETTERS

COMMUNICATIONS IN WHICH NATION READERS SPEAK THEIR MIND ON MANY SUBJECTS

An Editorial Preface Concerning "Letters to the Editor."

WITH its second number, that of July 13, 1865, the *Nation* opened its columns to communications from its readers, and from that time to the present the stream of letters dealing with an infinite variety of topics has never ceased. Rather, what began as a rivulet has in the course of years grown to a stream of impressive volume, has indeed overflown its banks and had to be turned into a new channel.

For many years the letters to the editor of sufficient interest or importance to merit insertion in the *Nation* have far exceeded the space that in a paper of limited size could properly be allotted to them. Many have been returned to their senders; many others, after achieving the dignity of type, have languished long in galley form, only in the end to find oblivion in the waste-basket because there was no room for them in the paper. The loss, unavoidable as it was, was unfortunate and was regretted by none more than by the editors, who have always regarded these expressions of opinion from thoughtful readers, writing from various points of view, as among the most valuable and interesting features of the *Nation's* columns.

It is in order that a portion, at least, of this interesting material may not go to waste that we publish the present supplement, which it is intended shall set a precedent for others of a similar character to be published at suitable intervals. What follows represents a selection—for even now it has been found impossible to print half of the material available—from the accumulated letters of half a year. Deliberately, in sign of mourning for past neglect, we have thought it well to omit the date lines. Often the context will betray the belated appearance of the letters, but the intrinsic interest of them, we think, is not affected by the postponement. At any time, for instance, we should find pleasure in the views of Sir George Otto Trevelyan on the reading of Latin as one of the consolations of old age—two subjects, surely, on which none is qualified to speak with better authority or more charm than the writer. Or again, Dr. Marshall's and Prof. Hoernlé's discussion of æsthetics is not less interesting in December than it was in July, when the article that prompted the exchange of views appeared. No moment more than another is to be called "timely" for an unfolding of the delights of exotic Honolulu, and we are very sure that M. Bois would always find a sympathetic audience to listen to his apologia addressed to American womanhood.

To those correspondents of the *Nation* whose communications even the heroic measures we have thought it well to take have failed to save from oblivion we can only make our apologies, begging them to possess their souls in patience and to continue to give the *Nation* the advantage of their views on whatever topics appeal particularly to their interest.

Issues and Incidents of the War

THE DIFFICULTIES OF PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When the war is over the nations of Europe will make what will be called peace, but the fact that the armies will be obliged to stop fighting is far from being a guarantee for permanent peace. It is, of course, impossible to foretell the details of the conditions of the treaty which will be made at the end of the war, but it seems desirable to state broadly what are the reasons which render doubtful a permanent and durable peace.

The chief reason may be put in a single sentence. No treaty of peace can be permanent which does not grapple fairly with the question of nationality, and it has hitherto proved an insoluble problem for European statesmen to deal with the actual conditions of Europeon life so as to recognize the claims of nationality without encouraging that clash of interests which in the end brings about war.

Nationality is more frequently discussed than defined; in fact, the difficulties of the question begin with the definition. It is clearly not exclusively conditioned by either race or language, and probably the best that can be said is that men belong to the same nation when they possess either a common tradition as to the past, or a common hope for the future, as to what they will do, or their children will do after them. Nationality thus raises life to a higher plane than that of the family or tribe, but falls far short of unity, so that to thinking men the existence of a world of many nations has at all times been a stimulus to visions of something higher.

In theory, then, the world has long recognized the existence of a higher unity, but unfortunately the numbers of those who have been so dazzled by the vision of a commonwealth of the race as to ignore the just claims of nationality have been about balanced by those to whom patriotism has seemed the final form of human virtue, and between them we have been apt to forget that the problem is neither the extinction nor the glorification of nationality, but its proper adjustment in a larger system.

Nevertheless, the problem has already had a long history. The earliest and the least satisfactory attempt at solution was the method of the Babylonian Empire, which endeavored to solve the problem by eliminating all the nations within the range of its empire, and so to make the surviving Babylonian nation identical with the larger group. It proposed, in fact, finally to settle the question of international relations by having only one nation. The legitimate heirs of that line of policy, with results which have differed one from another only in the degree of disaster which they have met, have been, in

the modern world, Russia and Turkey. The treatment of the Armenians by the one, and of the Finns by the other, are only the last examples, within the range of our own memories, of the way in which they have been faithful heirs of the heritage of Babylon; for Poles, Ukrainians, and Jews in the north, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Wallachs in Thrace and Macedonia, Copts and Syrians in the south, unite in their testimony that the policy of Russia and Turkey has always been the same, even though there has been somewhat less brutality and a little more intelligence in the methods of the northern nation. Both have endeavored to solidify a great empire, composed of many nations, by forcing the nationality of the dominant race on all the others. The experiment is now some five thousand years old, and it has always met with failure.

More recent and as remarkable for its success, when it has been fairly tried, as has been the Babylonian plan for its failure, is the experiment which was started by Rome, and has been carried out by methods which differ only in detail by Great Britain and the United States. Each of these countries has endeavored to respect fully the different nationalities which go to make up the federation or the empire of the whole, and at the same time to prevent the rights of the individual members of the groups from conflicting with the general common good of all. America and England have both made mistakes, both have not infrequently been ruled by politicians who have been ignorant of the real meaning of the tradition of the countries which they were called to govern, and both have committed some crimes, but on the whole they have no reason not to be proud of their attempts to deal with this question. When they have failed, it has been rather from the failure to apply their principles than from any defect that was inherent in the principles themselves.

Germany has for some time seemed to be wavering between a whole-hearted following of the Roman model and a relapse into the errors of Babylon, Russia, and Turkey. Against the treatment of Saxony and Bavaria has to be set that of the Poles in Posen and of the French in Alsace-Lorraine. But some of the recently suggested terms of peace raise the hope that the true Germany—not the Germany which destroyed Louvain and torpedoed the Lusitania and Arabic—will in the end join decisively with England and America and choose to follow the example of the Roman Empire.

One of the good results of this war is the abundant proof that civilization is best and most strongly built up by nations which are united by the enjoyment of local freedom and the sentiment of loyalty to a common heritage of empire which binds them together in groups by chains, which, as Burke once told the House of Commons, "though light as air, are strong as iron bands," while the opposite policy of distrust and coercion defeats its own object, and breaks down so soon as strain is put upon it.

If this were all, one might look forward with considerable hope to the future of Europe after the war, but in at least two districts—Alsace-Lorraine and the Balkan kingdoms—the question is unfortunately complicated by the existence of nationalities which are not separated by geographical boundaries, but are, as it were, superimposed one on another.

The truth is that—if the problem be not utterly insoluble—the one thing which could solve it would be for both Germany and France to step aside from Alsace, and say in effect, "Gentlemen, it is your misfortune that the inhabitants of your country have two nationalities; the triumph of one means the destruction of the other. We will both withdraw; henceforth Alsace is a new country; forget that you have rival traditions as to the past, and learn to have a common hope for your future. That future shall henceforth be neither French nor German, but Alsatian. Though you speak two languages, that need not prevent your being one nation any more than it prevents Walloons and Flemings being all Belgians." Such a policy might succeed, though it is doubtful whether the passions roused in Alsace-Lorraine by foolish rather than bad government for the last forty years could at once be assuaged. The position after the war is more likely to resemble that in Ireland, where, though "strong government" and "coercion" have not succeeded in quenching the Irish spirit, it has so divided classes and districts that a united Ireland is impossible. Moreover, is there the smallest chance that either Germany or France would agree to such a scheme? Certainly not now; possibly after two years more of war if there be a neutral power strong enough and wise enough to make the suggestion in such a way as to "save the face" of both countries.

Equally unfavorable is the outlook in the southeast of Europe. In the Balkan kingdoms the superimposition of nationalities is so complex that it is impossible to see how any permanent organization can be reached. The countries which have already been organized as self-governing entities—Rumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece—have largely succeeded by a process of expelling the members of other nationalities, and many of these outcasts have been collected, though not united, in what used to be the Turkish provinces of Macedonia and Thrace, in which the confusion is made even worse confounded by the fact that the whole of the seacoast is dominated by a large and flourishing colony of Spanish Jews. How is this district to be cleared up satisfactorily, seeing that even small towns are occupied by two or three nationalities all animated by the strongest racial hatred? They may unite in war, but they will always quarrel in peace. It will require a wise and united Europe to control them and to refrain from exploiting them as it has done in the past.

It is for this reason that, although the treaty which will mark the end of the war will possibly pave the way to a general improvement, in that there is at least a chance that a great step will be taken towards the combining of nationalities in larger groups, in such a way that a general policy of home rule will not exclude the central control of common interests, it will probably fall far short of completely solving the question of peace, because both in the west and in the southeast of Europe there are districts in which national distinctions and geographical boundaries do not coincide, and the common hopes which the inhabitants cherish are not for peace in the future, but rather for a successful war of extermination. Unless European statesmen have something better to suggest than any terms hitherto hinted at, we are not in sight of peace at the end of the war, but only of an armed truce.

K. Lake.

Cambridge, Mass.

WHO ARE OUR ENEMIES?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question as to whether we are against the Germans or against the Allies seems to have obscured the really more significant one as to whether it is the Germans or the Allies who are against us. Yet it is entirely pertinent to ask which of the two contending parties has shown anti-American feeling and developed anti-American activity. Have the Belgians, the Servians, or the Italians infringed our rights? Hardly. Nor have the Japanese, the Russians, or the French behaved very offensively to us, in connection with the present war. Perhaps, also, it would be fair to say that Turkey, even though a mere tail wagged by the Central Powers, has been only slightly offensive in a direct way. There remain Germany (of which Austria is, after all, a sort of protectorate) and England. Which of these two has shown itself the more disposed to damage us?

England has interfered somewhat with our trade. Let that be admitted. We have lost, by her action, certain dollars. But we have lost no lives, not even of our men, let alone our women and children. And which indicates the greater hostility to another nation: to hold up its trade or to destroy its citizens? This first item on the balance-sheet is a pretty conclusive one. The pro-German has his excuses and extenuations, or even his approval; but here are the facts.

Again, we have not suffered from England any infringement of our sovereignty on our own soil. That has not been questioned by word or deed. We have not had to dismiss any English diplomatic officers. We have uncovered no English plots against our domestic peace; nor yet any attempts to foment external troubles for us. There are no English-Americans asserting their allegiance to an external Power while enjoying the privileges and immunities of American residence or citizenship. There are many Americans who are friendly to England; but these are not hyphenates. The English have shown no disposition to extend a protectorate over us, as Dumba seems to have wished to do. Now comes the pro-German, insisting that there is reason for all these infringements, petty or enormous, in that we choose to go on doing what neutral nations have regularly done—making and selling munitions—or because we do not believe in the German cause. If we are to be persecuted for making and selling munitions, we are being treated as enemies; and if we are to suffer for thinking as we please, we are not free, but in so far vassals.

Spying on other people is not generally considered to be a friendly occupation. Well, the Germans have been spying on us, we now know, in a most thorough, systematic, and efficient way. Have the English done this? And who has spent gold for our discomfort? If the English have succeeded in subsidizing our newspapers, then they must either have found a paltry and scurvy lot of American editors (unless they have put in their own creatures), or else they must have made very serious inroads upon their resources; otherwise they could not have succeeded so well. For, at the rate of expenditures met by the Germans, and to little purpose, in order to enlist the Huertas and others, the British successes, not to ruin the Empire, must have been easily purchased.

What is the sense of playing with facts? Here we have property destroyed, there lives;

here international consideration, there infringement of sovereignty and international insult; here correctness of deportment, there such discourtesy that the offenders must be sent home; here non-interference with our internal affairs, there spying and plotting, disloyalty and the encouragement of the same; here the manners of a gentleman, there bullying, belligerence, and contempt.

Which are hostile to us: the Allies or the Teutons, England or Germany? Which of the two is injuring our national *esprit de corps* and offending our national dignity? Can any dialectics, evasions, or explanations alter these facts? A. G. KELLER.

New Haven, Conn.

TROOPS FROM JAPAN OR HINDUSTAN FOR ENGLAND'S AID?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to the views of your Japanese contributor on "The Impracticability of Sending a Japanese Army to Europe," published in the *Nation* of November 4, will you allow a Hindu to say a few words?

I am not aware that any one acquainted with the resources of England's mighty Indian Empire has seriously thought of having recourse to distant Japan for troops. It may not be generally known in America that out of the population of 315 millions which make up the Indian Empire, there are in my native land, India, exclusive of male adults of unwarlike races, about sixty million male adults of the fighting races—a number not far short of the total population of Japan and her dependencies—out of which a choice of recruits for this war might be made. If this is going to be a war of attrition, it may be worth remembering that the above figure of sixty millions represents more than double the total number of male adults in the German Empire, and about twice the total number of white male adults in the British Empire. It is not difficult, therefore, to see whether Germany or England is capable of the longer endurance so far as fighting men are concerned, and which part of the British Empire can supply the largest number of soldiers for the longest period, to preserve the prestige of the Union Jack. The native soldier of Hindustan has already stood the rigors of a European winter, has fought with valor side by side with the British soldier in the trenches in Flanders, in France, at the Dardanelles, and elsewhere, has won several Victoria Crosses and Military Crosses, and has often been mentioned in dispatches. Why then need England and her allies consider the question of bringing Japanese troops to Europe? S. M. MITRA.

London.

ROBERT D'HUMIERES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add to your intellectual necrology of the war the name of Robert d'Humières—a name which ought to be better known than it is to all who are interested in the inter-relations of French and Anglo-Saxon culture? M. d'Humières, who was killed on April 26 of this year while leading his company of Zouaves in the attack on Lizerne, near Ypres, was best known in France as the director of the Théâtre des Arts in Paris, and as the translator of Rudyard Kipling. Though the author of original works also, he is especially entitled to the gratitude of both nations for having made one of the most prominent of modern English writers—and one of the most peculiarly Anglo-Saxon and un-French in spirit—a household name in France. M. d'Humières was a cosmopolitan and a traveller in all lands, but England and her empire had a special attraction for him. He had often visited British India, and had a profound knowledge of it. Not only by his translation of Kipling, but by studies of British Imperialism, such as his book entitled "L'Ile et l'empire de la Grande-Bretagne" (1905), he took rank in that band of Frenchmen who have done so much by their pens in recent years to disseminate a knowledge of British thought and ideals in France, and to remove the prejudices which for centuries have stood in the way of a real *entente cordiale*. When war broke out, M. d'Humières was appointed to what would seem the admirably fitting post of *officier de liaison* in the Anglo-Indian contingent in France. But the spirit which made Kipling's tales of daring and heroism congenial to this Frenchman turned out to be more than a purely literary one; and last March he begged the Minister of War to give him a more active rôle, with the tragic result for Anglo-French civilization recorded above.

A. F. BRUCE CLARK.

University College, Toronto, Canada.

The War in Literature

ROMAIN ROLLAND ON WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent of the *Nation* has done well to quote Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" in connection with the European war. Surely no recent reader of that great novel can fail to have been impressed with the insight of its author into precisely those national characteristics and ideals—half-grasped hitherto, or wholly misunderstood by most Americans—which have been revealed so strikingly by the present conflict. Unlike Bernhardi's work, "Jean-Christophe" is not conceived in the spirit of prophecy. Yet in chapter after chapter Rolland anticipates subjects of discussion and conclusions which are forced upon us daily. It is surprising that the prophetic character of the work has remained so long unnoticed.

But if Rolland is to be quoted now, the weight of his authority must not be thrown into one side of the scales alone. It would be possible to cull from his pages a formidable anthology of anti-French passages, like the one quoted by Mr. Mendelson. But to do this would be to follow the method pursued by the makers of French readers for the German schools. Your correspondent will doubtless remember that in the case of Jean-Christophe this piece of Prussian foresight failed. "The German editors had selected those pieces of French literature which seemed to establish by the testimony of the French themselves the failings of the French and the superiority of the Germans. But they had no notion that what they most exposed to the eyes of an independent mind like Christophe's was the surprising liberty of those Frenchmen who criticised everything in their own country and praised their adversaries." "I cannot help seeing the arguments of my enemies," says one of the characters, a Frenchman. And so it is with Rolland himself. Not the least admirable quality of his discussion is the intellectual detachment—so rare in these days, even among neutrals—which enables him to see the strength and weakness of both peoples with an impartial eye.

A defender of Germany who calls Rolland to witness has invoked a dangerous power. Against the passage describing the cult of force by a recent sect of Frenchmen, we may put this searching analysis of the alliance of militarism with philosophy and idealism in Germany (English translation, Volume I, page 565):

> They were people who had not the strength to love or hate, or believe or disbelieve—in religion, in art, in politics, in daily life; and all their energies were spent in trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. Especially since the German victories they had been striving to make a compromise, a revolting intrigue between their new power and their old principles. The old idealism had not been renounced. There should have been a new effort of freedom of which they were incapable. They were content with a forgery, with making it subservient to German interests. Like the serene and subtle Schwabian, Hegel, who had waited until after Leipzig and Waterloo to assimilate the cause of his philosophy with the Prussian state—their interests having changed, their principles changed, too. When they were defeated, they said that Germany's ideal was humanity. Now that they had defeated others, they said that Germany was the ideal of humanity. When other countries were more powerful, they said, with Lessing, that "patriotism is a heroic weakness which it is well to be without," and they called themselves "citizens of the world." Now that they were in the ascendant, they could not enough despise the Utopias à la Française. Universal peace, fraternity, pacific progress, the rights of man, natural equality: they said that the strongest people had absolute rights against the others, and that the others, being weaker, had no rights against themselves. It was the living God and the Incarnate Idea, the progress of which is accomplished by war, violence, and oppression. Force had become holy, now that it was on their side. Force had become the only idealism and the only intelligence.

Even more interesting than this is Rolland's insistence on certain essential qualities of French national character which the world has now learned no longer to deny. Christophe has inherited the traditional German view of the French as "a clever people, skilled in practical things, amiable, talkative but frivolous, susceptible, and boastful, incapable of being serious, or sincere, or of feeling strongly—a people of pathos, much gesticulation, exaggerated speech and pornography." And in the first weeks of his residence in Paris he sees much to confirm this impression. Later he learns that the France which he has seen is but the surface. Through the friendship of Olivier he comes to know and admire the true France. "You are all the same," Olivier tells him. "All your countrymen who come among us see only the parasites who suck our blood, literary, political, and financial adventurers, with their minions and their hangers-on and their harlots; and they judge France by the wretched creatures who prey on her. Not one of you has any idea of the real France living under oppression, or of the reserve of vitality in the French provinces, or of the great mass of the people who go on working, heedless of the uproar and pother made by their masters of a day." In the France now revealed to him Christophe discovers

surprising qualities. "Instead of a gay, sociable, careless, brilliant people, he saw men of a headstrong and close temper, living in isolation, wrapped about with a seeming optimism, like a gleaming mist, while they were in fact steeped in a deep-rooted and serene pessimism, possessed by fixed ideas, intellectual passions, indomitable souls, which it would have been easier to destroy than to alter."

In a later passage, describing a war scare, Rolland anticipates some of the most striking lessons of the actual outbreak. The trouble arises from "the insane vanity of German Imperialism, drunk with victory, and the absolute incapacity of German statesmen to understand other races." "The great mass of the German people had nothing at all to do with the provocation. They were shocked by it. The honest men of every country ask only to be allowed to live in peace; and the people of Germany are particularly peaceful, affectionate, anxious to be on good terms with everybody, and much more inclined to admire and emulate other nations than to go to war with them." Under pressure of impending war, all the discordant elements of France fly together; and the friendship of Olivier and Christophe, which they had thought to be established above national prejudice, comes near to disruption.

"Yes," said Christophe good-humoredly, when the storm was passed, "I have seen you all united. . . . It's a fine thing to feel the mighty torrent rushing you along, and the demons that were let loose in your hearts."

"They terrify me," said Olivier. "I would rather have eternal solitude than have my people united at such a cost."

J. H. Hanford.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

D'ANNUNZIO AS AN ORATOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The latest book of Gabriele d'Annunzio* is a collection of some fifteen short speeches made in Genoa and Rome in May, 1915, during the days that just preceded Italy's declaration of war. They are all patriotic exhortations to the people to take arms and redeem the provinces of "Greater Italy" still under the tyrannic rule of Italy's traditional enemy. The moment is one of unique historical importance; the speaker is the most famous Italian writer of to-day; what, then, is the result?

D'Annunzio made his literary début as a poet, and it is as a poet, one may venture to say, that he will survive. His novels, noteworthy for their poetic diction, are chiefly interesting for their variedly pictorial digressions. In plot, in solid substance, they cannot compare with those of Fogazzaro. His plays, excellently decorative, at times even powerful, are noteworthy, particularly, for their splendid Italian, but cannot be called great. In his poems, d'Annunzio has shown the best he has to show, and many of them seem to have a beauty, a significance, that may make them permanent, if not popular. For d'Annunzio's poetry is too elaborate, too learned, his subject-matter and treatment too often undesirable, to make for universal appeal. His style is all too often sonorously incomprehensible—which is more a defect than a quality! And exactly such defects mar the eloquence of d'Annunzio as an orator. Lengthy similes, taken from some obscure corner of classical history, involved sentences, the use of words so archaic or so new as to be totally unfamiliar to the average listener, an all-pervading affectation—these are the things that prevent d'Annunzio's speeches from being the epoch-making literary fragments one might have hoped for. One great advantage in these orations is, however, that the very subject naturally precludes anything like the decadent treatment to which we are unfortunately accustomed. And it may be added that though we could hardly expect to find the supremely dignified restraint of a Lincoln, we do find that in these speeches (the most wholesome writing he ever did), d'Annunzio is exceptionally chaste and restrained. Only in one place does he allow himself to descend to vulgar invective.

The value, then, of this book, quite apart from the political influence of the author's eloquence, lies entirely in his patriotism and in his diction. His patriotism, unquestionably sincere, is with him a passion—and passions were ever with him the chief interest in life. His diction, inspired by so noble an inner fire, reaches indeed a high degree of poetic eloquence. Characteristically elaborate imagery fills every paragraph, sometimes as a superfluous ornament to a perfectly simple thought; there is, as usual, an almost sensual abuse of sonorous words; as in all his works, the tone is often subjective. In fact, d'Annunzio felt a prophetic pride in inciting people to a war, then imminent, which he had preached in bold terms before, notably in his Venetian drama, "La Nave" (1908), and in his war poems (1912).

Finally, it is in these speeches that we find, in fine poetic prose, the expression of what is the great underlying feeling of the Italy of to-day: the overwhelming consciousness that she is predestined to a glory which the glory of ancient Rome makes inevitable. It is interesting to note that, at the moment of national crisis, it was a poet who took the initiative, prodding people to war, and that this accepted prophet-orator of the time was d'Annunzio.

Rudolph Altrocchi.

The University of Chicago.

*Per le più Grande Italia, Orazioni e Messaggi di Gabriele D'Annunzio. Milano: Treves. 1915.

Peace and Preparedness

THE ARGUMENT FOR PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The radical advocate of peace may perhaps at times feel impatient that the great mass of citizens are so slow to catch the inspiration of his theme. This failure to respond, however, is due in large measure to the inconclusive character of many of the arguments advanced in support of the peace propaganda. In particular the following points invite attention:

In the first place, it is contended that the way to secure peace is to prepare for it by disarming; and attention is directed to the long, unguarded boundary line between the United States and Canada—the inference being that our peaceful relations with Canada are due to the fact that there are no engines of war on the border. But is not this a case of confusing cause and effect, *i. e.*, is it not rather true that disarmament is here an *effect* of the increasing spirit of fraternity between the United States and Canada and the elimination of possible causes of serious dispute between the two countries?

The correctness of this analysis might be more evident, perhaps, if we should for the moment suppose the situation to be a very different one—that Canada was occupied by a nation diverse in stock, traditions, and ideals; that both the United States and Canada were populated to a point where land hunger was developing; and that a strip of country lay between which each coveted, and which each felt it a point of national honor to secure and hold.

If these were the conditions, our present peaceful frontier would undoubtedly wear a very different aspect. As it is, the two countries are so much at one that thousands of immigrants yearly cross the border, hardly conscious that they are passing from one country to another, and the absence of any questions likely to lead to serious dispute renders it as unnecessary to garrison this border as it is for the individual States of the Union to fortify themselves against one another.

If, therefore, the present condition of the boundary line between the United States and Canada has any lesson to teach, it is simply this: that mutual understanding and common interests and the elimination of possible causes of serious dispute lead the way naturally and almost automatically to disarmament.

In the second place, it is argued that armament is, in and for itself, the ultimate cause of war. This argument presupposes nations living at peace until nation A builds a Dreadnought; then nation B becomes suspicious regarding the intentions of nation A, and builds two Dreadnoughts; this alarms nation A, which builds two additional Dreadnoughts, and so on; finally the suspicion engendered by this competition in armament results in war.

The objection to this argument is that it wholly disregards two fundamental facts: (1) that some among the nations of the earth entertain burning national or racial ambitions that cannot be realized except by the use of force; and (2) that some preach openly, and freely adopt, as their guiding policy, the principle that might makes right. Given one nation of the first class stirred by such ambition and guided by such a philosophy, and rivalry in armament follows as a matter of course; for the neighbors must either submit to aggression or prepare to defend themselves, and they naturally choose the second alternative.

It is interesting to note that even some rather uncompromising advocates of peace—though still demanding, somewhat illogically, immediate disarmament—are beginning to incline to the view that war cannot be eliminated finally except by a process of education that will uproot aggressive national and racial ambitions, establish the principle that right is might, and make every one content to submit to an award of arbitration, even though it is a disappointment. It is hard to understand, however, how even the most ardent advocate of peace can hope for a consummation of this kind in the near future; and, on the other hand, when one views the present turmoil in Europe, the plans of the League to Enforce Peace do not seem to offer any prospect of immediate relief. It certainly would require a large and effective world police force to cope with a situation like the present.

In pushing the peace propaganda, two other

very flimsy objections are raised against adequate preparation for national defence. One is the assertion that so large an army would be required that it would be necessary to resort to conscription. But those who advance this objection seem to forget the great difference between the situation in North America and conditions in Europe. For its inland borders the United States needs no considerable guard; and nature interposes a fortification of some thousands of miles of water on east and west. The harbors of both coasts could certainly be made safe, and an adequate second line of defence provided for, without enlisting an army that would drain the resources of the country or appear to neighbors across the sea to menace their respective countries.

The other objection is based on financial considerations. We are informed that any adequate plan for national defence would cost too much money, and the prudent householder is warned that "taxes would go up." Stated thus bluntly, this argument has a rather sordid look. It appears in a more respectable guise when we are told what good use could be made of the money that is now spent on military equipment and pensions—how we might endow colleges, extirpate tuberculosis, etc. But this matter can be viewed from a very different angle. The *Nation* has recently pointed out that the United States spends more money annually for chewing-gum than it does for school books. If we need a larger appropriation for education or sanitation, why not begin the retrenchment with chewing-gum rather than with the national defence?

H. C. Nutting.

Berkeley, Cal.

IS THERE DANGER OF A JAPANESE INVASION?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There have been frequent and strong assertions that there is such a probability of a war between Japan and the United States that to prepare as speedily as possible for any emergency is an urgent necessity. Such an event is so utterly impossible that it is not worthy of serious consideration. And the reasons are these:

There is no such disposition on the part of the Japanese people. Some irresponsible jingoes may try to stir up trouble, but they do not represent the thinking and ruling classes. Writing on this subject, the editor of the *Japan Mail* (who was an ex-officer in the British army) said: "Before engaging in a war with America, Japan would have to divest herself of the strongest sentiments of friendship which are entertained towards any foreign country."

The Hon. Shimada Saburo, the editor of a leading daily paper in Tokio, and one of the most prominent men in the Diet and politics, writes: "These rumors that Japan may attack and occupy the Pacific Coast are absolutely without any foundation in fact, and will be proved baseless in time. Such an attack would be suicidal. The United States is the greatest buyer of Japanese goods, and she does not propose to ruin all this trade by making a foolish attack that would be foredoomed to failure."

At a meeting of the leading American residents of all professions in the city of Yokohama, the American Ambassador said: "There is no cause under the sun why there should be distrust between the people of Japan and America. I think that the idea that Japan is a blood-thirsty nation, that wants territory and war with United States, is being gradually worn out, and the idea of suspecting our neighbors will be a thing of the past." Resolutions condemning the rumors in question were unanimously adopted.

The war between Japan and China, and also the one with Russia, were not brought about by Japan's seeking. Had either China or Russia been willing to accept reasonable terms of adjusting differences which had arisen in the administration of affairs in Korea, the whole trouble would have been settled without resort to arms.

Should there be any change of feeling at this time, or in the future, on the part of the Japanese towards the United States, such a thing as a war is impossible for the following reasons:

The whole area of Japan proper is less than that of the State of California, and only one-fourth, or less than the area of New York State alone, is under cultivation.

The wealth of Japan is only one-half of that of the State of New York.

The total population of Japan is about 60,000,000 and that of the United States 111,000,000.

The national debt of Japan is greater than that of the United States, and more than one-half of this sum is money borrowed from abroad. Her wealth is less than one-twelfth.

The average income of the Japanese is $30 per capita. The average income of residents of the United States is $250.

Less than one per cent. of the farmers in Japan own twenty-five acres, and 90 per cent. less than one acre. The rent is often 60 per cent. of the crop; and the average peasant must pay as much as 20 per cent. interest.

The ordinary taxes amount to about 10 per cent. of the income; and to this is added the special income tax, which runs from 1 7-10 to 26½ per cent.

No other country in the world is carrying so heavy a financial burden in proportion to its strength. The ordinary revenue of Japan, according to latest report, was $259,849,000. The ordinary revenue of the United States was $734,673,000. The total expenditure for army and navy in Japan for 1914-15 was less than $100,000,000. The expenditure for the United States army alone was $94,000,000.

The *Kokumin Shimbun* (a Tokio daily paper) says: "The heavy debts of Japan are more than the nation can endure." Baron Shibusawa, who is one of the ablest financiers in Japan, says: "The present rate of taxation in Japan is indeed extremely high, and more than the people at large can bear."

At the close of the war with Russia, the new Cabinet proposed a considerable enlargement of the navy, in order to be prepared for a possible renewal of the struggle, but the people protested so strongly that the Cabinet resigned, and the result was a change in the programme and a large reduction in the appropriation for that object.

The Diet which met last December refused to sanction the increase of the army by two divisions, and a new Diet was chosen before such additional expense was approved. This approval was secured for the simple purpose of establishing the Monroe Doctrine for the protection of China, and with no idea of inaugurating a war of aggression against the United States.

Japan is largely dependent upon the United States for a market for her produce. Her chief articles of export are tea and silk. The United States takes practically all of her tea that goes abroad, and the larger part of her silk. The latest report of silk exported to the United States gives the amount as $100,900,025 value of raw silk, and $39,936,000 manufactured silk. The value of tea sent to the United States was $16,735,000.

According to latest statistics, Japan has seven Dreadnoughts and sixteen battleships and a force of 42,407 men (not counting reserves). The United States has ten Dreadnoughts and twenty-two battleships and a force of 85,965 men, or more than double that of Japan.

To conduct an aggressive war against a nation with about double the population, with twelve times the financial strength, possessing a more powerful navy, and at a distance of from 4,800 to 6,000 miles from its base, is a project that no sane person would consider. Hawaii is too well fortified to be taken by any such force as Japan could send, and is 3,900 miles distant from Japan and 2,400 from San Francisco.

H. Loomis,
Ex-Capt. 146th N. Y. Vols.

New York.

"Calm Lights of Mild Philosophy"

BOSANQUET'S ÆSTHETIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: By a happy coincidence I was reading Dr. Bosanquet's "Three Lectures on Æsthetic" when Dr. Marshall's most interesting review of them in your issue of July 29 appeared. There is nothing so instructive and enjoyable as to check one's own impression of an important book by the judgment of an acknowledged authority on the subject. But I was somewhat dismayed to find that the points in Dr. Bosanquet's analysis of the æsthetic experience which presented difficulties to me were not mentioned by Dr. Marshall at all, whereas in most of those points which Dr. Marshall criticises I was inclined to think Dr. Bosanquet right, or very nearly right. I have no claim to speak on Æsthetics with the authority either of Dr. Bosanquet or of his critic, but as a humble student, trying to learn from them both, and finding myself much more closely in agreement with Dr. Bosanquet on the points at issue, I should like to urge, for what they are worth, some considerations which appear to me to tell in favor of the position which Dr. Marshall attacks.

I will summarize what I take to be the substance of Dr. Marshall's argument, and I will do so in my own words rather than in quotations, in order that Dr. Marshall may judge for himself how far I have caught his meaning. Dr. Marshall, I should say, offers three criticisms of Dr. Bosanquet's central formula for the æsthetic experience, viz., "Feeling expressed for expression's sake." Without keeping strictly to the order of Dr. Marshall's review, I shall put his argument as follows:

(1.) Dr. Bosanquet's formula is too wide, because feeling expressed for expression's sake is not necessarily beautiful (consider the tyro's failures). In other words, Dr. Bosanquet's

definition fails to hit off the specific quality of beauty, because it covers both good and bad art, and bad art is not beautiful.

(2.) The formula is too narrow, because not everything that is beautiful is feeling expressed for expression's sake. In other words, Dr. Bosanquet fails to account for the difference between beauty in art and beauty in nature, which cannot both in the same sense be treated as "expressions" of "feeling." For in so far as there is "expression" in nature, in so far as there is some hidden meaning revealed there, the expression "can only appeal to one who assumes the attitude of observer," whereas in art "expression" means that the artist puts his feeling, or rather his conception, into his work. It is the difference between man expressing his æsthetic ideas in the things he makes, and the expression in nature of something which has not got its source in man and which man can only guess at.

(3.) The third criticism continues the second in applying even to art the "radical distinction" between the artist who "creates" beauty and the observer who merely "perceives" it.

At bottom, the whole issue comes down, as Dr. Marshall by implication acknowledges, to a conflict between two opposing schools of æsthetic theory concerning the proper scope of Æsthetics. Dr. Marshall wants a theory of the "quality of beauty to which the average cultivated man refers when he uses the word æsthetic." Dr. Bosanquet offers him a theory of the æsthetic experience which covers beauty and ugliness and sublimity, nature and art, good and bad art, the spectator's enjoyment and the artist's creative rapture. Dr. Bosanquet begins with an analysis of the experience of beauty, but he uses the insight so gained as a clue to the nature of æsthetic quality in all its other forms and manifestations, and because he thus traces a *single character* throughout the whole field, he is accused of "failing" to make certain obvious distinctions. Dr. Marshall, pressing for the recognition of these distinctions, hardly makes it sufficiently clear that the whole importance of Dr. Bosanquet's theory depends precisely on his going behind these distinctions in his search for the common character of all forms of æsthetic experience.

In this conflict I feel inclined to side with Dr. Bosanquet. Not that I write as Dr. Bosanquet's prophet. I have no inside knowledge by which to interpret him. Whether he would accept my interpretation of him I do not know. I have nothing to go on except his words as tested by my own experience, such as it is. But so far as I can analyze my experience correctly, it seems to me that, if Dr. Bosanquet distinguishes too little, Dr. Marshall surely distinguishes too much. It is no service to Æsthetics to insist on the difference between spectator and maker to a point where their common occupation with beauty becomes unintelligible, or to contrast good and bad art so sharply that one almost forgets that bad art is still art. The case of beauty in nature and in art is especially instructive. It is easy to paint the difference between the making of beautiful objects by man and the finding of them in nature. But so far as they are both beautiful, what is the relevance of that distinction? It has a right to enter into consideration only so far as it affects their beauty, *e. g.*, in the sense in which Dr. Bosanquet argues that the beauty of art stands higher in the scale than the beauty of nature. Apart from that, what common ground is there, æsthetically speaking, between natural objects and art objects, if not that in each case the definite structure and quality of the object, as experienced by us, evokes some degree and kind of the characteristic æsthetic feeling? The feeling, as the *Einfühlungstheorie* rightly appears to hold, fuses with the object in its concrete quality, so that in this sense it may be said to be "expressed" or "embodied" in the object. In so far as the whole experience of the object thus felt and "lived in" by me as an embodiment of my feeling is stable, complete in itself, and satisfying with a certain finality, we may speak of "expression for expression's sake."

A good test-case for the justice of this view seems to me to be a painter inspired by his perception of a beautiful landscape, or a beautiful face, to embody them in a picture. Or, again, we might think of the way in which the story of Romeo and Juliet inspired Shakespeare. At what point here is the break between perception and creation, or between beauty of nature and of art—a break such as to forbid us to say that the work of art, compared with the original, evokes the *same kind* of experience only in an intenser and purer form, or that the painting and the drama are a continuation, through the manipulation of color and of language, of a creative activity of the imagination which entered already into the original perception? Dr. Bosanquet's remark (p. 7) that "in creative art the production is as it were a form of perception; it is subordinate to the full imagining, the complete looking or hearing," seems to me entirely true to experience, even where the artist gets his first inspiration from nature, let alone the "non-imitative" arts, like music. The essential point is that "creation" does not begin only with the manual execution, after the conception is complete in the artist's mind, but that it begins with the first impulse, whether received from perception or otherwise, and continues right through the elaboration which the "conception" undergoes in the very process of being "expressed."

It is in the light of the statement just quoted that I should interpret the further statement that "the spectator's attitude is a faint analogue of the creative rapture of the artist." The spectator is, so to speak, an artist at a lower level. Though his experience is determined by what the work of art offers him, it is yet creative. He owes his perception of æsthetic quality to an activity of his imagination exercised on the materials offered. The differences between what two spectators will, as we rightly say, "make" of the same work of art are as great and as characteristic as the differences between what two artists will "make" of the same subject. Roughly speaking, what is given in a work of art or an object of nature, *i. e.*, what we all alike perceive, so far as we perceive non-æsthetically, is much the same. The degrees of æsthetic enjoyment, the amount of beauty seen, as between one man's experience and another's, depend on how much each can bring to bear on the given object, how much each can feel into it and receive back from it as its revelation.

In conclusion, I will add two minor observations. First, it is not merely "probable," as Dr. Marshall says, that Dr. Bosanquet would be "the first to acknowledge that his metaphysic cannot be said to aid the artist"—it is certain, for Dr. Bosanquet tells us so explicitly himself. The function of Æsthetics "is not to prescribe rules for the production of beauty or for the criticism of artists' work" (p. 2). Dr. Bosanquet's position here, whether right or wrong, is entirely consistent with that which he maintains in the analogous cases of ethics and logic. The aim is theory, not rules for practical application.

Secondly, it is scarcely a happy suggestion on Dr. Marshall's part that Dr. Bosanquet is inclined to look upon the critic's attitude as a "higher synthesis" of the attitude of the spectator and that of the artist. The passages on pp. 35 and 36, on which Dr. Marshall relies, do not seem to me to bear out his reading. Dr. Bosanquet's point appears to be simply that you cannot be a good critic unless you have yourself as full a range as possible of æsthetic experience, for "the imagination itself is necessarily very sensitive to checks and failures in its efforts after satisfactory form" (p. 35). This sensitiveness is at the root of all criticism. One might express this point by saying that the best artist is the best critic, provided he is capable of reflective analysis of his experience.

R. F. Alfred Hoernlé.

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Hoernlé's criticism of my study of Dr. Bosanquet's Æsthetics is welcomed by me as one of the "humble students" of this difficult subject.

It appears to me that Dr. Hoernlé's attitude is affected by the current recrudescence of "romanticism," and this may well lead us to pause. No one can complain that I fail to recognize the significance of "creativeness" in experience. Indeed, I have often feared that I might be thought to be a camp follower of Rousseau; one of those *amateurs du délire*, of which French critics speak. But it seems to me that this is a time when we should use every endeavor to see straight in this regard; and the theory presented by Dr. Bosanquet does not appear to me to aid us to this end. Dr. Hoernlé, indeed, would seem to accept the thoroughly romantic theory of *Einfühlung*, which Dr. Bosanquet and I join in rejecting; and I may add that, in my view, the grounds for this rejection are fundamentally the same that lead me to find Dr. Bosanquet's theory unsatisfactory.

The need of clarity of thought in this matter is made evident when we note that Dr. Hoernlé asks us not to forget that "bad art is still art." Yes; it is art in the sense in which we speak of any work of skill as art—bootblacking may thus be called an art. But it is not fine art unless it yields beauty. Bad art in my view is non-æsthetic. So far as I can see, every form of self-conscious activity may be stated in terms of Dr. Bosanquet's "feeling expressed for feeling's sake"; but only some of it involves the æsthetic attitude of the artist, and only some of its resultants yield the sense of beauty to the observer.

I find myself so thoroughly in sympathy with both Dr. Hoernlé and Dr. Bosanquet in their appreciations of beauty that I am led to ask whether there is no other theory which more satisfactorily "covers beauty and ugliness and sublimity, nature and art, good and bad art, the spectator's enjoyment, and the artist's creative rapture." If "covers" is taken to mean "explains the relations between," I think we have what we look for in the hedonic theory of Æsthetics which I have defended elsewhere. Art is "higher" than nature, so far as it gives us a more permanent form of beauty. That it may do so is doubtless due to the fact that the artist through selection enables us to gain a concentration of interest. I, of course, agree that part of this interest may be due to a dim sympathetic appreciation

of the artist's attitude; but I doubt the fundamental importance of this "empathy." I cannot believe that it can account for the very wide recognition of the beauty of certain works of art among peoples whose appreciation of the artist's creative attitude must be all but totally lacking. I do not think that such a "spectator is an artist at a lower level."

Perhaps we may hope to hear directly from Dr. Bosanquet in regard to the final point made by Dr. Hoernlé, where he thinks I have misunderstood the author.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

New York.

Latin as a Living Tongue

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN ON THE CONSOLATIONS OF OLD AGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When reading your Educational Number of recent date I was much impressed by the sound and original views in the letter headed "A Suggestion for Humanizing Elementary Latin." Your correspondent protests against the custom of introducing a boy to the Latin language through the medium of Cæsar's "Commentaries" and Virgil's "Æneid"; and expresses his own preference for selecting other authors, and notably Plautus. On this subject I can speak from the experience of a very long life, in which Latin and Greek have been a priceless, a permanent, and an increasingly valuable possession; and I have the vicarious advantage of knowing the feelings of a relative who was perhaps the most ardent reader that the world has produced.

On the question of Julius Cæsar I write without prejudice. I eagerly read everything about him, whether in Cicero, Sallust, Catullus, or Suetonius; and his brief letter, enclosed in the sixteenth epistle of the ninth book of the letters to Atticus (commencing with the words "recte auguraris de me"—) I regard as among the most lofty of human compositions, on a level with Abraham Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, and with Edmund Burke's speech from the hustings at Bristol on the 9th of September, 1780. But, when a boy, I found Cæsar's "Commentaries" dry and unattractive. It was quite otherwise with Livy's History, which I read with delight, many pages, and at last whole books, ahead of our appointed task. That in itself is not a certain proof that the love for a book will last, for I did the same with Fénelon's "Télémaque"; but, in the case of Livy, I like him all the better for having liked him sixty-five years ago. In these terrible times I have read him with strange emotion, fortifying one's mind with the memorable example of Rome's most critical and glorious years, and sometimes even for a while distracting one's thoughts from our own patriotic efforts and anxieties.

It was the same with Macaulay. During the years 1837 and 1838, when he was compiling the Indian Criminal Code and founding the Indian Educational System, he read Livy twice through at Calcutta. It was in the course of those readings that he first conceived the idea of "The Lays of Ancient Rome." On the margin of his Livy, opposite the story of Horatius, he writes: "This is the true Chevy Chase style." Opposite the account of the Battle of Lake Regillus he writes: "This fine story of a battle comes, I have no doubt, from some old national poem"; and, at the death of Virginia in the Third Book, he says: "An incomparably beautiful and pathetic story." His comments, as Livy's book grows from legend into history, become more critical, frequent, and far longer and more detailed; and they form at last something of a supplementary history of Rome by the side of Livy's narrative. At the close of the decade relating the Second Punic War, he writes: "Here ends a finely written, though most careless and partial, narrative of the most extraordinary and interesting war in ancient history. My admiration for Hannibal has been prodigiously increased by this account of his actions, unfriendly as it is to him."

The most important part of your correspondent's letter refers to Plautus. The comedies of Plautus are a supremely good introduction to a knowledge of the Roman mind and of the Latin tongue. The style of Terence—the favorite author of Julius Cæsar—is exquisite; but it is a vehicle for Attic manners and Attic feeling, perhaps as beautifully and purely expressed as in the original Greek. Plautus, on the other hand, is Roman to the core; and a true reader of Plautus has it never absent from his thoughts that he is reading the Latin which was spoken at Rome in Rome's heroic period; that he is listening to plays which were acted with vast applause before audiences full of men who had fought under Marcellus and Claudius Nero in the Second Punic War, and that he is present at familiar conversations couched in the very talk of Lælius, and Scipio, and the elder Cato. It is the same deep and almost mysterious fascination which we find in Chaucer and Herodotus—the English spoken by the men of Crécy and Poitiers, and the Greek spoken by the men who remembered Platæa and Thermopylæ.

Macaulay went through Plautus, in India, five several times in three years—disappointed with him on the first reading, as compared with his undergraduate recollections of him at Cambridge, but relishing him more and more at each successive perusal. It is idle to canvass the respective merits of very great writers. They belong to a class where, thank heaven, there are no competitive examinations. But no man need be ashamed if he prefers Plautus to Ben Jonson or to Congreve; and (to come to one special performance), if he reads the "Menæchmi" and the "Comedy of Errors" in close succession, without feeling that Plautus loses by the juxtaposition.

On one point my own taste does not coincide with that of your correspondent. I cannot set Petronius in this high company. To me there is something about him sickly, faded, fantastic, and unreal; and I do not class his book with "Tristram Shandy," or the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," or "Gil Blas," or "Gulliver's Travels"; and (for that is more in his own line) I regard him as a hundred miles below "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye."

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

Wallington, Northumberland.

"DEAD" LANGUAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a well-known habit of us apologists of the classics to fly into a rage when we hear Greek and Latin called "dead languages" by the enemy. We rant and shout in a loud voice, or in italics, that they are not dead, that they are just as alive as English, for instance, of which the modern form differs more from Chaucer's English than does modern from ancient Greek, and that Latin also lives in its descendants, French, Italian, etc.

Have we not here, in our zeal, gone a little too far and excited ourselves quite uselessly? Have we not even, in these arguments, descended to most unworthy quibbles? For the enemy could easily retort that, if what we say is true, they are perfectly willing, *a fortiori*, to throw Chaucer's English upon the junk pile too, and that the liveness of offspring allows us to draw no inference as to the deadness or the opposite of the parent. Of course, the argument that it is useless to study Greek and Latin because they are dead languages is a fallacy. But the fallacy does not lie in the validity of their major premise. Greek and Latin are undoubtedly dead, in the sense in which these people take the word. And why deny it? They died long ago—Greek, at least, for the western world—and were even buried and forgotten, but, like the mammoth found frozen and almost perfectly preserved, but dead nevertheless, in the icefields of Siberia, they have been exhumed and have given us a glimpse of bygone ages. Yet they are preserved by artificial means, and it is by no means inconceivable that, if the interest in this preservation should die out, the comparatively scanty remains that we possess would go the way that their fellows went a thousand or more years ago. The mistake that our opponents make is not that they call Greek and Latin "dead," but that, when they have done so, they think that they can rest their case. Greek and Latin are condemned by an epithet.

The minor premise of the enemy, if they went to the trouble of formulating one, would be, I suppose, "All dead things are useless"—a rash statement that any coal baron could refute, if the ultimate source of his wealth were pointed out to him, or any freshman of any medical school. To refute it in the case of Greek and Latin is not my province and has been ably done by others. My purpose in writing this is merely to warn teachers of the classics not to be afraid of the epithet "dead," but to accept it, and not to be ashamed to write over the door of their classroom the verse that the above-mentioned freshman finds, in Paris, I believe, over the entrance to his anatomical laboratory:

Hic locus est ubi Mors gaudet succurrere Vitæ.

ERNEST RIEDEL.

New Orleans.

The Chinese Monarchy

VIEWS OF A REPUBLICAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Putting on one side the question whether the republican form of government is fit for China or otherwise, I am going to point out some important events that happened in our country after the establishment of the republic, and try to show what President Yuen has done since then.

The revolutionary movement in China has been greatly developed since the year 1900. It was because of the corruption and the rottenness of the Manchu dynasty and the aggression of the foreign power that the Chi-

nese people began to see their weak points in the political, economical, and industrial world. Our national heroes died one after another, not only for the purpose of destroying the Manchu dynasty and selecting our own king, but for the establishment of the republican government and for the liberty of our four hundred million people. So that there was no dispute about the form of government when our provisional government was first established at Nanking on January 1, 1912.

Dr. Sun Yet-San was then the Provisional President of our republic at Nanking, and Yuen Shi-Kai was the Premier of the Chin dynasty at Peking with the full power of taking charge of the peace negotiations between the two Governments. At first Yuen disagreed upon many points which were brought out by the representatives of the Provisional Government, and the negotiation was almost broken off. But owing to the terrible bomb which was given to the Premier Yuen on January 16, 1912, when he was on his way to the royal palace, he, although not killed, began to realize the danger of his position and the popular inclination of the people. Therefore the negotiation was resumed. The final result was reached on February 12, that the King of the Chin dynasty resigned from his throne; that the Premier Yuen was intrusted to cooperate with the Provisional Government to establish the greatest republican government of China, including the five different races of the Chinese people. Yuen then telegraphed to the Provisional Government and expressed his deep appreciation of what the revolutionists and the Provisional Government had done, and said how he admired the principle of democracy and what great honor he had in coöperating with the Provisional Government for the greatest good of future China.

On February 13 President Sun delivered his resignation to Tsang Chin Yuen, which was assembled on January 28, and composed of representatives from different provinces, because he had sworn during his inauguration that he would resign from the Presidency when the monarchy was destroyed and the republican government was formed. He offered his resignation because he trusted Yuen's power and ability of uniting the whole country. He went to Tsang Chin Yuen and delivered an address concerning the present condition of the country, and his recommendation for Yuen to be the next Provisional President. On February 15 Tsang Chin Yuen was assembled for the election of the President. Yuen was elected. His inauguration was held at Peking on March 6. Since then the Provisional Government has removed to Peking, and Tsang Chin Yuen has continued to do duty as a legislative body.

Mr. Tong Shou-Yee was first appointed by President Yuen as the Premier of the Provisional Government. According to the Provisional Constitution, which was drawn and verified by Tsang Chin Yuen, the Premier was responsible to the President. It follows, therefore, that every order issued by the President must be signed by the Premier. Yuen never got accustomed to such restriction, he began to dislike it. Therefore there were a good many disputes between the President and the Premier. Finally, Tong Shou-Yee resigned from his office owing to the fact that the President Yuen appointed a man to be the head of a commission to investigate the condition of the army in the South without the approval of the Premier. Since then, till the opening of the National Assembly, the Premier has been changed three times and the policy and administration were by no means carried out.

Mr. Tong Shou-Yee, the first Premier, was an influential member of Kong Min Dong, which was a political party, and the majority of the members of which were the members of the secret society under the Manchu dynasty. Dr. Sun was the leader, and several provincial Governors belonged to that party then. After Mr. Tong Shou-Yee had resigned from his office, realizing the approaching danger of the republic, Kong Min Dong began to work its influence through the people, expecting its majority in the coming National Assembly. Fortunately the result of the election gave Kong Min Dong its majority in both Tsang Yee Yuen (the Senate) and Chung Yee Yuen (House of Representatives).

Immediately after the opening of the National Assembly there was a great and unfortunate happening which aroused the suspicion between our Government and the people. It was the assassination of Mr. Sung Chao-Yin. Mr. Sung Chao-Yin was a man who was active in the revolutionary movement, was an able and practical politician, was a strong believer in party government and in responsible Cabinet system, and, above all, he was an influential member of Kong Min Dong. He explained his belief in the provinces along the Young-tsee River. After the election for the members of the National Assembly was disclosed, the people, owing to the fact that Kong Min Dong had its majority in the Assembly, began to believe that Mr. Sung Chao-Yin was going to be the next Premier, and he was going to organize a strong, responsible, and party Cabinet. On March 20, of the year 1913, he was shot at the Shanghai and Nanking Railway station at Shanghai on his way to Peking. The whole country was aroused and most believed that it was due to the political struggle. The murderer was arrested, but died in the jail shortly after. After a careful investigation, the witness told us that the murderer had close connection with the Premier at that time, Chou Pin-Cheung, and his secretary. The District Court at Shanghai wanted the Premier and his secretary to come to Shanghai, but they did not, and they were still working in their office.

Shortly after the assassination of Sung Chao-Yin there was an unconstitutional action taken by our Government. It was the Five-Powers loan. According to our Provisional Constitution, to make a loan or to make a treaty with a foreign country we must have the consent of Tsang Yee Yuen.

The assassination of Sung Chao-Yin made the people, or at least Kong Min Dong, think that the murderer had connection not only with the Premier and his secretary, but also with President Yuen Shi-Kai. The Five-Powers loan was not justified by the National Assembly and the majority of the people. Therefore the three Governors who belonged to Kong Min Dong began to show disobedience to the Government; they were Governors of Kiang-si, of Ngang-whai, and of Kwong-tung. President Yuen removed them, and they submitted. But Yuen still suspected the soldiers of Kiang-si, so he sent continually his trusted soldiers there. The result was the conflict between two sides of soldiers, and the so-called Second Revolution broke out. The majority of the people, being tired of war and being not recovered to the normal economical, social, and industrial condition after the first revolution, were not in favor of this revolution, so the trouble was easily crushed.

Immediately after this trouble the question of election for the first President had been raised. The question whether the adoption of the Constitution should precede the election of the President or the election of the President should precede the adoption of the Constitution had been discussed for a long time in the National Assembly. The final agreement was reached that the Constitutional Committee, whose members were elected from the members of the National Assembly by majority vote, should first make out the method of electing the President; that the election should take place after it was ratified; that the adoption of the Constitution should be after the election. On October 6, 1913, Yuen Shi-Kai was elected as the first President of the Chinese Republic. The election was held in Chung Yee Yuen (House of Representatives) from eight o'clock in the morning until nine at night. There were thousands of soldiers lined up around the House. They did not go until Yuen was elected. One of the Japanese newspapers said that it was the first time in the history of the world that the President of a republic was elected by the interference of soldiers.

After the President was elected, there were serious disputes between the President and the members of the Constitutional Committee. Logically, the President has no power over the making of the Constitution, but Yuen sent eight persons to attend the meeting of the Committee. At first they were refused, but finally they were admitted. The first important point the Constitutional Committee was going to emphasize was to limit the power of the President by the adoption of a responsible Cabinet system. The persons who were sent by Yuen to attend the meeting wanted to express their opinion concerning this point, but they were refused. The following day, October 25, President Yuen telegraphed to the Governors of different provinces expressing the impossibilities of the new Constitution and wanting their opinions. Then the Governors, Generals, and Captains began to discuss the question of the Constitution. Most of them could not point out how the new Constitution was going to do harm to our country, but they favored the dissolution of the National Assembly, the dismissal of Kong Min Dong members in the Assembly, and the rejection of the Constitution by the President. Most people would, I think, wonder why the Governors, Generals, and Captains favored such a violent action to be taken by the President. To understand this, I must mention that since the Second Revolution has been crushed out, Yuen's supporters have filled up these places. They did not care what the country did, but they did care about the prospect of their master and of their own future. On November 4, President Yuen issued an order dismissing the members of Kong Min Dong in the National Assembly; even those who did not belong to Kong Min Dong then, but belonged to that party before the Second Revolution, were also dismissed. Since then our National Assembly could not meet because of lack of a quorum.

Since then even the form of the republic has disappeared. Yuen could do what he wanted to do. A State Council, which is composed of Ministers and representatives from the President, is what he supposes to be the legislative body. Every sensible person would realize that this body cannot represent our people.

People who are not well informed on China will say that China has been a monarchical government for thousands of years; that the Chinese people are peaceful and obedient; therefore it is better for China to return to her monarchical government, for there will be no dispute over the election of the President. Do the Chinese ignore the development of modern democracy? Do the Chinese obey the unjustifiable order? If the Chinese do, how could we start a revolutionary movement, how could we succeed in destroying the Manchu dynasty, and how could we succeed in establishing a republican government? People say that the republican form of government is not fit for China. How could they know? We never had time enough to try it. Our government has been no longer a republic since Yuen became our President. If Yuen is going to make himself Emperor, I believe that China will never quiet down. Those who are liberty-loving people will continue to fight year after year. Although they cannot succeed at present, they will certainly succeed in future.

M. Tsow.

Oberlin, O.

In Praise of Honolulu

THE GLOW FROM THE CRUCIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The great outstanding fact about Honolulu—the fact without reference to which no visitor's dinner speech or tourist's letter to home would be complete—is that of all cities of the Pacific, perhaps of the world, not one is more cosmopolitan. Almost before the *malihini* (newcomer) has stepped from the gangplank he is impressed by the variety of complexions, features, tongues, and costumes which are to be noted. It is merely a matter of hours until he will have employed the rather hackneyed but indispensable phrase, "the melting-pot," in reference to life at the cross-roads of the Pacific.

Last summer a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, a genuine, war-whooping, paint-bedaubed aborigine, with gorgeous war bonnet and beaded moccasins—Chief Hailstorm by name—resided for a few weeks in this city. Each night he gave a lecture and an exhibition of Indian dances in connection with moving pictures of Uncle Sam's Indian wars. Following each performance he solemnly assured his audience that however civilized he might eventually become he should always remain "a true son of the prairies." This is the single instance on record where any one has avowedly declined to fuse with the other elements in this insular crucible. Perhaps, had he remained, he, too, might have fallen victim to the influences which enable white, black, brown, and yellow men partially to lose sight of their racial characteristics and to live harmoniously and, to a degree, sympathetically in the "Isles of Peace." Only the tinge of red is lacking in the island color scheme. It is said that only a few Indians, of the Siwash tribe, live in the vicinity.

There is no reason to believe that Utopia has been attained in Honolulu. No one need accept any opinion that this community has proved conclusively the possibility or desirability of the general intermingling and association of races. For aught one may know forces are at work to demonstrate the reverse of the present picture of harmony. The melting process has not as yet been sufficiently long-continued to permit conclusions. But it is true that the instruments and the materials essential to Nature's experiments in racial association have for a considerable period been present here, and that no results distressful to a broad-minded observer are as yet apparent. And in the present time of universal unrest many persons may find satisfaction in contemplating the fact that in one neighborhood many races live without undue strife. The fact is especially significant when it is considered that the community embraces such widely different peoples as the Hawaiians, the Portuguese, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, the Filipinos, the Porto Ricans, the Negroes, and various Caucasian nationalities; all of which are represented in considerable numbers among the approximately 60,000 residents of Honolulu.

Many factors are involved in the fusion of these heterogeneous elements. The schools, the churches, the press, various industrial and commercial interests, social and fraternal organizations, and the police court are, of course, concerned in the establishment of common interests and common ideals. But in addition to these, there are at work three agencies, easily to be overlooked, but not on that account to be underestimated, towards like ends. Moreover, they insure an American bent of mind for the rising generation. They are: Baseball, moving pictures, and popular music.

The general popularity of baseball as a sport, and its widespread appeal to non-participants as a spectacle, are nowhere more apparent than in Honolulu. The game is said to have been introduced in the Islands by Major Thurston in 1885, and it may be supposed that cocoanuts were at first used for balls. There were during the last summer Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, Portuguese, and Filipino teams in the field, besides the various American civilian and army clubs. There is also a crack organization representing a negro regiment.

The Chinese Travellers, a Honolulu team, recently returned from a long and successful tour of the mainland, a tour which terminated at faraway Havana—another insular stronghold of the national pastime. Japanese players from the Meiji University in Tokio visited here to participate in an International League schedule last autumn. About the same time representatives of the Japanese Athletic Club of Honolulu were playing baseball in the Flowery Kingdom. College teams from California, Stanford, Chicago, have played on local fields during the last two summers, all finding first-class competition.

"Pat" Page, the celebrated coach, after his stop here with the Chicago University team en route to the Orient, wrote: "The entire community [of Honolulu] back their teams with more enthusiasm than any place in the world. . . . Honolulu is just like Chicago. Every sandlot is filled with 'Skinnays' learning the game."

Interest in the world's series reports is quite as intense as in many mainland cities. Large crowds representing all nationalities assembled each morning at nine to read the bulletins. An instance of the deep interest is provided in the fact that a Chinaman, in response to a general invitation from the *Star-Bulletin* sporting editor, correctly guessed the batteries to be employed in the opening game of the 1915 world series—an attempt at which many an expert failed.

Perhaps even wider in its appeal locally, in that both men and women are interested, is the moving picture. It is in the picture theatres that one literally "rubs elbows" with all nationalities. The "movie fan" may turn during a lighted intermission to find that he is seated beside a Hawaiian lady in a belt-less, loose-flowing "holoku," as the characteristic native dress is called; or shining coat and pantaloons may indicate a Chinese neighbor. Perhaps the neighbor is a Japanese, kimono-clad, sandal-shod, with the picturesque "obi" on her back, or her husband with a Toyo Panama in his hand. For in the numerous picture theatres of the city all congregate to watch the "Perils" or the "Exploits" or the "Adventures" or the "Hazards" or whatever else the lurid posters outside may have announced. And the philosophically inclined should rejoice that the same little ladies of the screen who crowd the theatres in the most sophisticated mainland communities are likely to produce the same effects in so cosmopolitan and isolated a place as this. Many of the three dozen theatres here are of the tin-wall, open-roof type, so that the moon, stars, and clouds play parts of their own in the "island nights entertainment."

A recent contributor to the *Photo-Play Magazine* enthusiastically writes: "If you can call Honolulu, as they do, the 'melting-pot of the races,' then surely it is the moving picture that stirs it. In all this intermingling of races, nationalities, civilizations, and centuries the one plane where they all meet, the one thing that crosses all lines, is the moving picture. It is the only thing that they all share, the only thing they all enjoy."

The real "joy of life" here is to be found in the park on moonlight nights, when, the landscape properly swabbed with light, the royal or cocoanut palm fronds appropriately silvered and barely aflutter in the tropical breeze, one lounges about while the native Hawaiian Band is at work. Maybe Japanese boys will be playing tag through the crowd, and surely there will be children tumbling on the grass. The syncopated efforts of American song-writers are much in vogue in the band programmes, and a lonely one may feel the gentle pangs of "home, sweet home" as he hears the tunes which are inevitably associated with lyrics about corn fields, cotton fields, midnight choochoos, ragtime bands, dear ole Broadway, or other peculiarly American institutions.

Another evening the band is not playing. A stranger sits alone beneath a banyan tree. After a while a group of Hawaiian boys—perhaps a Portuguese among them—strolls by. Some of them carry guitars, others ukuleles. They are singing native songs well known on the mainland, and popular songs of the "States" better known here.

Or there may be an even queerer association of music and musician. Perchance, as happened once, a little Chinese boy, native-born, will again pass by chanting of a "Girl in the Heart of Maryland."

Such an incident gives the listener a renewed sense of the American idea; it inspires a feeling of patriotism which he hopes is shared by all the odd folk of the "Paradise of the Pacific." It is the glow from the crucible!

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

Honolulu, T. H.

Educational Topics

THE EFFECT ON A UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF ARBITRARY DISMISSALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reaction of myself and my colleagues to a case of sudden dismissal that we regard as absolutely unjustifiable suggests the query as to whether such action contributes in any way to the efficiency of a university. A man who had brought his department from notorious feebleness to a model state, who was most highly regarded in every respect by all of his fellows, was suddenly at the summer meeting of the board given a year's leave, told that his services were no longer required, and his successor appointed. No warning was given and no hearing permitted. The first occasion, so far as is known and suspected, was the jealousy of a colleague, better known for belittling the work of others than for his own achievements, whose interference in the control of the department in question had been checked by the man dismissed. The second more openly alleged reason was a vigorous expression of opinion on matters connected with his department to the governing board. These were particularly resented by one man who has assumed a dominant position on the board. One must expect to suffer much while the method of choice puts absolute control of universities into the hands of men who can have little knowledge of educational matters and no academic ideals. In this respect, our board is probably better than the average. Nevertheless, a word from the inside on the effect of government by whim for the personal satisfaction of members of the board may guide other bodies in similar cases.

I felt the matter as a personal blow. I lost a night's sleep, and for the rest of the summer, whenever any university matter was mentioned, I at once thought of the dismissal with a feeling of depression, followed by bitterness that continued for a longer period than I care to admit. The wish that I might find another place or that there might be some way of removing the cause or even getting even played an unethically large part, and I am not an intimate of the victim and am in no way directly affected. The effect was universal. Men remarked that we had fallen upon a comic-opera régime, in which any difference of opinion was to be settled by "off with his head." There was talk of spies, an intimation that one might be struck from the dark without warning, and that no one knew who would go next, and repeated wonder if one had by any chance given offence to the supreme power. The atmosphere was that of Russia. As men returned this autumn they were greeted with, "You were lucky to escape the emotional strain of the summer," or, "I did not write you about Y as I did not care to spoil your summer." Similar expressions, coupled with violent condemnation of the men responsible, were heard on all sides.

Obviously, the effect of such a state upon the individuals and upon the institution must be bad. The actual loss of time and the decrease in capacity for work are considerable. Respect for the men in authority is lost, and enthusiasm for work and loyalty to the institution greatly diminished. Worst of all is the growing belief, often subconscious, that advancement and even retention depend upon truckling and wire-pulling rather than upon actual merit and accomplishment. Here, as in so many institutions, there is no open way in which faculty opinion may be expressed upon appointments and promotions, and many of the essentials of policy. Occasional private conferences, some even more questionable influences, give the board what little light they get on the attitude of the members of the teaching staff. Punishment of the kind inflicted encourages toadying much more than honest expression of opinion. As the men of standing and ideals are less likely to resort to these methods than the politicians, the influence of that class, whom we have always with us, is bound to increase.

Opposed to these disadvantages, the only gain is that the member of the board may feel that he has taught the man his place and that he will no longer be irritated by having a man about who will not instantly agree with him. He may also be gratified at his success in getting even. In this case the method was less humane, even physically, than the conventional bludgeon or sawed-off shotgun of the Black Hand. Against this must be put the discouragement and mental depression, not to mention the curses, of scores of the men upon whom, after all, the strength and reputation of the university depend. X.

A HINT FROM TUSKEGEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the revelations in "A Bombardment of Unfortified Brains" in your issue of December 9, the following may be of interest: In Booker Washington's school for negroes at Tuskegee there is a blackboard in the hall, which all the students pass constantly, and the latest news is written on it so that all can read at a glance. In addition, after the opening exercises of the school, before the pupils scatter to their various classes, half an hour is given for current events, each class in turn having a morning on which any member may be called on to report some important recent occurrence. Half the time is given to the reporting; the other half to criticism from any student of the accuracy of the reporting, and of the English in which it was given. The pupils read the news when they can, one little boy pleading in excuse for a slight inaccuracy that "the big boys had all the papers." The reporter is expected to tell the situation of any place mentioned, the position of any person, etc. The half-hour is most interesting and informing. When a visitor on one occasion was shown through the printing office, a slip was taken from the press as a specimen of the printing. Reading it, the conductor said: "Ah! I did not know of this! To-night is one of the rare free evenings for the ——— class, and their Literary Society is to hold a debate. Would you like to hear it?" The visitor was amazed that evening. The Russo-Japanese War was going on. Papers for each side were read by a boy and a girl, and then discussed. Surprising appreciation of the situation of both belligerents was shown. All was intelligent and graphic. "It is wonderful," said the amazed visitor. "Encyclopædia," said the host, with a twinkle. "But all was so up to date." "The papers—but they have very little time for reading."

Our "superior race" must bestir itself energetically if it is to keep ahead, and might not the Current Events blackboard and half-hour be introduced into our schools and colleges with advantage? Surely current events touch one's "life work" more closely than the sporting news. S. H.

Philadelphia.

DAILY THEMES AND COLLEGE DEBATING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Mr. Foster and "An Undergraduate" make their complaint about vicarious thinking in our institutions of higher learning, they are deserving of public gratitude. There are few men possessing an unbiassed mind or a retentive memory of their own undergraduate days who would venture to defend the intellectual standards of our undergraduates. The cult of vacuity in academic halls is too brazen to be overlooked. The dangers of originality are too great to be faced by any young man at the outset of his "college career."

But the causes for this ailing are not to be found solely in luxurious fraternity houses, or professionalized athletics, or even in stupid and unsympathetic instructors here and there. Modern educational methods have done more harm even than modern plumbing to the undergraduate mind. I recall at least one New England college where not so very long ago men dwelt together for the most part in the most unexceptionable discomfort, and yet political conviction, religious faith, and intellectual standards were as unusual as if every man had had his own motor car and shower bath.

It is not fair to blame the plumber and the steamfitter and the subsidized quarterback for what is more the fault of deliberate systems of instruction than anything else. I do not venture to cover the whole field of iniquities wrought by the so-called elective system. But I should like to comment on two forms of abuse common in, and peculiar to, the modern American college. I refer to them because Mr. Foster appears to take them as matter of course.

The first is the writing of themes. The second is debating. These evils are best studied in their most virulent forms—daily themes and intercollegiate debating.

Mr. Foster complains of the college girl who, "when asked to write a description of a sunset, applied to the librarian at once for a book on sunsets." But he does not criticise the instructor who made the requirement. It ought to be an insult to any high-spirited man or woman between eighteen and twenty-two years of age to be required to write a description of a sunset. And yet college instructors go on exacting daily themes in this same stupid way. The daily-theme course in our colleges compels men to turn out day after day all sorts of themes on required subjects. The aim of these courses is to teach style and command of language. The American university has not yet comprehended that style is simply the apt expression of an idea. As such it is obviously a by-product of the idea. We spend infinite labor in our theme courses on style, but none on ideas. We expect the mill to produce fine meal and forget that no

good grist has gone in at the other end. We permit our undergraduates to feed their minds on the lowest forms of current periodical literature and then expect them to write like Addison or Montaigne, by compelling them to compose daily essays on sunsets. The result of these courses is that people who are capable at their best of writing good spelling and punctuation and tolerable grammar indulge themselves in the grossest of literary vices, emotional insincerity. Can any one imagine a man in Oxford, or Göttingen, or Grenoble being seriously invited to write a theme on sunsets, or oak trees, or campus buildings, or any one of the thousand things that are compulsory in our colleges? The wonder is that a man can escape these treadmill servitudes with the slightest tincture of personality; and certainly very few do escape without a lasting hatred of literary composition in any form.

But the college debate is, if anything, a more devitalizing and devastatingly pernicious influence. The interscholastic, interclass, or intercollegiate debate is unoriginality made competitive. Debating is properly the alternate advocacy of two opinions. In college it is a game played by teams, like football. The teams are coached for the "big debate," just as the football team is coached for the "big game." The three most docile students "make the debating team." When they have made the team, they go to work with redoubled energy under the coach. When their fleshly brothers become giants of physique on meat and prunes, they are strengthening the mental sinews on statistical almanacs and volumes of the *Congressional Record*. The evening of the big debate comes. There are three judges, generally two neutral professors and a lawyer. By a supreme effort they listen to the debate and keep a tabulated record of points according to some arbitrary schedule. Ultimately they announce the victorious team to the accompaniment of well-modulated applause. The audience is generally exiguous. In small colleges, freshmen are frequently required to attend. Nobody in his right mind wants to listen. The unforgivable thing in a debate is to make an "unsupported assertion." If a debater says, "I believe in high protection," it is as bad as a fumble. The other team is sure to score five points. What the debater should say is, "We of the affirmative shall endeavor to show you that high protection is for the best interests of the nation. Senator So-and-So, in a speech [which in fact was never made and never would have been listened to if it had been], at p. 922 of volume such-and such of the *Congressional Record*, said, etc., etc. The statistics of Uruguay show that, etc., whereas the statistics of Portugal, etc., etc." It is easy to satirize, and it is hard to write temperately. The man who wrote for six points on the affirmative was nothing out of the ordinary and would never be penalized in the game as it is played. It is precisely as though he had written to a reputable coach and said, "Send me six good skin-tackle plays for the championship game."

College debating is the worst possible training for public life. The college debater is playing for points to the judges. If he makes an "unsupported assertion," all is lost. Woe be unto him if his adversary has been more thorough with Poole's Index. "A recent writer in the ——— which the gentlemen of the negative have overlooked, has observed, etc.," and the heads of the gentlemen on the negative droop with shame across their water tumblers. It may be true that all this is some training in logic, and that to lose two points from the judge for an undistributed middle or an illicit minor makes men more careful with their syllogisms. But is it not a thousandfold better that men should battle with their own good wits to secure the confidence and approval of their fellowmen than that they should struggle for a judge's points by the citation of the opinions of politicians or eminent experts?

In the famous Union Society of Oxford, which has been in some sense the mother of the Mother of Parliaments, every member has an opinion on the subject of debate and voices it either in a speech or by his position in the lobbies at the end of the speaking. In an American debate no auditor has any opinion except that it has all been an intolerable bore. At the Oxford Union you will hear crimes in the name of logic that might turn the hair of an American debating professor gray in one night. But you will also hear real conviction, sound unrhetorical sense, and manly purpose. These are things that the debating coach in America makes impossible. I do not believe any American with the forensic training of an American university ever achieved honorable success in public life without consciously rejecting all that he ever learned in these "debating teams."

Those who devise our curricula and form our educational ideals have been building on false ground. The mischief is not in the debater, but in the debate. The American undergraduate is undoubtedly satisfied with predigested food. But in the majority of cases it is because his instructors compel him to partake of it and scold him for a nibble of ripe fruit. If our undergraduate is the victim of false contentments, let us shoulder the blame ourselves for fostering those very contentments. This is not the affair alone of college faculties. It is for the educated man whatever his profession. ROBERT HALE.

Boston, Mass.

The Eternal Feminine

M. BOIS ON THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American press was very friendly to me during my recent visit to the United States, and ably seconded me in my mission, which was to present the underlying reason which linked your grand republic with our own. I knew before I put foot on your soil that you Americans feel a sincere sympathy for us French, and my aim was to make it clear that this mutual amity was based on ideas, ideals, and common interests.

In fact, I care so much for the good opinion of the American press that I have been considerably disturbed by frequent reports in your papers that in my next novel, "The Woman Who Killed," I declare that the American woman, especially the grande dame, is incapable of love. Now, as this book is not coming out until January, it seems to me that it would be rather out of place and above all premature for the author thus to pass judgment on the American woman. Indeed, presented in this bald form the statement would be simply a monstrosity, and what is more, would not be true. I have never said nor written any such thing. On the contrary, having proclaimed in my lectures and interviews that I consider the American woman to be "the hope of the future," it would be absurd for me to hold that this woman was inept to manifest, in its noblest form, a sentiment which is the most beautiful of all sentiments, and which, furthermore, is supremely feminine.

Far from pretending or even conjecturing that the American "super-lady" is unable to love, I will show in "The Woman Who Killed" that my heroine, an American, attains to a love so complete and so profound that, in order to experience the sensation, it is not necessary that the beloved one be present and living; she is bound to him even more closely than is the widow to the dead husband, her affection is like the vows of the nun. I make it plain that there is no love comparable to her love, more elevated, purer, and more profound, though the road this exigent soul had to follow in order to attain her end was long, painful, and tragic—a road darkened with doubt and pride which rendered the victim, in spite of herself, shockingly cruel.

The fact is that the grand American lady is placed in a very peculiar position by the circumstance that she enjoys a liberty, a prestige, a refinement of education which embraces somewhat the whole world through the influence which is exerted by beauty, physical and mental culture, travel, large acquaintanceship, contact with all that is of a high intelligence, and a knowledge of all that is interesting and beautiful. She is, in a word, a queen, an idol.

In a lecture that I delivered in the drawing-room of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, I said to the American woman: "You are an idol; be a goddess; that is to say, do not keep for yourself alone this splendor which ends in you. Be a benefactor and beware of the double trap of selfishness and pride by which a man in your position would be sure to be caught."

It is inevitable that such a personality, favored with every kind of gift, of birth and lot, would be apt to feel that she was a magnificent prey, and a cruel clairvoyance would be awakened in her which might become so acute that it would finally turn into a perpetual doubt—she would never believe herself loved for her own sake, as do most ordinary women. Her heart would become blasé, at least in appearance, for nothing is so baneful to love as an excessive refinement of the interior being, and that sort of intoxication caused by an atmosphere of flattery and perpetual homage. Whoever is so affected is lost. But this is much less the fault of the individual than of society, and of the much too courtesanesque character of the relations of men with women who possess everything to please. Incense was the perdition of the despots of old, and it is the poison which awaits the dominatrices of to-day and to-morrow.

The grand ladies of America, who are already and will be still more so in the future almost an irresistible power, need to make the most intense and constant effort in order not to lose those qualities which are displayed more easily in the case of women of a more modest or of an average condition—devotion, love of sacrifice, fruitful pity—without which there is no real complete love.

I who am an admirer of the American woman, I who believe that it is in the United States that the superwoman is to appear, that she is even now on the point of appearing—I have felt that I should not imitate the great

body of men who overpraise her, but, what is better, while admiring her, tell her, at the same time, the truth, which is that every human being, and especially woman, is not made for ambition, domination, that "the will for power," as Nietzsche has said, should not be developed at the expense of the other faculties. Above all must not be smothered the instinct of love, goodness, simplicity, tenderness, pity—these noble qualities which are concentrated in the word Humanity. Yes, men and women, we should be human, and women should be even more human than men. Every suffering thing should feel that woman can be counted upon. She it is, therefore, who should especially not cause any suffering. Let woman develop her body, cultivate its strength, its elegance, its beauty. Let her make of the soul a rare wonder. But none of these should be developed at the expense of the heart.

JULES BOIS.

Paris.

Literary Criticism

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "NICHOLAS FREYDON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the review of "The Record of Nicholas Freydon" in the *Nation* of July 15, it seems curious that there should be supposed any "mystery" at all about the authorship, as the book broadly and with evident intent tells us itself. See page 291, middle: "I began to write my fourth book. The third—a volume of short stories of mean streets," etc. Obviously, this is Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," 1894—on page 296 the period is called "the early nineties"—which was, in fact, his third, though "Who's Who" calls it the first. The others were "Shadows Around Us" (1890), and "The Fate of Fred Lavers" (1893). Further proof is plenty. Mr. Morrison was a journalist like "Nicholas Freydon," and while a cadet of the great Morrison house of merchants and collectors (since become a collector himself, by virtue of their double inheritance) would not have to live in such squalor, his work and interest made him long an expert in the submerged classes, with as little enthusiasm for them as Nicholas. Still more, the book gibes at Nicholas for calling a job as correspondence clerk in a mercantile house a "secretarial appointment." Now in the earlier issues of "Who's Who" (1905, etc.) Mr. Morrison is said to have had a "secretarial appointment" before turning journalist.

FORREST MORGAN.

Hartford, Conn.

"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with pleasure Mr. O. W. Firkins's keen analysis of the reasons why the Imagists are not Keatses and Shelleys. If they would only grant that the magic of speech that is pure music is beyond their reach, I, for one, should enjoy more their "Cyclists" and "Coal Pickers" imaged in "lengthened curves."

But my concern now is with the stanza of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." I cannot subscribe to Mr. Firkins's explanation of its strange beauty because the variation he makes it dependent on—an unexpected anapest in the fourth verse—is in but four of the twelve stanzas, all of which are to my ear equally perfect.

I have always thought that the description of this stanza as iambic misses entirely its rhythmic character. All other poems in iambic tetrameter are entirely different. Take, for example, these three stanzas by Wyatt, Cowper, and Coleridge, respectively:

> Forget not yet the great assays,
> The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
> The painful patience in delays,
> Forget not yet.
>
> And still to love, though prest with ill,
> In wintry age to feel no chill,
> With me is to be lovely still,
> My Mary.
>
> I told her of a knight that wore
> Upon his shield a burning brand,
> And that for ten long years he wooed
> The Lady of the Land.

Allowing for the variations in the fourth verse, are they not more or less alike, and quite unlike Keats's stanza?

> O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
> Alone and palely loitering?
> The sedge has withered from the lake,
> And no birds sing.

Trying to account for this difference, I have analyzed Keats's rhythm as follows: Each octo-syllabic verse falls into two parts, which are about equal in time, though one contains five syllables and the other three; the rhythmical unit of each half is the three-syllabled amphimacer, as in *woe-betide*.

> I met a lady | in the meads,
> Full beautiful—a | faery's child,
> Her hair was long, her | foot was light,
> And her eyes were wild.|
> . . . . .
> And no birds sing.|
> . . . . .
> On the cold hillside.|

That is, the secret of the rhythm is in the trisyllabic phrases on which the poem is built: "Knight-at-arms," "loitering," "woe-begone," "beautiful," "faery's child," "manna dew," "woe-betide," "elfin grot," "sojourn here," etc. If the poem makes this rhythmical appeal to other ears than mine, are we doing well to pigeonhole the stanza as iambic tetrameter and dimeter? If the labels of verse-technique were less mechanically applied, the Imagists, I venture to say, would be less deceived in regard to the restrictions of rhythm. There is in English no finer example of the triumphant freedom of a real poet working within the limits of a traditional form than "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

ELISABETH T. COOLIDGE.

Chicago.

RECORDS OF AMERICAN SHIPMASTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 488 of your issue of October 21, we read that a second book like R. H. Dana's could not be written now. That is quite true, but another could be *published* now, which never was published except in the local papers of Gloucester, Mass., where it exists in scrapbook form. It was written for his wife by a retired shipmaster of that town, one of four brothers who were sailing for Boston firms in the thirties, and in a way it supplements Dana—notably in the account current in the South Seas of the fate of Dana's notorious captain.

He left his father's farm at the age of twelve, to sail as cabin boy under his oldest brother. He regrets his lack of early schooling, but he came of good family, and the style is simple and lively, almost as good as Dana's, while the incidents are far more varied, occurring in the course of eighteen voyages to the Baltic, the Mediterranean, South America, China, and round the world.

His experiences at sea and in port are all entertaining. At Cronstadt he met at dinner John Randolph, of Roanoke, just arrived as United States Minister to Russia on a United States man-of-war. Mr. Randolph thought he had made a record passage, but Capt. Low produced a newspaper taken the day he left port, proving that his passage had been shorter.

He describes parties at Messina, and rides and drives at Rio Janeiro. At Manila he dined at the house (of a distant relative of the writer's) which had mother-of-pearl window-panes, "admitting the light and keeping out the glare." He dined with natives in Sumatra (on curried chicken and rice, "cooked much as you would cook it, but hotter; and it is surprising that the hotter it is, the better it quenches thirst"), and returned to New York to find the waterfront so completely burned out that he could hardly find a wharf to discharge his cargo.

This was before the Astor House was built, and we find the sea captains foregathering at "Bingham's."

All these men wrote well, being exceptionally well-bred, well-read men. Much of such material survives in the collections of the Essex Institute at Salem, awaiting an interested editor.

HELEN MANSFIELD.

Bloomington, Ind.

BURCKARD'S DIARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The completion of the new edition of Burckard's famous diary* directs attention anew to one of the most naïve records of a very interesting period of Italian history.

Burckard, whose name appears in Latin as Johannes Burckardus, was a native of Haslach, near Strasburg, and was born in the middle of the fifteenth century. As a young man he studied law, and in 1477 bought the citizenship of Strasburg, where he remained until the year 1481; then he removed to Rome. He soon obtained the post of apostolic protonotary, but this did not prevent him from carrying on a busy law practice until 1483, when he became master of ceremonies at the Papal Court.

Sixtus IV, Innocent VIII, Alexander VI, Pius III, and Julius II, though as unlike one another as ever men were, all united in loading Burckard with favors, conferring rich benefices upon him, and enabling him to live in his house in the Borgo with all the style and luxury of a Prince of the Church.

Burckard seems to have been of an easy, accommodating nature, and could always find some kindly, human thing to say of even the most hardened villains. He relates how a thief once broke into his fine house in the Borgo, and was caught in the act of making off with the best plate and jewels. Burckard would not allow him to be arrested, but bade him begone "to the devil, who would punish him according to his deserts."

*Johannis Burckardi Liber notarum ab anno MCCCCLXXXIII usque ad annum MDVI. Edited by Enrico Celani. Published in parts (1906ff) forming two volumes in the series of Rerum Italicarum Scriptores.

The Master of Ceremonies was a shrewd man of business, too, and when the Lady Abbess of Hohenburg got into pecuniary difficulties, it was Burckard who was sent by the Pope to audit the accounts of the convent, consolidate the mortgages which encumbered it, and settle the good nun's financial affairs—all of which he accomplished to the entire satisfaction of Pope and Abbess. He met most of the crowned heads of his age and made friends of them, for as Master of Ceremonies he welcomed all distinguished visitors to the Papal Court and bade them god-speed on their departure. It is said of him that he loved good food, and especially good drink, and to this was due perhaps the gout that brought about his death, in 1506.

Burckard's diary begins in 1483. Sixtus IV was Pope, an old man of seventy, who died just as the diary begins. Like other Popes, before and after, Sixtus was abandoned by all his favorites as soon as the breath had left his body, and so systematic had been their plundering that the only vessel Burckard could find in which to wash the body was a kitchen cauldron used for dish-washing, while for lack of a towel the poor Pope's shirt had to be torn up to dry him.

Next came the pacific Innocent VIII, during whose pontificate a strange visitor arrived in Rome. This was the Turkish Prince Djem, brother of Bajazet II, who, having escaped from the murderous emissaries of his brother, had fallen into the hands of the shrewd d'Aubusson, Master of the Knights of Rhodes, and had by him been sold to the Pope. Djem was destined to live in the Vatican far into the pontificate of the Borgia. He dressed always in Turkish costume, kept his eastern harem, received ambassadors from his royal brother, and grew marvellously fat in his captivity.

Pope Innocent soon died, and Alexander VI came to the throne in 1492. The diary takes on a new complexion with this year, becoming more anecdotic and hence more interesting. The many-sided Borgia here appears as an authority on highly technical matters of ritual and cult—a phase of him which rather surprises one. At this time Burckard was sent upon a political mission to the Aragon Court at Naples, and he made an archæological pilgrimage to Agnano, the Solfatara, Baia, Pozzuoli, and other environs of Naples. Stormy days were approaching, with the descent of Charles VIII of France and his army. The Pope sent the suave and diplomatic Burckard to meet the King, who took advantage of the opportunity to ply the Master of Ceremonies with all manner of questions "for about four miles."

Charles died in 1498, and soon after him Savonarola, whose career is summed up by Burckard as it appeared to a lawyer and diplomat at the Papal Court. It is a curious view of the great preacher, but one that merits attention. The death of the Duke of Gandia is related at length, with every circumstance known at the time, and yet, though the author treats this subject boldly and gives us chapter and verse for a certain Vatican orgy in 1501, he is unprejudiced enough to give us also a picture showing the magnificent courage of Alexander VI when threatened by shipwreck. The Borgia, however, was nearing his end, and in midsummer of 1503 he died. Burckard performed the last rites for his black and bloated body, and the sodden mass that had been God's Vicar was laid away in Saint Peter's with the imposing ceremonial of the Roman Church.

Of the edition of the diary by Celani one can speak only in terms of praise. There is now for the first time available for students a complete text, carefully revised from the original manuscript. So great is the human interest of the diary, however, that at the least the more interesting portions might well be made accessible to English readers in a translation.

EDITH ANDREWS.

Capri.

"ARMAGEDDON" AND "PARADISE LOST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The admirers of "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" will probably derive little but disappointment and regret from Stephen Phillips's latest effort, "Armageddon"; yet to the student of literary history the work is by no means without interest. All readers will agree, however, that the Prologue and Epilogue, which are laid in Hell, are the most significant parts of the drama. The Prologue is patently imitated from the debate between Satan and his followers in the second book of "Paradise Lost." There are similar demoniacal conferences in "Paradise Regained," but these are briefer and less impressive, and it is possible that Mr. Phillips never read them. In the Prologue to "Armageddon," as in "Paradise Lost," the principal speakers are Satan, whom each poet pictures as seated on a throne from which he rules with despotic sway, Beelzebub, Moloch, and Belial. The similarity is not merely a matter of names, however, for each of Mr. Phillips's fallen angels preserves the character he had in the Puritan epic, and Belial even keeps his deferential, oily manner of speaking. As in "Paradise Lost," the sentiments of this sensuous, ease-loving spirit are delivered immediately after those of Moloch, to which they are somewhat opposed. Belial's address begins thus:

> O Lords, I scarcely know, if now I rise
> In order, to address this full conclave,
> I, Lord of Lies; nor would I seem to slight
> The ancient, grand prerogative of Force.

It is always illuminating to watch the suitors for literary fame attempt the bow of some earlier Ulysses, and accordingly "Armageddon" is worth reading simply for the heightened appreciation it gives of the greatness of its original. For Mr. Phillips's pandemoniac council seems talky and futile in comparison with that of Milton. There is no debate, no clash of opposing opinions; Satan simply announces what is to be done, Moloch rejoices at the news, and Belial and Remorse speak apparently for the pleasure of speaking. Furthermore, Milton's intensely real Satan has degenerated into a dull abstraction, and his subtle, imaginative, and poetic Belial receives such lines as:

> With deference I propose that I convey
> To Earth my swollen, bilious Bureau. . . .
> Great Landlord, I complain not, but of late
> I feel through crevices a draught of truth. . . .
> The thought provokes a spiritual sweat. . . .
> Again then I submit, I play my part.

There is little or nothing in this blank verse to indicate any influence from the style, diction, or prosody of "Paradise Lost"; yet the following lines will show that "Armageddon" is not without the inversions, the appositives, the use of adjectives for adverbs, and traces of the organ tone which distinguish Milton's work.

> Spirit, to me alone inferior. . . .
> In action is the bread of mutiny. . . .
> But the main field and region of grand war
> Disputed lies, an indecisive plain. . . .
> Splendid is Force, but solitary falls
> And self-defeated, unrelieved by lies.

The most surprising feature of Mr. Phillips's drama, however, is its unconscious revival of a device once popular in narrative poetry. During the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, the stereotyped formula for the "machinery" and plot of the epics which were then the vogue was to have Satan, finding things on earth going against him (often because of the unexampled goodness and greatness of England's rulers), summon a council of his angels to determine what was to be done. In these assemblies the speakers were almost invariably Beelzebub, Moloch, Belial, and Satan, one of whom usually suggested sending an evil spirit to earth to stir up the enemies of the good cause. This suggestion was adopted, the evil spirit dispatched, and, as a result of his activities, there ensued the plots and wars which formed the subject-matter of the poem. This is exactly the plan of "Armageddon." Mr. Phillips, so far as I can recollect, is the first dramatist to make use of Milton's pandemoniac council, but poets had borrowed it as early as 1695. It furnished the machinery of Blackmore's interminable epics, "Prince Arthur" (1695), "King Arthur" (1697), "Eliza" (1705), "Alfred" (1723), and at the same time was used by John Dennis in his elegy on Queen Mary, "The Count of Death" (1695), and his heroic "Ramellies" (1706). Cumberland revived it for his "Calvary" in 1792, it was employed in Ogilvie's "Britannia" and Thelwall's "Edwin of Northumbria" in 1801, in Hoyle's "Exodus" in 1807, in Herbert's "Attila" in 1838, and doubtless in a number of other poems which have not come to my attention. Though the use in "Armageddon" of Attila as Satan's emissary recalls Herbert's epic, Mr. Phillips probably knew none of these works which are so much like his own. Indeed, he may never have heard of any of them—a fact which it will be well for us who study sources and influences to bear in mind.

RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

Rochester.

Old Saws and Modern Instances

ENGLISH LEVITY AND FRENCH SERIOUSNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article in one of your recent issues on "England After Six Months of War," Mr. James F. Muirhead makes an interesting comparison of the present attitudes of the English and French nations. These are his words: "It seems paradoxical to assert that our country is at this moment filling a new claim to the somewhat forgotten title of Merrie England, but in a sense this is almost literally true. Our French allies seem to have been immensely struck by the *gaieté de cœur* of Tommy Atkins in the field, just as we, too, have been struck by the somewhat unexpected gravity, pertinacity, and 'dourness' of Piou-Piou."

The reputation of England for merry-making is an old one, but the French have never been proverbially serious by comparison. It is therefore interesting to note that in the latter part of the twelfth century an

observation somewhat similar to that of Mr. Muirhead was made by a French ecclesiastic. Petrus Cellensis, Bishop of Chartres, in writing to the monk Nicholas, of Saint Albans, says, "Nec indignetur Anglica levitas, si ea solidior sit Gallica maturitas," and then, in a passage too long for quotation, he shows himself to be one of the pioneers in the study of the influence of environment on national temperament, for he holds that the frivolity of the English character is due to an aqueous atmosphere because England is an island, and that the seriousness of the French mind is a result of the sturdy mountains which are to be found in France.

JOSEPH F. GOULD.

Norwood, Mass.

A QUESTION OF RELATIVE VALUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading in your issue of November 25 Miss Haight's fine translations from the Greek of Simonides, with her adaptation of them to the unhappy but glorious Belgians, I ask myself if a dead Belgian is not worth more to the future of civilization than a myriad neuter Americans. L. L. FORMAN.

New York.

"FRIGHTFULNESS" IN LUCRETIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel sure that during these last months, when all our papers have been so full of "frightfulness," whether viewed as a distinct national policy or regarded simply as a necessary concomitant of modern warfare, with its amazing engines of destruction, some of your readers must have recalled the apt lines of Lucretius, V, 1305-7:

> sic alid ex alio peperit discordia tristis
> horribile humanis quod gentibus esset in armis,
> inque dies belli terroribus addidit augmen.

But there are four other lines in the same book (1152-1155) which are of vital interest as containing not merely a marvellous prediction like the above (though for Lucretius rather, perhaps, the result of retrospect), but as indicating for the Germany of to-day a certain fearful looking for judgment in the to-morrow:

> circumretit enim vis atque iniuria quemque
> *atque unde exorta est, ad eum plerumque revertit;*
> nec facilest placidam ac placatam degere vitam
> *qui violat factis communia foedera pacis.*

Has anything of equal force been said by any modern in words as few?

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

University of Alberta.

"MILITARY NECESSITY" IN XENOPHON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the History of the Rise and Fall of Military Necessity shall have been written, Xenophon and the Ten Thousand will find a higher place in the estimation of the moral world than the recent invaders of Belgium. The latter, because the Belgians rightfully resisted the violation of their neutrality, laid waste the land, not to mention worse deeds. The Germans plead military necessity, but surely their need could not have been greater than that of the Ten Thousand when passing through the country of the Carduchi. The Greeks were in retreat, pursued as they thought by the relentless Artaxerxes. They had no money with which to purchase provisions, and they had a journey before them of more than a thousand miles through a hostile land. In spite of this overwhelming "military necessity," they did not ravage the land, they did not enslave the inhabitants, they contented themselves with commandeering only provisions.

τὰ δὲ ἐπιτήδεια πολλὰ ἦν λαμβάνειν, ἦσαν δὲ καὶ χαλκώμασι παμπόλλοις κατεσκευασμέναι αἱ οἰκίαι, ὧν οὐδὲν ἔφερον οἱ Ἕλληνες, οὐδὲ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους ἐδίωκον, ὑποφειδόμενοι, εἴ πως ἐθελήσειαν οἱ Καρδοῦχοι διέναι αὐτοὺς ὡς διὰ φιλίας τῆς χώρας, ἐπείπερ βᾶσιλεῖ πολέμιοι ἦσαν· τὰ μέντοι ἐπιτήδεια ὅπου τις ἐπιτυγχάνοι ἐλάμβανον· ἀνάγκη γὰρ ἦν. (Anab., Bk. IV, Ch. I.)

And when in a far more trying situation, after being attacked and having some of their number killed, including two *ἄνδρας ἀγαθούς*, they were assailing a position held by the Carduchi in order to open a way for their baggage train, the Greeks "did not encircle their enemies, but left a way open so that if they should so desire they might retreat." (Anab., Bk. IV, Ch. II.)

ARTHUR T. BROWN.

University of Chicago.

"OUT OF THE TRENCHES" IN TACITUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the unique developments of the present war must be reckoned the proposal of certain self-appointed envoys to visit Europe, and to bring peace to the warring factions by pointing out a better way. Yet such a mission is not without parallel even in ancient times, as the following incident will show.

When the victorious Flavians were closing in on Vitellius, some regularly appointed envoys were sent out by the Emperor to see whether there was still any chance of making terms. Speaking of this fact, Tacitus goes on to say (Histories, Book III, Chap. 81):

To the envoys Musonius Rufus had attached himself. He was of equestrian rank, and a person devoted heart and soul to the study of philosophy and the doctrines of the Stoics. And so he began to make his way in among the companies, reading the soldiers a lecture, in which he set forth the blessings of peace and the perils of war. This proceeding many counted a good joke, but it wearied others; and there were some ready to knock him down and trample upon him, had he not desisted from his ill-timed disquisition at the suggestion of the more orderly and the threats of others.

H. C. NUTTING.

Berkeley, Cal.

THE PLACE IN THE SUN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This phrase, like many other things which have been found useful in the present war, was not originated by Germans. Pascal seems to have first used it in the "Pensées" (Article VI, 50, ed. Havet): "Ce chien est à moi, disaient ces pauvres enfants; c'est là ma place au soleil. Voilà le commencement et l'image de l'usurpation de toute la terre."*

Possibly Pascal had in mind some recollection of Diogenes; we do not know. But the fact that it was usurpation to assert absolute right to the "place in the sun" is striking.

Rousseau takes up the idea in his "Discours sur l'inégalité," 1e partie: "Le premier qui, ayant enclos un terrain, s'avisa de dire et trouva des gens assez simples pour le croire: Ceci est à moi, fut le vrai fondateur de la société civile. Que de crimes, de guerres, de meurtres, que de misères et d'horreurs n'eût point épargnés au genre humain celui qui, arrachant les pieux et comblant le fossé, eût crié à ses semblables: Gardez-vous d'écouter cet imposteur; vous êtes perdus et vous oubliez que les fruits sont à tous, et que la terre n'est à personne!"

Here the expression itself is not used, but the influence and the attitude of mind are clear. Rousseau also speaks of a usurped right.

It is interesting to quote here another of the Pensées, which does not contain the word "sun," but does turn upon "place":

"Que l'on a bien fait de distinguer les hommes par l'extérieur, plutôt que par les qualités intérieures! Qui passera de nous deux? qui cédera la place à l'autre? Le moins habile? mais je suis aussi habile que lui; il faudra se battre sur cela. Il a quatre laquais, et je n'en ai qu'un: cela est visible; il n'y a qu'à compter; c'est à moi à céder, et je suis un sot si je le conteste. Nous voilà en paix par ce moyen; ce qui est le plus grand des biens." ("Pensées," article V, 6.)

Later the expression "place au soleil" becomes quite common in French. Writers from Chateaubriand and Balzac to Marcelle Tinayre make use of it, the last, our contemporary, as the caption to her story, "Hellé": "J'ai mes droits à l'amour et ma place au soleil."

Littré defines: "Avoir sa place au soleil, recevoir comme les autres la chaleur et la lumière du soleil." This is rather far from Pascal! Larousse gives as a definition: Real estate.

The expression seems to have been taken up by the Teutons rather late. Karl Hillebrand used it in 1882, though Ladendorf thinks it was first used about twelve years earlier by Ludwig Bamberger, in a letter to a friend (published in his Works, V, 51, 1881): "So lasset dem Anfang der Einheit, wie schlecht Ihr ihn immer haltet, seinen Spielraum und gönnt ihm den Versuch, sich einen Platz an der Sonne zu verdienen." It became popular in Germany after a speech by von Bülow, December 6, 1897—we here rely on Ladendorf.

The most touching use of the expression is again French—Béranger's "La Sainte Alliance des Peuples: Chanson chantée à Liancourt, pour la fête donnée par M. le duc de La Rochefoucauld, en réjouissance de l'évacuation du territoire français, au mois d'octobre 1818."

> *Air du* "Dieu des bonnes gens."
> J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
> Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis.
> L'air était calme, et du dieu de la guerre
> Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.
> "Ah! disait-elle, égaux par la vaillance,
> Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe ou Germain,
> Peuples, formez une sainte alliance,
> Et donnez-vous la main.
>
> Pauvres mortels, tant de haine vous lasse;
> Vous ne goûtez qu'un pénible sommeil.
> D'un globe étroit divisez mieux l'espace;
> Chacun de vous aura place au soleil.
> Tous atteints au clair de la puissance,
> Du vrai bonheur vous quittez le chemin.
> Peuples, formez une sainte alliance,
> Et donnez-vous la main."

MARY VANCE YOUNG.

South Hadley, Mass.

*Otto Ladendorf, "Historisches Schlagwörterbuch," Trübner, 1906, p. 243, has already noted this.

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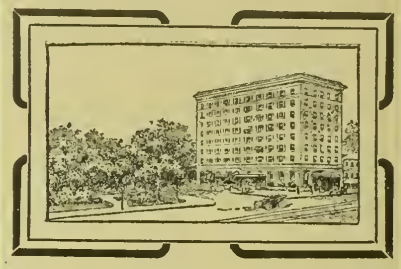

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Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00.

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Summary of the News

Dispatches from Washington on Tuesday indicated that the Austrian reply to the second American note on the Ancona may be received by the State Department at the end of this week. No official forecast of the contents of the reply has been given out in advance of the receipt of the note. Both in Vienna and in Berlin, where the temperate character of the last American note is recognized, opinion in regard to prospects of a settlement appears from the dispatches to be hopeful. Whether or not this is based upon an assumption that the way has been opened for a lengthy diplomatic discussion, as in the case of the Lusitania, remains to be seen. In Washington the opinion seems to persist that no such prolongation of the discussion will be tolerated.

The tenseness of the situation existing between the United States and the Central Empires is not mitigated by the pertinacity of the latter in continuing to attack passenger-carrying liners, according to information available as we write, without warning. News came on Thursday of last week of the sinking, on the preceding Tuesday, of the Japanese liner Yasaka Maru in the eastern Mediterranean, happily without loss of life. According to a report received by Secretary Lansing on Monday from the American Consul at Port Said, the ship was sunk without warning and no attempt to escape was made. One American was on board. The nationality of the submarine has not been established. A similar obscurity veils the identity of the submarine which, on December 24, torpedoed, again without warning, according to present information, the French steamship Ville de la Ciotat in the Mediterranean. Eighty of the passengers and crew are reported to have lost their lives. It is stated that no American was on board.

Dispatches from Washington last week professed to throw some light on two of the other questions outstanding between the United States and Germany. The settlement of the Lusitania case, it was stated, was originally delayed on account of the high state of public feeling in Germany. With the lapse of time and the German successes on land, feeling had calmed down and a settlement was near, when the German public was again irritated by the dismissal of Capts. von Papen and Boy-Ed. Consequently the matter is again postponed. Publication of Germany's latest note on the question of the Frye, the full text of which has been received by the State Department, has been withheld on account of its possible bearing on the open issues involved in the cases of the Lusitania and the Ancona.

News of Teutonic conspiracies in this country has been comparatively meagre during the past week, the outstanding event being the indictment by the Federal grand jury, on December 23, of Paul Koenig, the "special investigator" of the Hamburg-American Line, on two charges: the one of having organized a "military enterprise," the purpose of which was to destroy the Welland Canal; the other of having organized an enterprise to obtain military information in Canada for the German Government.

Col Edward Mandell House sailed on Tuesday for Europe, where he will visit London, Paris, and Berlin as the personal representative of the President. Col. House's diplomatic tour is officially stated to have no connection with any mission of peace, and to be solely for the purpose of interpreting American sentiment to American diplomatic representatives.

The second convention of the Pan-American Scientific Congress opened in Washington on Monday. The delegates were welcomed by Secretary Lansing, and Pan-Americanism was the theme of all the speeches of the opening day

On December 24 Secretary Daniels made public the report, hitherto not disclosed, submitted by the General Board of the navy on July 30 last. The report recommended that the navy should by 1925 be made equal to the most powerful maintained by any other country in the world.

Events in England appear to be hastening to a governmental crisis. The situation is not perfectly clear as we write, and it is possible that a decision may have been reached by the time these lines appear in print. The facts, however, are tolerably obvious. Undercurrents of dissatisfaction with the Coalition Government, as at present constituted, of which the most open manifestation has been found in the papers controlled by Lord Northcliffe, have recently been brought to the surface and swollen in volume by two causes. The first was the now famous "too late" speech made by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons on December 20; the second was the failure of Mr. Asquith last week to fulfil expectations by announcing in the House of Commons the results of Lord Derby's recruiting scheme. The first aroused the public to a realization of deficiencies displayed in the conduct of the war; the second awoke well-grounded suspicion that the proportion of enlistments of unmarried men had proved disappointing. Other newspapers, therefore, have joined with the *Times* and *Daily Mail* in calling on Mr. Asquith to fulfil his pledge that, if the response of unmarried men to Lord Derby's scheme should prove insufficient, other measures would be taken to compel them to come in. The issue, therefore, is the direct one of conscription. That the Cabinet is divided on the question is evident, and Mr. Redmond last week stated squarely in the House of Commons that the measure would be opposed by the Nationalist party by every means in its power. As we write, three courses present themselves: the present Cabinet, still under Mr. Asquith, may adjust its differences, deciding definitely either for or against conscription; the Cabinet may be reorganized, with Mr. Lloyd George, for whom there seems to be a strong popular demand, as Premier; or the question may be put before the people in a general election.

Omitting disclosure of the results of Lord Derby's recruiting scheme, Mr. Asquith made a full statement on the military position of the Allies on December 21, in introducing a supplementary estimate providing for the raising of the numerical strength of the army from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 men. The bill was passed in the House of Commons, without a division, on the following day, as was also the bill to prolong the life of the present Parliament another eight months.

Further changes were announced last week in the British high command. Lieut.-Gen. Sir William R. Robertson, Chief of the General Staff in France, has been recalled to become Chief of the Imperial General Staff at army headquarters in London; Sir Charles Monro is recalled from the Dardanelles to succeed to the command of the First Army in Flanders, and his place as British commander at the Dardanelles is taken by Sir Archibald Murray, who was formerly Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Evidence of a split in the Socialist party in Germany came on December 21, when nineteen Socialists (later rumors by way of Zurich have stated that a number of Socialists also abstained from voting) voted against the new war credit of 10,000,000,000 marks which the Government had requested.

From the Balkans little news of importance has come. There have been rumors that the Teutonic forces were preparing to develop an attack against the positions of the Allies at Salonica, which, according to Gen. Castelnau, are now impregnable, but these reports have not been confirmed by later news. Unofficial dispatches from London on Monday announced positively that King Constantine had informed the Central Powers that an invasion of Greek territory by Bulgarian or Turkish troops would not be tolerated, but here again there is no confirmation. Following the example of his sovereign, M. Skouloudis, on December 20, gave an interview to an English journalist in which he defended the position taken by Greece. The interview is interesting, and M. Skouloudis makes a good plea for his country, and is just in some of his censure of Allied diplomacy. An important omission, however, is any explanation of the fact that M. Venizelos, as the duly elected representative of a majority of the Greek people, may be presumed to have expressed the people's will in the policy which he advocated, and which was thwarted by the action of King Constantine.

The "peace ship" of Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit, has apparently encountered difficulties internal as well as external. There have been numerous reports of dissensions on board and certain of the pilgrims have retired from the enterprise. Mr. Ford himself, who is stated to be ill, is on his way home to America. The enterprise, however, has not been abandoned.

Dispatches from Peking, under date of December 24, told of the outbreak of a revolutionary movement, in opposition to the change to a monarchical government in China, under the leadership of Tsai Ao, formerly Military Governor of Yunan. Fifty thousand troops have been sent to the scene by the Chinese Government.

The Week

There ran through the speeches at the opening of the Pan-American Scientific Congress on Monday a deep current of feeling. The human note was strongly sounded in Secretary Lansing's altogether admirable address of welcome. "The American family of nations might well take for its motto that of Dumas's famous musketeers: 'One for all and all for one.'" This is not the ordinary style of a Minister of Foreign Affairs. Neither do we find the usual reservations and cautions of statesmanship: "The ambitions of this republic do not lie in the path of conquest, but in the paths of peace and justice. Whenever and wherever we can we will stretch forth a hand to those who need help." It was a pledge of security not only against the outside world, but as against ourselves. "When we attempt to analyze Pan-Americanism we find that the essential qualities are: absence of covetousness of another's possessions, absence of jealousy of another's prominence, and, above all, absence of that spirit of intrigue which menaces the domestice peace of a neighbor." Mr. Lansing did not mention Mexico, but Mexico must have been in the minds of all who heard him.

And primarily it was the thought of Mexico that gave to the proceedings the striking touch of sincerity. Much was said of the war in Europe, and of how it has emphasized the need of a common defence for the American republics. The Chilian Ambassador, as president of the Congress, spoke of the Monroe Doctrine as having developed into a "solid tie of union, a guarantee, a bulwark for our democracies." But the impression of all that was said is not that a mere external force, a possible danger from across the Atlantic, has brought the American republics huddling together against the approaching storm. Pan-Americanism is not primarily the result of a welding process from the outside, but of a process of amalgamation from within. Fear of what may come after the war in Europe would not be sufficient to bring the republics together if the Latin Americans were afraid of the United States. The reason why Latin America is learning to believe in our disinterestedness is that we have given in the last five years the most complete demonstration possible. In Mexico we have shown that our policy is the American continent for all Americans, and not the Americas for the United States.

That the French steamer Ville de la Ciotat was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean, on the 24th, without warning, is officially stated by the French Ministry of Marine. A majority of the passengers and crew were picked up by an English steamer, but 79 or 80 lost their lives. This comes on top of the sinking of a Japanese steamer a few days before, the absence of warning in which case the American Consul at Port Said has confirmed by cable. How gravely these acts of lawlessness affect the situation between our country and Austria arising out of the Ancona massacre must be clear to any one who stops to think. The reply of the Austrian Government to our first note on the Ancona case laid most stress on the question of fact; but it would be a ghastly joke to pretend that the exact circumstances of the killing in the Ancona case have to be looked into with solemn accuracy at the very moment when the cables are informing us of the slaughter of non-combatants on merchant ships, without a moment's warning, as the regular practice of the Teutonic submarine commanders. While our demand in the Ancona case—as in that of the Lusitania and the Arabic—is expressly grounded on the killing of Americans engaged in the exercise of their lawful rights, the only way to protect those rights and to prevent such killing is by bringing about the cessation of submarine outlawry.

England, to win the war, must have, like any other belligerent, men, munitions, and money. Only in respect to the last-named commodity has no criticism been levelled as yet against Mr. Asquith. With regard to men and munitions, the campaign against the Asquith Cabinet is once more in full swing. The press of Lord Northcliffe takes it for granted that the Derby voluntary enlistment plan has failed, and that compulsory service is necessary. On the munitions question we have Lloyd George's increasingly fervent appeals to the workers. It is not necessary to assume that Lloyd George is coöperating with Lord Northcliffe. He may be merely trying to do his duty as Minister of Munitions in characteristically whole-hearted fashion. Yet his warnings and exhortations cannot but fall in with Northcliffe's attack upon the Cabinet. The time, of course, is propitious. The Government has confessed failure in the Dardanelles. The schedules in bankruptcy have been filed—200,000 men wasted in killed, wounded, and invalided. It is the worst piece of single news to which the British people has been treated since the beginning of the war. If Asquith is to be forced out at all, it is not likely that another such opportunity will occur.

The demand for a reconstruction of the Asquith Cabinet must be based on one of two assumptions. Either there is a lot of genius running loose in England which Mr. Asquith has failed to bring into the service of the nation, or else Mr. Asquith has failed to energize the material he has at hand. With regard to the first proposition, it should be noted that the present Cabinet is a Ministry of all the talents. The only Unionist leader of note not included is Sir Edward Carson, and he went out of the Cabinet as a protest against present methods. In backing Lloyd George, therefore, the movement has apparently decided that what the Cabinet needs is a reshuffling, with a man of action at the head. It may very well be that with Lloyd George as Premier things would happen. The fact remains, however, that Lloyd George in his own special department of munitions has, by his own accounts, not made a huge success of it. And the reason cannot be that he has been hampered by Mr. Asquith. The fact is, of course, that the British Cabinet, in the face of a task of unprecedented dimensions, has made blunders, precisely as every other belligerent government has blundered, not excluding Germany. These errors have been in part avoidable, but for the greater part inevitable. Lloyd George in Asquith's place might profit by his predecessor's experience, but no miracles of victory will be worked through mere manipulation of Cabinets and Premiers.

"I had much rather stretch out my hand to America in gratitude," writes Cardinal Mercier, "but I must hold out my open hand to beg." And it is right that he should beg, unafraid and unashamed, and for more and more and more. This is not only Belgium that is speaking; it is devastated Europe addressing to peaceful and prosperous America the only kind of Christmas message it can frame: Help us. We have given, but not enough. Not enough when measured by what we can afford to give; certainly not enough when measured by the immensity of the need. A war which has dwarfed all previous standards of woe and suffering must be made to dwarf all previous standards of charity. It is not our hearts that are at fault, but our imaginations. We must not let the fact that this is the greatest calamity of centuries be-

come a commonplace. Again and again we must be reminded that this is a horror of which no one alive to-day has seen the like, of which no one alive to-day will ever see the like. The recruiting offices all over Europe are asking the young men to think what answer they will give when their children some day ask them what their fathers did in the time of great need. It is for us to think what answer we can make when our children some day shall ask us what we, of prosperous and peaceful America, did at a time when half the world was in agony.

In a statement issued at Boston a day or two ago, Dr. James L. Barton, chairman of the national committee for Armenian and Servian relief, made public the text of a protest, addressed by the German Ambassador at Constantinople to the Turkish Government on the subject of the Armenian atrocities. In this protest, which was filed on August 9, the German Government, after referring to the facts that had come to its knowledge, declares that it finds itself "obliged to remonstrate once more against these acts of horror." It is gratifying to note this action by the Kaiser's representative, which, whether any effective interference was practicable or not, has at least the merit of asserting the position that any civilized nation must necessarily take in face of such a situation. Evidently, Reventlow's doctrine that it would be wrong for a German to interfere, even by criticism, with the freedom of the Turk to conduct himself as he pleases in these little affairs is not shared by the highest authorities at Berlin.

There may be a little sarcasm in the comments of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on President Wilson's plans for national defence. This organ of Liberal opinion in Germany thinks that they will, or ought to, put an end in the United States to outcries against Prussian *Militarismus*. "No people has inveighed against the German system more loudly than the Americans." Well, what will they say about "Wilson's conversion to militarism"? But the *Frankfurter*, in its treatment of the whole question, goes beyond international retorts. It takes a very sober view of the consequences of the adoption by the United States of a policy of great armaments. It will unhappily reinforce the doctrine, already regarded in Germany as of prophetic force, that the power of the whole earth is to be concentrated in the hands of two or three nations, with all the others shut out. On the contrary, boldly declares the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "we hope and believe that the result of the war will be a very significant distribution of power in the world, so that mankind will be freed from the terrible pressure of *Weltmächte*." A Democratic Administration at Washington would naturally wish to share in such aspirations, not to do anything to dash them.

Statistics of the amount of destruction of British merchant ships that has been wrought by German submarines and mines are periodically put forward by the Overseas News Agency. The latest of these places the amount from the beginning of the war to the end of last month, "as stated on competent German authority," at 1,231,944 tons, "which means a loss of 5.9 per cent. of the total British tonnage." Presumably, in drawing attention to these figures, the expectation is that an impression will be produced of the enormous effectiveness of this harrying of British commerce. The actual conclusion that must be produced in the mind of any one who stops to think is precisely the opposite. Undoubtedly, a loss of 6 per cent. of the entire volume of British shipping, even if spread over a period of sixteen months, is no light matter; but how utterly incapable it is of producing any appreciable effect upon the fortunes of the war is sufficiently evident when the result is translated into terms of insurance. Evidently, an extremely small rate of insurance —so small as to have no serious bearing even on the question of prices—would be sufficient to cover the risk imposed in any one ordinary voyage by an instrumentality which effects a destruction of less than half of one per cent. of the nation's tonnage in a month. And this remains true even after allowance is made—as it should be—for the fact that the risks run by that part of the shipping which is specially exposed to the danger of submarine attack are far greater than the average for the entire volume.

Premier Borden's statement that Canada is willing to double her present contingent needs only translation into figures to show what a great burden she is ready to bear. She has already more than 175,000 men under arms, and of these nearly 100,000 are on the Continent or in England—equipped and maintained by the Dominion. Mr. N. W. Rowell, the Liberal leader in Ontario, has insisted that in comparison with the mother country Canada should have 600,000 men under arms, and at least 300,000 constantly on the fighting line. As the situation in Europe has darkened, Canadian determination, as reflected in the press, has kept steady pace with England's. So far as population goes, the Dominion's 8,000,000 people would seem able to raise 400,000 men without extraordinary effort. But it must be remembered that millions of Canada's population are not strictly British, and that she cannot recruit so easily as homogeneous Australasia. The financial burden, moreover, will be very great if Canada undertakes to maintain 400,000 men on the Continent.

Mr. Roosevelt hates and despises Mr. Wilson more than he does any other man in public life. But this does not mean that, if he tried, the Colonel could not hate and despise somebody worse than he does Mr. Wilson. To say otherwise would be to reflect on the Colonel's versatility and power of emotional concentration. This is the latest explanation of the famous Gary dinner, and a luncheon that took place about the same time. At these functions Mr. Roosevelt let it be known that if the Republicans try to nominate a candidate who is weak on Americanism, meaning preparedness, Mr. Roosevelt will throw his support to Wilson. This is consistent and adequate preparedness. It is preparedness against any possible adversary, Wilson, or whoever is the greater traitor nominated by either party on the un-American platform of disagreeing with Mr. Roosevelt. Believing heart and soul in preparedness, the Colonel has prepared a hymn of hate which may be discharged in any direction, like the guns of the Queen Elizabeth:

Hate of the mind and hate of the spleen,
Hate of the stout and hate of the lean,
Whom will I hate in June, '16?
Wilson!
Burton!
Root!
McCall!
} As the case may be.

For the third or fourth time in the last few years, Gen. Leonard Wood has struck an excellent blow for discipline and morality in the army by severely censuring a court-martial which failed to do justice. In previous cases he has dealt with courts that permitted drunken officers to escape without adequate punishment. Now his rebuke goes to the court which tried Col. Robert L. Hirst; the latter subjected a soldier of his command, who had struck him, to a cruel punishment, chaining him to a post. This savors entirely too much of Prussian militarism to be tolerated in the United States Army. As it is, there is much too great

severity shown by the dealings of courts-martial with enlisted men as contrasted with the treatment accorded officers. Furthermore, Gen. Wood, Secretary Garrison, and Judge-Advocate-General Crowder are incessantly endeavoring to tone up the standards of the military courts, in which undertaking Gen. Wood's powerful and just rebuke will be extremely helpful. As the case of Col. Hirst now stands, the soldier who struck the Colonel in a saloon has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labor, while the Colonel, whose appearance in full uniform in a saloon in which enlisted men were drinking has not been explained, and whose guilt as to the punishment inflicted Gen. Wood considers established, has gone scot free.

An excellent step has been taken by the Federal Reserve Board in the adoption of a resolution declaring it to be the opinion of the Board that persons holding political or public office, or acting as members of party committees, "cannot consistently with the spirit and underlying principles of the Federal Reserve act serve as directors or officers of Federal Reserve banks." Copies of the resolution are to be sent to all the member banks, and they are urged to conform to it in the election of directors or officers of Federal Reserve banks. The effect of this action should be not only conclusive as to the class explicitly covered by the resolution, but highly effective in keeping out the danger of appointments for politics in any shape. With this clear declaration of principle on record, any person who objects to a political appointment will have a powerful force to back him in his protest. There are plenty of ways for politicians to get in their "pull" without naming any office-holder or party committeeman; but in spirit the resolution adopted by the Board covers the whole tribe.

Mr. John Hays Hammond told his Detroit audience on Monday that nothing but "egregious blunders" could prevent the Republicans from winning the Presidency next year. On the subject of Republican blunders, Mr. Hammond speaks as one with authority. He has figured in some of the most egregious of them. And it is a distinctly left-handed compliment which he pays to the sagacity of his party leaders when he predicts that they will not blunder in 1916 because there will be "small occasion" for them to do so. The inference is that if they possibly could make a mistake they would. As for the Democrats, whatever they do is a blunder. They propose special taxes to meet the cost of national defence. That is a blunder. They should have issued bonds. But that would have been only a smaller blunder. Direct taxes the people do not favor. Bond issues they merely look upon "unfavorably." It is hard to please Mr. Hammond.

If anybody is under the impression that the spoils idea has become negligible in this country, he might find instruction in what the Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* has to say about Governor-elect McCall's Christmas. His mind was of necessity occupied with thoughts of the "horde of office-seekers who give him no peace." The correspondent goes on to recall the days when Cleveland came into the Presidency, and the Democrats, after a quarter of a century of exile, appointed a "smelling committee" to report what offices there were that the long-waiting faithful might hope to seize upon. "But these hungry Republicans," we are told, "observe no such formality. They seem to have no mercy on their Governor-elect. They besiege him 'terribly,' for that is the word used to describe the assault which is made upon him." Mr. McCall is described as already suffering from the strain that all this is putting on him, at a time when he would like to give all his thoughts to preparation for the duties he is about to assume. If Massachusetts Republicans, after having won a long-sought victory by putting up a man of McCall's high quality, proceed to treat the State to such an exhibition as this, is anything further needed to show what we are saved from by the civil-service laws?

Western backers of conservation measures in Congress are spurred to industry by the belief that unless these can be made ready before the programme of legislation for national defence, they will stand little chance of passage. Chairman Ferris received special permission to hold his House Committee on Public Lands in session through parts of the Christmas recess. This Committee has now voted to report the water-power bill in virtually the same form in which it passed the House last spring; and it is also taking up the leasing bill for coal, oil, gas, and so on, and the stock-raising homestead act. The Senate Committee is expected to amend the water-power bill radically, but it has already reported the homestead bill in its original form. The West is much interested in these measures. They are urgently required, as Secretary Lane has stated, for national development. To delay their passage another year—they were first presented in 1913, with the Alaskan railway and coal-leasing laws, and the new reclamation act—would be highly unfortunate.

Following the recent affiliation of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome with the American Academy, has come the appointment of its first permanent director, Professor Clark, of Yale. Both events mean a broadening of the activities of an institution which for twenty years has furthered the study of archæology, literature, and ancient art. It has not accomplished so much as the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, which was founded fourteen years earlier, and which by its excavations at Eretria, Argos, and Corinth has probably done more than any non-Greek archæological body except the French Institute. But the School at Rome provides a place where American students have been able to pursue the study of classical antiquities in their full bearing upon ancient life, and in some instances to make discoveries of value. Under a trained administrator, and in connection with the Academy, it should reflect greater credit than ever upon its parent body, the Archæological Institute of America.

A new kind of world's fair is called for by Ralph Adams Cram for the Pilgrim Tercentenary in Boston in 1920. The old type, "with its splendor and magnificence and exaltation of material achievement, is out of the question," he holds. There should be operatic performances of the best from all countries, and concerts and recitals which would include all kinds of music. The drama of all nations should be presented in all its forms. But he lays emphasis upon the idea that the celebration should be, "not only an historical and scenic event, but an opportunity for reconsecration of old ideals and adjustment to the new ideals which will result from the present war." How can these things be made concrete and graphic? Mr. Cram suggests conferences of all the learned and patriotic societies of Europe and America. He would also like to see "a great Roman Catholic church, an Episcopal church, and a great Protestant church within the grounds, which would be real churches with services and music." There should also be a place for Olympic games. Then it should be possible, not merely to behold, but to buy, any of the beautiful things made anywhere in the world, while cafés and restaurants modelled after those of the various nations would supply food and drink of all countries.

"SECRET" DIPLOMACY.

Speaking for the Foreign Office, in the House of Commons last Thursday, Lord Robert Cecil refused to discuss England's diplomatic relations with any of the Balkan countries. The reason he gave was that "secrecy was the essence of success" in a Government policy respecting such matters. A cynic might remark that British diplomatic success in the Balkans has, indeed, been a great secret. If it exists, nobody knows it. But the cynic would be wrong if he thought that the whole story, when it comes to be told, will be nothing but one long record of imbecility on the part of the Foreign Office. Any half-dozen men in the street, or in a newspaper office, may think that they could have handled the Balkan diplomatic business better than the Foreign Secretaries of England, France, Russia, and Italy, but it is lucky for all concerned that they never had a chance to try. Lord Robert's insistence upon secrecy, however, raises large questions which were debated in England before the war and of which we shall certainly hear a great deal more after it is over.

They are sharply discussed in a book just published by B. W. Huebsch, "How Diplomats Make War." The author's name is not given, but he is identified as a "British statesman," a member of Parliament, evidently of the Radical group. He writes with a bitter pen, but has a large historical sweep and much knowledge, so that what he says is worth attending to even if one cannot follow him in the whole of his argument or agree with him in all of his conclusions. His main thesis may be set down in a few words. English diplomacy has for generations been in the hands of a narrow-minded and privileged class. The Foreign Office has been virtually self-perpetuating. Its officials have not been in touch with the people, and have for years gone on spinning their diplomatic webs in secret. Secrecy has been the great vice. The country suddenly wakes up to discover itself bound by treaties of which it had no preliminary knowledge, and by alliances and *ententes* and "conversations" of which nothing was known until they were declared to be "binding" on Great Britain. It was in such an unhappy condition of the management of her foreign policy that July, 1914, found England; and it is the contention of the writer of this book that, if English diplomacy had not been secret, if the whole matter could have been laid directly before the people, Great Britain would not have been drawn into the war.

This is highly dubious, in our opinion; and we do not think that the author's reasoning, or use of the official documents, is nearly so convincing as he imagines. But it is useless to go into such contentious matter at present. As to one of the chief positions of the volume, no American will have any quarrel with the writer of this book. It is that no treaties, forms of international alliance, or agreements with other nations ought to be entered into until they have been submitted to the representatives of the people in Parliament. To this extent, the proposal of "Democratic Control" of diplomacy is only what is the settled practice of the United States. In England the subject was brought up long before the present war accentuated the feeling that there was danger in secret treaties. In 1886 a resolution was moved in the House of Commons to this effect:

> That in the opinion of this House it is not just or expedient to embark in war, contract engagements involving grave responsibilities for the nation, and add territories to the Empire, without the knowledge and consent of Parliament.

It was defeated by a majority of only four votes. Mr. Gladstone was opposed to it, though he never held the sacrosanct theory of the Foreign Office. And, as a matter of fact, the English practice has more and more tended to imitate the American in the matter of getting the assent of Parliament to international agreements.

At the same time, in England as in the United States, it is impossible to take away from those in charge of the conduct of foreign affairs the responsibility for initiative. And for this a certain amount of secrecy is necessary. Certain kinds of information have to be held confidential. Otherwise, the information could not be got at all. And the first steps towards unravelling an international difficulty must in the nature of the case be undertaken by a few men. Diplomacy by mass meeting is impossible. But the results, the binding obligations, the shaping of the national policy—those are quite other matters. On them the voice of the nation must be heard. The diplomatic officials should always be compelled to do their work with the haunting consciousness that they will have to submit it all, in the end, to the considerate judgment of their fellow-countrymen. A point is reached where diplomacy ceases to be secret and makes a clean breast of everything. Democracy does not destroy the individual responsibility of statesmen. It rather heightens it. Leaders of a republic must be free to brood over their plans for the public welfare, and to mature them in the secrecy of their own minds; but they must strive so to direct their labors that when the full record leaps to light neither they nor their country shall have reason for shame.

WAR BURDENS AND "THE CLASSES."

Nothing that appeared in the cable dispatches last week was more notable than the manifesto to the people issued by a score of leading English bankers and financiers. In this was set forth unsparingly the character of the "stupendous task" of finance which confronts Britain, and which "will try the mettle of the nation as it has not been tried in a hundred years." What the nation must do to fulfil this task was stated in language as effective as it was simple and direct. It demands "the strenuous coöperation of every man, woman, youth, and maiden"; the production "of all non-essentials" must be stopped; the nation must "avoid the consumption of all non-essentials, and even restrict the consumption of essentials to the limit of efficiency"; for "only by all classes adding to and carefully husbanding their income, by selling foreign securities, by creating foreign credits, will it be possible to provide the vast sum needed by the nation and its allies."

To suppose that this exhortation will be literally, or even approximately, followed, would be to imagine a vain thing. But it will have considerable effect; and it gives expression to a state of mind which is widely current in England, which has already found concrete embodiment in legislation, and which is sure to find more as time goes on. Nothing has been more remarkable in the story of the war than the way in which the heavy increase of taxation in the successive British war budgets has been received, in Parliament and out. Of that grumbling over high taxes, and resistance to their imposition, which one is accustomed to regard as inevitable under all circumstances, there has been apparently a total absence. But even this does not do justice to the facts. Turning to the files of the three most important London weeklies, what do we find them saying, in the issue of September 25, immediately after Mr. McKenna's announcement of the budget for the coming year? Do they complain that the burden of taxation is needlessly high? Do they ask that more of the load be shoved off to

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some indefinite future? Quite the contrary. "Perhaps the best verdict on the Budget as a whole," says the *Spectator*, "is that its main excellence consists in the indication of more to come." "The criticism of the Budget that will hold as Mr. McKenna's faithful prophecies of the future come true," says the *Nation*, "will be that it does not go far enough." And the *Economist* declares that the Budget, while deserving of praise for going as far as it does, "is not only belated, but inadequate." Thus all these weighty organs of opinion agree that the taxation determined on, though imposing, as Mr. McKenna himself declared, "an unprecedented burden on the country," ought to have been made not lighter, but heavier.

This is all the more remarkable because—as is plainly acknowledged on all hands—it is quite out of the question to make the taxation heavy enough to yield an amount even distantly approaching the sum needed for the prosecution of the war. The Government's expenditures during the calendar year now closing will have amounted to six and a half billions of dollars; in the coming year they are expected to be nine billions. The effect of the new taxes will be, roughly, to make the current revenue two billions instead of one and a half; and if the utmost were done that any one could dream of undertaking, the deficiency could not be reduced by more than another half billion. It is not on account of any fantastic hope of doing the impossible that British statesmen and journalists are in favor of taxes of unparalleled magnitude. What they are after is two things, both essential to financial soundness in such a crisis as this. First, they wish to place the system of taxation on a basis plainly adequate, by its mere continuance, for the service of the colossal public debt after the close of the war; and secondly, they wish to compel, so far as the tax system can, that economizing on the part of individuals the voluntary practice of which is so solemnly urged by the English bankers.

The attitude shown by the wealthy classes in cheerfully accepting, and even urging, the adoption of measures placing upon them these extraordinary burdens of taxation should furnish matter for a little wholesome reflection to those who are in the habit of thinking of the poor and the rich, "the masses and the classes," very much as of sheep and goats, or perhaps rather of sheep and wolves. Before the great war, it was a mere commonplace of the literature of social agitation that war is an affair which "the classes" contemplate with cold-blooded nonchalance because they get all the benefit while "the masses" make all the sacrifice. In every one of the warring countries, this notion has been abundantly disposed of by the awful toll of death that has been paid by prince as well as peasant, by those accustomed to every privilege and luxury as well as by the humblest of workingmen. In England, with its voluntary system, it is in the highest strata of society that the sacrifice in the shape of sufferings, wounds, and death has been heaviest and most general. But the test of taxes is, in a way, even more searching; for, if it is infinitely less grave, it is also unaccompanied by those inspiring sentiments and that tradition of *noblesse oblige* which make the offering of life and limb a matter of course. It would be absurd to assert that the way in which the double test has been borne is a proof of the soundness or justice of the existing economic order; but it is truly a complete refutation of that travesty of the existing order which so many glib-tongued world-reformers are in the habit of passing off as a faithful picture of it.

NATIONAL POLICY AND THE EXPERT.

When Secretary Daniels created the Naval Advisory Board, he thought, and the nation thought, that he was mobilizing the inventive genius of America in the service of the country. But there are members of the Advisory Board who are under the impression that the thing they were asked to do was to assume charge of the foreign policy of the nation, and as much of its domestic affairs as was necessary. One member of the Advisory Board has resigned as a protest against Mr. Daniels's "suppression" of the recommendations of the General Board of the Navy. These recommendations called for a navy which by the year 1925 should be equal to Great Britain's. So thought the experts. But what has the man who happens to be a mere Secretary of the Navy done? This:

> You have arbitrarily limited the Board to a given sum for new construction, and thus have forced it to substitute for this a programme which in reality is not its own, but that of yourself, *a civilian, who as such is wholly incompetent to judge how large or what our naval forces should be.*

In other words, Mr. Daniels, a mere civilian, acting as the agent of President Wilson, another civilian, has presumed to exercise his judgment as to the kind of navy the country needs and will approve of, and is even planning to foist his ideas upon the country through the agency of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, composed exclusively of civilians.

It is well that one inventor should have thus clarified the issue by challenging the principle of civilian control of army and navy which obtains even in Germany and Russia, where war credits are voted by representatives of the people. The issue thus raised brings up the question of the rôle of the expert in relation to governmental problems as a whole, and particularly in relation to the problem of preparedness. As time goes on, we shall hear more and more of the expert; and rightly so. It is a sign of better things to come that the American people, whenever it is perplexed or whenever there is a difficult job to be put through, should be acquiring the habit of going to the specialist. The danger is that in our whole-hearted way of going at things we shall swallow the specialist whole. In our desire to escape from ignorance and muddle we are succumbing to the magic of the expert. It is a pity that so soon in our hunt for facts and efficiency a warning should become necessary against the efficiency expert. But that is the case. It is necessary, not only because there are experts and "experts," but because even the best of experts is bound to work within the limits set down for him by his employer. In the matter of army and navy, that employer is the nation.

What is the prime function of the Naval Board, made up of Thomas A. Edison and twenty-two distinguished colleagues? To give the country as efficient a navy as possible after Congress has decided how large a navy it needs and can afford. The functions of the General Board of the Navy are very much the same. It does not determine the strength of the navy. Given the size as a basis, it is for the General Board to decide as to the proper relation of Dreadnoughts, battle-cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. To the experts we go for the facts. It is right for the General Board to say that it thinks our navy weaker than that of Germany or France or Japan. It is not for the General Board to say that we ought to have a navy stronger than this or that foreign navy. It is within Admiral Dewey's province to point out that our coast fortifications will be insufficient if our fleet is destroyed. It is not within his province to say that consequently we must have a navy equal to the British navy. It is for the nation and its civilian rulers to decide

whether it is necessary to anticipate the destruction of our fleet by the British fleet. It is right for the railway expert to point out that our present army of 100,000 men is, because of inadequate facilities for railway mobilization, equal only to 50,000 men or 25,000 men. It is not for him to say that we must therefore provide against an invasion by the German army or the British army. The possibility of a German or a British or a Japanese invasion ever coming off is one for the nation of civilians to decide.

The expert is only a hired employee. The nation is the employer, and must decide upon the final course of action. In framing a decision the nation will first of all determine the primary purpose it has in view. In the second place, it will balance expert against expert, even when it is a question of determining facts. For the outstanding truth is that even on facts the experts do not agree. The disgruntled specialist of the Advisory Board fears the "landing of the armies of such nations, for which their superior navies could easily clear the way." But we have expert testimony to the effect that there are no such "superior navies"; there is only one superior navy, England's. Admiral Fletcher, in command of our Atlantic fleet; Admiral Badger, his predecessor, and Admiral Winterhalter, in command of our Asiatic fleet, have said that our navy is superior to the German navy. This opinion deserves consideration. Even if the principle of civilian control did not exist as the fundamental principle of civilized government, it would be necessary to create the principle, if only to serve as umpire when experts disagree.

The conscience and the common-sense of the country cannot abnegate their functions before the expert. At his worst he is the magazine and newspaper expert who has seen how horrible war can be in Europe, and therefore feels qualified to speak of Dreadnoughts and battalions. Much better is the man who really knows about Dreadnoughts and battalions, but he, too, is not qualified to speak on diplomacy and international relations. The Chicago expert who decided that a defective baby must not be allowed to live was the kind of expert we do not need. His proper functions ceased when he gave his opinion that the defective baby would grow up to be a defective adult. On the broad issue of life and death he was only an individual. For that matter, it is on record that many of the Chicago doctor's professional colleagues disagreed with him, and that the final decision was left to the "civilian" parents of the defective baby.

CONFUSION IN CONGRESS.

Despite the holiday recess, enough Congressmen are staying on in Washington to give the correspondents hints concerning the legislative outlook. Some committees are informally at work. Bills are being drawn. Sentiment is sounded out and political combinations arranged. And the upshot, as pictured in the dispatches, is not very exhilarating. There are divided counsels. Leaders in either party do not agree on the general policy to be pursued. The only thing admitted on all hands is that Congress is going to spend a great deal of money, and will do it by confused methods, with an immense amount of pulling and hauling and log-rolling, and inevitably with huge waste.

In all this there is probably more than a little exaggeration. The correspondents must, in a dull fortnight, find something to write about, and they have taken the theme of Congressional muddle and grab. But in the midst of much assertion, which may be rather loose, we have one definite fact, which by itself is sufficiently ominous. On Saturday announcement was made that the attempt to establish something like a budget system had been abandoned. This subject, it will be remembered, had been referred by the Democratic caucus to a special committee. Composed of seven men, including the Speaker and Representatives Kitchin, Sherley, and Fitzgerald, it has discussed various plans to give the Government, working through the organization of the House, better control over appropriations. But its conclusion is to recommend no change at present. And what is the reason for doing nothing? Why, Congress has "too much important work before it"!

On its face, this seems very like a staring absurdity. Congress has so many more millions than usual to appropriate that it cannot stop to consider plans for doing it in the wisest way. It is conceded that the system under which a billion dollars is voted has been painfully haphazard and unsatisfactory. But the fact that a billion and a quarter will be voted this session is gravely advanced as an argument why there can be no carefully studied budget. The reasoning seems to be that the bigger sum will involve so much waste and extravagance anyhow that there is no use in trying to save a few millions here and a few there. They would never be noticed in the demnition total.

Doubtless, the special committee did not intend to make so abject a confession of helplessness. Yet its members ought to have seen how the thing would strike the country. An enormous burden of business is to be thrown upon Congress. It involves endless detail, conflicting projects by the hundred, insidious raids upon the Treasury by the thousand. Facing such conditions, business men would say that the first essential was to work out a scheme for tackling the great mass, and bringing order out of chaos. But before such a job it would appear that Congress throws up its hands in despair, and is content to go on dealing with a mighty maze without a plan. Thus the strongest arguments against confusion are turned into new reasons for remaining confused, and even heightening the confusion. The task of analyzing and controlling the national expenditure has suddenly become so much greater and more imperative than it ever was before that we have to give it up and let hugger-mugger continue to reign. Such a lame conclusion is only what we should expect from a Mantalini. We have a right to expect something better from men like Kitchin and Fitzgerald.

As we have intimated, however, it is not probable that they really mean to give up the whole fight for economy. To set up a budget system complete may have seemed to them too formidable a labor to be undertaken at once, yet they may be intending to act upon some of its leading principles. One of those principles, for example, is the need of Government, or Executive, approval of any given appropriation as a whole. We have not the machinery for getting this directly. No Finance Minister can go to the House of Representatives and say openly: "This is the bill the President favors; this other bill he opposes." But we have our alternatives, our equivalents for the methods used in countries with a national budget. President Wilson is not afraid to exert his indirect power, when he thinks it is necessary. There may be whole classes of appropriations—such as swollen bills for public buildings, or too large expenditure on rivers and harbors—to which he will let it be known that he is opposed. In this way he can give his support to chairmen on the floor of the House. But it is in committee rooms, and in the give-and-take debate in the Committee of the Whole House, that the most valiant strokes for common sense and economy in governmental outlay can be dealt. It is hard work. It is, for the most part, thankless work. Not only is constant vigilance required on the part of a watch-

dog of the Treasury, but willingness to make himself disagreeable, to set his teeth in predatory intent. No glory and small praise can be won by such labors, but they are really indispensable. And though the Democratic leaders in the House have given up for the present the plan for a complete and scientific budget, we may still look to them to assert their party authority, and to make use of their official position in order to prevent the spending of $1,250,000,000 of public money from appearing like a game of grab-bag.

BILLS AND THEIR FATES.

Our Legislatures have just had a staggering compliment paid to them. Every bill that has been introduced in any of them during the past year has been recorded, with the date of its introduction, the name of the introducer, a hint of its purpose, and its final disposition, all in a single volume. One would have said that a volume that held all this must put the hugest unabridged dictionary to shame, in size as in dulness. But not so. As "Coin" was fancied to have startled the financial leaders of Chicago by telling them in how small a space all the gold in the world could be packed, so the editors and publishers of this "Official Index to State Legislation" will surprise any who look at it by what they have been able to do in the way of conciseness. A line is given to each bill, and an even hundred bills are dismissed upon the normal page, a skilful diversity of type saving the solid mass from a too monotonous appearance. It is something to be able to hold in one hand all the wisdom and unwisdom of two score Legislatures, but it must be remembered that their worst follies are not to be found in a volume like this. Only Congress is bold enough to print, not merely what it does, but what it says.

The subjects of the flood of bills are as numerous as the greatest lover of variety could desire. On April 9, four resolutions were introduced in the Michigan Senate. The first authorized Senator Hofma to visit the University and the State public school at Coldwater; the second provided for a commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Lee's surrender; the third appropriated $27 for some one's services as committee clerk, and the fourth gave the Ford Motor Company permission to take motion pictures of the Senate. All of these were adopted, had been one a month earlier to authe purchase of a dictionary for the ate. Those who make much of the haste with which our Legislatures transact business should reflect upon the purchase of this dictionary. Although the Senate had met on the 6th of January, there is no record of an attempt to spend the people's money for a dictionary until the 10th of March. By that time, it is only fair to presume, the necessity of such a work had been amply demonstrated. It is Michigan, too, that makes a pretty display of sentiment now and then. Its Senate sympathizes with one of its members in his illness, and congratulates two others upon their birthdays. Nor is Illinois far behind. None of its Senators, apparently, were ill or had birthdays, but its innate courtesy found vent in a resolution congratulating Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara upon his thirty-third birthday, and in others expressing sympathy with members in the loss of a brother, a father, a father-in-law, and a mother-in-law. Surely the destinies of a State are safe in such hands.

Of obviously freak bills, there are very few. An Indiana legislator proposed to prohibit the manufacture of sleighs and bob sleds of which the runners were less than 56 inches apart, and a California Senator introduced a bill which provided for the dissolution of corporations that failed to pay dividends. This bill died in committee. Death at some point on the long route between introducer and Governor was the fate of most of these bills. Sixty-six of the first hundred introduced in the Colorado Senate in January fell by the way, and eighty-one of the first hundred introduced in the House. Most bills that are lost die in committee. Many pass one house, to fail in the other; many are done to death by the cruel method of indefinite postponement. Rarely does one suffer the tragedy of a bill in Arkansas, opposite which is printed the laconic story: "Failed to pass (tie vote)." California was saved from a number of bills by the pocket veto, while Illinois had a penchant for tabling.

Far the largest number of bills relate to public officers, including boards, commissions, departments, and employees. Next come appropriation bills, and some distance behind these measures concerning cities, corporations, counties, highways, schools, and taxes. Optimists will find reason for their faith in the fact that bills on art greatly outnumber those on arson, that bigamy is a much less popular subject than birds, and that libel and slander receive less than half the attention given to libraries. Pennsylvania seems to lead all the rest in the total number of bills introduced, but this may be a false impression, since she is apparently the only State to count as "introduced" in one house bills that have come from the other. Eliminating these, New York must bear the doubtful honor of leading in this branch of legislative activity. Her Senators were responsible for 1,647 bills, and the members of the Assembly for 1,709, a total of 3,356. The Constitutional Convention had 725 amendments before it, first and last. California and Massachusetts press New York in number of bills, the Western State having had about 2,900 and the Eastern 2,800. Alabama, where the Legislature meets only once in four years, had 1,150.

Foreign Correspondence

THE RESULTS OF LORD DERBY'S RECRUITING SCHEME—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A CANVASSER.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, December 6.

The appointment of Lord Derby on October 6 as director-general of recruiting marked two definite changes in our methods of carrying on the war: (1) The abandonment of a casual, haphazard scheme of recruiting for one more systematic and scientific; and (2) a distinct recognition of the fact that the provision of men for the army ought to be separated from the task of equipping and managing them. It is conceivable that a more logical nation would have envisaged these necessities from the very first; but it is also pretty clear that, Englishmen being what they are, our Government would have made a serious mistake in trying to enforce them in advance of public opinion.

In Lord Derby the occasion seems to have quite definitely found the man. He is a typical Englishman, of the Lancashire brand—a clear-headed, straight, blunt, businesslike personality, full of good humor and good sense, indifferent to criticism, and with an adequate comprehension of his fellow-countrymen. Though he has filled Ministerial office, was an excellent military censor in the Boer War, and is said to be one of the most efficient Parliamentary whips the Unionists ever had, he is yet best known as a successful sportsman—a member of the Jockey Club, a good shot, the owner of race-horses. Even his mistakes tend to endear him to his fellows; and his recent frank and unreserved apology to Lord Ribblesdale has only helped to increase his popularity. His direct and unmistakable language is a refreshing contrast to certain Parliamentary ambiguities with which we have lately been treated; and it certainly will not be his fault if any misapprehension remains as to any man's position towards the present canvass for recruits.

The general procedure of the Derby recruiting scheme may be briefly summarized as follows: The Mayor or other local authority is called upon to form a central committee for the prosecution of a canvass for recruits

in the district over which he presides. The central committee appoints directors in each ward to carry on the actual house-to-house canvass, and these directors in turn procure the canvassers to do this. These canvassers are supplied with "white" cards, duplicating the "blue" cards furnished to the local committees by the War Office, and containing particulars as to all the eligible men in their districts who have not yet enlisted; and it is their business to enter, in a space provided for the purpose, the replies of the canvassed men. When these replies express unwillingness to enlist, the reason alleged has to be stated. The way of the canvassers was prepared by a letter addressed by Lord Derby to all eligible men, explaining the situation and appealing to their patriotism. From the results of this "white-card canvass" the military authorities will draw up lists, divided into forty-six groups, of men willing to enlist. The twenty-three groups of unmarried men, arranged according to age (from nineteen to forty), will be called up first. Then the corresponding groups of married men. Arrangements are made for consulting, so far as possible, the wishes of the men themselves, both as to the branches of the army they desire to join and as to their preference for immediate service with the colors or a place in the army reserve. Infantry are specially required, and preference will be given to married men for vacancies in the Royal Army Medical Corps and the Army Service Corps. Special local tribunals have been formed to hear the protests of those who think they have good reasons for not enlisting or for being relegated to a later group; but to get the advantage of these tribunals a man must have appeared for attestation before the military authorities.

An immediate effect of the promulgation of Lord Derby's scheme was the flocking of young men to the recruiting offices before the canvass actually began. Lord Derby's letter seems to have convinced them that the country's crisis really was serious, and that this would probably be their last chance to volunteer. At least this was the case in the district in which your correspondent took a share in the direction of the campaign, and it seems to have been a pretty general phenomenon. Volunteer canvassers presented themselves in adequate numbers, and as a rule proved themselves men of discretion and common-sense. As a matter of fact, no resentment whatever seems to have been shown to their inquisitions; and the case of a Welsh miner, who was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for the too material nature of his answers, remains unique.

The canvass is not yet quite at an end, and it is too early to formulate a definite verdict as to its success. If, however, I may take my own district as typical, and venture into the dangerous region of prophecy, I should be inclined to say that men enough are coming forward voluntarily to carry on the war for a considerable period, possibly for as much as a year more. This opinion must, however, be qualified by the fact that we have not been definitely informed just how many men are wanted to effect this end, so that my guess may be fairly accurate as to the number of men obtained, and yet wide of the mark as to the time the supply will last. In any case, Lord Derby's canvass will have very decidedly paved the way for conscription, whatever be the real *portée* of the words I italicize in the following quotation from Mr. Asquith's speech of November 2: "So far as I am concerned, I should certainly say the obligation of the married man to enlist ought not to be enforced or binding upon him unless and until—I hope by voluntary effort *and if not by some other means*—the unmarried men are dealt with first." The latest announcement of Lord Derby declares that so far the campaign has not been quite so successful as he hoped.

The general result of the canvass shows very few men ready to put themselves on record as absolutely unwilling to fight for their country. The conscientious or positive objector is rare; most of the reasons assigned relate to difficulties that might conceivably be met by legislation or otherwise. In many cases "unfitness" simply means alien birth. In our district no fewer than twenty-seven alien nationalities were represented, including eight Americans and eleven Germans. The employer sometimes gives more trouble than the man himself; but this obstacle will be dealt with in due course, and with short shrift. On the whole, the British patriot has good reason to feel proud of his younger fellow-citizens; but perhaps the deepest impression is the pathos of these white and blue cards, with their tales of scanty professional incomes, struggling little businesses, numerous dependents, and feet just planted on the first rung of the ladder. More and more was it borne in upon one that some provision must be made for the wives and children of such men, which, in the case of their bread-winner's death, would save them from the descent to a lower standard of comfort and culture. The men of private means risk their lives; but these men risk not only their lives but the well-being of their dependents. Something, not inconsistent with democratic equality, must be done to meet such cases. Somehow or other, the superfluity of the wealthy must be used to equalize the risks of the men who combine in their own person both their lives and their capital. Conscription of property is logically bound up with conscription of body; and we have to face this problem. Government has been preaching economy to us; but we need some more spectacular sacrifice of property on the part of our potentates and plutocrats than has yet been vouchsafed. The fine spiritual attitude of France is symbolized in the simplicity, unpretentiousness, and unselfishness of Gen. Joffre; but England is still waiting for the dominating figure that will equally incorporate the best British characteristics in this time of stress.

FRENCH ARGUMENT IN AMERICA'S CASE—THUS SPOKE CLAUSEWITZ.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, December 11.

In the case of the United States vs. Germany, a leader writer in the Paris *Temps* has produced something which may be taken as solid reasoning or as logical exercise, according to the reader's temper. I have tried to compress its length into the usual form.

The starting-point in principle is Clausewitz's definition of war—"an act of violence to compel the adversary to accomplish our will." To this, in 1871, another German philosopher of war, Adolf Lasson, added that the state of war does not necessarily imply diplomatic rupture, but may "keep up negotiations to which it gives a basis by showing in facts the reciprocal relations of the two powers." So, to achieve the end of war, it is not at all necessary to crush the vanquished as by an invasion, "so long as the party with whom you are making war submits to your constraint and threat and *intimidation*." Moreover, "whatever your adversary cedes as a consequence must enable you to create a new legal status between the two nations."

Taking this as a major premise, the concrete instances to form a minor are found in what has been happening between Germany and the United States.

(1.) Did Germany, that is, the German Government, acting through the intermediary of agents known to it and for whom it is responsible, exercise "acts of violence" on the United States, that is, on the goods or persons of citizens of the United States?

(2.) Did such acts of violence, even when local or isolated, have for their aim to exercise on the Government of the United States moral constraint or menace or intimidation, so as to lead it to make concessions of a nature to create a new legal status between the two nations?

The answer to these questions must be sought in the facts of the case.

From the Lusitania to the Ancona, there were American victims on ships torpedoed against all the rights of nations. Yes or no, were they killed by German war engines or marines with the aim of bringing pressure to bear on the American Government so as to induce it to *cede* a part of its sovereign right to assure the free circulation of its citizens on all seas?

Mills have been burned; ships have been endangered or sunk by engines laid in American waters; strikes have been declared in factories of arms, munitions, and military equipment, and there have been individual acts of violence on the very soil of the United States. Yes or no, were these acts of violence committed by or for persons who keep their German or Austro-Hungarian nationality? And had such acts for their aim to bring to bear on American manufacturers, shippers, or bankers material or moral pressure of a nature to injure the liberty of their acts—a liberty guaranteed by the sovereignty of the state, whose first duty it is to assure public order and enable its citizens to exercise, at home and abroad, trade which is not contrary to law or international treaties?

In sum, yes or no, did these acts of violence have, to the knowledge of the German Government, for their aim, even though disavowed, to interfere with the exercise of its sovereignty by the American Republic—or any one of the States which constituted the Republic—the better to secure respect for their rights abroad?

The French writer does not pretend that the answer to these questions belongs to any one but citizens of the United States. Peoples, like individuals, can always cede a part of their rights, even from simple fear of a stronger power. And peoples, like individuals, may find good reasons with which to mask that sacrifice of their self-love which their prudence dictates. This should not prevent the drawing of the logical conclusion of the case.

"Every impartial mind will acknowledge that Germany has carried on against the goods and lives of American citizens a series of acts having for their well-determined

aim the intimidation of the Government of the United States, with a view to constrain it to accept certain exigencies of German policy."

Now this answers exactly to the definition of war given by German authorities like Clausewitz and Lasson, no matter how occult the acts may have been or how officially disavowed, yet effective and serving the Imperial will. For, in the German theory, the state of war does not consist in the *exchange* of violence between two or more states, but in the simple *exercise* of the force of one state to the prejudice of another which it wishes to dominate.

"Examine attentively what is passing before our eyes between the two great Powers which are keeping up a 'conversation' across the Atlantic. There can be no doubt that, under an official exterior of peace maintained by Germany, there is a situation of fact constituting on the part of Germany this veritable state of war. Although not declared, it has none the less costly and murderous consequences, with this peculiarity—the resulting losses strike exclusively American riches or lives, without anything to balance these losses on the side of Germans."

This, if you will, is a new and occult fashion of making war, like "larvated" disease; but it exists in spite of all official protestations. The French writer goes on to compare it with a peculiar kind of strike organized in late years. This consists in the systematic disorganizing of factories or mills by methodical *sabotage* of the products manufactured or even of the instruments of production.

The ordinary strike has its force from collective action. This new kind of strike works hiddenly by isolated acts committed by nameless individuals. This aids that, and it has been hailed as a step forward in Syndicalist conflicts. It has taken the name of *grève perlée* ("drop-by-drop strike"). So this new German method of making war gives us a "drop-by-drop war." But it is very real, and, as Lasson explains elegantly, "it is a state of war which does not involve the breaking off of diplomatic negotiations, but only adds to them certain new modalities!"

In fact, it reaches the end and aim of war, for this is accomplished, he says, when the other party (in this case the United States) "is subjected to the constraint, the menace, and the intimidation of its adversary" (in this case Germany). Unfortunately, in this case also, it fulfils the final cause of war in the German sense: "Whatever the subjected party cedes as a consequence must be sufficient to create a new legal status between the two nations."

The French writer has not gone into certain obvious questions: What effect will the cession of United States' rights to German demands enforced by this drop-by-drop war have on future American relations with other nations? What will be the effect of precedents thus created on the recognized international law of the future?

So far, as has been also remarked in France, Washington has been guided in its relations with England during the present war by very close adherence to the legality existing at the close of the American Civil War. If it should be possible to form a plausible body of international law from old remnants left unshattered during the present war and from new elements recognized at its close, this precedent of an undeclared drop-by-drop war will have to be borne in mind.

THE SIX HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF MORGARTEN.

By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

GENEVA, November 30.

The six hundredth anniversary of the battle of Morgarten—the Swiss Bunker Hill—was celebrated with simplicity on Monday, November 15. It was thought that the independence and freedom of the nation were sufficiently manifest in the long lines of the gray-clad army which guards the frontier from the Jura and the Rhine to the Italian Alps. The village of Schwytz, about twenty-five miles from Lucerne, has never been a resort for tourists. It is, however, the capital of the canton, it was the centre of the events which culminated in the expulsion of the Austrians from Swiss territory, and it is the favorite point of departure for those who take part in the festival on the field of battle. One leaves the railway at the station, Schwytz-Seewen, on the Gothard route, and, taking the tramway, arrives in a few minutes at the village. The Sunday evening before the ceremonies was stormy. Snow covered the neighboring Mythen Mountains and swirled through the long street. Neither in Schwytz nor in Uri and Unterwald, the other original cantons, were the customary fires lighted on the mountains; but every window was illuminated, the bells were ringing, and the inns seemed too small to lodge the many visitors.

On Monday morning there was a salute of twenty-two guns, one for each of the Swiss cantons. Shortly afterwards a special train took the invited guests to Sattel, in the immediate neighborhood of Morgarten; but many, starting earlier, in spite of the falling snow, walked the six miles by the Schlagstrasse which leads over the hills from one village to the other. Not far from Sattel, on the hillside, is the small church of St. Jakob, built in memory of the battle. Close by in the open air had been placed an altar, before which were wooden benches for the civil and military authorities. The crowd made its way through the snow to this shrine where the patriotic and religious service began. After the singing of the "Schweizerpsalm" by a large chorus of men's voices, and a sermon by the Chamberlain Marty, mass was celebrated, with music by a military band and the singing societies, and at the close the assembly of nearly three thousand people joined in the Swiss national hymn, "Rufst du, mein Vaterland."

During the celebration of the mass the snow stopped falling, and at the close the sun was shining. The people passed in procession to the parish church of Sattel, amid the sound of cannon and bells. In bright relief upon the snow could be seen the modern uniforms of soldiers, and following these were descendants of those who fought at Morgarten, wearing the military garb of the fourteenth century. In the midst of the crowd might be seen the Federal and cantonal flags, and especially the historic "fanion" around which the confederates once rallied to achieve their victory. In the church a Te Deum was sung, which brought to a close the religious and more sentimental ceremonies of the day. Among the groups of men, especially among the mountaineers, with their armor and halberds, were faces which recalled those to be seen in the tapestries and paintings of the old Swiss monasteries and castles.

It would be hardly worth while to write of the simple pageant at Morgarten, near the Schwytz Mountains, were it not that the ceremony has a new significance in the present hour. As it was in the fourteenth century, so it is now, that Switzerland is in peril from its mighty neighbors. There is a noisy Pan-Germanic press, which tells the Federation that the interests of the Allemanian cantons are those of the Central Empires. There are also some in the French cantons who fear that unless their 500,000 bayonets are arrayed on the side of the Allies, the Swiss will become the vassals of Germany. But outside the larger towns, with their cosmopolitan and shifting population, there is a Swiss nation which is indifferent to the blandishments or threats of its neighbors. The Swiss have seen worse days than these. They have no ambition to extend their territory, even if that were possible. And the people as a whole, in its passion for independence, does not greatly differ from the men who took the oath at Grütli, and conquered the Austrians at Morgarten. For the present it is the Red Cross of Geneva which excites the enthusiasm and sympathy of the people. But the white cross of the Swiss ensign on the background, which is the color of blood, will never be carried into battle except in defence of Swiss neutrality and Swiss independence.

Notes from the Capital

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

Five Federal judges—two of them, I believe, appointees of President Taft—chanced the other day to meet at a friend's house, where the conversation turned upon Mr. Taft's present activities. They were unanimous in their opinion of the value of the service he was doing the country by his temperate public discussion of current history from the point of view of one who had recently had much to do with making it. Then one of the party threw out the query: "If he is so competent to advise others, how came he to make no better showing for himself?" The rest shrank slightly from putting into words the thought that was in their minds, till one drew forth a chorus of assent by remarking: "He had too judicial a mind." And forthwith followed a round of stories of the ex-President which, if told of any ordinary citizen, would have been accepted as evidence of his insincerity of character, but which a psychologist would construe as a sign of an abnormal terror of making a mistake—a trait which causes so many good men to come to ground between two stools.

The weakness is an amiable one, doubtless, but it has cost Taft more friends than all his other amiable traits have won for him. Human nature is so constituted that the man of honest purpose who goes ahead, doing his best for the hour, but leaving Providence to look out for the loose ends, will bind his fellows to him by stronger ties, regardless of his many blunders, than he who

never finishes weighing the two sides of any question. Probably down at the root of the difference lies the fact that lack of self-confidence begets mistrust in others. Graduating from the bench into the executive field, Taft carried his judicial habit so far that no one dared accept as final the decisions he had reached at bedtime, lest he should change his mind before the next daybreak. A judge, it may be, could afford to shift position in this way, because it is part of his duty and training to keep his conclusions to himself till the time arrives for their official promulgation; but Taft, after he had thrown off the conventional restraints of the bench, acquired a bad habit of thinking aloud, as it were; and a frankness which under other conditions might have been regarded as a positive virtue became almost a vice in a President who, with such enormous responsibilities resting on him, would let it be known to-day that he had settled upon one plan or policy, only to reverse himself completely to-morrow, even though the overnight change were the fruit of more mature deliberation.

Another and very serious shortcoming in Taft as President, having its source in his judicial experience, was his tendency to sudden and impulsive retorts upon whoever happened to offend him. Here was the arbitrary power of the judge to punish contempt, exercised far away from the courtroom. He could not throw the offenders into jail, perhaps, but he could pass a summary moral judgment upon them, without giving them a chance to correct his misunderstandings. The sort of candor he was so proud of visiting upon others he could not brook when turned upon himself, and his sensitiveness was so keen that he would imagine an adverse criticism where none had been made or intended.

Now, however, the situation is once more altered. Taft is neither held in restraint by the traditions of a court nor impelled to an unwonted promptness of decision by the pressure of an administrative routine. He has no personal following to insist, as Grant's did in 1880, on his shaping his words and conduct with a view to reëlection, nor is he faced with a national financial or economic crisis which can be met by his party only under his direct leadership, as was Cleveland in 1892. The constant demand upon him for addresses to be delivered to one or another body of his fellow citizens affords a natural and unobtrusive outlet for any of his opinions on public affairs which he thinks might fit the needs of the moment, and the independence of his position before the country is a sufficient guarantee that these opinions are not tinctured by any ulterior motive. In spite of a few strong native likes and dislikes, Taft's detached judgments are apt to be fair and sane; and their forms of expression are pretty carefully thought out nowadays, for the lesson of the Winona speech, dictated to a stenographer between stations on a railway journey, has left too deep an impress on his memory to permit of his ever falling into that particular error of carelessness again.

In Taft's example we may read the best possible answer to the once haunting question: "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" The younger Adams answered it in his way by coming to Congress and helping to make laws for his successors to execute; the old Virginia triumvirate lent much time and thought in their retirement to the upbuilding of the institutions of their State; the Harrison of our generation resumed his law practice, and pleaded his country's cause successfully before an international tribunal; Hayes renewed his early associations as a friend among friends. Taft has effected a rather clever combination of private and public employment. His professorship at Yale brings him into close touch with the rising generation, the trend of whose thought he can influence for reasonableness; while his ready response to calls from all over the Union, for occasions which will assure him a large audience on the spot and a yet larger one through the press, enables him to interpret for the American people many of the political and social omens of the day, the full significance of which might otherwise be overlooked or misapprehended.

TATTLER.

The Rejection of Consciousness

THE MEANING OF SO-CALLED REALISM, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE NEW REALISM OF CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY AND THE REALISM OF FICTION.

By WARNER FITE.

In the following I shall venture the suggestion that the motive underlying the so-called realism is a distaste for consciousness, and especially for the humanistic implications of consciousness. I shall illustrate the point by reference to the "new realism" of recent philosophy, with a side-reference to the realism of fiction.

I.

The new realism was formally presented to the world in 1910 in the form of a "Platform" signed by six philosophers of Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton. Among the purposes of the platform was the laudable one of emancipating a bored philosophical world from a bondage of more than two centuries to the obsessions of "epistemology." The chief of these obsessions, which we inherit both from Descartes and from Locke, is the idea that we are certainly in possession of our mental states, but only doubtfully in possession of the objects supposed to be represented by them. As a result of this obsession, we find ourselves in the position of a man who holds an elevator receipt for wheat, which he may exchange for a similar receipt—for wheat or for gold, or what not—but which can never be made to produce anything but another representative document. Is there, then, an external or "real" world? The question seems hopeless. Either the problem is meaningless or the assumptions need to be revised. The new realists have undertaken to revise the assumptions.

But not content with destroying "epistemology" by forbidding all discussion of the theory of knowledge, the new realist extends his attack to "idealism." Every one has use at times for some term of malediction. I have heard of a little Quaker boy who called his antagonist "a nasty little You." A new realist would have called him an idealist. And in his view idealism is exhaustively defined in the statement that "the being of things is their being known." This doctrine has usually been distinguished by philosophers as "subjective idealism." It is also a question whether the history of philosophy affords an example of a philosopher who has subscribed without qualification to the subjective limitation. Berkeley, who usually plays the part of "the idealist" in the neo-realistic drama, appears to have been less interested in denying the existence of things independent of our perception than in proving that they could not be "inert" and "unthinking" things. Nor does it appear that, if we deny that the being of things is exhausted in their being known, we must affirm that being and being known are unrelated. What happens to a thing in being known is a nice and complicated question. The new realist is, however, averse to complications, and finds it simpler to leave knowledge out of the question.

And since knowledge is included in the more comprehensive conception of consciousness, it will be still simpler if consciousness as such can be reduced to a position of insignificance, or, perhaps, of nonentity. This is the point at which the neo-realistic argument against idealism and epistemology is reinforced by the argument for the relational theory of consciousness. So far as I know, the origin of the relational theory is to be found in an essay by William James, bearing the suggestive title, "Does Consciousness Exist?" It is a rather curious reflection that, while most modern philosophy assumes as beyond question that we know our states of consciousness better than we know the things of which they are conscious—a view which also seems inescapable to the first reflections of common-sense—yet few persons even pretend to tell us what a state of consciousness is. We know what a table is, but what is an idea of a table? And how does it differ from a real table? James answers the question by telling us that in substance there is no difference. Our experience yields us but one kind of table, which has to serve both as idea and as real table. It is then one or the other, according to its "context" or relations to other items of experience. Thus (to change the illustration) a pile of building material may be followed immediately by the vision of a house; or the house may come some months later as the final term in a series of causal transformations necessary to convert the materials into a house. In the first relation both materials and house are states of consciousness; in the second they are objective facts. Apart from these relations, they are neither; in the language of neo-realism, they are "neutral entities."

According to this view, consciousness—that is to say, you and I—is merely one of countless possible "relations" in an impersonal world of neutral "experience." With regard to the precise character of the consciousness-relation, neo-realistic opinion is

divided; and the variety of formulation leads one to suspect that the difficulty of defining consciousness as a relation has been slightly underestimated. By one wing, apparently the left wing, consciousness is defined, somewhat darkly, as a relation of "meaning." The bricks and stones may actually form a house, or they may also "mean" a house—which appears to involve the mystical conclusion that bricks and stones have minds of their own. According to the right wing, bricks and stones become facts of consciousness when they are responded to in the "specific manner" of an organism having a nervous system; for example, to say that a brick has become part of consciousness may be only to say that somebody has picked it up. This is in accord with the new fashion of treating consciousness as "behavior." But what may be the "specific manner" of response peculiar to living organisms, is not precisely defined. If it should turn out to be merely an intelligent manner, the work of defining the conscious relation would be still to be begun.

I have in mind a lad whose mother, wishing to let him down gently, told him that, while Santa Claus was not a real person, yet the term might fitly be used to refer to the spirit of brotherly kindness supposed to pervade Christendom annually about the 25th of December. The boy's version, as overheard later, was to the effect that Santa Claus was nothing but a "rotten old spirit." I fear that, in a similar fashion, many naïve persons will accuse the neo-realists of making us nothing but rotten old relations. And they may also suspect that the term "relation" is only a pleasant way of telling us that, like Santa Claus, we really do not exist. This suspicion may be strengthened by the realistic insistence upon the point that consciousness is a rather casual relation, certainly not more significant than any other relation that might be named; and perhaps by the subsequent reflection that the typically relational beings are the man in the moon and the bear in the heavens—from which the relations constituting ourselves appear to be in no wise different in kind. But if any doubt remained, it has been dispelled by Mr. Holt, who in a recent essay has told us that the mission of the neo-realists was to "abolish" this subjective nonsense about "consciousness."

How shall we explain this aversion on the part of supposedly conscious beings to the fact of their consciousness? The answer may be found, I think, in the uncritical reverence displayed by the neo-realists for natural science. Far from accepting the traditional rôle of the philosopher as the critic of science, the new realist aims to win intellectual reputability for philosophy by adopting the scientific point of view. Now, from the standpoint of natural science, consciousness is a peculiarly exasperating fact, a fact seriously disturbing to the scientific unity of the universe. The phenomena of animal life may plausibly be reduced to phenomena of chemical change; and the nervous system may then be invoked to perform all the functions of thought. But any admission that these functions are also self-conscious presents an ominous difficulty, amounting, indeed, to an admission of the supernatural. For, if the standpoint of those who are conscious be taken into account, it appears that our knowing what we do involves nothing less than an interference with the course of nature. It is therefore simpler (and for science the simpler is always the truer) to banish consciousness from the realm of positive facts and to treat it as an "epiphenomenon." But it will be still simpler if consciousness can be evaporated by definition into a merely casual relation. And this is the service undertaken by the new realism.

II.

The new realism is philosophy in the pose of natural science. If we turn to the realistic novel, we find art in a similar pose. The *roman expérimental* is fiction equipped with all the apparatus of scientific method, a technological vocabulary, a carefully compiled list of facts (only the bibliography of sources is wanting), a disavowal of all theoretical preconception, and a sublime contempt for all human interests—with the honorable exception of sex. To dwell upon this aspect of realism would be to repeat much that has been admirably said in a recent article by Prof. Stuart Sherman. I shall therefore content myself with pointing the analogy.

Historically, the realistic novel is a protest against the older romantic novel with the happy ending—which was always the reward of virtue. The romantic happy ending was due, however, less to the natural productiveness of virtue than to some rather irrelevant beneficence on the part of nature or the social order. Now, such a consummation implies that the world is a moral order; indeed, a supernatural order. Yet the supernatural is not finally disposed of by the elimination of happy chance. What if, by the exercise of moral courage, intelligence, and foresight, virtue may produce its own reward? This implies the efficiency of consciousness. And this, as I have suggested, is still, from a standpoint strictly naturalistic, to admit the supernatural.

Accordingly, in the strictly scientific novel, consciousness is made ineffective. Either the characters are preternaturally stupid, like the husband of Madame Bovary (and French husbands in general), or they are persons of unusual intelligence whose powers of action are obstructed by introspection. In Russian realism it seems that every one who is not a clod is, like Turgenieff's chance-acquaintance, a Hamlet—"of the District Tschigri" or some other district. Dmitri Roudine is uncertain whether he is a hero or a humbug. Neschdanoff, in "Virgin Soil," is a nihilist who discovers in the end that his nihilism is merely æsthetic. Even honest Bezukhov, in Tolstoy's "War and Peace," is haunted by a constant sense of not meaning what he says. All this may perhaps be true of Russian character. But it seems that in English realism intelligence is similarly inefficient, and indeed especially prone to disaster. Hardy's "Return of the Native," for example, is a tragedy of seemingly trivial errors. The dominant note of literary realism is the helplessness of man before the accidents of events; and in the realistic world events always go wrong.

So uniformly, indeed, as to suggest that the dice may be loaded; or perhaps that a *diabolus* may have taken the place of the romantic *deus ex machina*. Following the young Lucien de Rubempré through several volumes of his sordid career, we hope, of course, to see him win in the end, if only as a fair return for reading so much about him; just as he is about to grasp success, Balzac destroys him by a single moment of self-forgetfulness. In "The Return of the Native" a rather hasty misapprehension sends Yeobright's mother to her death; a little later, the wife, Eustacia, would have been saved, had she chanced to see Yeobright's letter. In "A Pair of Blue Eyes" we find a rejected and a repentant lover meeting on their way to a reconciliation with the same beloved, both then to be confronted with her dead body. All of this is more suggestive of a bad dream than of real life. In my own experience, the world of inexplicable mischance, in which we play the part of paralyzed spectators, is the world of nightmare. And when I note the occasions in daily life when nature and circumstance seem most overpowering and inevitable, I find that they are the times when thought is dull and the brain is weary. It strikes me as significant that much of Hardy's world is the semi-hypnotic world of his brooding and mystical heroes, the world, not of clear consciousness, but of semi-consciousness.

For in waking life it seems that our consciousness of living does enable us more or less to control the order of events; just so far, indeed, as we have a clear grasp of our situation and a clear self-consciousness with regard to our motives. The world of real living is not inevitable nature, but nature more or less responsive to our purposes. *Natura parendo vincitur;* by coming to terms with Nature we make use of her; and the resultant real world is the fruit of a transaction between two parties. The fault of the happy ending of old-fashioned romanticism was not that it was happy, but only that it was gratuitous; there was no transaction to support it. I have in mind, for example, Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre"—the story of the young and impoverished marquis who is too proud to propose to the wealthy maid while he himself is without fortune. The problem seems insoluble. But happily an apparently worthless legacy turns out to be worth millions. This, of course, is merely stupid. And it is wholly unreal. Yet it is equally unreal to suppose that if man and maid are quite in earnest, they are going to be deterred by the etiquette of fortune. In real life love usually finds a way; and the happy ending is both the logical and the natural conclusion. In real life no romance is shattered once for

all by the fact that the young lady is not at home when the young man calls primed for a proposal. Obstacles are overcome by ingenuity. The task of the novelist is then to provide the ingenuity, and to make it a logical and clearly motived ingenuity. To solve the problem by a *deus ex machina* or, on the other hand, to treat it as essentially insoluble—both courses are alike unreal. The realism that chooses the latter is no truer of actual life than the romanticism that chooses the former. Such realism describes life, not as life is, but as it ought to be from the standpoint of natural science.

III.

A similar situation confronts us when we return to the realism of philosophy and science. Realism claims the special support of common-sense, assuming, evidently, that common-sense is both simple and clear. But we need only glance at the common notion of real to perceive that it is complicated by at least two motives. If anything is to be called real (rather than merely imaginary), it must be in some sense independent of the person who perceives it; that is, it cannot be wholly his own creation. On the other hand, nothing can be called real which is not in some sense, actual or potential, a part of our immediate human experience. And an experience is called "very real" when it is a vividly conscious experience and gives us a sense of close contact with the object.

Realists appear to assume that common-sense will be satisfied with exclusive emphasis upon the objective motive. Realistic science, in particular, which is the model for realistic philosophy, claims the special merit of having emancipated the objective reality from all human interpretation. The first thing that a novice in science learns is to forget that nature is offended by a vacuum or that the iron loves the magnet. Realistic science then goes further and emancipates the reality from human perception. The novice learns that what he took to be color or sound is really only vibration; that heat is really motion; that, indeed, nothing is "really" just what it is perceived to be. This apparently solid matter turns out in the end to be a collection of countless independent atoms, which a popular imagination takes to be so many colorless (*i. e.*, gray) microscopic billiard-balls, but concerning which it seems that science can tell us nothing that is intelligible in terms of concrete experience.

But a reality wholly unrelated to experience is a little more than even realism asks. Such a reality savors of "metaphysics." Now, therefore, we learn that science is especially distinguished by the fact that she alone keeps close to actual human experience. It now turns out, somewhat unexpectedly, that matter and energy, atoms, ether, and vibrations, were not real atoms, or what not, but only so many shorthand formulæ for stating the order of events in experience. In a word, science is nothing but a record of what we perceive. But lest this should appear to imply an abandonment of the objective principle, we are carefully informed that the character of what we perceive is wholly unrelated to the fact that *we* perceive it. In other words, realism, in rejecting "metaphysics," still stands for the unvarnished fact.

As I prefer to put it, realism stands for denatured human experience. For without denying that something is meant by an unvarnished fact, it strikes me that the phrase as it stands expresses a contradiction in terms. I may distinguish the fact as presented in your varnish from the fact as it appears to me, and thus, by allowing for your varnish and for mine, procure for the fact some measure of independence. But a fact without any varnish whatever seems to me, if facts are to be related to perception, to be no fact at all; and how the world is to be described from nobody's point of view, I cannot imagine. When I try to state facts in this fashion I find myself in difficulty. The chair, for example, is the favorite philosophical illustration of a very solid fact. Yet when I attempt to describe the chair, I am confronted at once by arms, legs, seat, and back—terms that express a human prejudice; and when I try to dehumanize my description, I seem to find no terms that would make the chair recognizable, none that do not seem to transform a familiar human fact into something rather "metaphysical."

And if it be objected that my way of knowing, or of describing, the chair leaves the real chair untouched, then I am compelled to wonder what that particular reality would be in a world that knew nothing of chairs—in a primitive world, for example, where every one squatted. Something real, I do not doubt; yet still something intelligible, intelligible now from the standpoint of primitive life. If an automobile would cease to be an automobile in a world without carburetors, I cannot see how it could remain an automobile in a world without chauffeurs. When I try to conceive what that reality would be which is wholly unaltered by being known—to distinguish what the chair is in itself from what it becomes when known to be a chair, the cold fact from the humanly familiar and effective fact—I seem to find nothing but that metaphysical, atomic chair—the chair as varnished by the scientific point of view—which is not "really" a chair and is only doubtfully known.

It seems, then, that to be a realist is not so simple a task as it appears. We live in a world which we have surely not originated, a real and not a merely imaginary world; and, on the other hand, we live in a world which, just in being real, is more or less familiar and (strangely) more or less responsive to our efforts, and which, in its familiarity and responsiveness, reflects at every point our human point of view. In a word, the real world, for philosophy as well as for literature, is the fruit of a transaction between two parties; and a realism in which either of the parties is ignored is a mere pseudo-realism.

Book Notes and Byways

THOMAS DALE, AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GENTLEMAN.

Epilogue to the Recruiting Officer, *written* by THOMAS DALE, M. D., *and spoken by Silvia in Man's Cloaths, at the Opening of the New Theatre, in* Charles-Town *in* South Carolina [February 12, 1736].

In truth, dear ladies! 'tis a curious matter,
To prove, *Tiresias*-like, *a double nature;*
To bid farewel to petticoats and stitching,
And wearing breeches, try their force bewitching;
From belle to belle with janty air to rove,
Play idle tricks, and make unmeaning love;
With scandal and quadrille address the dames,
And strut the fair ones into wanton flames.

But faith! I pity *Rose,* poor willing tit,
Of all her joys, and promis'd transport bit;
Her eager amorous soldier prov'd at last,
As *Cynthia* cold, or *Farinelli* chast! . . .

Thus far the bard;—but sure the stupid rogue
Ne'er wrote before, or ne'er wrote epilogue;
For young performers no excuse to frame!
To your indulgence lay no artful claim!
I'll beg myself then;—Pray forgive our fright;
Think, ladies, on the fears of a *first-night;*
Kindly accept our faint, tho' willing toils;
Withdraw not from us your accustom'd smiles;
Nor mark how ill I personate the rake;
But spare *Jack Wilful* for *Monimia's** sake.

Such, with the omission of three lines of questionable taste, was the "occasional" poem recited at the close of the initial performance in the first regular theatre of Charleston. "The Recruiting Officer," a vivacious comedy by George Farquhar, was revived by the Stage Society of London last January, and called forth an interesting comment from Mr. William Archer in a succeeding issue of the *Nation.* With their jaunty spirit, so well in tone with the lines of Farquhar's play, the verses deserve publication where they are found, in the London *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1736. This magazine, which was soon to give employment to a struggling young literary genius by the name of Samuel Johnson, numbered few Americans among its contributors. Now one will scarcely believe that these lines resulted from their author's first and only courtship of the muses, or that "the stupid rogue" would charge himself with never before having written epilogue, unless the charge were untrue. And yet we shall probably search for Dale's name in vain through the promised "Cambridge History of American Literature," and also through numerous volumes, specifically devoted to "Southern Literature," and even to South Carolina writers. On the other hand, this early American physician has obtained casual mention in almost every history of his State, and has furnished material for the special student on more than one count. It is time, then, that somebody attempt to gather various items about Dale that have strayed into print, and to construct a brief biographical sketch.

Concerning Dale's birth we know nothing except that his father was "Mr. Francis Dale, apothecary in Hoxton, England." (See an article on the Brewton family by A. S. Salley in *South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine,* II, 139, from which most of this

*In a footnote Dale explains that the actress who played Silvia, or Jack Wilful, in this comedy and spoke the epilogue, "had acted Monimia [in Otway's tragedy of 'The Orphan' the previous year] with great applause" from the Charleston audiences. See the *Nation,* XCVIII, 464.

genealogical material is derived.) But by the spring of 1733, as two chance items in *The South Carolina Gazette* inform us, he was practicing his profession in Charleston and had wedded, in the aristocratic Saint Philip's Church, "Mrs. Mary Brewton," daughter of Colonel Miles Brewton, a prominent and wealthy Charlestonian. Near the end of the same year he earned some right to historical fame. A petition of Chief Justice Robert Wright, of South Carolina, to the British Board of Trade in London, dated December 17, 1733, complains of a certain act passed by the Provincial Assembly to regulate the courts of the province. "The Governor under the said Act," says Wright, "has lately granted commissions [as assistant judges] to Thomas Deale and Thomas Lamboll, esqrs., persons entirely ignorant of the laws, who assume an authority of over-ruling petitioner, in all judicial acts which they think proper, &c." ("Collections of the Historical Society of South Carolina," III, 304.) From other sources we learn more of the nature of this quarrel between the Chief Justice, on one side, and the Governor and the Assembly on the other. It seems that several decisions of the Chief Justice touching the ownership of certain lands in the province had displeased Gov. Johnson and his friends. Thereupon the Governor, under the statute mentioned, had appointed two laymen as assistant judges to serve without pay, but to have equal voice with the Chief Justice in the decision of cases. (See Smith, "South Carolina as a Royal Province," pp. 128, ff.) Later the obnoxious act was repealed by royal order, but Dale served as assistant judge for at least six years more. On the death of Wright in 1739, Lieut.-Gov. Bull, then acting as Governor, gave a special commission to Dr. Dale to preside over the Court of General Sessions *pro hac vice*. Bull desired to appoint Dale as regular Chief Justice, but his Council objected, and Benjamin Whitaker, a lawyer, was named instead.

The record of Dr. Dale's services as a jurist is not completed here. More responsibility was attached then than now to the office of justice of the peace in Carolina. For example, two justices of the peace sitting with three freeholders had the right for certain crimes to condemn slaves to capital punishment. Moreover, it is recorded that the Chief Justice, all the assistant judges, the members of the Governor's Council, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Attorney-General, and numerous other citizens were duly commissioned justices of the peace in March, 1737. This office Dale held for many years, and not a few notices in the *Gazette* chronicle his sentencing slaves to hang for burglary or impounding stray horses or cows, in his magisterial capacity.

He was likewise in 1734 elected steward of Saint George's Club, an exclusive social and charitable organization that had been formed two years before, was at one time a member of the provincial Assembly, and served two terms as one of the three "commissioners of workhouse and markets." The workhouse, the place of detention for captured runaway slaves, was situated at some distance outside the town limits; the "new" Charleston market Dale and his fellow-commissioners placed on the present site of the City Hall, just across Broad Street from St. Michael's Church.

The domestic experiences of Dr. Dale must have been varied. A son, Thomas, was buried October 17, 1736, and an infant daughter, Mary, was buried with her mother in one coffin May 25, 1737. On November 23, 1738, he married Anne Smith, who died, apparently without issue, in January, 1743. On June 30 of the same year he took a third wife, Hannah Simons, who with three children survived him. One of these children, Thomas Simons, seems to have been the Thomas Dale, M.D., whose life is sketched in the "National Dictionary of Biography," and who was undoubtedly a son of the subject of the present article. But the year there given for the younger Dale's birth, 1729, is a palpable error for 1745, or thereabouts, a date that would be more consistent with Dale's admission into the University of Edinburgh in 1770, and his receipt of the M.D. degree in 1775.

The elder Dale seems to have died near the end of 1750. In the *Gazette* of January 7, 1751, appears an advertisement, by his widow and executrix, of the sale of all his personal estate "at his late dwelling house in *Church Street:* the sale to begin with his LIBRARY . . . and to continue every afternoon 'till all the said LIBRARY is sold, a catalogue of which may be seen." On another day were to be sold "the slaves, cattle and stock: among whom are several very valuable negroes; and the household goods" on still another. From these details we may surmise that Dr. Dale left a valuable estate. In his will was at least one private bequest. He directed "that his collection of dried plants and other specimens of natural history be packed up and sent to his friend, Dr. John Frederick Gronovius at Leyden." (Salley, op. cit.)

Surely this was a many-sided individual! The practicing physician, the lawmaker, the judge and embryonic Chief Justice, the member of civic boards, the husband of three wives within a decade, all of them belonging to the first circles of the conservative Charleston society, the owner of an apparently large private library, the naturalist and friend of Gronovius, the contributor of poetry to the *Gentleman's Magazine*—here is distinction enough for an eighteenth-century American gentleman.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Correspondence.

CONCERNING THOSE "NAGGING REMONSTRANCES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with a great deal of interest the letter by Mr. McCormick in your issue of December 2, entitled "Nagging Remonstrances." Since Mr. McCormick lives in a suffering nation, and feels, perhaps, with great anguish of soul the awfulness of this bloody conflict, I am not surprised that he should write as he does. Perhaps he voices the sentiments of the greater portion of the English people. But to us Americans, a good many of his assertions and contentions seem very much overdrawn. Mr. McCormick does not deny that England has resorted to illegal methods to enforce her control of the seas; he does not deny that his country has long ago thrown aside the Declaration of London as a scrap of paper, and has refused to abide by various stipulations of the Hague Convention. He does not deny that England has resorted to illegal means to cripple our foreign trade. He does not deny the essential truth of President Wilson's "nagging remonstrances." What is his justification? Forsooth, the United States, by a blockade of doubtful legality at the time of the Civil War, prevented the Confederate States from exporting their cotton to England.

While we recognize the value of precedent, the parallel cited by Mr. McCormick does not seem to us very applicable. The right of a sovereign state to control its commerce is an inalienable right. The blockade of the Confederacy was aimed at insurrection within our own borders. We never admitted that the Government of the Confederate States was a legal Government, nor was it recognized as such by Great Britain. We held that the rebellious States were legally and rightfully a part of the Union. If Ulster were in rebellion, no American would have cause to complain if by drastic measures aimed at the pacification of her rebellious subjects England should forbid them to export to us their usual quota of pure Irish linen. But as to the Central Powers, the case is different. They are well-recognized Governments, and England, we contend, has no legal right to cripple our non-contraband trade with them, or to revise the laws of the seas for her special accommodation. But, aside from the fact that Mr. McCormick's precedent will not hold, it remains true that two wrongs do not make a right. Even if we had used illegal methods in dealing with the Confederate States, that would be no justification for England's use of them to-day. Mr. McCormick would hardly try to justify a wrong done by himself by citing one done by me.

Mr. McCormick reminds us that we have remonstrated against England's illegal interference with our trade, in spite of the fact that England is condescending enough to buy immense quantities of ammunition from our manufacturers. *O tempora! O mores!* There was a time when we enjoyed only such privileges at sea as England was kind enough to grant us. But we have refused to acknowledge such suzerainty for a little over a century. We had been laboring under the pleasing delusion that the seas were free. Even yet we Americans are provincial enough to believe the seas *ought* to be free, and we are not yet ready to compromise what we believe to be our rights, and humanity's rights, because our manufacturers of munitions are just now enjoying a mess of pottage.

Mr. McCormick is literally right in his inference, so sneeringly stated, that President Wilson has been contending for something infinitely higher than a mere matter of trade. It was not so much because a few American lives were lost on the Lusitania that President Wilson raised his protesting voice, but because the eternal rights of our country and of humanity had been outraged. As the head of the greatest of neutral nations, President Wilson is keenly aware that he is bearing a solemn responsibility and has a high duty to perform. As he said in one of his recent speeches: "We are not trying to keep out of trouble. We are trying to preserve the foundations upon which peace can be rebuilt. Peace can be rebuilt only upon the ancient and accepted principles of international law, only upon those things which remind nations of their duties to each other, and, deeper than that, of their duties to mankind and to humanity. America has a great cause, which is not confined to the American continent. It is the cause of humanity itself." I am not a Democrat myself, but I should be the last man in America to accuse President Wilson of catering to the pro-German vote. President Wilson has striven to do his duty as he sees it.

Mr. McCormick upbraids us for hypocrisy because we did not protest when the neutrality of Belgium was violated. Have we not protested? Not formally, of course, but there is scarcely a man among us whose soul has not been stirred to anguish at this outrage. It has made more pro-Ally sympathizers in this country, perhaps, than all other causes combined. The Germans know this. It may be that we should have given them official notice of our indignation. But what good would a mere formal notice have done? We are well aware, in spite of all her altruistic pretensions, that England never entered this war primarily on account of her love for poor, stricken Belgium. That played some part, but we know, and England knows, that her main purpose was to conserve her place in the sun. It is all very well for England, now that she is in this war, to maintain that she is championing the cause of human rights, international law, etc. But this furnishes little reason why she herself should violate those very rights which she pretends to champion. Mr. McCormick evidently believes that if we Americans reprobate the rape of Belgium, the place for us is in the trenches in Flanders. This would no doubt be pleasant for the English aristocrat who prefers the luxury of London life. Maybe then England will be willing to concede to us certain rights on the high seas! But we are not disposed to do any fighting in Flanders while England prates of German illegalities and at the same time tries to usurp the control of the seas, and while she answers our protests with denial or silent contempt, or, perchance, reminds us that she is favoring some of our rich people with orders for munitions in unprecedented quantities.

C. L. Snider.

Chapel Hill, N. C., December 2.

[The possession by the Confederacy of belligerent rights was granted almost from the outset of the war; indeed, it was implied in the very proclamation of the blockade. So far as the rules of the war are concerned, including those relating to blockade, the status of the Confederacy was the same as that of any belligerent nation; nor did the United States Government pretend to base any of its claims in regard to the blockade upon "the right of a sovereign state to control its commerce."

As for our correspondent's sneer at the "English aristocrat," we think it only right to point out that it is rendered futile by the facts.—Ed. The Nation.]

AMERICAN AMBULANCE CORPS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read with interest and pleasure the tribute paid by your discriminating London correspondent, Mr. James F. Muirhead, to the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps and Mr. Richard Norton. In the hospital service in northern France, one hears often of this corps, and nothing but what is good.

May I say, however, that Mr. Muirhead is mistaken in saying that the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps is the only American organization that has succeeded in reaching the front? The fact is that fleets of ambulances from the American Ambulance at Neuilly have not only reached the front, but, like those of the Volunteer Corps, have remained there for long periods of active service. Thus the Dunkirk section of the American Ambulance was for a busy month stationed at Elverdinghe (to name one station out of many)—which is perhaps as near the front as ambulances have a right to be; and these cars, too, served a field ambulance which was constantly under fire, and they, too, ran down to the *postes de secours* by the trenches every night.

I should dislike very much to seem to detract in the smallest degree from the deserved honors of the Volunteer Ambulance Corps. But I feel that the men and women whose generosity supports the American Ambulance are entitled to know that their cars, too, are doing their duty.

Henry Sydnor Harrison.

Charleston, W. Va., December 20.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read with interest, profit, and entire approval Mr. More's article on "Children's Books." As a teacher of rhetoric, and as a student of self-expression and literature, I found myself applauding all of Mr. More's commendations and condemnations. The common-sense and sound principles in every line are refreshing in this day of demand that the child receive only the life and speech that will be real to him because they are so familiar. As pointed out by Mr. More, have we not in our enthusiasm for this kind of realism become fictitious? And have we not in this fiction reached something wholly unworthy and undesirable? In the light of such an achievement, Mr. More's statements are most significant. Our only disappointment comes when we discover that he has not given us more on the positive side of the question. The list of books for children is not so meagre, surely, as Mr. More has left it. We are anxious for more of such good doctrine from the same pen.

The matter of books for children presents many phases. There are the motives for reading fiction, which Bliss Perry has treated so admirably in his "Theory of Prose Fiction." With these motives we must reckon before the child is very old. There is also the matter of the vicarious existence and experiences offered in fiction. How much of morals and manners we acquire in this way we can never guess. For this reason, the satisfying and creating of desires, and the proper guidance of speech and actions, and formation of ideals, must not be overlooked in the selection of reading. Then there is that most important feature, the matter of choosing works that stimulate the imagination. Here we so often run afoul of the will of parents and the opinions of the prude. They confuse imagination and its products with untruthfulness, and accuse fiction of all the crimes that many just now are wont to lay at the door of the moving picture. They do this, not knowing that the imagination is a most valuable asset; that the imagination implies the ability to go outside the narrow sphere of one's own personal affairs and take on the conditions of others; that through the stimulation of the imagination by means of wide reading we become more critical of ourselves and more tolerant of others; and that the greatest thinkers of all ages have, when they found accurate knowledge inadequate for the solution of their problems, drawn upon the imagination for the accomplishment of those great things left for us by them. And finally, there are for consideration two other matters: that of the language of the author and of his characters, and that of the kind of characters and acts to be put before the reader. On one or two of these points I should like to say a word.

On the matter of the language of the characters, the actions of the characters, the motives for reading fiction, and the value of works of literature that stimulate the imagination, Mr. More, Professor Perry, and Mr. Santyana have left nothing to be said. So here I wish to attack the question of the characters and their acts, and to make further inquiries concerning suitable books for children.

There is in the make-up of most normal, active boys, for instance, the thirst for adventure. In some it may be only the suggested outlet for the surgings of a restless nature craving activity. In others it is likely to be a love for the adventurous, the dangerous, and the heroic, and a loathing for the monotony of perfect peace and security and the every-day round of usual events. Now, books of the Jesse James type do not incite the thirst for adventure. They only show the boy a method of satisfying the thirst. What we need, then, is direction and a proper kind of satisfaction. Books of the right kind will do one or all of three things for the boy. They will satisfy vicariously, and without harmful results, the boy's desire for adventure; will, to my notion, bring a satisfaction or an experience that will stay the deed rather than incite it. Next, these books will change the boy's ideals and temper his deeds and speech. And finally, they will provide most profitable employment and entertainment that will occupy the time that otherwise might be employed in pursuits almost criminal. Now, I agree that this reading must be carefully selected. So here arises the question as to the choice of books.

May I then here point out some books and their virtues? First, there are the simple adventures of fairy stories. Ambitions and far-fetched day dreams, it is true, they may foster. But who would deny the harmless pleasure, and even benefit, of these? And from fairy stories will come no harmful imitations, no suggested programme of bad deeds. A boy may indulge in all the day dreams he pleases; but he cannot rise to the imitation of supernatural beings. His acts are barred by the one word "if." Next would come stories of animals. Of these we have a goodly quantity. Here the youth is predisposed to nature study and the outdoor things in general. Following these, the most suitable would be history primers, Bible stories, etc. But soon the boy outgrows these, and we must turn to other things. Then do I think it is necessary to take up some of the old stand-bys—books that have "stuff and art enough to make them interesting to the adult." I point first to "Robinson Crusoe." I need not comment much or long on this perennial work. What accusations can be brought against the wholesomeness of the commendable and enviable plan of this castaway's life as he works out the problem of his own existence? The language of the author, as well as the language and deeds of the character in the book, is above reproach. The book belongs in that small group which one

never tires of reading. Next, let us turn to "Pilgrim's Progress." Here, if we conceal from the child the selfishness of the Pilgrim, who forsook wife and children to save his own skin a scorching, we have a story entirely commendable. In it are the romance and adventure of ordinary fiction, the realistic touch of actual experience, and the portrayal of real character in spite of the allegory of personification. And finally, I come to something nearer home and reality. I refer to Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales." Here we have wholesome stories full of stirring action and description. The past of our country lives before our eyes. To the forest, the Indian, the prairie, the trapper, life is given. The story seizes and holds the imagination of the reader; if it does this, it is art. And behind it all is the author, strong, benevolent, sincere, and just. A most wholesome pleasure results from a contact with him, his characters, and his scenes. These stories satisfy and give the experience of adventure craved by the boy. But above this in importance is another result. What must be the effect on the boy who follows Natty Bumpo from his early life to his noble death? The question is not hard to answer. Here is a hero whose every action is tempered with justice and moderation; a man who loathes to take human life or to commit a single dishonorable act; a man who risks all that a woman's honor may not be violated; a man who scorns to betray, and who never hesitates to do his duty to his fellow men, no matter what the sacrifice may be. How can any boy help coming out of such reading satisfied, subdued, and bettered? No deeds of a wrong kind can result. The setting has passed. And I might add, almost parenthetically, that those who object to having love stories of the falsely sentimental kind come into the hands of children will find Cooper to their liking. The love affairs in his books are the tamest on record. To these books may be added many of the same sort.

Last, I must say that I cannot leave the subject without referring to such noble productions as Hale's "Man Without a Country." Words of comment belittle the noble sentiments, the gentle persuasion, the amiable style, and the poise and dignity of the author as revealed by this little story. Patriotism has no stronger guardian; its equal is to be found only in such tales as the Bible stories of David and Jonathan and Ruth and Naomi. H. L. Sensemann.

Ann Arbor, Mich., December 6.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Foster, of Reed College, in his article on "Intercollegiate Athletics" in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has brought to an issue a subject of vital importance to the American college. It is not a mere statement of opinion, it is an arraignment to the charges of which sooner or later the system of intercollegiate athletics must satisfactorily answer before it can fully justify its further right to exist as an element in American college life.

President Foster has spoken clearly and forcibly what many a college president has long felt, but not dared to express. The time has come when serious action should be considered. Athletics has long since outgrown the narrow confines of the college curriculum, and has become a power over which faculties no longer actually rule, but exercise simply a kind of control to a greater or less extent, as the case may be. That control which the faculty does manage to exercise is looked upon by the students, and I am sorry to say by a considerable body of alumni also, largely as an unjust interference with their rights.

When we consider the true meaning of an American college and the important place which athletics should have in its curriculum, we cannot help but regard the interference as being all on the other side. As President Foster has pointed out, intercollegiate athletics "jeopardizes the main function of athletics." It emphasizes the training of a few at the expense of the many; and this training is expended on the very ones who need it the least. This is a direct perversion of the part athletics should play in a college course. Every student should receive the benefit of the coach's training. Those shivering individuals on the side lines should be on the field instead of puffing away at their cigarettes. There should be as many teams as there are students to form them. The real business of college athletics is to further the physical development and maintain a normal state of health in *every* individual connected with the institution. Intramural games furnish real recreation, truly exciting, stimulating fun, but cause no such nerve-straining experiences as those which come from watching one's team defeat or lose to another college team. When for two or three days or even a week before and perhaps the same length of time after a "big game" students are good for very little so far as work in the classroom is concerned, truly such a form of athletics is receiving undue emphasis. Indeed, it is not only jeopardizing the main purpose of athletics, but also that of the college, as an institution of learning.

The argument that intercollegiate athletics is necessary as an advertising agency for the institution is not justified. The expense of this kind of advertising is out of all proportion to the returns. No business man would consider such unprofitable advertising for a moment.

Equally unsupportable is the argument that this highly specialized form of athletics is necessary in order to create and sustain that intangible thing called "college spirit," which might mean anything, from the action of a freshman in taking off his cap to a senior to the action of a sophomore in never refusing to bet on his own team no matter what the odds may be, or even to a drunken carousal after a "big game." Whatever it may be, the unity which is brought about by specialized athletics is not the kind of unity which best solidifies and promotes the true spirit of college life.

I do not wish to hold up intercollegiate athletics as some terrible evil which has nothing good in it. My contention is that intercollegiate athletics has grown to such an extent that it has raised college athletics to an importance altogether out of proportion to its value as an aid in college work. It is not the business of a college to train specialized athletes, although one would think so from the present status of affairs. As President Foster rightly puts it, we want *"athletics for education, not for business."* The business side of college athletics, and all the hypocrisy usually concomitant with it, is something which should be entirely foreign to the predominating atmosphere of any American college. R. A. Sigsbee.

Princeton, N. J., November 11.

MADAME CAMMAERTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I venture to suggest that Professor Firkins has scarcely done justice to Madame Cammaerts in his review of "Belgian Poems," printed in your issue of December 2? Surely her versions of her husband's work are not all equally happy, but possibly one may take exception to some of Professor Firkins's criticism. His cleverness seems to have got away with him. Exactness and rhythm have been immolated to each other, he says, and cites: "Ma lyre tinte d'une corde, mon vers cloche d'un pied," translated thus: "My harp is weak and faintly sings." Truly the rhythm of the original is not kept, but does the sense come off so badly? And did not Professor Firkins forget to glance at the original when he remarks: "She [Mme. C.] adds, with involuntary point, 'My verse is uninspired'"? The next line in the French reads: "Et je n'ai guère d'inspiration." For my part, I believe Du Bellay's advice was good when he counselled not to translate the poets, but since, in this year of enlightenment, translated they must be to get any hearing out of their own country, I submit that Madame Cammaerts deserves a warmer welcome than the *Nation* has extended to her.

Benj. M. Woodbridge.

Austin, Tex., December 6.

THE MILKY WAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of Wycherley's quatrain,

> Your Beauty's Light is evident,
> Though where or how, we cannot say:
> Thus unseen stars i' th' Element
> United, make the Milky Way,

Professor Hart asks, in the *Nation* of November 4, "Would a poet of the early Stuarts, 1620-1650, have known that the Milky Way is composed of single stars and assumed that the knowledge was current with his readers?"

The opinion that the Milky Way is composed of single stars goes back to Democritus (see Pauly-Wissowa, under Γαλαξίας). Its first sponsor in modern Europe is, I believe, Albertus Magnus, who devotes to the Galaxy the whole second Tractate of the "Liber primus meteororum," reproving several erroneous theories and expounding his own at length. His definition is: "Nihil aliud autem est galaxia, nisi multæ stellæ parvæ quasi contiguæ in illo loco orbis."

From Albertus Magnus Dante derives his interesting discussion of the Galaxy in the "Convivio," II 15. And Dante like Wycherley finds a comparison:

"Wherefore, inasmuch as the Milky Way is an effect of those stars which we cannot see save in so far as we apprehend them by their effect, and metaphysics treats of the primal existences, which in like manner we may not apprehend save by their effects, it is manifest that the Starry Heaven hath great similitude to Metaphysics."

Ernest H. Wilkins.

University of Chicago, November 19.

Literature

GEN. CHAMBERLAIN'S NARRATIVE OF THE POTOMAC.

The Passing of the Armies: An Account of the Final Campaign of the Army of the Potomac, Based upon Personal Reminiscences of the Fifth Army Corps. By Joshua Laurence Chamberlain, Brevet Major-General, U. S. Volunteers. With maps and portraits and a biographical note by George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Gen. Chamberlain graduated at Bowdoin College in 1852, studied theology and church history in the Latin, German, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic languages at the Bangor Theological Seminary, and served as Supervisor of Schools in Brewer, Maine, his native town. In 1856 he was appointed instructor at Bowdoin in natural and revealed religion. For four years he was professor of rhetoric and oratory at the same college, and in 1861 was elected professor of modern languages. In August, 1862, he became lieutenant-colonel of the Twentieth Regiment of Maine Volunteers, and in May, 1863, received his commission as colonel. He received the Congressional medal of honor for conspicuous service in the defence of Little Round Top at Gettysburg; in the campaigns of 1864 and 1865 he commanded a brigade at Spottsylvania and Petersburg, and when Lee stacked arms at Appomattox Gen. Chamberlain was placed in command of the receiving troops, signalizing the event by an act of courtesy celebrated in the annals of the war.

He himself in his own narrative, Mr. Putnam, who contributes the biographical note, and the publishers in their advertisement all declare that he was promoted to the rank of general on the field of battle at Petersburg by Lieut.-Gen. Grant. It is interesting to turn from the narrative to the war records to follow the steps which led to Gen. Chamberlain's promotion. On the 17th and 18th of June, 1864, Gen. Grant was at City Point. Gen. Meade was in command of the Army of the Potomac in front of Petersburg. The telegraph wires were out of order on both days, interrupting communication between Grant and Meade. On the evening of June 19 Gen. Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps, reported to Meade that Col. Chamberlain was mortally wounded in the assaults of the previous day, the ball having passed through the pelvis and bladder. Warren adds that Chamberlain had been previously recommended for promotion, that on the day before he had led his brigade under a most destructive fire, and that the wounded officer now expressed the wish that he might receive the recognition of his service by promotion before he died, for the gratification of his family and friends. Warren begs that the request be granted, if possible. On the same day Meade forwarded this telegram to Grant, with the earnest recommendation that Col. Chamberlain's request be granted. On June 20, the second day after Chamberlain's wounding, Grant at City Point, in pursuance of authority of the Secretary of War, in special orders No. 39, mostly devoted to the distribution of the army mail, appointed Col. Chamberlain brigadier-general of United States Volunteers, subject to the approval of the President. Mr. Putnam's suggestion that possibly Chamberlain's promotion "by Gen. Grant on the field of battle" was the only instance of the kind during the war recalls a number of promotions under similar circumstances.

After the war Gen. Chamberlain was Governor of Maine, and in 1876 he became president of Bowdoin College. He died in 1914. Ability, training, and experience made him a thoughtful participant in the campaign of 1865, which is the theme of his narrative. Its chief historical and military value lies in its exposition of the extraordinary and erratic handling of the armies confronting Lee, and of their strange composition. Long ago other writers, among them Gen. Humphreys and Col. Carswell McClellan, presented evidence which, in a way more readily understood by the general reader, the present volume confirms.

Here are some of Gen. Chamberlain's comments on the tactics indulged in:

> We could not understand why the Army of the Potomac was so broken up and buffeted about. . . . We were not readily reconciled to measures which contradicted commonsense, and, as we thought, military economics. . . . Why was the Army of the James marched a long, hard jaunt from the right of the Petersburg lines, and put in between the Sixth and Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac? . . . Why was the Fifth Corps, in the midst of a success on Lee's right, suddenly withdrawn, all its advantages abandoned, and sent to support Sheridan's cavalry, which was not at any strategic front, instead of having the cavalry support the infantry as the main object of the campaign required? Why did Grant leave the front of Meade, where the principal negotiations with Lee had begun, and make the journey to Sheridan's front, where Ord, of the Army of the James, was in chief command, and there arrange for the surrender?

These and other pertinent queries were answered long ago by Col. Carswell McClellan, of Humphreys's staff, in his book, "Grant vs. The Record," and by other careful students of the history of the Civil War. They are answered now again in Chamberlain's narrative, sometimes by suggestion, often by direct statement. The answer belongs more to the domain of psychology than to that of military science. Of Gen. Grant's Memoirs Chamberlain says that more than once military movements in this campaign could not be recognized from Grant's description of them. There was a double motive at play. One was the capture of the remnants of Lee's broken army. The other was Sheridan's desire to gather in the laurels to himself, and Grant's desire to serve Sheridan. Of Sheridan, Gen. Chamberlain expressed the doubt whether he had the ability to command in a campaign or great battle, a doubt which has grown with an increasing number of students of the Civil War, for all the impression made on persons immediately about him by his physical activity, and in spite of his, perhaps lessening, popular fame.

It is a curious fact that Chamberlain, though he discusses the Sheridan-Warren affair at length, and in the main justifies Warren, in common with all writers on the subject, with one exception, does not go back to the apparent starting point of Sheridan's hostility to Warren, which culminated in Warren's being relieved of the command of the Fifth Corps on the battlefield of Five Forks, after the battle had been won, and only a few days before Lee's surrender. On May 30, on the way from the North Anna to Cold Harbor, near Bethesda Church, Sheridan had been ordered to cover Warren's flank. From early morning until late in the day Warren sent repeated messages to Meade that Sheridan, instead of picketing the road on Warren's left, was on a road to the rear. He said that Sheridan had entirely failed to cover his left, and did not coöperate in any way. Late in the afternoon the Confederates were around Warren's left flank. Humphreys, Meade's chief of staff, had informed Warren that the orders to Sheridan called for picketing the roads as Warren desired. Sheridan's petulant replies to Humphreys's communication called forth from the able chief of staff a calm and clear statement of what the cavalry commander was expected to do. The latter contended that he had covered Warren's left all day, but the reports and positions of his subordinates plainly show that this was not the case. Here, apparently, was the beginning of Sheridan's hostility to Warren.

Before the spring of 1865 Sheridan had become an independent commander, subject only to Grant's orders, unless juxtaposition and priority of rank should place him under Meade or Ord. The erratic movements of the armies in the Appomattox campaign, as clearly followed and deservedly criticised by Gen. Chamberlain, are only to be accounted for by Grant's unfailing desire to serve Sheridan's personal interests. In the face of a strong foe such movements would have been fatal. Of Sheridan's movements, Chamberlain says the cavalry commander should have taken possession of Five Forks on March 29, 1865, when there was almost nothing to oppose him; that when ordered to secure that point on the morning of the 30th, he moved so slowly that he gave time for the Confederate cavalry not only to reach Five Forks, but to advance half-way to Dinwiddie Court House. With 13,000 cavalry, Sheridan had in his front only Fitz Hugh Lee's 1,800. And again by this timidity he was leaving the flank of Warren on his right exposed. In the meantime, while Sheridan was driven back far to the rear at Dinwiddie Court House, Warren had fought his way, with Lee on the spot personally directing the opposition, northward to the White Oak Road and near the right of the Confederate intrenchments. If Sheridan had

come up, it is possible the campaign would have ended then and there. But as Sheridan had not come up, Grant told Meade to hold Warren back, which recalls Grant's halting of Hooker's pursuit after Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

Chamberlain suggests that when Grant sent word to Sheridan that all the forces would now act as one army, and Sheridan had hurried to Grant at night, the lieutenant-general had promised to take care of the cavalryman's fortunes by placing under him an infantry corps of the Army of the Potomac. As it turned out, Warren had to turn back and go to Sheridan's aid. Sheridan was driven "pell-mell into Dinwiddie," to quote Chamberlain's words. The confusion, loss of time, crossing of orders, blunders of many kinds, Chamberlain attributes to the presence of too many army commanders and the erratic breaking up of the Army of the Potomac, the responsibility for which inevitably falls upon Gen. Grant, while Warren proved to be the unfortunate victim. In his official report Grant said that Sheridan, in his defeat by a much smaller force than his own, had displayed "great generalship." Chamberlain says that such a definition of generalship would let many a modest colonel into the temple of fame. He also says that, instead of what actually occurred, the best thing to have done would have been to follow Meade's suggestion and attack the Confederate rear towards Dinwiddie with the whole of the Fifth Corps.

Chamberlain's account of the battle of Five Forks, where, in spite of the success of the Union forces, the confusion of contending elements set in motion long before culminated, is a piece of masterly analysis. Previous to the battle there had been no proper reconnaissance. At the Warren inquiry, Sheridan's engineer officer testified that he did not know there was a "return" to the Confederate earthworks on the White Oak road. The direction of the Union forces was so faulty that they reached the road far to the east of the angle where the "return" was thrown back. Crawford, one of Warren's division commanders, of whose military ability Chamberlain had a poor opinion, influenced, perhaps, somewhat by differences between Chamberlain and Crawford's command at Gettysburg, marched far to the north in pursuit of a foe which lay to the west. Warren was busy correcting Crawford's false movement, and Sheridan, jumping at conclusions unwarranted, relieved Warren from command. But before the battle Griffen, who succeeded to the command of the Fifth Corps, hinted to Chamberlain that something would happen to Warren.

Gen. Chamberlain characterizes as "absurd" the account given in Grant's Memoirs of a visit paid by Grant and Sheridan to Meade at midnight of April 5, when Grant says he explained to Meade that he did not want to follow the enemy, but to get ahead of him, and that Meade's orders would allow him to escape. It is unbelievable, says Chamberlain, that an officer of Meade's position, experience, and responsibility could have listened patiently to such an imputation of ignorance and stupidity, and he adds that it is absurd to imagine that Meade ever intended to move to the right towards Petersburg. Furthermore, he points out, as other writers have done before, that Grant's orders placed the troops in the rear of Lee's army and kept them there until Appomattox Court House was reached. Of Meade's order on the 5th, Chamberlain says it is almost "the sublime utterance of a gentleman and a patriot—an unselfish and magnanimous man. To my mind, it seems like the last words of an Algernon Sidney or a Montrose." Readers of Sir Walter Scott's introduction to "The Legend of Montrose" will remember that the great Montrose had his Sheridan, to whom the people of Scotland gave their easily-won plaudits.

Told with spirit and skill, its pages full of human interest, lightened with personal sketches and pertinent anecdotes, Gen. Chamberlain's narrative is an important contribution to American history, one which can hardly fail to modify in some respects mistaken popular judgments. In the state of military preparedness, of which we are beginning to think, this volume may help to maintain a scientific application of military principles in the conduct of armies, for the prevention of the dangerous crudities manifested in the Appomattox campaign.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Fatal Garland. By Mrs. Ghosal (Srimati Svarna Kumari Devi). New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is hardly the Western world's idea of a novel. It is more like a "prose poem" on a legendary theme. The boy prince of Dinajpur, playing with the little maidens of his father's court, chooses the queenliest one and crowns her with a garland of flowers that her timider playmate has woven. When they grow up, the Rajkumar marries the gentler maiden, but Shakti, the chosen of his childhood, reappears, beautiful and imperious, to claim his love. Unlike the Hindu women of her class, Shakti walks abroad unafraid, for she has courage beyond other women, and she is not ashamed to plead the great love which serves her for modesty. So it happens that she is seen and desired by the young Mohammedan ruler of Bengal, the Rajkumar's overlord. While her lover hesitates between the happiness of his childlike wife and his deeper passion for Shakti, she despairs, and consenting to become the Sultan's wife, enters his household. After she has thus lost caste, the Rajkumar's scruples are reinforced by religious reasons, and Shakti has no alternative but to fulfil her promise. Years afterward the Hindu prince is imprisoned for sheltering an enemy of the Sultan, and the order is given for his execution. Shakti, as the Sultan's favorite wife, is able to contrive his escape by taking his place in the dungeon, and dies in his stead.

Those who look for a revelation of purely Asiatic thought will be somewhat disappointed. The woman whose nature transcends the conventions of her day and generation (a theme as new as feminism), the revolt of the individual heart against inexorable social laws (a theme as old as romance itself), the childhood episode out of which grows a tragic fate—all these are familiar in our own literature. What seems genuinely exotic is the dainty lyricism of certain descriptive passages, and the superlative delicacy and reticence of the style. Whatever has been vigorously conceived is quaintly subdued by this mode of expression, like some wild tale of tragic passion grown decorous in tapestry.

Sunlight Patch. By Credo Harris. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Some day, we trust, the tragedy of our Southern mountains will be written worthily. It waits to be done; but meanwhile the purveyors of farce and the cheerful betterment writers have marked the region for their own. How often in their pages have we encountered an assemblage like this: The mountain lad avid for book-larnin', the erstwhile mountain-girl now teaching country school, the boyish civil engineer from the North, the old-fashioned Kentucky colonel and his old-time darky servant. Though surely never before was the mint julep so heavily relied upon as a source of mirth, never before was the spiritual regeneration of so many characters carried to so high a degree in one brief volume. As for incorrigibles, they are either killed off or banished from the neighborhood. No one on whom the rays emanating from Sunlight Patch have shone in vain, is permitted to remain till the end of the book. We incline to share the author's respect for Sunlight Patch, if not as a source of irresistible ethical influence, still as his one inspired conception. It is there that the mountain boy's blind sister lives, and there the mountain folk come from twenty miles around to hear her read out of the "blind" books she has brought back from the settlement school, "just like they were coming to a singin', till the clarin'd be plumb full." The suggested scene mirrors truly so much that is hopeful and so much that is distressing in the life of these people to-day.

The Valley Road. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In her preface Mrs. Foote disclaims the expectation of reaching other readers than "the old friends who read her books when she and they were young," and apologizes for her "belated" story on the ground that it was written before the present war began. "It has seemed strange enough to be going on with mere mechanical revision—seated, as it were, with one's knitting at the spectacle of the world's agony since August of last year." The sentence expresses what has been the mood of how many sensitive spirits? Yet the knitting must go on—perhaps, indeed, it is sane and quiet labor which the world in its agony most

needs. Mrs. Foote's work has always been refreshing for its clearness of mental and moral atmosphere. Now, when our younger story-tellers are so generally fumbling with the latest sex-and-humanity materials, the properties and bits of business exacted by newest fashion, a tale like "The Valley Road" is a rock in the desert. Its wholesomeness, its quietude, its literary flavor, are refreshing.

There is no marked novelty of plot or setting. The chief scene is a California property which has been bought by an Eastern syndicate after being ruined for mining purposes by legislation in favor of neighboring farmers. An Eastern engineer, Scarth, has been sent out to make what he can of it. But it is a difficult problem, and Scarth, after many years' effort, leaves it unsolved. His son takes it up, but to him also it proves a poser. Tom, however, as well as his sister, Engracia, is to find a happier career, and this story shows them making their way in that direction. It is graciously told. Mrs. Foote possessed herself of the thing called style at a time when it was rather highly valued. That was before the highest ambition of the "literary aspirant" (as the phrase went) was to "put across" his product by means of visible and audible "punch." If this story is in any serious sense "belated," it is so in its delicate force, its breeding, its unlabored care for the right word —qualities not without honor even in the barbaric America of a generation ago.

The Carnival of Florence. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

To readers who have read with complaisance "The Viper of Milan" and other swashbuckling romances by this writer, the present volume may be recommended as worthy of its predecessors. Hectic history plus heart interest can achieve no more. The leading historical figure is Savonarola, not the Savonarola of "Romola," but a wild, rapacious fanatic, always on the verge of hysteria. Next comes the Magnifico, Piero dei Medici, out of whom this writer builds an absurd puppet of lust and feebleness. The heroine is Aprilis, daughter of a Florentine money-lender, who has many narrow escapes from the seductions of Piero, and lives happy ever after with her patrician husband. As for style, the book is of the sort in which a person may die of "a mysterious disease which was feared might be the plague," and in which a Savonarola can exclaim: "I am he, O most Christian King, who didst foretell that thou wert appointed," etc.

The Measure of a Man. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a far better story than its immediate predecessor, "The Winning of Lucia"—perhaps because it is more frankly and happily a tract. It was written, says its venerable author, "to honor and magnify the sweetness and dignity of the condition of Motherhood, and of those womanly virtues and graces which make the Home the cornerstone of the Nation." It is in general a plea for the old-fashioned woman, and in particular an attack upon the growing numbers of married women who deliberately avoid or prevent the bearing of children. As before, Mrs. Barr, though she has lived in America for more than half a century, takes for her scene the England of her girlhood. The place is Yorkshire, the time the sixties. The chief persons belong to those types which have grown so familiar to American readers of British fiction. The strong young man of property, the weak young man of genius, the foolish lord, the proud and worldly maiden, the dowager, and so on; all hail to them once more! The maiden is the real centre of the action—how she becomes the wife of the strong young man, how she avoids motherhood, how she is punished, and at last becomes the delighted mother of seven—this is the substance of the story. We do not see where the title comes in. "The Making of a Mother" might have really fitted.

MEDIÆVAL SPANISH ALLEGORY.

Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature. Vol. IV: Mediæval Spanish Allegory. By Chandler Rathfon Post. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50 net.

When Mrs. Malaprop referred to "an allegory on the banks of the Nile," her ideas of what constituted an allegory were only a little more confused than those of most writers who attempt to deal with the subject to-day. It is gratifying, then, to feel that this baffling literary type, at least in a portion of its history, has at last received competent treatment. Hard as it may be for us, in the midst of these stirring times, to turn our minds back to a subject which seems as remote as "Mediæval Spanish Allegory," we must needs give to this book of Professor Post's the importance that attaches to a pioneer in a new field. For in spite of the impulse lent in late years by Brunetière and others to the study of the "évolution des genres," this is really the first book to trace in any country the evolution of that peculiar form of literature which Lowell used laughingly to refer to as "allegory or worse."

Besides giving us for the first time a survey of the special field of Spanish allegory, this new book succeeds also in quite revolutionizing our ideas of the relation of Spanish literature in general to French and to Italian. Hitherto, scholars have almost invariably spoken of Spanish literature down to the time of "Don Quixote" as chiefly under the influence of Italy. Wherever they found allegory, for example, they would exclaim at once, "imitation of Dante." But now comes Professor Post to show that this allegorical strain was due not so much to Italian influence as to the vast reservoir of French allegory which was the common source for the allegory of Italy and Spain alike. If Italian imitation there is in Spain, it comes rather from the later Renaissance as a subsidiary influence. This is shown not merely in the case of allegory, but also in other forms of literature, and even in architecture, sculpture, and painting. So that this latest contribution to the Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature becomes of importance to all who are interested in the larger aspects of the comparative study of the three chief Romance literatures.

In the section of his book entitled The Evolution of Mediæval Spanish Allegory, Professor Post attempts the very difficult task of tracing the gradual growth of allegory in Spain through a period covering some twelve centuries. He declares "the tendency to allegorize is as deep-rooted in the Iberian peninsula as in any other district of Europe." The earliest attempts at Christian allegory are to be found in that mystical poet of the fourth century, Prudentius, the Spanish contemporary of Saint Augustine. Throughout the Middle Ages, we see in the Spanish peninsula, as well as in the rest of Europe, examples of those curious visions of the other world. Thus in the seventh century the Spaniard Paulus Emeritanus gives an account of the vision of a young acolyte who is borne up to the garden of paradise. Among other such visions, Saint Valerius relates one of a monk who images himself plunged into the cavern of hell, dropping from ledge to ledge towards the centre where Satan sits enchained.

In the thirteenth century the tradition is followed by the earliest of Spanish writers in the vernacular, Berceo. In his "Vida de Santa Oria," for example, he tells us how the maiden Oria was borne up in a vision to heaven, where she saw a throne prepared for her. Such journeys to the other world suggest Dante, but as Berceo died at the very time of Dante's birth, his visions, as well as the mediæval Latin ones, are an indication that no influence of the "Divine Comedy" from Italy is necessary to account for such visions on Spanish soil.

By the fourteenth century, various allegorical personifications have gradually grown up within the setting of these visions. In his journey to Hell and to Heaven, the visionary sees, on the one hand, the Seven Deadly Sins, and, on the other hand, the Seven Virtues—which those who are not fond of this sort of allegory may be tempted to entitle similarly the Seven *Deadly* Virtues. In another vision, it is the figures of the Seven Liberal Arts that appear. Elsewhere it is Love that is personified, as in the famous "Libro de Buen Amor" of Juan Ruiz, that extraordinary Archpriest of Hita, who in some of the satirical touches of his allegory shows himself a Spanish counterpart of Chaucer. Thus within the framework of the mediæval visions that were at first exclusively religious, secular allegory gradually found its way. Curiously enough, Professor Post speaks as though allegory had only later assumed the vision form. He says (p. 7): "As by constant manipulation allegorical composition acquired greater artistic excellence, the custom became more general of adorning it with a visionary

framework." As a matter of fact, just the opposite seems to have been the case. It was within the visionary framework that these allegories grew up, and it was only later, when the setting which had been essential to the earlier vision was no longer needed, that the device of the vision was discarded. In the light of his own evidence Professor Post's statements on this particular stage of the evolution of allegory seem to need some modification.

In the fifteenth century, with the writers of the court of Juan II, we reach the heyday of Spanish allegory. It is in the allegories of this period that previous critics have emphasized, perhaps over-emphasized, the Italian influence. Imperial was the son of an Italian, and in him and in the more illustrious Marquis of Santillana, they have pointed to many "Dantesque imitations." Professor Post, in his desire to minimize the pretended Italian influence, argues that these are not imitations of Dante, but rather of Dante's precursors in Spain, such as Berceo. But this seems hardly probable. No less an authority than Fitzmaurice-Kelly, in his "History of Spanish Literature" (p. 53), has said: "The chances are that Berceo and his writings had passed out of remembrance within two hundred years of his death, and he was evidently unknown to Santillana in the fifteenth century." Now, Dante, on the other hand, seems to have been well known both to Santillana and to the other later writers of visions. Indeed, in three of the visions—the "Decir de las Siete Virtudes" of Imperial, the "Triunfo del Marquez" of Diego de Burgos, and the Panegyric on the death of Alonso Carillo by Diego Guillen de Avila—it is Dante himself who plays the rôle of the guide that Virgil had played in the Divine Comedy. Dante has evidently been a guide to them in more senses than one, and it can hardly be denied that these Spanish writers of the fifteenth century show at least as much familiarity with the "Divine Comedy" as they do with the mediæval visions in their own earlier literature. When Professor Post, after insisting that the native Spanish tradition is sufficient in itself, brings forward the apparently contradictory thesis that it is the French rather than the Italian influence which is most important, it becomes clear that he is trying to prove too much.

From the rich variety of Spanish allegories of the fifteenth century there are two types that seem to stand out as peculiarly characteristic both of the period and of Spain, and that demand particular attention here. One of these, which describes the coronation of some famous man by allegorical figures, is usually designated by the Spanish title "Coronación." The other, which describes the sufferings of famous lovers in a sort of allegorical hell, we may refer to as the "Infierno de los Enamorados." Both these types, characteristic as they are of the early Renaissance, still show traces of the mediæval visions of Heaven and Hell from which they developed. For in the "Coronación" the author imagines himself as borne up in a vision to Heaven, where he beholds the rewards of fame; while in the "Infierno de los Enamorados," on the contrary, he imagines himself as conducted to Hell, where he beholds the tortures of love.

The "Coronación," according to Professor Post, may have been suggested by mediæval Spanish poems on the Coronation of the Virgin, or by visions in which saints receive crowns. Santillana himself had written a poem in which he imagined himself in a vision lifted to Heaven and beholding there amid the nine orders of angels the canonization of a Dominican and a Franciscan saint. As Santillana developed this theme, however, it is not the glorification of a saint that he sees in his vision, but that of a poet. In his "Coronación de mossen Jordí," for example, he describes the famous Catalan poet, Jordí de Sant Jordí, as crowned by the goddess Venus at the request of the shades of Homer, Virgil, and Lucan. In another poem, Santillana in a vision finds his illustrious precursor, the poet Villena, mourned by the nine muses on the top of Parnassus. When we compare such Coronacións with the earlier religious visions from which they sprang we cannot help being struck by the transition from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance that has already taken place. Instead of the Christian machinery of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, we find the appearance of pagan mythology. The canonization of a saint has given place to the coronation of the poet. The nine orders of angels have yielded to the nine muses. Paradise has been replaced by Parnassus.

When Santillana lavished in this way praises upon the poets who had died before him, one cannot help feeling that he may not have been without the hope that some similar tribute might be paid to him. If so, he was not destined to be disappointed; for after his death no less than three Coronacións were written in his honor—one by his nephew, Gomez Manrique; one by his secretary, Diego de Burgos, and one by Juan de Mena, "the great Cordoban poet," as Cervantes calls him, whose panegyric on Santillana is perhaps the highest achievement of this type of allegory.

The glorification of the poet is a characteristic of the end of the Middle Ages throughout Europe. The coronation of the successful poet at the "Puys" in France, the coronation of Petrarch with laurel on the Capitol at Rome, are but counterparts of the Spanish allegory of crowning the poet. The same desire of the poet for fame which is illustrated in Italy by Petrarch's "Triumph of Fame" and in England by Chaucer's "House of Fame" was in Spain represented by the "Coronación."

The "Infierno de los Enamorados," or, as Professor Post seems to prefer to call it, the "Erotic Hell," was the second type of allegory that particularly flourished in fifteenth-century Spain. As with the "Coronación," here again it is the illustrious Marquis de Santillana who has established this new type of allegory. In his "Infierno de los Enamorados" Santillana imagines in his vision that he is rescued from a wild beast by Hippolytus and led through a dark valley to a gloomy castle where he sees the tortures of unhappy lovers.

Just as the "Coronación" celebrated the famous poets, so this second form gave occasion to celebrate the famous lovers. The germ of both ideas may be found already in Dante, in the first two circles of his "Inferno." For in Limbo he encounters the illustrious poets in a meadow of fresh verdure, and in the second circle the celebrated lovers, including Francesca and Paolo, blown about by the gusts of the "bufera infernale." But scenes which had been in Dante but passing episodes in the whole tremendous scheme of punishment were developed by Petrarch and Boccaccio into elaborate compositions in themselves. As Petrarch's "Triumph of Fame" offers an analogy to the "Coronación," so his "Triumph of Love," where the lovers are cast into prison, furnishes an analogy to the "Infierno de los Enamorados." Similar counterparts of the two types might be found in Boccaccio's "Amorosa Visione" and in his "Corbaccio" or "Laberinto d'Amore."

In Spain, the peculiar forms that these two types of allegory took—the glorification of the poet and the glorification of the lover—gave expression to that passion for glory and that pride which characterized the Spanish Hidalgo in the days before Cervantes had "smiled Spain's chivalry away." There was never a time that the Spaniard had more reason for this pride than in the fifteenth century. Towards the end of that century the same memorable year that saw the united Spaniards bring their seven-hundred-year struggle against the Moor to an end with the conquest of Granada saw also the beginnings of Spain's long glories across the sea with the conquest of the new world by Columbus. In that same year, too, a Spaniard became Pope, and it was not many years later that another Spaniard was to become Emperor. It was in such proud days as these, when Spanish galleons were first beginning to bring back gold out of a western empire upon which the sun never set, that Spanish allegory, with its passions for personal fame, flourished in all its richness.

To-day, when the last vestiges of that western empire have been torn away from Spain, it is interesting to turn back once more to her former glory as it is reflected in the literature which Professor Post's new book has revealed to us. In spite of some serious defects in arrangement and some hasty conclusions, it gives us the best survey we have of the evolution of Spanish allegory, and at the same time a brilliant study of the relations of that literature to French and Italian. It should be a matter of no small pride to America that Americans have done so much for the study of Spanish literature. The first satisfactory History of Spanish Literature was that given by George Ticknor, which, unlike any other literary history, still holds its place today, some sixty-six years after it was written. If, in the excitement of the Spanish

War, some of us may for the moment have lost sight of the greatness of the earlier Spanish culture, it is some recompense to see since then the growth in America of the Hispanic Museum and the production of such scholarly works as Professor Rennert's "Life of Lope de Vega," and now this volume on "Mediæval Spanish Allegory" by Professor Post.

AN IMPRESSIONIST IN BELGIUM.

The Spell of Belgium. By Isabel Anderson. Boston: Tho Page Co. $2.50 net.

Following the volume on "The Spell of Flanders" is this companion in the series, on Belgium—chiefly as seen from a motor-car. The wife of our American Minister, Hon. Larz Anderson, had been in Belgium but a few months of 1911-12, when her husband's appointment as Ambassador to Japan compelled both to leave the country for the Far East. Her present work is in succession to that from her pen on "The Spell of Japan." So far as they present her experiences and impressions in Belgium, her chapters are chiefly reminiscent of her life in Brussels, with motor-car visits to various places both in the Walloon highlands and on the Flemish plain. One may look in vain for evidences of any close acquaintance with the life of the Belgian people, though her view is ever that of kindly sympathy. In an overcrowded country, even before the desolations of war, the struggle for life seemed to be keener than ever, but of the charm and spell which this land of art and legend, of Van Eyck and Rubens, cast upon her, there can be no doubt. It is with a sympathetic pen, and in fascinating literary style, that Mrs. Anderson writes, whether she depicts the glories or catalogues the woes of a nation—so often crushed, yet so often resurgent.

Since the previous volume in the series covered Flanders or northern Belgium, inhabited chiefly by the Flemish, of Teutonic origin, who speak rather an old form of Dutch, one would naturally expect, in this work, to find much about the southern or Walloon half of the country and its inhabitants, who are of Gallic strain and who speak French. Should not this be the main object of the author's thought and description? No one can really understand the Belgian people who does not clearly discriminate between the Walloons—at whose initiative nearly every one of the national movements has taken place—and the Flemings, who are the conservatives. The former furnish also a majority of the Socialists and the radical leaders, while the latter are, in the main, still unquestioning adherents of the Church and her traditions. Yet in this work we find very few discriminating references to the Walloons, or to the striking difference in the topography of the two sections, notwithstanding the fact that both ethnic and geographic conditions in Belgium have from the dawn of history conditioned and still influence the development of both country and people.

In the three opening chapters, devoted to legation and court life in Brussels the Magnificent, we have perhaps the best view yet afforded readers of English of the procedure of royalty at this rather democratic court. Then, hieing to days mediæval, the author gives us animated verbal pictures of the politics, industries, and civic life, the memories of which the Belgians cherish so tenaciously. Here democracy, based on industrialism and long antedating England's, first arose in northern Europe. Before its peaceful onslaught, feudalism gave way. From the first, Belgic civic life was strong. The oldest charter in Europe, given to the citizens of Grammont in 1068, which granted civic rights in an age of battle-axe law, ushered in the new day. After that a congeries of city republics grew up. From this root of charters and guaranteed rights of the people, despite all changes and conquests, Belgian liberty has ever drawn life and vigor. Even the so-called Protestant Reformation was largely the direct result of economic factors.

This development of municipal vigor bore fruit in America. Out of the Walloons' Land, or Southern Belgium, came the refugees from Spanish despotism, men, women, and children, the real settlers and initial home-makers, who first settled New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. Before the Revolution, all the first chartered cities, except Annapolis, Md., within the limits of the present United States, were of Netherlandish origin and mostly between Manhattan Island and the Delaware.

The historic spell does not seem to lie on the author, for neither the fact that our Middle region was Nova Belgica, nor that there are manifold points of contact between Belgic and American history, is noticed in her pages. Chapters on politics, industries, tapestries, paintings, and the modern literary situation delight us, but there is little evidence of her acquaintance with the people or the real social forces that explain the tenacity and repeated reassertion of Belgian nationality as against Spanish, Austrian, Dutch, or German oppressors. In place of these things, naturally expected after the book on Flanders had appeared, we have several chapters of legends. These are more or less interesting, though most of them are already well known. As regards the new version of the Antwerp legend, we feel as conservative towards the orthodox form as a nursery child who discerns a variation from the fairy tales as at first related. We confess to liking the old version of Brabo, the killer of the giant Antigonus, and the "hand werpen," or throwing, better than the less known one here reproduced, which, in spite of its alleged Flemish origin, has a very modern sound. The chapter on Politics and Plural Voting is very clear and very interesting, but from a somewhat closer acquaintance with the country and people, we think Mrs. Anderson underrates the power and influence of the Socialists. She ignores utterly the small numbers but potent influence of the Protestants, who from the heroic days of resistance to Spain have, despite clerical tyranny allied to state power, kept alive their organization. One-fifth of the book, comprising one long chapter entitled The Last Word, is taken up with first-hand narratives of the woes and desolation of the German invasion. With the author (p. 355) "we feel sure that the spell of its [Belgium's] enchantment will survive."

As regards holiday dress, indexing, copious illustration, and resplendence of outward appearance, the volume is worthy of a king's welcome.

SUB SPECIE WISCONSINÆ.

Regulation of Railroads and Public Utilities in Wisconsin. By Fred L. Holmes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

The "Wisconsin Idea" has been much exploited both by observers and by those who have been responsible for its creation and application. It has been glorified by its friends. From its critics there has been raillery of a not altogether gentle kind over the self-adulation indulged in by the participants in this movement of moral "uplift." Yet if we study the results in detail with minds freed from all prejudice, the claims which Wisconsin sets up for primacy in the movement for popular government are not altogether without basis. Nor is it so difficult for us to appreciate how those who are in the thick of the fight should forget for the moment the extent to which Wisconsin owes impetus to movements that have gone before, and should overlook the fact that other commonwealths have similar problems which they are solving in their own way independent of Wisconsin's assistance.

The most recent product of the "Wisconsin Idea" is this study of the history and work of the present Railroad Commission, created in 1905. It is written by one who was a member of the Legislature at the time of its creation and Chairman of the Assembly Committee on Transportation, and who has kept closely in touch with its work ever since.

It is an extraordinary story and one of fascinating interest, admirably told. It reveals a ready response on the part of the State to the suggestions of the Commission for amendment and extension of its powers, and continuous State support born of confidence in the ability and integrity of the Commissioners. It would be impossible within the limits of a review merely to mention the various activities which make up the wide range of the Commission's service, let alone passing judgment upon them. Only the most important of these activities from the standpoint of general State regulation may be noted.

A distinctive feature of the Wisconsin law is that the Commission fixes absolute and not merely maximum rates, and no rate goes into effect without the approval of the Com-

mission. To set aside the Commission's order requires that the railway or utility shall prove its unreasonableness, thus shifting the burden of proof to the corporation. If new evidence is presented before the court, the case is immediately sent back to the Commission for further hearing.

The Commission classifies the service of each utility, and makes a uniform rate for each class. It fixes standards of service, voltage of electricity, heating quality of gas, pressure of water on mains, facility with which telephone calls shall be answered, adequacy of equipment in street railway service, and its standards are enforced through constant inspection and supervision by the Commission's staff. It has devised elaborate systems of accounting for each of the utilities and has made definitive rulings covering the vexed problem of depreciation. No securities that run for more than a year can be issued without the Commission's approval.

The most distinctive features of Wisconsin's regulatory practice remain, however, to be noticed. The first is the cost basis of rate-making. In no other jurisdiction has the principle of basing rates on cost been carried so far or with such success. It has involved in Wisconsin physical valuation of railways and all other utilities and the elaboration of unit costs to a degree unknown elsewhere. The author's endorsement of this practice is emphatic and leads one to wonder whether the vigorous objections of railway and other utility accountants will eventually be overcome. It is not without significanee that B. H. Meyer, who is a graduate of this Wisconsin Commission, is responsible for introducing the first stages of cost accounting into the accounts of the Interstate Commerce Commission. A second distinctive feature of Wisconsin's practice is the indeterminate franchise now held by all public utilities. With the passage of the law, which made this innovation possible, the Commission took a definite stand in opposition to the creation of competitive utilities, with their duplication of facilities and consequent unnecessary burdens on the public. Instead it has created legally protected monopolies. It is of significance that municipally owned plants are under the same control as private, and that municipal accounting and management in general have improved greatly under the Commission's tutelage.

As already hinted, one feels inclined to criticise in some respects the attitude of mind of the author, while giving him full credit for an excellent statement of the facts. He fails, in the first place, to recognize the indebtedness of Wisconsin to movemcnts in other States and on the part of the national Government, in which solutions for some of the same problems had been attempted prior to Wisconsin's entrance upon the scene. Note, for example, this statement (p. 317):

> The original Interstate Commerce law was greatly modified in intent, and many of its underlying principles either weakened or destroyed through decisions of the Federal courts. In Wisconsin there has been no judicial interpretation or construction of the provisions of the regulating act, which in any way had the effect of diminishing the primary purposes of the law. The difference in the spirit with which the State and Federal courts view economic conditions probably explains the divergent results. Gradually the Wisconsin Supreme Court has abandoned the customary practice of shackling twentieth-century progress with eighteenth-century ideals.

The true explanation is that the Interstate Commerce law, which was enacted nearly twenty years earlier, furnished the proving-ground for later statutes. As a matter of fact, we know that the Wisconsin law took advantage of the experience gained in the administration of the Interstate Commerce law and avoided many of its pitfalls.

Finally, one wishes. as one lays down the book, that one might feel as confident as does the author of the success of the Wisconsin method, not only from the standpoint of the State, but also from that of the corporations. But there is only a chance reference here and there to the views of a corporation manager, and one is left wholly in the dark as to what the corporations think of the Wisconsin Railroad Commission. They seem to have prospered, but whether in spite of the Commission or because of it we do not know. We are compelled to be satisfied with the oracular utterance of the State Supreme Court: "So far it has been found to accomplish the task with such distinguished completeness that the enactment stands as a most consummate effort of legislative wisdom and a model for similar efforts elsewhere."

"JOHN COMPANY."

The English Factories in India, 1651-1654: A Calendar of Documents in the India Office, Westminster. By William Foster. Oxford University Press.

The history of the "John Company," as the old East India corporation used to be called, has a perennial fascination for lovers of stern and dramatic adventure. Many volumes have been written tracing the evolution of the present Indian Empire from its somewhat sordid beginnings in the British factories and trading posts established three centuries ago on both sides of the Indian peninsula. The background of Mongol and Persian rivalry, the struggles between the Portuguese and the Dutch in the earlier years, and among the Dutch, French, and English later, the attempts of the Dutch to sweep British shipping from the Eastern seas, and of the French to drive British traders from the Mongol coast, together with the culminating events of the Seven Years' War and the Indian Mutiny, furnished all the ingredients of a rugged and picturesque narrative. From the Nawāb Mir Jumla to Dupleix, Clive, Nicholson, and Lawrence the reader found plenty of purple patches, periods of individual prowess, that served to raise the story high above the mere chronicle of business routine.

But with the march of historical scholarship it was inevitable that the prosier but no less important parts of the subject should demand a hearing. Behind the individuals lay the company, and the prosperity of the company lay in the success of its business transactions. In the India Office at Westminster are thousands of documents, formerly used chiefly for the compiling of biographies, that contain the secret of the growth of British control in India. Years ago, William Noël Sainsbury, then of the State Paper Office, began to calendar these documents, as part of the "Calendar of State Papers, Colonial," and carried the entries of the Court Minutes as far as 1634. But the task was too great, the work was dropped, and Mr. Sainsbury confined himself to the American end of colonial history. A few years later, Henry Stevens, "of Vermont," the well-known antiquary and bookseller of London, attracted by certain items in Mr. Sainsbury's calendar, obtained permission to print the full minutes of the company to 1603, and his volume was issued by his son in 1886. In 1893, Quaritch, for reasons unknown, published a single volume containing in full the first letter-book, a manuscript long supposed to be lost but recently discovered. The importance of Quaritch's venture lay not so much in the publication itself as in the fact that the bookseller entrusted the choice of material and the task of editorship to two men whose names are intimately connected with the revived interest in the records of the company.

These men were Sir Charles Birdwood, eminent member of the India Office and writer on the art, symbolism, and industry of the East, and still living at the ripe age of eighty-three, and William Foster, of the same office and later superintendent of its records. Sir Charles had already prepared a report on the records, the third edition of which was printed in 1890, and he now made a determined effort to have the whole matter of publication placed on a permanent foundation. The effort was successful. A "List of General Records, 1599-1879" was issued in 1902; the patronage of the Secretary of State for India in Council was enlisted; and a publisher was found, first, the firm of Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., and afterwards the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. In 1896 the first fruits appeared. Quaritch's work was continued in a volume of letters, under the direction of Frederick Danvers, at that time superintendent of records, and in the years to 1902 five more volumes were issued, with William Foster as the editor, covering the period to 1617. The continuation of Sainsbury's calendar was entrusted to his daughter, Miss Ethel Sainsbury, who by 1913 had edited four noteworthy volumes, carrying the subject to 1654. At the same time, Mr. Foster resumed the calendaring of the letters or original correspondence, under a new title, "The English Factories of India," and the seventh volume

of that series, treating of the period 1651 to 1654, is now before us.

Thus the material for a definitive history of British control in India is gradually accumulating in printed form, and another demonstration is made, in striking contrast with the spirit prevailing in our own Government, of the interest taken by British officials in the publication of the documents in their custody. Of the character of the documents here printed we need say but little. Any analysis would involve a presentation of subjects that could not be briefly discussed. Altogether, the documents cover but half a century, and those of this volume but four years, and with two centuries more to run much time must elapse before the final record of the history of the company is available in print. Thus far the activities concern the management of the company at home and of the factories in India, the trading voyages to the East, and the interminable negotiations with the native princes in India, Persia, and China, in the effort, as yet often vain, to outwit the representatives of Portugal and Holland. Throughout all the negotiations there runs a vein of low business morality, and cheating the company seems to have been a favorite pursuit. So far as general history is concerned, the records are of great value for the light they throw on the commerce of the seventeenth century in the dyestuffs, cloths, spices, and gold of India.

Notes

The Century Company announces the forthcoming publication of "The Story of the Submarine," by Farnham Bishop, and "Master Skylark," a dramatization of John Bennett's novel of that name.

"The First Hundred Thousand," by Ian Hay, will be published next month by Houghton Mifflin Company.

In the swarm of books relating to the war it is refreshing to come upon a plain, simple narrative such as is the official Belgian report, "L'Action de l'Armée Belge" (Paris: Chapelot). Covering operations from July 31 to December 31, 1914, this short report is eloquent by its sobriety and self-restraint. It describes in sufficient detail the operations of the heroic Belgian troops from their first contact with the German invasion to the final junction with the Allied troops behind the line of the Yser. The ideas controlling these operations are clearly set forth: to hold as much of the national territory as possible, to establish lines of defence that would be useful should the Allies come up in time, and, nevertheless, to avoid exposing the army to certain destruction should they not come up. It is significant that, until Belgium realized that the Germans were about to violate her territory, she kept her small army (six divisions) stationed in strict accord with the conditions growing out of the treaty guaranteeing her neutrality. One division faced England, two France, one, and only one, Germany. The other two formed the garrisons of Brussels and of Antwerp, respectively. The publishers have mounted the maps of this report in a manner as commendable as it is novel, by causing them to fold in along the top of the usual blank page, instead of along the right edge. We earnestly hope that publishers of works containing maps will take note of this innovation, and imitate it wherever possible.

In "Some Aspects of the War" (T. Fisher Unwin) S. Pérez Triana gathers together some loosely connected thoughts and enunciates a number of tolerably obvious truths. The author, a citizen of the Republic of Colombia and a former member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, studied in his youth at the University of Leipzig. The war has stirred within him a bitter reaction against all things Teutonic. German disregard of international law, German atrocities, German songs of conquest and of hate, German militarism, and German ambitions—all these he castigates in unrestrained rhetoric, supported by quotations ranging from the Old Testament to his own communications to the daily press.

Henry St. George Tucker has little difficulty in establishing the existence of some "Limitations on the Treaty-Making Power, Under the Constitution of the United States" (Little, Brown; $5 net). He cites numerous authorities for the proposition that this power is subject to the implied restriction that nothing can be done under it which changes the Constitution of the country or robs a department of the Government or of any of the States of their constitutional authority. Even those who argue for the supremacy of treaties over State laws admit that there are matters which are not proper subjects of international agreement, and which, if embodied in a treaty, "would be only a colorable, not a real, exercise of the treaty-making power." Limitations of this sort are inferable from the language of the Constitution. Treaties, in order to become the supreme law of the land, must be made "under the authority of the United States." It is not the whim or caprice of the President and a concurring two-thirds of the Senators present that determines whether a particular topic is the proper subject of treaty agreement, but our Federal Constitution and frame of government. A treaty which violates them is not made "under the authority of the United States." Secretary Bayard recognized this doctrine when he declined to enter into a treaty with Brazil establishing the principle of reciprocity in the administration of aliens' estates by consuls. He declared that "the Federal Government has no power to impose such regulations on the States" (5 Moore's Dig. of Int. Law, 120). It is true that other Secretaries of State have not agreed with Mr. Bayard as to this particular limitation on the treaty-making power. Mr. Blaine once referred to it as a controverted point (For. Rel. of U. S., 1890, p. 255). And here we come upon the real difficulty which besets Mr. Tucker. What are the limitations upon the treaty-making power of the President and Senate? He insists that they are very extensive, prohibiting not only changes in the Federal Constitution, and interference with the power of the House of Representatives, but prohibiting the abrogation of State laws governing the tenure and transmission of property, the settlement of decedents' estates, as well as those enacted in the exercise of the police power. He admits that the Supreme Court has not expressly formulated this doctrine, but, on the other hand, he asserts it has never committed itself to the opposite view. In several recent cases, that court has been careful not to render a decision on this subject, while so construing treaties as to avoid a conflict between them and State laws. State courts of last resort in California, Minnesota, and New York have taken a similar attitude. They decline to pass upon the question whether a Federal treaty can supersede State laws for the administration of decedents' estates, and content themselves with holding that the particular treaty before them was not intended to produce that result. No one can read these decisions and the diplomatic history of the treaties involved without the feeling of assurance that the President and Senate have never made a treaty which was intended to assert their unqualified supremacy over State Constitutions and laws.

Marcus Dimsdale's "History of Latin Literature" (Appleton; $2 net) cannot be ranked with such members of the Literatures of the World series as Dowden's volume on French Literature or that of Gilbert Murray on the Ancient Greek. There are parts of the book which are very satisfactory, but in too many places the author betrays a lack of vital personal interest, and is content to serve to the reader the *panem secundum* from the critical store of some one else, with no fresh sauce of his own mixing. The result of this process may not always be a loss, but Pichon's condemnation *en bloc* of the character drawing in the last six books of the Æneid, for instance, rests on no such solid ground as to justify its quotation and acceptance without question. The chapter on Horace is based on a deeper personal appreciation, and avoids some of the common pitfalls, such as interpreting certain borrowings from Lucilius in the Satires as confessions of personal immorality, linking a large share of the Odes up to the conspiracy of Muræna, or failing to recognize the sincerity and predominance of the moral and patriotic sentiment in Horace during the years of his maturity. The long chapter on Cicero is too long by at least the two pages in which a half-hearted attempt is made to defend his poetry. Tacitus put the final and inimitable word on that subject into the mouth of one of the speakers in the Dialogue Concerning the Orators, where we are told that Cæsar and Brutus wrote poems, "not better than Cicero, but with better luck, because fewer knew that they had done so." And when Mr. Dimsdale in all seriousness winds up his defence by citing the fragments of Cicero's poems which remain as proof that he "attained at least a respectable mediocrity," one imagines either that his sense of humor is lacking or that his edition of Horace lacks the famous passage,

> mediocribus esse poetis
> Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ.

Such merits of substance as the book possesses are rather seriously injured by lack of proper care in getting it through the press. There are many little defects and errors so obvious that one wonders why they were not removed by the publishers, whether detected by the author in the proof-sheets or not. Or has the day gone by when we may legitimately assume that a publishing house should be too jealous of its own reputation to let slipshod work issue from its presses? Responsibility for incorrect references to texts and authorities, which are frequent, must, of course, fall back upon the author. Some of these can be explained only on the theory that the

author did not take the trouble to verify his references for himself when preparing his manuscript. On two successive pages about Terence we note one incorrect reference, two separate cases of confusion of characters, and two mangled quotations of the text, one of them very aptly followed by the words, "to translate would be absurd." Need it be argued that the cause of classical scholarship is not likely to be furthered by slovenliness in its literature?

Mrs. Charmian K. London tells from the woman's point of view, in "The Log of the Snark" (Macmillan; $2.50 net), the story of the interrupted round-the-world cruise which has already been described by her husband. She puts it into the form of a daily typewritten record of events and impressions, with thrills and headaches, sores, scares, and bruises, storm and calm, all in chronological order. Upon it all she endeavors to throw back the parting sunlight of "a sweet memory," with the possibility of doing it over again as "the one ultimate hope of earthly bliss," but her narrative is hardly likely to make "Snarking" among the South Sea Islands a popular pastime. It took some months of California climate and rest to work out of Jack London's system a half-dozen maladies which he had contracted during the voyage, and Mrs. London suffered from recurring attacks of fever for nearly a year. The risk to life and health involved in travelling with such limited facilities as those of the Snark is a high price to pay either for exceptional experience or for good "copy."

One thinks of the thoroughness of a von Hindenburg "drive" or enveloping movement as one follows the course of Clifton Johnson from the Pacific Coast over the Rocky Mountains, through the Mississippi valley, and along the Great Lakes, sees him throw out his right wing to sweep the South from Texas to the Carolinas, next to form an unbroken line from the St. Lawrence to Virginia, and now finally to lead his forces through the "Highways and Byways of New England," from the New York border to Maine. One can hardly say more of this new volume (Macmillan; $1.50 net) than that the author hunts out the typical and the picturesque along the country roads and picks up the "short and simple annals" of life on the farms and in the village hotels and groceries of New England, just as he has done for other regions in the half-dozen previous volumes of the series. The amount of genuine Yankee wit and humor which he has found shows that the foreign invasion of recent times has not altogether altered the New England type.

At the request of the Romance department of Smith College, M. Lucien Foulet—himself the author of an admirable treatise on the "Roman de Renard"—prepared recently a purchase-list of books and periodicals necessary for the constitution of a good Old French library. That list, edited by Professors Schinz and Underwood, is now published as "A Bibliography of Mediæval French Literature for College Libraries" (Yale University Press). It contains some two hundred entries, about half of which are starred as especially important. The current price of each work is indicated. The list includes complete sets of the general Romance periodicals, such as the *Romania* and the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie*. Without these, the cost of the whole collection would be, roughly, a thousand dollars, or half that amount for the starred works only. The Bibliography is carefully prepared and excellently printed, and will prove convenient to students of Old French, acquisitive or inquisitive.

The editors recognize that "such a selection will differ according to the scholar." Due allowance made for individual likings, however, this particular selection must still meet with adverse criticism on the ground that it slights work done outside of France. The list is designed for American use, yet it disregards almost entirely the by no means negligible contributions of American scholars. Mott's "System of Courtly Love" and Miss Schoepperle's monograph on the Tristan legend, to mention but one familiar and one recent book, should certainly have been included. The names of Rajna and Restori do not appear. A regrettable prejudice against German work is manifest. Inferior French editions of "Aiol," "Gautier d'Arras," and the "Roland" are listed, but not the far better German editions by Foerster ("Aiol" and "Gautier d'Arras") and Müller. Other neglected German works of primary importance are Baist's "Perceval," Golther's "Tristan," Schultz's "Höfisches Leben," and Voretzsch's "Einführung in das Studium der altfranzösischen Literatur." Minor defects are few. The analysis of the Grundriss is careless in its omission of the section on Italian literature. Crestien is spelled with an *h* that is neither modern nor mediæval.

It is interesting to note that the first book to attempt a comprehensive summary of the activities and organization of "American Chambers of Commerce" is an essay by Kenneth Sturges, M.A., to whom has been awarded the David Ames Wells prize in the department of political science of Williams College, the competition being limited to senior undergraduates and graduates of not over three years' standing (Moffat, Yard; $2 net). Mr. Sturges graduated in 1911, and was winner of the competition open to the classes of 1911, 1912, 1913, and 1914. His book is a compilation of such facts as he found available, and refers to many sources of information from which the student can obtain further details. It covers the period from 1768 to 1915 in the United States. Early historical development and distribution, structural principles, training and work of the commercial secretary, activities in connection with city governmental reform, coöperation with municipal authorities, civic improvement, industrial progress, etc., are treated in separate chapters. A particular study of the Cleveland Chamber is included, inasmuch as "The secretaries of thirty prominent commercial organizations in the United States recently voted to place the Cleveland Chamber in the front rank as the body that in their opinion had done most to improve its city and stimulate civic loyalty on the part of the citizens." The book includes notes, appendices, index, and a bibliography. It will be found useful as a reference book by libraries, schools, and all directly concerned with the civic, economic, or commercial aspects of the subject.

We are inclined to think that Professor Cook's method in "A Literary Middle English Reader" (Ginn; $2) is a more satisfactory way of recommending our earlier literature to a wider audience than the method of more or less complete modernization, recently much resorted to. Middle English poetry has generally not quite enough structure to bear up well under the strain of translation. The genuine flavor of both verse and prose easily evaporates in course of the change. The present plan provides a substantial and representative body of text, each selection preceded by a compact introduction, and all the words likely to impede the course of the least practiced reader glossed at the bottom of the page. Undoubtedly, Professor Cook has opened an inviting road for the searcher after literary values. The arrangement is roughly by types, under such rubrics as romances, tales, chronicles, lyrics, and plays. Juster impressions of the material might be more easily had if the arrangement within the type were more nearly chronological. "King Horn" would have made a better entrance to the field of romance than Malory's "Morte d'Arthur."

Few persons consider the extent to which belief in a not remote "second coming of Christ" now exists in the Christian world. Prof. Henry C. Sheldon's "Studies in Recent Adventism" (New York: The Abingdon Press; 50 cents) is a timely contribution to the understanding of this phenomenon. His statement of the recent literature of the subject is practically complete, and his refutation of Adventist arguments is decisive. The belief, considered merely as an opinion, might be passed over in silence; but its tendency to promote a false exegesis of the Bible and to lay stress on non-spiritual conceptions calls for the vigorous condemnation which is given in the present volume.

In "Is Death the End?" (Putnam; $1.50) John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York, offers considerations supporting the belief in immortality. Discarding arguments based on the alleged universality of the belief or on the experiences of the Society for Psychical Research, he relies on two generally acknowledged facts: First, the grand spiritual outfit of man, which seems to point to a destiny higher than that of this earth, and then, the principle of the persistence of force, which, he holds, secures the continuance of the great spiritual force that constitutes the soul. These considerations are put forcibly, but to some readers it will seem doubtful whether they demonstrate personal immortality. The Creator, it may be said, may choose to develop on earth a race of beings intellectually and morally highly endowed, but we do not know that He will choose to continue them in existence longer; and it does not follow that the persistence of force carries with it the continuance hereafter of any particular vehicle or instrument that the force may here use. The value of Mr. Holmes's attractively written book would be increased for many students by a more detailed consideration of the two difficulties just mentioned.

For the materials of a life of William Branch Giles, one of the most debated figures of his time, there have existed large stores of material. From his entrance into the House of Representatives in 1790, an obscure young Virginian from a rural district, to his retirement from the Senate in 1816, he never failed to take an active part in all matters coming before Congress. During Jefferson's Administration he was virtually party chief

in legislative matters, while as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations he paid unremitting attention to international affairs. It is the merit of Prof. D. R. Anderson's "William Branch Giles: A Study in the History of Virginia and the Nation from 1790 to 1830" (Banta Publishing Co.; $1.50), that it has gathered together all these materials in the Annals of Congress, the writings of Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe, and the newspapers of Washington and Virginia, as well as in Giles's private correspondence, and that the author has cast new light upon the doubtful points in the character of a peculiar man. The heavy volume is largely a rather dry statement of Giles's attitude and utterances upon such questions as the national bank, the tariff, the embargo, States' rights, and the national judiciary; but there runs through it the purpose of vindicating Giles from the disparaging estimates left of him by opponents like Adams and Gallatin. In carrying out this purpose, the author sometimes fails to condemn Giles where condemnation is due. Beyond any doubt he was a man of ability and intellect, and historians have been unjust in denying his competence to write such papers as his resolutions against Hamilton. Beyond doubt he was a leader of independence and integrity, and deserves credit for standing upon principle even in his insurgency against Madison. But his prejudices and narrownesses are not the more defensible for having been honest and ardent. His early opposition to the far-sighted plans of Hamilton was only that of his party. But he appears in a less amiable light in his unyielding stand by States' rights, extending to unreasonable jealousy of Federalist measures; in the bitterness which tinged his opposition to the Judiciary act of 1801, and in his refusal to countenance a change in the Constitution of Virginia in 1829-30. Few States have needed a new instrument more than did Virginia at that date. Yet Giles, rounding out his career by a three years' term as Governor, stood to the last against the inevitable tide of reform in the Convention. Professor Anderson might more clearly have indicated the deficiencies of a man who was so extraordinary a reactionary in a democratic period. But both in its central narrative and in *obiter dicta* the book contains much of value to the student of State or national history. A careful index makes this easily accessible.

Prof. Robert William Rogers's useful and carefully compiled History of Babylonia and Assyria has appeared in a revised and largely rewritten sixth edition (Abingdon Press, two volumes, $10). In the making of this revision the original two volumes of about 850 pages have been expanded to 1,150 pages. The most important part of the revision is naturally to be found in the earlier period of Babylonian history. All the substantial facts so far as ascertained for the period prior to the dynasty of Sargon I, with whom the Semitic settlers of the Euphrates valley came to the fore, have been embodied by the author, and a good many details have also been added for the period between the dynasty of Sargon and the fall of Larsa, about the year 2100 B. C. It is somewhat of a disappointment not to find more mention of dates for this early period, even though they would necessarily be merely approximate. Professor Rogers no doubt expects the reader to refer to the table inserted towards the close of the first volume, but it would have been convenient in connection with the early rulers to add the approximate date while presenting the narrative of the period. The author in this latest edition clings to his preference for higher figures than those usually accepted at present by most Assyriologists for Sargon and his predecessors, but even according to the author's calculation Sargon ought to be brought down about two centuries later than c. 3000 B. C., where Professor Rogers puts him. In general, however, it may be said that Professor Rogers is a safe guide to follow, and the two volumes bear testimony throughout of the conscientious manner with which he has followed, down to small details, the researches of Assyriologists in all parts of the world.

Another new feature in the present volumes is the addition of illustrations, of which there are a large number. While many of them naturally have frequently been reproduced, there are a number which are new, and at all events it is valuable to have thus put together a considerable amount of illustrative material for the general culture of Babylonia and Assyria, though only a few of the illustrations have any direct bearing on the history. In connection with the Prolegomena, covering in this edition the entire first volume of almost 550 pages, there are also included portraits of the chief explorers and decipherers. To many of Professor Rogers's readers it may seem that perhaps too much space has been given to the Prolegomena. In a history one hardly expects to have the story of the excavations and decipherment told in such detail as to cover almost 400 pages; nor to have a further chapter added on the script and a survey of the grammar of Sumerian and Akkadian. It might be better, in case of a further edition being called for, to publish this material as a separate book, and the space then gained could profitably be devoted to the introduction of more historical details, especially in the portion dealing with certain sections of Babylonian history and to a critical discussion of the data given in the inscriptions, which are almost entirely lacking.

The last four volumes of the Art and Craft of Letters series (Doran; 40 cents each) are, like the first, essays of a pleasantly and cleverly dilettante sort rather than solid pieces of exposition. The epigram replaces the fact; in place of consecutive thought we have "suggestiveness." Orlo Williams's little book on "The Essay" is typical in giving one-fourth of its space to an attempt at a definition, and finally arriving at the illuminating conclusion that "an essay is a typical composition by a typical essayist." Mr. Williams does, however, neatly characterize the standard essayists and provide a guide to the best things of George Street, G. K. Chesterton, Max Beerbohm, E. V. Lucas, Hilaire Belloc, and Vernon Lee. Frank Sidgwick's "The Ballad" contains, amid much ill-assorted matter, a readable account of the recent work of scholarship in that field. "Parody," by Christopher Stone, is a frankly entertaining tissue of quotations, and P. P. Howe's "Criticism" is a sketchy outline of the interpretation of literature down to our time, commendable in its warm appreciation of Johnson and Hazlitt.

A good book on military history for boys of high-school age is "The Book of the Thin Red Line," by Sir Henry Newbolt (Longmans; $1.50 net). The author has picked out six real heroes and pieced together, from their own words so far as possible, a graphic and interesting sketch of their military careers. They cover nearly all the great wars of the nineteenth century in which men of British blood were engaged. Four of the six are famous—John Colborne, Sir Harry Smith, James Outram, and Stonewall Jackson. Two of them were brothers—Robert and George Blakeney—who entered the service in their 'teens, and ended their careers without attaining high rank; but they kept good diaries, still in manuscript, from which the author draws picturesque anecdotes and details; and they show the spirit with which Englishmen waged war against Napoleon. The stirring episodes are such as to arouse patriotism and noble resolve in a boy, but their glamour does not altogether throw into obscurity the darker side of war. A number of illustrations and colored plates show some famous charges made by "the thin red line."

Science

Rules may be formulated, printed, and distributed, but unless they are understood and their purpose appreciated they remain so much paper and printer's ink. This apparently is the point of view of the committee responsible for a little volume entitled "Washington Health Rules," prepared and published by the Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, Washington, D. C. Twelve excellent rules embrace the topics of good air, pure water, safe milk and cream, sleep, personal cleanliness, food, breathing and exercise, care of the teeth, liquor and tobacco, colds, and sunshine. The rules, as presented in two pages, are so brief and terse as to be almost commands. The why and wherefore—which give force to the rule—are necessarily lacking in such brief statements. The individual for whom the rule is supposed to be of benefit is left to his own inclination—to obey the rule or otherwise as he sees fit. It occurred, apparently, to the active Association of the District of Columbia that as no one could be forced to obedience it was advisable to appeal to reason. The Association therefore selected a recognized authority to interpret each rule and to explain its importance. Thus we find the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service discussing the rule concerning "pure water," the Health Officer of the District of Columbia the question of "food," and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley the rule concerning "liquor and tobacco." For example, Rule 1, on "Good Air," states baldly: "Avoid badly ventilated, badly lighted, dusty, dirty, overheated, crowded, or damp rooms." The interpreter of this rule tells in seven pages why fresh air is essential to life, what "air" is, how it becomes polluted or unwholesome, how polluted air affects the individual exposed to it, what means may be employed to keep the air in rooms fresh, and finally the curative effect of an abundance of fresh air in certain diseases is emphasized.

That this method of interpreting health rules is of great value and at the same time is greatly appreciated is shown by the fact that since 1911 the Association has distributed 34,000 copies in the public schools of Washington, while the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs has distributed 50,000 copies in Indian homes. The Association primarily

intended its commentary for school teachers and normal-school pupils, but it is worthy of a much wider distribution, as is also this example worthy of emulation by any organization that formulates rules for the education of the general community.

A characteristic product of the French school of historical geography may be seen in a thesis of 372 pages on "La Géographie de Terre Neuve," by Robert Perret (Paris: Guilmoto). The author visited Newfoundland in the course of his study, but did not see a great part of the country; his thesis is largely a compilation of the work of others. It opens with a 30-page history of exploration; next come 40 pages on geology and physical geography, regarding which suffice it to say that the thesis-volume led to the degree of *Docteur ès Lettres,* not *ès Sciences;* then 30 more pages on the Grand Banks and the theories of their origin. The climate, the flora, and the fauna follow with 35, 22, and 38 pages respectively, but with a less intimate correlation with physical features than could be desired, perhaps because the physical features themselves are not well described; the exploitation of the land and of the sea have 24 and 44 pages; finally colonization is treated in 52 pages, and the relations of Newfoundland to the Great Powers in 30 pages. The historical element is strong throughout, even to the flavoring of the earlier scientific chapters with an extract of the progress of knowledge, instead of holding their content objectively to the present-day knowledge of the facts; while the last four chapters would fit about as well in an historical as in a geographical treatise. The book has thirty excellent photographic plates, and a bibliography of 423 titles; but the table of contents occupies only fifteen half-lines. There are no special page or paragraph headings, and no index.

Drama

"PETER PAN."

We write a word of welcome to Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan," which has been revived for a short holiday season at the Empire Theatre. We had almost said Miss Maude Adams's "Peter Pan," so inseparably is the actress connected in this country with the part which, in an especial way, she has made her own, and in which she is seen, undoubtedly, to better advantage than in any other rôle that she has attempted. Miss Adams's Peter Pan remains the gracious, winning, insouciant performance it has always been: it has become so much of a tradition on the American stage that it is impossible now to think of a day when Miss Adams may be too old to play the part. At any rate, judging from this year's performance, that day is still very far distant. Other rôles are, on the whole, adequately played, and the production is generally satisfactory, although we have seen considerably more beautiful stage productions and certainly more sympathetic Wendys. We cannot close a brief notice without recording an illuminating flash of criticism that came from an infant of five who happened to occupy the next seat to the writer. "Why," he queried plaintively, after Miss Adams's appeal to the audience to perjure itself on the question of fairies had met with the usual response, "Why do we have to clap? Why don't the boys [Peter's companions] clap?" The infantile critic rightly resented the tearing away of that invisible barrier between actors and audience on the erection of which illusion depends. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Sir James Barrie is convicted of a bit of meretricious theatricality.

S. W.

"THE WEAVERS."

The performance of "The Weavers" at the Garden Theatre, by Emanuel Reicher's company, does full justice to a play in which a community is protagonist, and no two or three characters stand forth with the others grouped around them in subsidiary rôles. The five-act panorama of suffering and revolt requires a cast numerous and balanced, in which each shall fit with natural individuality into his place and yet coöperate with the others in achieving a striking general effect. There was not a single actor who was incompetent, and the majority gave notably able interpretations of their parts, while the whole performance had a crushing unity of emotional weight. The manufacturer, Dreissiger, as he appeared in the first act, overseeing two insolent officers as they doled out a pitiful tale of groschen to the underfed workers, was impersonated by Mortimer Martini in an excellent picture of greed, hypocrisy, and bullying cowardice. Of these two officers, the manager, Pfeifer, was as vividly heartless and sneaking.

From the first scenes the intelligent staging of the play held the audience closely: the stage pictures had spirit and color, the characters of the background moved with animation and reality, and where, as in the mob gatherings and at the tavern, the whole cast had to speak and act at once, the scenes had a remarkable genuineness. The settings had been worked out with a nice eye to detail and to coöperative values. Even the half-starved children took their places as by instinct. The play proceeded with cumulative power, but there was a constant occurrence of little vignettes of extraordinary pathos and completeness. One was furnished by Herr Reicher himself, as Old Ansorge in tears at the memory of his father's death; another by the scene in the eating-room of the tavern, in which the travelling salesman made love to the innkeeper's daughter; a third by the shallow pastor lecturing his frocked assistant in Dreissiger's drawing-room upon the youthful folly of his sympathy for the weavers. The finest bit of acting was that of Adolph Link, a man of some European reputation, who impersonated the simple, confused old Baumert, gentle at heart, yet half-maddened by his sense of injustice. Mention should also be made of Rupert Harvey as the returned soldier, whose bearing and brandy puts heart into the rebellious weavers, and who is their active ringleader; and of Augustus Duncan as Old Hilse, whose loyalty to peace and order is not to be shaken, and who is shot as he stands in trembling dignity at his loom. The almost incredible injustices pictured by the play appear credible and real, mainly by virtue of the fact that against the ghastliest of the backgrounds the characters stand forth as simple and natural peasant souls; even the scene in the poverty-stricken cabin, where supper is preparing in the shape of a roasted dog, does not appear overstrained. Opinions may differ as to the permanent value of such a play as "The Weavers"; there is no doubt as to the strength of this first American performance in English.

A. N.

"KATINKA."

Mr. Arthur Hammerstein's holiday offering to the theatre-going public is not without distinct merits so far as the music goes, but the book is trivial and the singing mediocre. The production is, however, pleasingly staged, and the audience which attended the Forty-fourth Street Theatre on Christmas eve expressed cordial approval of the piece. There is no need here to outline the story, which is inconsequential. To Miss May Naudain is assigned the title part, and she is heard to the best advantage in "Rackety Coo." A more happy selection is Edith Rowland, who scores heavily in "I Want to Marry a Male Quartette" and "I Can Tell by the Way You Dance, Dear." Others in the cast are Franklyn Ardell, who provides most of the comedy; Samuel Ash, Count Grimaldi, and Daniel Baker. Rudolf Friml wrote the music, while the book and lyrics are the work of Otto Hauerback. The creditable staging is by Frank Smithson.

H. L.

"RUGGLES OF RED GAP."

Harry Leon Wilson's story of this name is not a work of genius; it is a good, workmanlike specimen of the popular and quite obvious humor of the day which one associates particularly with the widely circulated magazine which introduced Mr. Wilson's story to the public. Compared, however, with the play which Harrison Rhodes has laboriously patched together from Mr. Wilson's chapters, the story is, from beginning to end, a piece of rollicking mirth. In justice to the original author it must be said that there was enough material in his story to make a slight but sufficiently amusing farce. Ruggles, an impeccable English valet, is turned over, in consideration of a gambling debt incurred by his master, the Honourable George Vane-Baselngwell, to the service of a crude Western American family hailing from the town of Red Gap. "Cousin Egbert," at the instance of the masterful Mrs. Floud, is to be the particular object of Ruggles's solicitous care; but "Cousin Egbert" is one who "can be pushed just so far and no further," and, arrived in Red Gap, he takes the wind out of Mrs. Floud's sails by introducing the valet to the élite of the town as "Colonel Ruggles, of London, England." The mischief is irreparable, and to save the family from ridicule, Ruggles must continue to support his spurious honors. In the end, the English valet, who proves himself to be very much of a man, becoming appreciative of the advantages of American democracy, starts a restaurant and settles down as one of Red Gap's leading citizens.

In the original tale there is a good deal of mild humor and some effective satire on the snobbery of small Western towns. The play has been extracted piecemeal from the book; the humor is almost entirely of that side-splitting variety which consists of the American characters guffawing at certain unfamiliar expressions used by the English characters, and vice versa; the satire has become ponderous. With judicious pruning and rewriting, the play might even now amount to something, if the principal character were well played. Ralph Herz is the star (we gather of some magnitude from the fact that

His name in the programme is printed in capital letters) and plays Ruggles. So long as he is the deferential valet pure and simple, he is competent. So soon as he ceases to be subservient, he loses all conception of the part, becomes characterless and futile, and fails completely to give any impression of the gradual evolution of the English valet into the American citizen—which is the only motive that gives unity to the play. The rest of the cast—if we except the impossible Earl of Brinstead—does well with none too promising material. In particular we may mention the Mrs. Floud of Louise Closser Hale, whose intermittent appearances on the stage are always welcome, and the Honourable George of George Hassell, who succeeds in playing a typical stage Englishman without beclouding the character by exaggeration. S. W.

A half-season of the Neighborhood Playhouse's activity has been ended with the presentation of Nutta Syrett's "The Gift of the Fairies," a play for very young children, by performers of tender age specially trained. The previous offering was a pantomime by the name of "Thanksgiving Festival," with dancing and singing that required the services of fifty persons. The Playhouse has also seen the presentation of Violet Tearn's "Wild Birds," a comedy of the Devonshire moors originally given in England by the Bristol Repertory Theatre; and it has been thrown open to performances of the operetta "Adelaide," by David Bispham, and of Sudermann's "Johannisfeuer" in Yiddish, by the Free Yiddish Folks' Theatre. The Playhouse, under the competent direction of Miss Agnes Morgan and others, offers dramatic training to a large number of young people of this section of the lower East Side, recruited principally from the clubs of the Neighborhood Settlement. Among the performances planned for the near future is one of Browning's, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

Music

RUSSIAN MUSIC TO THE FORE.

The Russian composers who have come into prominence since the days of Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky have been remarkably lucky. A timber merchant of great wealth named Mitrophane Petrovich Balaiev made up his mind to become their Mæcenas. In 1885 he founded a publishing house in Leipzig and began to spend vast sums in printing and distributing the works of the younger composers of his country. He also encouraged orchestras with his financial aid to play these compositions; and in 1889 he financed the concerts of Russian music given in Paris during the Exposition. Half a dozen years ago the missionary work was resumed by Serge Diaghileff, who took to the principal capitals of Europe the Ballet Russe as well as two operas of which the Russians are particularly proud: Moussorgky's "Boris Godounoff" and Borodin's "Prince Igor." The first of these operas was also produced two seasons ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, where it has since held its own, while "Prince Igor" is to have its first American performance there this evening. On January 17 the Diaghileff Ballet Russe, now en route, will be heard at the Century Theatre in New York, and later at the Metropolitan Opera House, which has shortened its season to make room for the Russians, who will produce twenty or more spectacular and pantomimic ballets, for most of which Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Stravinsky, all of them Muscovites, wrote the music.

Nothing could be more timely, under these circumstances, than the publication of a book on Russian music. When it bears the name of Arthur Pougin, as does the "Short History of Russian Music" just issued in a good translation of Lawrence Howard by Brentano's, it is doubly welcome. M. Pougin is a scholarly critic (he wrote the Supplement to the monumental "Biographie universelle des Musiciens" of Fétis), and he has plenty of the Gallic sense of humor and sarcasm which are necessary for treating the most important phase of Russian musical history—the great war between the cosmopolitan musical geniuses, Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky in one camp, and the formerly so-called "Young Russian School" in the other—a school of which the leaders were Balakireff, César Cui, Moussorgsky, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakoff. These men looked upon themselves (at least some of them did) as the "Big Five." With touching modesty they called themselves Mogouchaya Koushka, "The Powerful Group." They formed a mutual admiration society and looked with contempt on the works of those not included in their circle.

Their chief spokesman was the least talented (musically) of the five: César Cui, who, in an historic sketch, and in many contributions to periodicals, sought to prove that Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky were not real Russian composers. Their chief sin, it appears, was that they invented and used melodies of their own instead of using Russian folk tunes as bricks in building up their compositions. M. Pougin does not fail to bring out the humor of this situation, as well as that of the attitude of this coterie towards Wagner, whose principles they borrowed while crying loudly that they were utterly different and abhorred him. César Cui found "a complete absence of music" in "Die Walküre," while "Tristan" gave him the same impression as "a door grating on its hinges for three and a half hours." He lived to see at least two of his partners desert him and his principles; and these two were by far the most gifted of the five—Rimsky-Korsakoff and Borodin.

Stravinsky and the other men of the youngest iconoclastic group of Russians are only briefly referred to in Pougin's book, which does not pretend to be a complete history, but only, as its French title indicates, an "Essai Historique sur la Musique en Russie." His chapters on Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky are remarkably judicial. It is in these two men and in Rimsky-Korsakoff that the chief glory of Russian music lies. Pougin realizes this fact, as does Rosa Newmarch in her admirable "History of Russian Opera," whereas Montagu-Nathan spoiled his otherwise meritorious "History of Russian Music" by almost outdoing Cui in abuse of the two men of genius and in flattery of the mediocrities. It should be stated that, while M. Pougin makes mincemeat of Cui and his childish pretensions, he does not undervalue the products of the "Big Five," or the other Russians, beginning with Glinka, who, as the founder of Russian opera, based, partly, on folk song, gets the usual amount of attention, though his famous opera, "A Life for the Czar," "is not perhaps an actual masterpiece."

Of special interest are the opening chapters of this history, in which the author dwells in considerable detail on the roots of Russian music in folk song and the church. He refers to the Ukraine, a province famous for its beautiful voices, and to the amazing singers who double the ordinary basses at the interval of an octave below them. He cites two eminent French composers as to the effect the choir of the Imperial Chapel had on them. Adam wrote: "From the very first bars of the piece I began to shed tears; then, when the music quickened up, and the thundering voices launched the whole artillery of their lungs, I found myself trembling and covered with a cold sweat. The most tremendous orchestra in the world could never give rise to this curious sensation, which was entirely different from any that I had supposed it possible for music to convey." "Sighs and murmurs such as one sometimes hears in dreams" were suggested to Berlioz when he heard this Russian choir. "From time to time came sounds so intense that they resembled human cries which tortured the mind with the weight of sudden oppression and almost made the heart stop beating. Then the whole thing quieted down, diminishing by divinely slow gradations to a mere breath, as though a choir of angels were leaving the earth and gradually losing itself in the uppermost heights of heaven."

Two volumes, entitled "Modern Russian Piano Music," from the Oliver Ditson press, appear just in time to emphasize the fact that Russian music is not all operatic and terpsichorean. The editor of these volumes is Constantin von Sternberg, a Russian by birth and formerly a concert pianist of distinction. His first volume includes pieces by Arensky, Balakireff, Cui, Glazounoff, Glinka, and sixteen less-known composers; while the second has pieces by sixteen more writers, of whom the most famous are Liadoff, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Scriabine, and Tchaikovsky. Together these three dozen and one composers make a good showing for their country. Some of the pieces selected by Mr. Sternberg are difficult, but most of them come within the compass of amateurs. In an introductory essay he discusses the qualities which have "given to Russian music the strength to make its way from its far northern home through the whole civilized world."

Henry T. Finck.

Art

WITHIN THE ENCLOSURE AT POMPEII —SOME RECENT EXCAVATIONS.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

NAPLES, December 6.

With the permission of Prof. Victor Spinazzola, the director of the National Museum of Naples, and director of the excavations at Pompeii for the last five years, I have visited the enclosure at Pompeii, closed to the public. Under the direction of Professor Spinazzola, who proceeds carefully from layer to layer, every object found being restored to its original place, remarkable results have been achieved. In the last four years no less than 300 metres of ancient streets have been laid bare. With such care have the excavations been carried out that they have assumed an importance superior to any previously made. As the official publication of the recent excavations has not yet appeared, I was not permitted to make notes or drawings of any kind. What follows, therefore, is no more than a series of impressions, memorized in the course of a brief visit.

On entering by the small door—which the guardian locks behind us—in the high fence separating that part of the Strada dell' Abbondanza, now in process of excavation, and rigorously closed to the public, an astonishing difference is at once noticed between that Pompeii familiar to visitors and what is now before the eyes. On this side of the partition only humanity is lacking to give to the scene the activity and vitality of daily life. Within the enclosure of the new excavations is a continuation of the Strada dell' Abbondanza which we have just left outside; to the left is a private house, with what might be, but for the color, the original door—it is a cement model of the carbonized door that was standing there, and the real bolts and locks are in their proper places. On the stucco walls outside are the bright red letters of the notices of candidates for municipal employment. Another door shows the raised large panels, about three feet square, the intervening space between the panels studded with the heads of great round copper nails like large green toadstools seen from above. Nails, bars, locks are all in their original places.

The next house is that of a shoe- or rather sandal-maker; on the wall or wide pilaster separating it from the adjoining house are two frescoes in excellent condition—the precaution has been taken to place a glass case over each fresco, with a canvas curtain, only withdrawn for the privileged visitor; for after their long inurement the frescoes would fade rapidly in the sun's rays. The superior panel shows Mercury leaving a temple, carrying in his left hand the caduces, in his right a purse. In order that the figure may not be too small, the head of Mercury almost reaches the top of the temple. The fresco beneath shows the sandal-maker's shop. He is standing behind the counter; to the left a case with shelves showing various patterns. A customer in blue mantle is sitting on a bench to the right, waiting to be served. The next house is a dyer's, with two well-preserved frescoes on the outer wall. The upper panel shows Venus in blue drapery in a chariot to which are harnessed four elephants advancing towards the spectator. Beneath are figures dyeing cloth. To the right a figure in pink mantle holds up, and is almost concealed by, a large yellow cloth with two pink stripes that he is exhibiting as a sample of the work of the establishment. Within may be seen the dyeing vats.

A few doors beyond is a trattoria. Here all is complete—the copper utensils for heating and cooking, the various vessels for kitchen use, the wine jars of different sizes.

In many places the upper stories of the dwellings are still standing; balconies overlook the street; porticos are roofed with great, broad tiles, the bright-red Latin letters showing out on the stucco walls. In the kitchen of the wine-shop the water in the closed copper heater remained as in the day the city was overwhelmed. On the wall outside in bright colors is a Priapus, with inordinate phallus—the old sign of abundance, as on Egyptian monuments. On the pavement we trip over a metal conduit that has escaped destruction, and the metal pipe still issues from the rudely carved head in low relief of the public fountain. The latrina, with passage for running water, shows the same arrangement as that adopted in the steerage quarters of Italian steamships today. The natural attitude is preserved, and no better method could be found.

There is, in particular, one remarkable house that seems to be awaiting its usual occupants, to break the silence of 2,000 years. The entrance, the portico, the tesselated pavement of the passage rising gently to the higher elevation of the atrium, are uninjured. From the atrium in the chamber to the left, we can see the fresco covering the main part of the wall facing us. It measures, I should judge, eighteen feet in length and twelve feet in height. Too recently discovered to be as yet protected by a glass case, the fresco in the freshness of its coloring might have been painted six months ago. A lion is pursuing a bull in the foreground, and in the upper part of the picture are hunting dogs worrying a boar. In the upper story is the roof garden, with the triclinium and table in the middle still standing.

In another house, in the bedroom, the white ivory feet of the bed remain almost unimpaired, and above is the impression of the bolster and the mattress. In a hallway the decorated white tiles, in heavy relief and of various design, have not dropped from their places. In another room the frieze of white figures in relief on a blue ground remains intact.

In the basement of a three-story house are the moulds of five recently discovered human beings, placed on temporary wooden tables. The first is in peaceful attitude, lying on the side, with hands placed under the head. Next is a group of two, evidently husband and wife. They lie on their sides facing each other. The skull of the woman is intact. The attitude is that of a frightened child pressing its head against its mother's breast. The next figure is lying on its back, with the legs drawn up, the uneasy attitude of the whole body and the position of the arms suggesting a death by suffocation. The fifth figure, like the first, is in a peaceful attitude, as though death came quietly in sleep.

The men who work in the enclosure are necessarily picked men, integrity and honesty being essentials in the work to be done. I carried away with me the impression of a partly excavated house. At my feet on the mosaic pavement the light pumice cinders roll from the higher elevation, on which stalwart young workmen are removing the débris in baskets, bronze in complexion, vigorous in form, with kindly curious eyes—"vi ridon prima gli occhi, che la bócca"—on the stranger who has interrupted them in their work.

Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, in his "Heart of Europe" (Scribner; $2.50), finds abundant opportunity for his warm and sometimes fervid style, and in the main makes good use of the opportunity. The barbarism of the horrible war that has devastated the whole region lying between the Rhine and the Seine for a hundred miles back from the Channel; the desolation of fair cities and busy lands, and the wreckage of priceless monuments of art tempt to strong language, which Dr. Cram knows how to use, and uses effectively and often eloquently. The book aims to sketch in broad outlines the aspect and history of northeastern France and of Belgium, with special reference to the art of the cities of that afflicted region, and with a not unnatural emphasis on the architecture. Dr. Cram is a competent critic, and his descriptions are as far as possible from the guidebook type; they are broad characterizations, with little technical detail. The Glory of a Great Art, The Burghers and Their Buildings, A Tale of Three Cities, The Fifteenth Century Painters, Gothic Sculpture, The Allied Arts—these titles of a few of the sixteen chapters indicate the method and spirit of his treatment, which is rather that of detached essays covering often the same field from different points of view than of a systematic treatise. They are all very readable, excellent in literary form, often suggestive and illuminating. Dr. Cram has strong prejudices, which give color to his style even when they vitiate the soundness of his judgment; he has two especial antipathies, the Renaissance and the Reformation, and he looks askance at republican institutions, and utterly abhors modern industrialism. To his view, the world was much better off in the 500 years before 1500 than it has been in the 400 years since. If the present state of the heart of Europe is, after all, the true measure of the progress of the last four centuries, one may easily incline to his view; but the Teutonic *Kultur* has not yet overspread the world. Apart from the occasionally violent expressions of these prejudices, the historical sketches are handled in an entertaining and informing way. Thirty-three full-page illustrations add to the interest of the book.

"Lantern Making," as imparted by H. A. Rankin (Dutton; $1 net), is the art of fashioning paper lanterns of various geometrical shapes. The book consists of working patterns with accompanying descriptions. The exercises have obvious educational value in their wide range of geometrical practice and theory, manipulative cutting and folding, and the requirement of careful gluing or gumming. The lanterns are quite suitable to make at home, since the materials are cheap and common. Nothing prevents rendering them well enough to serve a decorative purpose.

A. J. Anderson's "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" (Brentano's; $3.75 net) is a most exasperating sort of nondescript, as readers of the author's similar works on Fra Filippo Lippi and Botticelli will hardly need to be told. Half a controversial treatise, half a bad historical novel, with the strangest mixture of occasional shrewd sense and more common preposterous fancy, in a crude and inelegant diction—the only word that will express the composite must be sought in Germany. It is *Unding*.

"Great Schools of Painting, a First Book of European Art," by Winifred Turner (Lippincott; $1.50), is as sensible a little book as we have seen. It treats the schools of Italy, Flanders, Germany, and Spain. The method is simple: A little general history, a little artist biography, comment on a few typical paintings. There are thirty-two well-chosen plates. It is just the thing for grammar-school or for home reading for children in their 'teens. A few errors in matters of fact and attribution are venial blemishes. The slurring and inadequate treatment of Titian, Rubens, and the more drastic *genre* painters of the North is a more serious drawback. Offsetting this is the real skill with which the *materialia* of legend and symbolism are taught without too much breaking the continuity of the chapters.

Another compilation for middle-class collectors appears in "Antique Furniture," by Fred W. Burgess (Putnam; $2). This is not a very important work, despite its aim to be "an exhaustive book of reference about the furniture of all ages and of all peoples." Its range indeed, is wide, but the author lacks insight and ability to distinguish essential from non-essential. An American reader, to test the validity of Mr. Burgess's claim for his book, might naturally turn to the chapter on American furniture. This is found to be neither "exhaustive" nor perspicacious, though it contains fifteen pages of closely packed and rather scrappy information. From this treatment, certainly, no English reader would form a correct idea of the dignity of American colonial cabinet-making, especially fine during the Chippendale period, 1770 to 1775, when, as Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood has written, "furniture was made in the colonies which for workmanship compared favorably with any made in England." The overseas reader will be apprised quite fully of the national habit of religiously preserving the chairs in which our notables have sat. So unique a development, however, as that of the Rhode Island block fronts is not mentioned. The American empire style is not referred to. The writer has drawn nothing from our great museum collections, such as the Bolles furniture at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Pendleton collection at the Rhode Island School of Design. The high lights, in brief, of American furniture have not been brought out as one might expect in a compilation of this pretension. Similar superficiality may be charged against other chapters. A characteristically inaccurate sentence is this: "Although not introduced into this country [England] until 1595 mahogany soon became the favorite wood of the cabinet-maker." "Soon," means, of course, in about a century! Positive statements about purely hypothetical matters occur, as when the author, citing no authority, attributes the improvement of European arts and crafts to "the better knowledge of human form possessed by Grecian artists, who added to Chinese art by more realistic and less conventional ornamentation." One does not recall that even the imaginative Professor Fenollosa asserted of the pre-Chow Chinese so widespread influence as this. The book for all these defects is fairly readable, and much of its information has been taken from sources which in the original are too costly for the average person to own.

Finance

NEW PHASES OF AN "INTERNATIONAL TRADE BALANCE."

The advance last week in exchange on London, to $4.73¼ in the pound sterling, fixed the highest rate since the middle of last August. It compared with $4.71⅞ a week before and with $4.50 on September 1, the low level of the period of war. Even when sterling rates rose violently at the end of last September, on the announcement of the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan, the highest figure touched on the recovery was $4.73. That this movement of exchange in favor of London was chiefly a result of the special credit lately arranged by London bankers in New York, for the special purpose of regulating the sterling market, was plain enough. Probably, too, the continuing resale to us of American securities by English holders, and the prospect of a continued movement of the sort under the auspices of the British Exchequer, had considerable influence.

But the rise in sterling exchange also directed attention to two highly interesting financial statements, made public this past week. The first, which bore familiar testimony to one side of the situation, was the foreign trade report for November, showing the surplus of merchandise exports over imports for that month to have been $166,800,000, as against a previous high November record of $125,100,000, and the excess for the eleven completed months of 1915 to have been $1,583,000,000, as against a previous maximum for those months of $642,000,000.

Here was a "merchandise balance" nearly a thousand million dollars greater than the largest ever witnessed in the past, and much the greater part of the difference was for account of England and France. There have been three main offsets to the necessary influence of this abnormal merchandise movement on the market for international exchange—the gold sent to us by Europe, the loans made by us to Europe, and the American securities sold by Europe on our markets.

Of gold, our $387,000,000 excess of imports for the eleven past months was nearly $200,000,000 greater than any similar excess in a quarter of a century. Of loans to Europe, the $500,000,000 Anglo-French operation diverts that much from the burden of remittance through the sterling market, whereby rates of exchange would naturally be forced down. There remain the resales of our own securities.

The latest of the careful estimates by President Loree, of the Delaware & Hudson, given out last week and based on the official registry of ownership in the books of the companies, indicates that $480,892,000 of American railways' stocks and bonds were returned from abroad in the six months between February 1 and July 31. If the monthly average of resales thus indicated has been maintained since that date (and the strong probability is that it has been), and if allowance is made for the sales made before Mr. Loree's six-months' period, then it would seem that the total of such return of American securities, since the New York Stock Exchange reopened in December, has been not far from $1,000,000,000; with such addition as the resale of our industrial stocks and bonds would necessitate.

As a mathematical question, these three offsetting items of securities resold, of loans to Europe, and of gold imported, would appear more than to meet the increase in the surplus of our exports of merchandise over other years of active foreign trade. But the problem cannot be safely worked out without looking further. How much is to be allowed for the total loss of the "tourist expenditures," against which our market used to remit from $150,000,000 upward, offsetting that much of merchandise export trade? How much for the great decrease in our annual "coupon remittances" to Europe, now that Europe's holdings of our securities are so enormously reduced? How much for the withdrawal of outside capital from London and its remittance to New York, since New York became for the time the central market?

The problem is one always surrounded with complications and obscurities; it is a mathematical equation which never works out surely. The very uncertainty of it lends interest to Mr. Loree's estimate of American railway securities still held abroad at the end of last July. The estimate makes them $2,223,500,000 par value, with a market value of $1,751,400,000. At the monthly rate of resale indicated in the estimate, market value of what remains abroad to-day would be $1,431,000,000. It is this remainder which the British Exchequer is endeavoring to "mobilize" in the Government's hands, for return in due course to the American market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS.

Loeb Classical Library: Pliny's Letters. 2 vols. Apuleius the Golden Ass. Lucian. The Odes of Pindar. Macmillan. $1.50 net each.

Parsons, E. C. Social Freedom. Putnam. $1 net.

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Eckman, G. P. The Literary Primacy of the Bible. Methodist Book Concern. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Street, J. The Most Interesting American. Century. 50 cents net.

Theodore Roosevelt. An Autobiography. Macmillan.

POETRY.

American Garland. Being a Collection of Ballads Relating to America. Edited by C. H. Firth. Longmans, Green. $1 net.

Beresford, R. and J. Poems by Two Brothers. London: MacDonald.

Bourinot, A. S. Laurentian Lyrics and Other Poems. Toronto, Canada: The Copp, Clark Co.

Oxford Poetry. 1915. London: Blackwell.

Sandford, E. T. Brookdown and Other Poems. London: MacDonald.

Spencer, C. Pocms. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

T., J. Recreations. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Seal, B. The Positive Sciences of the Ancient Hindus. Longmans, Green. $4 net.

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Kraemer, O. J., and Humphreys, L. W. Dollars and Sense. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

ART.

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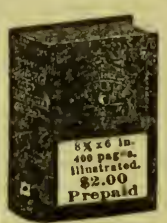

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